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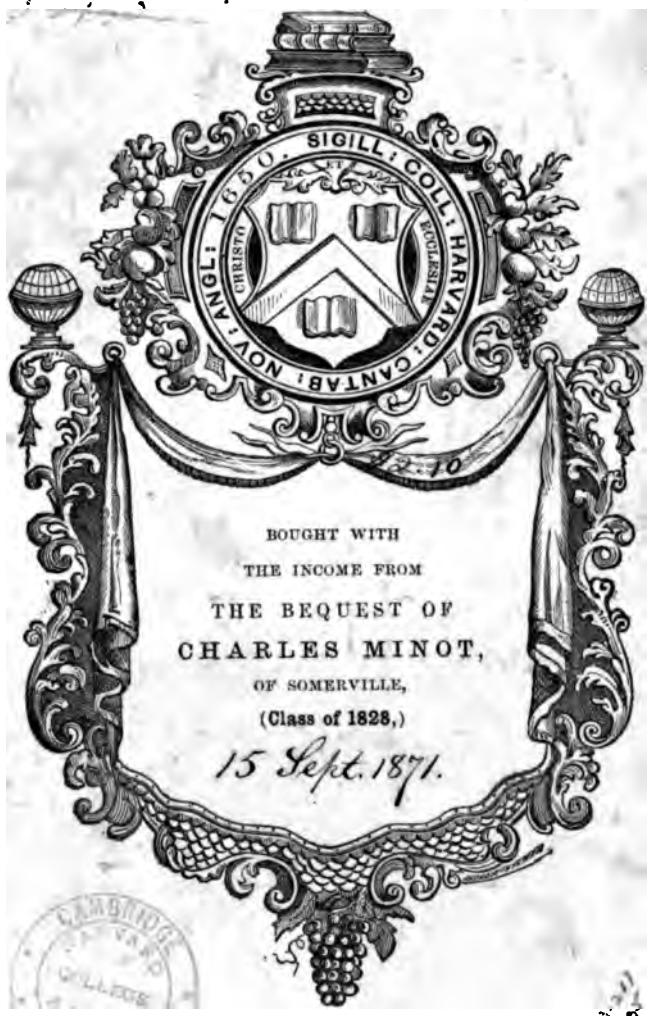
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CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE
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THE BEQUEST OF
CHARLES MINOT,
OF SOMERVILLE,
(Class of 1828,)
15 Sept. 1871.
CAMBRIDGE
HARVARD
COLLEGE

THE

NATIONAL

MEMORIAL DAY:

A RECORD OF CEREMONIES

OVER THE

GRAVES OF THE UNION SOLDIERS,

May 29 and 30, 1869.

WASHINGTON CITY:
HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
1870.

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1871, Sept. 15.
Minot Fund.
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"MANIBUS SACRUM."

TO THE

DEAD HEROES

OF

THE NATION.

THE MOURNING COMRADES.

THE

INTRODUCTION.

The two orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, dated May 5, 1868, and April 12, 1869, indicate in an unassuming manner who originated the idea of a National Day of Mourning over the graves of the slumbering patriots, and under whose auspices their floral decoration has hitherto taken place.

It is not intended, however, to claim or grant the practical execution of this sublime idea as an exclusive prerogative of this organization.

When the 30th day of May, 1868, arrived, a sympathetic chord seemed to be touched in every loyal heart, which sounded a beautiful accord all over the country, and, without any legislative demand or executive proclamation, the loyal people of twenty-seven States thronged to the heroes' graves, and, in one hundred and eighty-three burying places, they vied with the surviving veterans in rendering homage to the beloved dead, testifying by their tears to the grief of the bereaved nation.

Such was the elevating character of this spontaneous and solemn demonstration that Congress resolved to have the proceedings of the same collected and bound as a noble record of the nation's mourning.

But if the expression of popular feeling in 1868 was grand and imposing, it might have been supposed due to the novelty of the occasion, and without lasting impression, had not the manifestations in 1869 assumed still greater proportions, which proved that the gratitude and love in the great heart of the nation was not diminishing.

In thirty-one States, and nearly twice the former number of cities and towns, (336,) certainly not less than four times as many persons as in 1868 crowded around the graves of the nation's defenders, decorating them in floral array, and honoring them by funeral dirges, and eloquent eulogies upon the brave beneath the sod.

If the record of the Memorial Day in 1868 presents a handsome volume of interesting proceedings, and able efforts of eloquent and poetical inspiration, the chronicle of the ceremonies in 1869 is beaming with scenes of classic hue and historical gems.

The best orators of the land stir the souls of the living, and almost seem to reach the ear of the dead with the strains of their eloquence.

Favorite sons of the muses do not disdain to offer their grand effusions among the unskilful yet touching tributes of the humble.

Incidents of antique cast are brought to light, which otherwise never would have reached the eye of posterity, to swell the American heart with republican pride.

Here, flowers are strewn upon a simple mound, bearing the brief yet heart-rending epitaph: "THREE TRUE BROTHERS IN ONE GRAVE."

There, in one of our largest cities justly proud of the talents of her citizens, an unknown and untaught son of the African race eclipses the eloquence of distinguished orators by the burning emotions of his soul.

Here, the ceremonies of the day are closed by gathering the ninety-four soldiers' orphans present, and gladdening their little hearts with a bank-book for each one, containing a handsome credit to his name.

There, the exercises of a large assembly of mourners are marred by the absence of the orator of the day, when out of the ranks of the militia guard of honor, in the undecorated garb of a private soldier, the distinguished Vice-President of the nation under Lincoln's immortal administration steps to the rostrum, and with the power of rare talent restores and increases the sublimity of the occasion.

Many, many incidents of poetical and historical interest are connected with the ceremonies of this year's memorial anniversary, but there is scarcely one equal in pathetic melancholy to the following:

When, in the National Cemetery at Arlington Heights, the requiem, "*Sigh not, ye winds*," was sung over the tomb of the unknown, the much-lamented comrade, late Secretary of War, breathed the mournful wish that this air might be chanted over his grave, and another comrade, in lofty station, had the sad opportunity, ere the leaves had fallen from the trees, of granting with loving delicacy this prophetic wish.

The task of faithfully compiling the original material contained in this volume, without the addition of individual impressions, left no scope for calling public attention to its beauties but this brief introduction, which may find its vindication in the sincere wish that the book will receive as much appreciation as it deserves.

E. F. M. FAEHTZ.

WASHINGTON, *January*, 1870.

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, 446 FOURTEENTH STREET,

GENERAL ORDERS No. 11. WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 5, 1868.

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet church-yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull, other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude, the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to lend its friendly aid in bringing to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III Department commanders will use efforts to make this order effective.

By order of JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.

N. P. CHIPMAN,
Adjutant General.

OFFICIAL:
WM. T. COLLINS, *A. A. G.*

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, 411 F STREET,

GENERAL ORDERS No. 21. } WASHINGTON, D. C., *April* 12, 1869.

I. The 30th day of May, promixo—a day set apart by the Grand Army of the Republic to commemorate the glorious deeds of our departed comrades—will be observed throughout the United States in such manner as befits the solemnities of the occasion, and as will testify the undying love of a grateful people for the memory of those who died that the nation might live.

This is the second public observance of the occasion, which it is trusted will recur yearly while there remains a heart loyal to the cause in which our comrades fell, and while the moving principle of that struggle is worth preserving. If our organization had no other object, that alone of keeping green the resting-places of our nation's defenders, by this annual commemoration, would be motive enough to hold us together in a fraternal band.

The Commander-in-Chief desires to thank those patriotic men and women who gave their aid and sympathy on a former occasion to make successful this National Memorial Day, and they are cordially invited to unite with the comrades of the Grand Army in the approaching ceremonies; and he thanks the loyal press everywhere, through whose generous aid a lasting record has been made of the observances one year ago. To the Congress of the United States the comrades are specially indebted for authorizing the publication, in book form, of the proceedings of last May, and for the promise held out that each year a compilation will be made and published, as a national recognition of sympathy with these memorial observances.

II. It has been determined not to prescribe any form of ceremony for universal observance, but each post, or any number of posts, may arrange together such fitting services as circumstances will permit. Department commanders will use every effort to perfect arrangements for the occasion. The newspaper press are requested to give publication to this order.

III. Department and post commanders are specially enjoined to preserve and forward to these headquarters a copy of the proceedings (in printed form, as far as possible) which take place in carrying out this order

IV. As the 30th of May occurs on Sabbath, posts are at liberty to observe either that day, or Saturday, the 29th.

By order of

JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.

N. P. CHIPMAN,
Adjutant General.

OFFICIAL:
WM. T. COLLINS, *A. A. G.*

NATIONAL MEMORIAL DAY.

DEPARTMENT OF THE POTOMAC.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

The grandeur of the National Cemetery at Arlington Heights, inclosing more than twenty-two thousand graves of Union soldiers, the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the nation and his Cabinet, and many of the highest dignitaries of the land, the magnanimous co-operation of the public authorities, displaying itself in military array and noble contributions of flowers and other ornaments, have given to the proceedings within this city of the dead a national character of such imposing dimensions, that it has been deemed but proper to open the pages of this volume with the description of the same; and as the ceremonies were conducted entirely under the auspices of the Department of the Potomac, Grand Army of the Republic, and as Washington city is the seat of headquarters of this organization, the precedence of this department before others which follow in alphabetical arrangement will be sufficiently explained.

The sacred spot designated for the principal scene of the national ovation to the dead is favored by nature with exquisite beauty of landscape and panoramic view, and will be forever famous by the historical reminiscences of its past, by the pathetic suggestions of its present, and by its lofty inspirations for the artist and poet of the future.

CEREMONIES AT NATIONAL CEMETERY, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

1. National salute at 1 o'clock, by Col. DuPont's battery.
2. Calling assembly to order by Comrade Timothy Lubey, chairman of committee of arrangements, and the introduction of Comrade Samuel A. Duncan, Grand Commander of the Department of the Potomac, Grand Army of the Republic, as president of the day.
3. Music—"Miserere," from Il Trovatore, by the full Marine Band, thirty-eight pieces, Prof. Scala, leader.
4. Prayer, by Rev. J. P. Newman, D. D., Chaplain of the United States Senate.
5. Music—"Ode to the Dead," words composed for the occasion by Dr. H. Risler; music by Kreutzer; sung by the Washington Sængerbund and Arion Club, sixty voices.
6. Reading the general order of John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, ordering an observance of this day, by Comrade Timothy Lubey, A. A. G., Department of the Potomac.
7. Music—"God Bless our Native Land," by the Beethoven Club.
8. Poem—"Our Martyrs," written for the occasion by Mr. Francis De Haes Janvier.
9. Music—"Sleep Well, ye Heroes Brave;" words by Dr. H. Risler; sung by the Washington Sængerbund.
10. Oration by Colonel Samuel S. Fisher, of Ohio.
11. Chorus—"Prayer," by the Arion Quartette Club.

PART II.—AT THE TOMB OF UNKNOWN SOLDIERS.

1. Beethoven's "Dead March," by Heald's American Band, Professor I. A. Heald, leader. During the playing of this piece of music the orphans from the Soldiers and Sailors' Orphan Home passed from the stage and gathered around the Tomb of Unknown Soldiers.
2. Prayer, by Rev. J. G. Butler, D. D., Chaplain of the House of Representatives.
3. Music—Requiem—"Sigh not, ye Winds," by the Beethoven Club. The orphans then sang, while gathered around the tomb of their fathers, "Shall we Know Each Other There?" and also "The Children of the Fallen Brave."

PART III.—AT THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

The Marine Band and Heald's American Brass Band were stationed in opposite sections of the cemetery, where each

played dirges while the graves were being strewn with flowers. The conclusion of this ceremony was signalized by the firing of a gun by Du Pont's battery, when the people gathered around the small stand in the cemetery, where the Marine Band played the "Stabat Mater," by Rossini; and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Benj. Swallow, chaplain of the Department of the Potomac.

ACCOUNT OF PROCEEDINGS FROM REPORTS OF THE DAILY PRESS.

Decoration Day, that day set apart for the beautiful tribute of respect to the memory of our patriot dead by the strewing of their graves with floral offerings, and attendant ceremonies commemorative of the gallant deeds of those who fell in the defense of our beloved country, has now become fully established as a national holiday, and as such will continue so long as there remains in the breast of the American people a spark of love of country. It is most appropriate that these ceremonies should be conducted under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, an association composed exclusively of those who bore arms for the Union, and who, of all others, have a full appreciation of the honor due the memory of their fallen comrades. The observance of the day, inaugurated in 1868, is now general throughout the country, and this year the ceremonies were conducted on a grander scale than before.

We may say, with pardonable pride, that in no section had more complete arrangements been made than in this District, in the vicinity of which lie the remains of thousands and thousands, mainly of those who came from the bloody battle-fields of Virginia and Maryland to die of their wounds in the hospitals, or whose remains were removed from the hastily-excavated trenches and pits on battle-sites, and now repose, as they should, in ground set apart by the nation for their reception, and cared for, beautified, and guarded at the national expense. The ceremonies at Arlington yesterday were of a most solemn and interesting character, and were participated in by twenty-five or thirty thousand visitors. The ceremonies at the Alexandria Cemetery were also largely attended, and appropriate exercises were held under the auspices of the committee of arrangements of the Department of the Potomac, Grand Army of the Republic.

Before eleven o'clock the crowd was immense, and every moment brought an addition. On the ground Colonel Lubey, Comrade Sanborn, Colonel Faehtz, and other members of the committee of arrangements were busy carrying out the programme and making necessary preparations.

THE MILITARY PRESENT.

About eleven o'clock fourteen street cars arrived at the terminus of the avenue railroad in Georgetown, bearing a battalion of Marines, commanded by Lieutenat Colonel Haywood. The full Marine Band, thirty-eight musicians, led by Professor Scala, accompanied the Marines. Alighting from the cars, the Marines formed in marching order, and, headed by the band, they marched to the cemetery. Arriving there, they were drawn up in the rear of the grand stand, and then were detached for guard duty at various points, as required by the committee of arrangements.

A company of colored zouaves, Captain Brown, was also on the ground as spectators.

THE PLATFORM.

The platform, which was calculated to accommodate about four hundred people, was draped all over with flags and banners. Large American flags covered the front, and the banner of the Eighteenth Brigade Veteran Reserve Corps, of rich blue silk, bearing a spread eagle, surmounted with the full number of stars, with other handsome silk flags, covered the sides.

The rear of the stage was decorated with two large flags upon a staff, draped either way, to represent the front of a tent; guidons and small banners were grouped around the edges, while above all was the green foliage of the overspreading oaks, the lower boughs of which were gracefully draped with the national colors. Running from either end of the stage were lines, upon which were suspended the badges of the various army corps, two lines meeting at a point in front of the stage, and with it forming a triangle, adding much to the splendor of the scene.

Among those occupying seats on the stand during the cere-

monies here were the President and Mrs. Grant, Mr. Dent, Secretaries Fish, Rawlins, Borie, Boutwell, and Cox; Postmaster General Creswell; Sir Edward Thornton, the British minister; Senators Nye and Warner, Treasurer Spinner, Mayor Bowen, Generals Dyer and Emory, Commissioner Van Aernam, General Sherman, the venerable Amos Kendall, Hon. Mr. Laflin, of New York, Hon. Sidney Clarke, of Kansas; the Swiss Consul General, John Hitz, Esq.; Dr. L. Alcan, of Paris, &c.

EXERCISES AT THE PLATFORM.

The Marine Band, the officers of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the committee of arrangements also had seats upon the platform.

The crowd at the time was immense, and scores were still arriving.

The soldiers' orphans, sixty-six in number, were unable to find room upon the platform, and the managers seated them on benches directly in front of the platform. The girls were dressed in white, with neat straw flats trimmed with green ribbons, and the boys in light-blue jackets and pants, each orphan bearing a wreath and a bouquet.

The national salute of thirty-seven guns was fired at one o'clock precisely by Colonel Du Pont's Battery (F) Fifth United States Artillery, which was stationed in front of the mansion.

The assembled multitude, which had gathered between the stage and the Tomb of the Unknown, was then called to order by Colonel Timothy Lubey, chairman of the committee of arrangements, who, in a brief speech, appropriate to the occasion, introduced Comrade Samuel A. Duncan, Grand Commander of the Department of the Potomac, as president of the day.

REMARKS OF GENERAL DUNCAN.

Comrades and Friends: There needs no utterance of mine to bring you into sympathy with the occasion that summons us to this heroic and hallowed ground.

We are gathered to-day, obedient to the call of the Com-

mander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, an order whose structure rests upon the fundamental principles of fraternity, charity, and loyalty to the republic, and which already embraces in its organization four hundred thousand of the veteran soldiers and sailors of the war.

It is eminently fitting that this grand brotherhood, composed of men who have survived the shock of battle, and who since have taken their stand in solid phalanx around the altar of our country's liberties, should meet in the springtime of the year to deck the graves and commemorate the virtues of their fallen comrades, and, so doing, gather fresh inspiration for their noble work of charity and patriotic devotion.

Honored to-day by the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, the great captains of our Army and our Navy, and this vast concourse of witnesses, in the name of the Grand Army of the Republic we welcome you, one and all, to participation in this anniversary: an anniversary to be observed, we trust, so long as our blood-redeemed country endures.

We now address ourselves to the duties and the sacred privileges of the hour.

The order under which we are assembled will be read by Comrade Timothy Lubey, the Assistant Adjutant General of the Department.

The following beautiful lines, composed for the occasion by Dr. H. Risler, and set to music by Kreutzer, were sung in an effective and harmonious manner by the Washington Sængerbund and Arion Club—in all sixty voices—Messrs. Charles Richter and C. W. Bergmann leading:

ODE TO THE DEAD.

Sweet be your sleep, who here, though silent,
Proclaim our country's holy rise,
That she should live, your lives were rendered,
Her life was your devotion's prize.

With flowers sweet your graves we cover,
And here renew our sacred vow,
That to our country we will render
What we to your devotion owe.

The full Marine Band of thirty-eight pieces, under the leadership of Professor Scala, then played the "Miserere," from "Il Trovatore," in admirable style.

A most solemn prayer was then offered by Rev. J. P. Newman, Chaplain of the United States Senate.

Then followed "Our Native Land," by the Beethoven Club composed of Mr. A. H. Burnett, D. L. Burnett, C. C. Ewer Daniel Gillette, John B. Dawson, F. A. Chase, L. E. Gannon and W. A. Widney, which was sung with fine taste. The words are as follows:

With hearts now touched by tend'rest feelings,
Oh! let us praise our native land;
For her we'll sing our noblest songs,
And lavish gifts with open hand.
Oh, land! with all thy noble forests,
Thy plains, where rugged mountains stand,
With God's pure sky blue mantling o'er them,
Heaven bless thee, our native land—
God bless thee, our native land, our native land.

Let every blessing shed its fragrance,
And peace and plenty o'er us shower;
Let health and happiness attend us,
Till all have felt its magic power.
Oh! may the bond of faith and kindness
Forever hold us hand to hand;
While all thy sons shall sing rejoicing,
Heaven bless our native land—
God bless thee, our native land, our native land.

The poem written for this occasion by Francis DeHaes Janvier, as given below, is one of his greatest efforts, and was delivered by him with a solemnity that called forth tears from many of those in the vast assembly:

OUR MARTYRS.

A poem dedicated to the Memory of the Union Soldiers who fell during the War of the Rebellion, and are buried at Arlington, Virginia.

Bring the fairest flowers that bloom,
Full of beauty and perfume,
Lay a garland on each tomb.

Every sepulcher you see
Is a shrine, henceforth to be
Consecrate to liberty.

Here, beneath the earth's green breast,
Loved, lamented, honored, blest,
Twice ten thousand martyrs rest!

Twice ten thousand martyrs, slain
Truth and justice to maintain:—
Theirs the loss, but ours the gain!

When rebellion's fiery flood
Swept the land, these heroes stood
Met, and quenched it with their blood.

Can such service be repaid?
Can the record they have made—
Can their glory—ever fade?

Bring the fairest flowers that bloom,
Full of beauty and perfume,
Lay a garland on each tomb.

Pausing on your silent way,
While affection's vows you pay,
Bathe with tears each budding spray.

Grateful tears, with blessings fraught,
For the deeds these heroes wrought,
For the lesson they have taught.

Be your blooming garlands strown,
Doubly on the altar-stone
Reared to those who rest—"Unknown."

Here, unrecognized, they lie,
But above the starry sky
Martyrs' names can never die!

Kneeling, on this sacred sod,
Swear!—to follow Freedom's God
In the path these patriots trod!

Swear!—their little ones to bless:
Cherish, shield them from distress;
Unprotected, fatherless!

Swear!—that this fair land shall be
Evermore a legacy,
Precious—undivided—free!

The following poem, written by Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, and translated into German by Dr. Risler, was sung with fine effect by the Sængerbund:

THE HYMN OF PEACE.

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
  Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come, while our voices are blended in song,
  Fly to our ark, like the storm-beaten dove.
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove;
  Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,
  Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long.

Brothers, we meet on this altar of thine,
  Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
  Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,
Meadow and mountain, and forest and sea:
  Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine;
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
  Brothers, once more, round this altar of thine.

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky,
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main:
Bid the full breath of the organ reply;
Let the loud tempest of voices reply;
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main;
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky,
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

Colonel Samuel S. Fisher, the orator of the day, was then introduced, and delivered, in an eloquent strain, the following oration:

ADDRESS OF COLONEL S. S. FISHER.

A year ago these mounds, beneath which dead heroes sleep, were strewn with garlands by loving hands and watered by tears from loving eyes. The flowers that we scattered have long since withered; the spring that gave the flowers has long since passed away. Summer and autumn and winter have come and gone. Each grave has been wrapped in a winding-sheet of snow, and bleak winds have sung dirges over the spot which the living had deserted.

But nature never forgets the dead. From her lap she brings forth green blades and leaves and modest wild flowers, and herself decks their graves with beauty. We can only add her gifts to us to her gifts to them. She does more than this; for, if there be any tomb unknown to us, or that we have forgotten—any peaceful sleeper in some village church-yard, in the lonely wood, by the roadside, at the ford, on the picket-line, or tenting still "on the old camp-ground"—she has found the spot where he lies, and flung over him her mantle of beauty.

If these graves be dear to her, how much more are they dear to us!

We read in old familiar story that one day, in the Roman forum, the earth opened and a great gulf yawned in the very midst. The augurs said that this gulf would never close its horrid mouth until it had been fed with the most precious thing in Rome. There was doubt as to what the most precious thing might be, when a young soldier, armed and mounted, rode boldly forward and plunged into the chasm, declaring that there could be nothing so precious as life given for one's country.

One day in our own land, stretching from side to side, from ocean to desert, a great gulf yawned, dividing in twain families, communities, States—yea, the very nation itself. Into this widening chasm *we* have cast our most precious possessions: the youth, the strength, the talent, the virtue,

the patriotism of the land. From homes where gray-haired grandsires still spoke of Washington; from cabins which sheltered the emigrant of yesterday, fresh from the shores which he had left in search of freedom; from the lap of luxury; from cramping poverty; from the wayside shop of the blacksmith; from the broad acres of the farmer; from the woodland clearing of the pioneer; from the jeweled cave of the miner; from the halls where pale students gathered; from the marts of trade, where busy merchants thronged—with the bounding step of youth, with the sober walk of manhood, aye, and with the halting step of age, they came in a great throng, to stand between the nation and its foes. Life was as dear to them as to others—death not more welcome; but life must end and death must come, and they sang the song of the old hero "who kept the bridge so well."

"Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate;
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temple of his gods!'"

The gulf is closed, but seams and scars like these remind us how imminent the danger and how great the sacrifice. The storm has passed, but many giants of the forest are laid low, and many trunks are torn and twisted and maimed and blasted.

We can never chant in too lofty strains the praises of those who saved the nation. No body of men were ever more unselfish, more truly patriotic, more actuated by noble motives, less led by the love of gain, less goaded by ambition, less deluded by the phantom of glory. Glory! Why here, in our presence, beneath yonder monument, rest more than two regiments of your countrymen, whose very names are unknown, yet whose deeds were as noble, whose loss is as keenly felt, whose places are as hard to fill, and for whom as many tear-drops fall, as for any whose titles are cast in enduring bronze or sculptured marble.

We come not here to mourn the loss of men like these. Fire no minute-gun over their graves; toll no funeral bell. Rejoice, rather, that the nation has given birth to such sons; deck their tombs with the crowns and garlands and laurel wreaths of victory; bid their children and ours mark well their example; and, for ourselves, let us draw fresh inspiration of love for our land and for liberty, and seek from them lessons of deliverance from narrow party spirit, greed of gain, and lust of power.

And first among these lessons, these graves remind us that we have a country. This seemed once to be doubted. We were told by unfriendly nations—and ourselves repeated and half believed the charges—that we were such worshipers of gold that we had lost the love of country; that the very form of our government has fostered state pride, and destroyed pride in the nation; that men loved party, but not their native land; that they hated their political opponents, but not their country's foes; that, boasting of our liberty, we were a nation of slaves; that our coin was a circulating falsehood, and our flag a flaunting lie.

This reproach has been taken away forever, but the answer to the foul slander is found, not so much in the great uprising when Sumter fell; not so much in the flag of Barbara Freitchie, and the thousands of waving banners that floated from loyal housetops; not so much in the gathering bands of armed men, or in the treasure freely proffered:—it is found *here*. If any man shall hereafter ask, "Do Americans love their country?—have we a nation?" from these mounds shall the question receive its final, conclusive, *eternal* answer. For, if these men had no country, why are they here?

Another lesson which we review to-day is the oft-told tale of history, that no nation can live that is founded upon wrong.

There was a time when we refused to heed this warning. We stilled the voice of conscience, and defied the voice of God; we sought in the virtues of our fathers to find excuse for their errors: we put the Union before right, and with the memory of dead compromises sought to shut out the knowledge of living wrongs. We failed. Not until we stood squarely upon right and liberty did success follow our banners. Repenting of our sin, we live; while our foe, who clung to it, has perished. But we were slow to learn this lesson, and the teaching was sharp and terrible. How the young, the brave, the noble, the good upon either side, were madly sacrificed that we might learn that

"Right is might, and truth is God."

For how many weary days and months and years the war dragged slowly on, while upon both sides men prayed with equal unction for Divine assistance! Both sides were wrong, and no help came to either. When we became right, the fight was over. We were fighting for union; they were fighting for slavery. God meant that we should fight for liberty, and whatever statesmen may plan, or armies strive to execute,

"His truth goes marching on."

It is but a little while since these hills were a great forti-

fication, resounding with the notes of war. Here, in a long-extended chain around the seat of government, stood the men who now, rank upon rank, rest behind the battlements which they built and manned. Then their living bodies protected the capital of the nation from the grasp of those who would have seized upon it with unhallowed hands, who would have withstood the will of the people, and perverted the free institutions of the land. Those living lines were never broken; the city over which they kept watch and ward was never lost. To-day they rest from their labors and hardships, but they remain at the post of duty; they sleep, but they sleep in line of battle, and sleep upon their arms. It seems as if, in the gray of morning, the long-roll might break their slumbers, and that a mighty host would fall into line and stand again to their guns; and, in truth, not less dead than living, are they a wall of defense.

Let the man who wishes his country ill look well upon these grass-grown mounds. If there be one here who would still destroy what these have preserved, who would impair the right of self-government, who would surrender the principles which have been baptized in blood and purified by fire, who would pull down the statue of liberty and set up a throne, let him look upon the shadowy forms of these soldiers of freedom and of the republic, as they form ranks again, again rush to the charge, again shout their war-cry, and again fall amid the din of strife, and, remembering what history they have written, what people they represent, what mothers bore them, what fathers trained them, and what children they have left behind them, let him stay his hand, and cry with one who, like him, loved the bloody road to power,

> "By Saint Paul, shadows to-night
> Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
> Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers!"

For if the hand of treason should again be raised, and the living should stand aloof, it seems as if these graves would open and the dead come forth to shame them.

There is yet another lesson which we may learn in this presence. The battle-cry is no longer sounded. War's thunders have rolled muttering away, and the skies are bright after the storm. Our heroes are sleeping side by side with those whom they withstood in battle, and they sleep in peace. In the grave dead foes have stricken hands, and proclaimed a truce forever.

Let the living strike hands also, for we are not enemies, but brethren. The nobler part of man may succumb to a temporary madness, but he is nevertheless a man; and when

the cloud has passed away he is to be restored to a man's loves and rights and privileges.

Brother—late our foe in battle, but brother still—this country was always our joint inheritance. This flag was alw[illegible], our joint banner. The glory of our past belongs to bo[illegible], the us. Our grandsires and our fathers stood side by side : "Dead tle, sat side by side in council. The glory of the fut[illegible]he play- longs to both of us; this purified land, this great unit[illegible] Sailors' ple, these broad acres, stretching from ocean to oce[illegible]he Rev. bound by a cord of commerce that makes of ocea[illegible], Heav- neighbors, and of mountains level plains—this bou[illegible] wealth, this tireless energy, this hunger for progress—it is yours, it is ours, and no man can take it from us. We alone can despoil and destroy the rich inheritance. Over brothers' graves let brothers' quarrels die. Let there be peace between us; nay, more, let there be love between us, that these swords, that we have learned so well to use, may, if ever used again, strike only at a common foe.

In a few days assembled thousands in the City of the Pilgrims will sing anthems of peace. Let the song be taken up throughout the land; by the shores of the great lakes; by the waters of the gulf; in the land of loom and spindle; in the land of gold; on broad prairies; in sunny savannas. Let the chorus again and again break forth, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

We have had enough of war; too many widows' weeds are scattered in this throng; too many orphan children are gazing upon this scene. It was a just and righteous war. It was nobly fought and nobly won. Thank God, it is over; and let us hope it will be revived only in memory.

And now, we lay our tribute upon these tombs. To these, who rest beneath this tomb of the unknown, lost to fame, but great in deeds, let us give our choicest flowers; for here, unrecognized, may be the form of some stout soldier who stood in the critical hour when the fate of the nation hung trembling in the balance on some bloody field, and when to stand was to gain the victory. The forms of those whom he loved may not be with us to-day; they, alas! know not that he is here; but we know that all who rest in this spot, or in yonder vast and beautiful camp of the dead, form a worthy part of the noble army of martyrs, whose epitaph is written, "faithful unto death."

The following prayer, beautifully sung by the Arion Quartette Club, concluded the exercises on the stage:

In peaceful calming breezes,
Through blooming earthly fields,
Spread God's creation blessings,
And trusting pleasure yields.

Who tearful seeks 'neath heaven
This golden calm of rest;
Finds balm for all his longings,
And peace within his breast.

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THE EXERCISES AT THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

vast concourse then formed in the order herewith
The orphans of the soldiers and sailors, the ladies of
mmittee of arrangements, the President of the United
members of the Cabinet, officers of the Army and
Navy, the committee of arrangements of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the public in general, and marched in solemn procession to the Tomb of the Unknown Dead. This tomb was decorated most tastefully. The tomb itself is of granite, and has carved upon its face the inscription:

"Beneath this stone repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their name and deeds are recorded in the archives of their country; and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace!
"SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1866."

Surmounting the tomb are four rifled field pieces, one at each corner, and a stack of cannon balls. Around the base were placed heavy masses of flowers, while the sides were wreathed with ivy, evergreens, and garlands of flowers. Shields formed the centers of each side, and upon them were appropriate inscriptions. On the north side:

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

On the west side:

"Whether on the tented field
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

On the east side:

"Here rest the brave who sunk to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

On the south side:

"The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead, or that might win the erring to virtue. It is not the place of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation."

Over the tomb was erected a temple of national and battle-flags and evergreens, arranged with striking taste, and presenting a handsome appearance.

The guests having formed a circle around the tomb, the exercises began with the rendition of Beethoven's "Dead March" by Heald's American Brass Band. During the playing of this piece the orphans from the Soldiers and Sailors' Orphan Home gathered close around the tomb. The Rev. Dr. J. G. Butler then offered a touching appeal to the Heavenly Throne.

The Beethoven Club then sung the following requiem:*

Sigh not ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly;
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
How still it lies within the breast!
Why mourn when death presents its peace,
And o'er the grave our sorrows cease?

The orphan children then gathered round the tomb and sang the following song, composed for the occasion by J. William Pope, Esq.:

Children of the fallen braves!
Oh! what a hist'ry they will tell
When we are sleeping in our graves,
Of fathers who in battle fell,
Of fathers who, with glittering blade
And foaming steed, had met the foe,
And e'en when dying to them said,
Thus far and only shalt thou go—
Thus far and only shalt thou go.

Children of the fallen braves
Will plead to manhood for our aid,
Their fathers, now beneath the waves,
Have for our sympathy well paid,
In storms of flying shot and shell,
In trench and prison, on the deep,

*NOTE.—It is a touching incident, that which Sherman told of General Rawlins, who, at the decoration of the soldiers' graves at Arlington, heard the exquisite requiem beginning

Sigh not ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly;
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Will ever weep, will ever sigh;

and remarked to Sherman how, if he should die, he would like to have it sung over him. Touching also, and tender and delicate, was the thoughtfulness of the mourning friend who so literally fulfilled the dead soldier's wish at his burial, September 9, 1869.

Those fathers, men of spirit, fell.
Their children we as trophies keep—
Their children we as trophies keep.

Children of the fallen braves
Will tell, when war shall be no more,
Of fathers in their unknown graves,
On hill and plain and distant shore,
Who stood, a mighty wall of life,
With bristling bayonets, and when
The bugle sounded for the strife
They fought and fell like patriot men—
They fought and fell like patriot men.

The orphans then proceeded to strew the tomb with beautiful bouquets. This ceremony over, a beautiful hymn was sung by the children.

THE DECORATION AT THE GRAVES.

The procession then re-formed and passed into the National Cemetery, and the decoration of the graves commenced. The Marine Band and Heald's American Brass Band were stationed in opposite sections of the cemetery, each playing dirges while the graves were being strewn with flowers. Every mound was ornamented with bouquets and wreaths, which, until the fading of the garlands there placed by loving hands, will remain a living tribute to the gratitude of those who contributed the offerings at the call of their fellow-comrades composing the Grand Army of the Republic, who so auspiciously began the movement, and carried it to a successful conclusion.

To the left and front of the entrance to the cemetery proper was erected, between two poles, which were decorated with small flags, a memorial of unique design. The head-board of the grave was a cross about eight feet in height, on which was the following inscription:

"In memory to the heroes of Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Shiloh, Fair Oaks, Corinth, Bull Run, Stone River, Vicksburg, Cedar Creek, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Cold Harbor, Petersburg."

On either arm of the cross was a design of arms stacked and crossed sabers, and in the center was a cannon. The foot-board bore the inscription, "Fort Fisher—Five Forks." The cross was surmounted by a crown of evergreens, and the vacant spaces were covered with army badges formed of flowers and evergreens.

The ceremony of decoration was symbolical, as follows: The orphans having gathered around a mound, intended to represent a national tomb, sang one verse of "Children of the Fallen Braves." Certain floral tributes, in the form of army corps badges, were passed to two of the orphans, who handed them to the widow of a fallen brave. She in turn handed the floral offerings to a soldier in full uniform without equipments. He in turn handed them to two soldiers in citizens' dress, one without arms, (lost in battle,) Mr. S. H. Decker; and one with one arm, Mr. Charles E. Dierman. These maimed heroes, by means of hooks, attached the floral tributes to the arms of the cross. When completed, the decorations were beautiful and novel.

THE CEMETERY GROUNDS EXERCISES.

Soon after entering the cemetery we find, inclosed by a neat railing, two handsome monuments. One them bears this inscription:

"George Washington Park Custis, born April 30, 1781; died October 10, 1857."

And the other:

'Mary L. Custis, born April 22, 1788; did April 23, 1853."

By the side of the main passage a board, handsomely wreathed, bore this inscription:

"The hopes, the fears, the blood, the tears,
That marked the bitter strife,
Are now all crowned by victory
That saved the nation's life."

Down the center was another board, also handsomely wreathed, bearing this inscription:

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

Still further on a similar board—

"Now, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.

The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The soldiers sepulcher."

Here and there, all over the cemetery, the plain wooden head-boards have been replaced by handsome marble tablets, placed there by loving ones to mark the spot where rests their noble friend.

Still on and over the bridge was this inscription:

"A thousand battle-fields have drunk
The blood of warriors brave,
And countless homes are dark and drear
Through the land they died to save."

Still on through the vast field of the dead, and we meet the following:

"The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blasts,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.

"Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
These breasts, that never more may feel
The raptures of the fight."

Still on, on, and another board presents the following:

"These faithful herald tablets,
With mournful pride shall tell,
(When many a vanished age hath flown,)
The story how ye fell.

"Nor week, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall mar one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb."

Along and outside of the eastern border of the garden are the officers' graves, which also extend along the south and by the carriage-way running towards the cemetery. Each grave was marked by a small flag placed at its foot. At the head of one grave, that of Captain William H. Schoppee, Company B, Thirty-First Maine, had been placed a red and pale rose-bush on either side of the head-board.

The Marine Band marched to the eastern section of the cemetery, and Heald's American Brass Band to the western section. The little orphan children were each then furnished with a number of small flags, one of which they planted at the head of each grave containing the remains of a Union

soldier. The ladies' committee then strewed flowers on each grave, passing from right to left during the ceremony.

When the decoration of the graves was concluded a signal-gun was fired by Du Pont's battery, and the vast throng gathered around a small stand erected near the flag, and listened with delight to a portion of Rossini's composition, "Stabat Mater," as performed by the full Marine Band, conducted by Professor Scala.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. B. Swallow, chaplain of the Department of the Potomac, and this ended the day's ceremonies.

THE DAY IN THE CITY.

A more beautiful day for carrying out the programme could not have been desired. Nature was propitious, and everything conspired to make the surroundings most favorable for the occasion. All the departments of the general and municipal governments, the banks and banking-houses, the district courts, and the principal places of business throughout the city, were closed, to give all an opportunity of participating in the ceremonies.

On Sunday the various committees of the Grand Army of the Republic, appointed for the purpose, assembled at their headquarters on F street, and from thence proceeded to the various cemeteries adjacent to the city. The graves of the patriot dead at Arlington having been on Saturday bedecked with wreaths and flowers, it was but fitting and proper that the same tribute of respect be shown to those entombed elsewhere. Contributions of flowers were received until the hour of starting, and lavish indeed in their gifts were the patriotic, who with their floral tokens assisted this beautiful and commendable cause. Sub-committees, composed of William Kelsey, H. A. Hall, J. H. Dingman, H. G. Otis, W. H. Slater, A. Wright, N. B. Fithian, L. C. Fletcher, J. H. Smith, George Sellers, J. N. Stine, N. E. Young, August Fahrenbrook, M. E. Urell, T. F. Gatchell, W. A. Bartlett, F. Dickinson, G. W. George, and T. R. Hawkins, proceeded to the

NATIONAL CEMETERY AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

This cemetery, one of the oldest military burial-grounds, (it having been established in 1861,) is situated a little east of the Asylum for Disabled Soldiers. The main gateway at the entrance was beautifully adorned with wreaths of evergreen and rare flowers. Placed in the reception-room were the following appropriate selections:

Soldier, rest, thy warfare's o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of toil, and nights of watching."

"The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead, or that might win the living to virtue; it is not the place of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it.

"A thousand battle-fields have drunk the blood of woman's brave,
And countless homes are dark and drear through the land they died to save."

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again."

Major H. A. Hall, as chairman of the committee of arrangements, presented the Rev. Dr. Newman, who invoked a blessing upon the services that had called the assembly together.

Rev. William Sharman then made an address, in which he remarked that the meaning of our coming together on this day is to pay tribute to the dead, to whom we are indebted for freedom and for Union. Those who died for love of the flag came from all parts of the world. Here the French, Spanish, Irish, and German patriots lie side by side; they gave their lives to save our country, and to secure equal rights of freedom and liberty to all. It was a pleasure to him, being an English radical, and already in intent an American citizen, that he should unite in paying homage to the patriotic dead here sleeping. He believed that the influence that our republic, as a nation, exerted abroad would eventually lead to similar systems of government throughout the civilized world.

After the conclusion of the remarks, the committee of the

Grand Army of the Republic, together with the citizens present, passed sadly and solemnly into the cemetery and placed garlands of flowers upon the mounds of the dead sleepers.

The exercises at this place were interfered with by the rain, which fell in torrents soon after the ceremony of decoration had commenced, and those present sought shelter in the house at the cemetery and the vehicles in which they came. A piece of paper, with the inscription here given, was found attached to the head-board of the grave of Mrs. James Bowen, who was a laundress in "Scott's Nine Hundred," and who died on the 27th of November, 1862:

> Here rests a noble woman 'neath this sod;
> By strangers her dying eyes were closed,
> By strangers her shrouded limbs composed,
> By strangers her humble grave adorned,
> By strangers loved, by strangers mourned,
> Whilst her spirit is in heaven with its God."

There are buried in this cemetery—

Union officers	20
Enlisted men	5,024
Unknown	84
Colored	195
Employés of the quartermaster's department	130
Limbs of officers and soldiers	5
Soldiers' infants	3
Sailors killed on gunboat Livingston	2
Confederate officers	5
Enlisted men	122
Confederate citizens	22
Total	5,612

Patrick Gallaghan, the superintendent, is the officer who had charge of the escort accompanying the remains of Abraham Lincoln to Springfield, Illinois.

FORT STEVENS CEMETERY.

From the services at the Soldiers' Home Cemetery the committee proceeded, after the heavy shower, to this burial-ground, called now the *Battle* National Cemetery. Appropriate ceremonies were expected here, but owing to the rain were deferred. This cemetery is situated about six miles from the city, about a half a mile beyond Fort Stevens, on the east side of the road. It is in charge of Superintendent

A. McCartney, and is surrounded by a neat fence. The grounds are handsomely laid out. Its position is peculiarly appropriate, commanding a view of almost the entire battle scene, and for all time will be a faithful witness and reminder to all the living that shall come to this shrine to pay their devotions to freedom of the valor, the heroism, and patriotism of the honored dead. Here, "on rushed the six hundred" to an honored grave. Here, with the noble sixth corps, under General Wheaton, stationed to the right of Fort Stevens as a support, a column of a thousand brave men marched out in front of Fort Stevens to attack the entire force of General Early. The enemy, supposing this the entire Union force, hurled their deadly columns upon them, and before they received the support of their comrades forty brave men had bit the dust. Advancing victoriously, they were met by the daring volunteers of many battles, successfully resisted, driven back across the Potomac, and not again encountered till they were once more charged upon and defeated in the valley of the Shenandoah. Forty men are buried here in the center of the grounds, five who died on the 11th of July, and thirty-five who died on the 12th. Several parties of ladies and gentlemen called during the day, and the soldier-mounds were beautifully decorated with flowers, wreaths, and crosses. In the hospitals during the war and in the cemeteries we thought we had seen the extreme of suffering and sorrow of war's cruel work; but here we stood before the grave of the last of *seven* sons who had died for their country—the last, the only and patiotic son of a widowed mother, who gave up all: R. L. Stevens, Company D, Third Vermont, killed July 12, 1864. "*Omne reliquit servans rempublicam.*" What more could be asked or given? Who shall not ardently hope that this shall be the last war which shall decimate our happy land? Too much praise cannot be awarded those who fought on the sacred, historic ground. The capital was saved, perhaps the nation: the capital, its archives, and the departments preserved from devastation. On each returning day let fitting homage be rendered by their countrymen in the North and the South, the East and the West, to the defenders of their beloved country.

CEREMONIES AT GEORGETOWN, D. C.

OAK HILL CEMETERY.

At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon the committee of the Grand Army of the Republic left headquarters in Washington in carriages, and proceeded to Oak Hill Cemetery, in Georgetown, to decorate such graves of soldiers as lie buried in that cemetery. The committee carried floral wreaths, bouquets, crosses, and other floral tributes to place over the graves of the patriot dead. They passed through the cemetery, and silently, and without formal ceremonies, placed these offerings on soldiers' graves. Among those decorated were the graves of Major General Jesse L. Reno, Major General Charles Griffin, Brigadier General Plummer, Lieutenant J. R. Meigs, U. S. Engineers, son of Quartermaster General Meigs; Lieutenant Joseph Smith, who perished so gallantly on the ill-fated Cumberland, and who was a son of Admiral Smith, and Lieutenant Craig, who died so nobly at Ball's Bluff.

The freshly-made grave of Commodore McCauley had a beautiful tribute placed on it, and also those of General Churchill, Lieutenant H. G. Harris, of the Fourth New York Artillery; Lieutenant S. G. Perkins, Second Massachusetts Volunteers; Captain J. M. Gillis, U. S. Navy; Lieutenant Wesselhoeft, Captain Babo, Twentieth Massachusetts; Colonel Harris, U. S. Marines; Captain Hooker, and Colonel H. W. Kingsbury.

The decorating these graves completed the melancholy duties of the committee at Oak Hill, and a sudden shower compelled the gentlemen to seek shelter in the house at the gate.

The line of carriages then left this lovely cemetery for Glenwood, where the same committee performed similar ceremonies.

DECORATION AT GLENWOOD.

About 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon the committee of the Grand Army of the Republic took up their line of march, by carriages, to Glenwood Cemetery, and on the holy Sabbath day fitting ceremonies were observed, but entirely without speaking or praying.

The following graves were decorated: Joseph C. Peck, Thomas Boynton, William H. Hackley, O. Andrus, F. Angel, L. Chaffee, C. Beall, J. McKenney, F. Crocker, Dr. A. A. Haviland, B. F. Green, Lieutenant C. I. Brooks, Chaplain W. A. Marks, Chaplain J. R. Carpenter, J. Corcoran, A. P. Wolverton, W. F. Peabody, N. Gee, and A. N. Lathrop.

CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY.

The graves of soldiers and sailors were all appropriately decorated late Sunday afternoon, and, so far as can be ascertained, no grave of a soldier was neglected. The grave of Miss R. Billing, who died in the soldiers' hospital at Annapolis, Maryland, was also appropriately decorated. The Grand Army of the Republic conducted all the ceremonies here as elsewhere.

The committee that had charge of the ceremonies at Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown, and those at Glenwood and the Congressional Cemetery, was the same committee that made all the arrangements for the grand ceremonies at Arlington on Saturday. The following-named gentlemen constituted this committee:

Comrade Timothy Lubey, chairman; Comrades John Edwin Mason, L. A. Brandebury, A. J. Huntoon, G. Wiley Wells, Samuel McDonald, S. R. Harrington, J. Lewis, A. Duddenhausen, H. A. Myers, J. Bell Adams, Charles H. Brown, A. H. G. Richardson, E. F. M. Fachtz, E. A. Fiske, Reinhold Springsguth, M. C. Battey, Newton Ferree, Richard Middleton, F. W. Sanborn, L. Lowry Moore, A. A. Hosmer, Hanson E. Weaver, A. P. Knight, W. H. Browne, Henry Moore, W. T. Collins, Lewis Waldecker

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DECORATION OF GRAVES OF COLORED SOLDIERS.

Conspicuous among the ceremonies of decorating the graves of our fallen heroes on May 29, 1869, were those which occurred at the Colored Cemetery. This cemetery is about a mile from Arlington, and is filled with the graves of colored men who were in the Union army as soldiers, teamsters,

laborers, nurses, and hospital attendants. These were all decorated by the colored men and women in an appropriate and beautiful manner, all the ceremonies being conducted by colored men, thus showing their ability to conduct such services without calling to their aid white orators and ministers.

The arrangements for decorating the graves of colored soldiers were in charge of Mr. J. Lewis, in behalf of Post No. 4, Grand Army of the Republic, composed entirely of colored soldiers, and of Dr. Green on behalf of the colored Sunday-schools. Each of these gentlemen was placed on the committee of arrangements, and took part in all the deliberations of said committee. Dr. Green asked that a sum of money be voted from the general fund to enable the colored people to carry out the ceremonies in their own way, and twice the amount was voted that Dr. Green asked for. Transportation was furnished them by the Government, and every facility possible extended to them, so as to make their decoration, what it proved to be, a magnificent success and beautiful tribute to the heroic dead who were born slaves.

CEREMONIES AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

(Department of Virginia.)

[Held under the auspices of loyal citizens, and with the cooperation of comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic delegated from the Department of the Potomac for the purpose.]

As the ceremonies at Arlington neared their conclusion, many of the visitors repaired to their carriages and started for the National Cemetery near Alexandria, where complete arrangements had been made for the observance of the day, under the control of Comrades Henry Moore, S. R. Harrington, and A. H. G. Richardson, of the committee of arrangements. An immense throng of visitors was present to participate in the ceremonies, including many persons who went over from Washington for that purpose. Over the gateway were festooned the national colors, and also on the monument standing near the center of the grounds. The beautiful little rustic edifice on the left of the entrance was

devoted to the use of the ladies' committee on floral decoration, who had prepared wreaths and bouquets of most fragrant flowers preparatory to the commencement of the exercises.

About four o'clock the assemblage was called to order by the presiding officer, Major Berkley, who introduced Colonel A. H. G. Richardson. That gentleman read the order of General Logan, after which the Washington Germania Band rendered with fine effect the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore."

A selection from the Scriptures was then read, and a fervent prayer offered by Rev. T. H. Haynes.

Solemn music by the band sent again its melancholy symphonies among the graves, and then the mayor introduced Lycurgus Hill, esq.

REMARKS OF MR. HILL.

The beholder standing at the foot of the mountain can obtain no idea of its magnitude; so, standing on the edge of the great struggle, we cannot estimate its just proportions, or its relations to the history of the world. Not until the years roll into centuries, and centuries swell into ages, could a true view of its real character be discovered. When the rights of man were everywhere acknowledged in the community, in the nation, in the world; when, at the magic breath of freedom, thrones and tyrannies should have melted like snow before the summer's sun, and the whole earth was free, then, but not till then, as from an eminence, the just proportions of the struggle that raised these graves might be estimated. These dead needed no monument; the Government which they had preserved was their monument. But amid the solemnities of the time there was one instruction which the voiceless grave taught as solemnly as if the mangled forms within rose up to speak them: Let not the work be unfinished while there was allowed to remain in the Government, as renewed and purified, a single exception which might hereafter weaken the great structure, put it in peril, or it may be overthrow it, else the work these brave men left us to do is still undone.

Again the plaintive strains of the Germania gave utterance to the solemn lessons of the time.

The mayor then introduced Judge Wertel Willoughby, of the Circuit Court. Judge Willoughby has been known here

as a profound thinker and an accomplished jurist; but few were prepared for the vivid and imaginative oratory he displayed on this occasion.

He sketched the scenes which preceded the brunt of the war now closed: the young man communing with himself as to his duty in his country's peril; the talk; the assemblies of people; the enlistment; the arming; the movements in squads, in companies, in regiments, in armies; the camp, with its privations; "battle's magnificently stern array;" the cannon's roar and the musket's rattle; the shout and groan and sabre-stroke; the messenger of death; the long, dreary, blank white hospital; the agony at the thought of home, never more to be seen; the grave. All were depicted in language so graphic and vivid as to draw universal attention from an assembly which the exceeding heat had disposed to be listless and inattentive.

Judge Willoughby continued, that while we rejoice in their triumph, in their bravery, (for they met gallant opponents, and, he doubted not, though mistaken, yet sincere,) this generation must see that their labor had not been in vain, and all unite to secure the fruition of that wish of their great captain, "Let us have peace."

Another dirge by the band, and Hon. Charles Whittlesey, editor of the Richmond State Journal and republican candidate for Congress, was introduced. Mr. Whittlesey adverted to the solemn occasion which had drawn the assembly together, paid a tribute of gratitude to the gallant dead, saying:

> "They sleep their last sleep; they have fought their last battle:
> No sound can awake them to glory again."

He urged upon the assembly an adherence to the principles for which the dead have given up their lives.

The band again played a dirge, and then the ceremonial of decorating the graves, which had been commenced during the speaking, was concluded.

The graves of the confederate soldiers in this cemetery, who died in Alexandria while prisoners, were also decorated by their friends, and the assembly separated hurriedly, as clouds had overcast the sky, and a storm was at hand.

The beautiful ceremonies of Memorial Day, conducted in and around Washington on the 29th and 30th May, were closed in the most appropriate and elevating manner by the Rev. Dr. J. G. Butler, who invited the members of the Grand Army of the Republic of the city to the evening services in his church, and preached to a large congregation, comprising a great number of them, a most eloquent sermon on the text, (Gen., 35, 8,) "Buried beneath Bethel, under an oak: and the name of it was called Allon-bachuth."

VINDICATORY.

The following letter of the Adjutant General of the Grand Army of the Republic is not strictly connected with the account of proceedings, but as the subject treated therein has a direct bearing upon views expressed in different places, it has been admitted as an expression of headquarters concerning a much misrepresented measure:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
No. 411 F STREET,
Washington, D. C., June 2, 1869.

It seems proper, in view of the many misrepresentations and comments made by a portion of the press, here and elsewhere, in relation to the action at Arlington to prevent any demonstration over the graves of the rebel dead buried there, that some statement should be made with the view of indicating the motives and purposes of the Grand Army of the Republic in relation to the memorial services over the graves of those who died that the republic might live.

The committee in charge of the ceremonies at Arlington directed the placing of a guard over the graves of the rebel soldiers buried there, with the view of informing those who, supposing that Union soldiers lay beneath, might ignorantly place on them their floral offerings, and also to prevent any such unseemly act as the designed decoration of those graves, to effect which, it is well known, there was a purpose on the part of persons whose every sympathy was, and still remains, with the "Lost Cause."

It is believed that the charges against the Marines on guard, which originally appeared in the Sunday Herald, of this city, are wilful exaggerations. The guard received their instruc-

tions from the committee, and it is believed that they discharged their duty in a proper manner and spirit.

We, however, address ourselves briefly to a statement of the design had in arranging this Memorial Day and its beautiful ceremonies.

The Grand Army of the Republic seeks to honor and preserve the principles and institutions for which its members and their dead comrades fought. To keep green the memory of the latter is to make stronger the devotion of those who survive. Hence the institution of "Memorial Day." Hence, too, the necessity of confining it strictly to the one holy purpose indicated, that of honoring the men who died that the nation might live, and of thereby reviving in our hearts, and of those who are to come after us, the lofty devotion to freedom and republican nationality which marked the republic's grand army of the dead. Is such an act incompatible with the noblest idea of magnanimity? We know it is not. We strew flowers therefore on the graves of our comrades, and prevent their being strewn in the national cemeteries at the same time on the graves of such rebel dead as may be buried therein, not because we cherish any feelings of hate or desire to triumph over individual foes, but because we seek to mark in this distinction and manner the feelings with which the nation regards freedom and slavery, loyalty and treason, republican principles and those of a slaveholding oligarchy. We are ready to forgive, we hold no malice, but we will never consent by public national tribute to obliterate the wide gulf which lies between the objects, motives, and principles for which we fought and our comrades died, and those for which the rebel armies banded together, and for which their dead now lie in numerous graves. They were brave, and we know it; none can better appreciate that fact than those who fought against them. But mere courage never ennobled treason. It cannot turn slavery into liberty, nor make despotic intentions desirable and to be applauded as virtues. Our refusal to decorate rebel graves marks no hatred of their occupants or friends, but our undying hostility to the ideas for which they fought and died. To do less than keep this distinction fresh in the national mind is to undermine the republic itself.

WM. T. COLLINS,
Adjutant General G. A. R.

LIST OF COMMITTEES.

Committee of Arrangements.—Comrades Timothy Lubey, chairman; John Edwin Mason, L. A. Brandebury, A. J. Huntoon, G. Wiley Wells, Samuel McDonald, S. R. Harrington, J. Lewis, A. Duddenhausen, H. A. Myers, J. Bell Adams, Charles H. Brown, A. H. G. Richardson, E. F. M. Fachtz, E. A. Fiske, Reinhold Springsguth, M. C. Battey, Newton Ferree, Richard Middleton, F. W. Sanborn, L. Lowry Moore, A. A. Hosmer, Hanson E. Weaver, A. P. Knight, W. H. Browne, Henry Moore, W. T. Collins, Lewis Waldecker.

Officers of the Washington Sangerbund.—Charles Richter, leader; Louis Waldecker, president; H. E. Peterson, vice president; A. Bishoff, recording secretary; P. Havernstein, corresponding secretary.

Officers of the Arion Quartette Club.—Chas. W. Bergmann, leader; Reinhold Springsguth, president; Victor Hagman, secretary; Julius Hirsch, librarian.

Members of Beethoven Club.—W. H. Burnett, D. L. Burnett, Chas. C. Ewer, Daniel Gillette, John B. Dawson, F. A. Chase, L. E. Gannon, W. A. Widney.

Committee on Funds.—Comrades C. H. Brown, M. C. Battey, Weber, S. S. Sterns, Sanborn, H. Moore, W. B. Morgan, J. H. DeMerritt, M. Garvin, W. J. Cooke, N. E. Young, J. Ellis, C. C. Parker, C. C. Pond, W. H. Slater, B. N. Meads, Hattin, N. B. Fithian, A. F. Dinsmore, J. B. Wilbur, H. Dingman, Kelsey, S. A. Johnston, G. W. Wells, S. McDonald, J. P. Lathrop, A. G. Bliss, John Tweedale, A. Wright, L. B. Cutler, H. G. Otis, Smith, C. H. Manning, J. E. Michner, Hiltz, Ed. Kilbey, H. C. Richardson, A. H. G. Richardson, J. E. Mason, S. Keller, E Fisk, Hawkins.

Committee on Grounds.—F. W. Sanborn, chairman; N. B. Fithian, M. E. Urell, N. E. Young, J. H. Smith, Allen Wright, D. E. Barrett, Wm. B. Brown, George Lithgow, Harrison Dingman, J. F. Fitzpatrick, Thomas H. Marston, William Wilson, T. F. Gatchell, John Tweedale, W. H. H. Smith, A. G. Bliss, Louis Morrell, F. H. Sprague, Morris Hopkins, M. Andrews, P. S. Garretson, James H. Woods, Thomas J. Lord, H. A. Hall.

Committee of Ladies on Decoration.—Officers and Managers of the Soldiers and Sailors' Orphan Asylum—Mrs. General Hunter, president; Mrs. Dr. Lindsley, first vice president; Mrs. Admiral Powell, second vice president; Mrs. Prof. Pratt, secretary; Mrs. D. McNair, treasurer; and Mrs. G. W. McLellan, Mrs. General Howard, Mrs. D. A. Hall, Mrs. General Ramsey, Mrs. Captain C. V. Morris, Mrs. Judge Beck, Mrs. General McFerran, Mrs. General Garfield, Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mrs. President Grant, Mrs. Generals Sherman, Dent, Williams, Parker, Michler, Ekin, Spinner, Comstock, Williams, Duncan, Gilmore, Hardie, Meigs, and Capron; Mrs. Commissioner Delano; Mrs. Senators Pomeroy and Sprague; Mrs. Mayor Bowen, Mrs. W. M. Evarts and E. M. Stanton; Mrs. Profs. Henry and Johnston; Mrs. Assistant Secretary J. V. Davis; Mrs. Governor Ford; Mrs. Rev. Dr. Sunderland; Mrs. Dr. Hood; Mrs. Rev. Dr. Butler; Mrs. Dr. Bailey; Mrs. Dr. Collins; Mrs. General Zeilin; Mrs. P. S. Garretson and F. Philp; Mrs Colonel A. D. Robinson; Mrs. I. C. Lewis, A. P. Knight, R. M. Bigelow; Mrs. Dr. McDonald; Mrs. Lippincott, ("Grace Greenwood,") Z. C. Robbins, A. Pollok, C. Case and D. S Stewart; Mrs. Captain P. P. Barnard; Mrs. T. L. Tullock; Mrs. Colonel E. A. Kimball; Mrs. H. Moore; Mrs. Colonel J. C. Smith; Mrs. E. M. Richardson, A. B. Garrett, E. W. McClermont, I. P. Bigelow, S. P. Brown, E. M. Gallaudet and A. Wright; Mrs. Colonel Wells; Mrs. E. B. French and M. B. Green; Mrs. Judge M. P. Norton; Mrs. L. D. Moore; Mrs. Rev. B. Swallow; Mrs. S. A. Marshall and N. S. Saunders; Mrs. Colonel Hosmer; Mrs. General Chipman; Mrs. R. K. Billing and E. E. Briggs, ("Olivia;") Misses Laura Sunderland, K. Waters, M. E. M. Lellan, E. L. Quail, M. Grandin, A. E. Fithian, S. Donoghue, M. M. Redwood, S. A. Bradley, M. E. Dulany, N. Griffin, A. Hopperton, Maria Holt, Julia Lindsley, Alice Hall, E. M. L. Richardson, C. Burkhardt, and Jennie Pyfer.

It is certainly appropriate to state that all these committees co-operated with the greatest energy and harmony in bringing about the splendid success of the ceremonies.

Public and private conservatories and gardens yielded their choicest plants and flowers, which the indefatigable zeal and exquisite taste of the patriotic ladies arranged in wreaths and bouquets of rare beauty.

Named and unnamed donors transmitted contributions, relieving thereby considerably the necessarily heavy bulk of expenditure. Musical societies and clubs generously rendered their services without compensation; in fact, all combined to make the demonstration one worthy of the national capital of the Great Republic.

DEPARTMENT OF ARKANSAS.

CEREMONIES AT LITTLE ROCK.

In accordance with previous arrangements, Saturday, May 29, was duly observed in Little Rock as Memorial Day, for strewing flowers on the graves of the Federal dead now sleeping in the National Cemetery at that place.

THE PROCESSION.

At the appointed hour the grand procession was formed at the State House by the marshal of the day, General R. F. Catterson, assisted by Lieutenant S. M. Mills, of the Nineteenth United States Infantry, Major W. A. E. Tisdale, Captain James W. Vance, George W. Dennison, and Jerome Lewis, in the following order:

1st. Military Band.
2d. Soldiers from the garrison.
3d. The Colored Society and School.
4th. Citizens in carriages.

The procession passed down Markham street to Rock, thence to the Arsenal, and from thence to the cemetery. It was a grand and imposing demonstration, nearly, if not quite, one mile long. The soldiers, as well as the citizens, had provided themselves with flowers, wreaths, and bouquets.

General Charles H. Smith, commander of the United States Arsenal, graced the occasion with his presence; also Governor Powell Clayton, and all other Federal and State officers in the city, and county and city officers.

THE CEMETERY.

The National Cemetery is beautifully located southeast of the city, about two miles from Markham street. It was es-

tablished in accordance with an act of Congress, and is in charge of Superintendent James Hill. The grounds comprise a trifle over thirteen acres, and are now being inclosed with a fine stone wall, which when completed will measure three thousand five hundred feet in length, with a base four feet six inches in width, tapering to two feet at the top. The casing will be of flagstone three inches in thickness, and projecting two inches over the face of the wall. The cemetery is divided into sections from one to twelve, and, when completed, will be one of the handsomest resting-places for the nation's dead in the United States.

In the first section representatives are sleeping from the States of Indiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Michigan, and Arkansas.

In the second section, from Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, Ohio, and Missouri.

In the third, Arkansas, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, Indiana, and Kansas.

In the fourth, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio, and some of the dead of the Twenty-eighth United States Infantry.

In the fifth, Wisconsin, and some of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-seventh United States Colored Infantry.

In the sixth section are representatives from the various colored regiments of infantry.

In the seventh, from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Michigan, Arkansas, and of the Nineteenth United States Infantry.

Section eight is reserved for the garrison, and is known as the "Post Reservation."

The ninth section is occupied by the residence of the superintendent and by other buildings.

In the tenth, from Illinois, Michigan, Kansas, Missouri, and Wisconsin.

In the eleventh, from Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Michigan, and Ohio.

The twelfth or center section is set apart for officers.

There are now in the cemetery over five thousand graves. Those known number three thousand one hundred and forty-

two; unknown, two thousand two hundred and seventeen; initials, fifty-five; making a total of five thousand three hundred and fourteen.

EXERCISES AT THE CEMETERY.

A stage had been provided by the committee of arrangements, around which the vast multitude gathered to listen to the music, prayer, and speeches. After appropriate music by the military band an eloquent prayer was offered by Rev. R. R. Pierce. The choir, composed of the best musical talent in the city, then sung the chorus, "God is the Refuge of His People," from the cantata of "Esther."

After which the president introduced the orator of the day, Hon. A. W. Bishop, whose address was as follows:

THE ORATION.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: By an act of Congress, approved February 22, 1867, to establish and protect national cemeteries, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars were appropriated, and in the midst of the outlay of a portion of this tribute to the nation's dead we stand to-day.

Five thousand graves are around me, a voiceless testimony to the grandest struggle of all time, enshrining heroes whose memory will be green when the earth is old, and the incense from the altar of whose sacrifice will go up to God while free institutions endure and there are men to defend them.

In the midst also of the refining influence of flowers, and the abundant presence of the gentler sex, we observe the day. Flora brings her offerings, and the air, gathering the perfume, floats it to the homes of a mourning kindred. From Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, and elsewhere throughout the North, the rescuers of this goodly land went forth, and in it, as the surest evidence of their sincerity and zeal, rest their mortal remains.

Proud of their birthright as freemen, and especially eager to maintain it against an intestine foe, they buckled on the saber, shouldered the musket, guarded the gun-carriage, and, with hearts as buoyant as their steps were elastic, sallied forth into the unknown future of their country's tribulation.

It was no holiday pastime, this march of theirs. A bold and exultant enemy was in their front. The whole structure of society was upheaved. Women and children had caught up the refrain of the song of the bivouac. Everywhere in the South, from the Ohio to the Rio Grande, the heart of the people was ablaze. Still on they pressed, until their blood mingled with the soil they reclaimed, and their lives were yielded up, a willing offering upon the altar of their country's salvation.

But this defection in the South was not complete. Anon the small voice of individual resistance was heard, which, soon gathering strength and confidence, broke out into organized and determined vindication of the national honor, and here, in Arkansas, the loyalty of the State came to the rescue with twelve thousand men—men who, hunted from their homes, separated from their families, despoiled of their property, thus attested, under the most trying circumstances, their allegiance to constitutional law.

When "state or province, bond or free," was the assumed issue of the hour, they did not hesitate to break away from the great heresy of State rights, as generally interpreted in the South eight years ago, and, if loyalty to the government of their fathers carried with it the inhabitancy of a province, that condition they accepted, and their advocacy of it many who sleep around us illustrated by a soldier's death.

So then, as survivors and friends, we come together to-day, the regular army mingling their tribute with that of citizens of the State, for alike, with tokens of affection, gathered from the garden, the field, and the wild wood,

> "Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
> Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"

we pay the homage of the living to the dead.

Our warrant, moreover, for the observance of this ceremony now comes from a source that we gladly heed. On the 12th of April, ultimo, General Logan, as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order setting apart the 30th of May as a day to commemorate the glorious deeds of the departed comrades of the Army, with the liberty to department and post commanders to observe the 29th, if they should think proper to do so, as the 30th is the Sabbath.

Here in Little Rock, where a post has been established, those assembled to-day, whether belonging to this organization or in sympathy with the occasion, take secular time for the purpose, but give a consecration pure and heartfelt to these offices of friendship and affection.

Strew, then, your flowers; scatter their fragrance; and as

the tidings reach the homes of those whose loss we mourn, while we commemorate it saddened hearts will pulsate more warmly; memory will crowd anew her images upon the brain; the eye will light up and the bosom heave with intenser emotion as the consciousness is felt that here, below the old line that separated the bond from the free, sympathizing people dwell, and abundant hearts are found in full accord with the sentiment of the North.

But who will mourn the unknown dead? Two thousand two hundred and sixty-two lie in yonder graves. How many crushed hopes, withered aspirations, and patriotic longings are buried there, banished forever even from the sympathy that the hand of recognition can extend! Imagination is at no loss to summon up a bright and ambitious youth who went forth to battle at the bidding of his country, animated by the noblest motives and inspired by the very genius of liberty, but who, unrecognized, and for a time uncared for, early died that that country might live.

"Who was his father?
Who was his mother?
Had he a sister?
Had he a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other?"

Alas! the mystery of death! We may speculate, but we cannot solve. The gloom of the grave is impenetrable, and no response will come when we ask the name and the record of the unknown hero; still we know he lies beneath yonder mound, and Congress is doing no more than its duty when it creates and adorns the place of his burial. He is indeed one of the indistinguishable fallen, and imagination must supply what fact cannot give. But this at least we know: he gave his life to his country, and his great sacrifice, joined to that of those whose kindred are known, will be commemorated in song and story while the human heart beats responsively to the impulses of an exalted patriotism, and the hopes of mankind are transmitted in just government along the line of the ages.

It is related by Motley that the famous bell Roland, of Ghent, was an object of great affection to the people, because it always rang to arm them when liberty was in danger. On this side of the Atlantic it was in danger in 1860, and State conventions in the South and discontent in Congress accelerating a crisis, it was precipitated when, on the 12th of April, 1861, fire was opened on Fort Sumter.

"Toll! Roland, toll!
Not in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour,
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder Zee;
But here—this side the sea!
And here in broad, bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!"

And the alarm rang out, and the wires clicked in quick succession the progress of revolt; a great people sprang to arms, and though the struggle with treason was like a grapple with Hercules, the nation was saved, and the effort to establish on American soil an aristocracy whose pivotal idea was the theory of caste became a humiliating and disastrous failure.

Into the particulars of this struggle I cannot be expected to enter, nor, on the other hand, can I forbear allusion in a general way to what will go down to history as the great American rebellion.

That it was systematically premeditated there can be no doubt, and upon one great fact bearing pertinently thereon the veil is only now, in the year 1869, being fully lifted, to wit: through the advance sheets of Pollard's forthcoming Life of Jefferson Davis, that reveal for the first time the statement that a secret revolutionary junta, composed of certain United States Senators, whom it is not necessary now to name, met at Washington, in one of the rooms of the Capitol, on the night of January 5, 1861, and "formed an organization which took control of all political and military operations in the South, dictated the plan of seizing forts, arsenals, and custom-houses, and did the whole work of revolution, while they were every day in their accustomed seats in the Senate."

Hamlet cannot be Hamlet with Hamlet left out, and while on all occasions we should be true to our convictions, it is not necessary that we should offensively be so.

I cheerfully accord, for one, all proper praise to the confederate soldier. I am willing to believe that he was sincere, and those of us who were in the war know that he was brave; but that his cause was just our presence here forbids us to concede.

Decided, it was true, by the arbitrament of arms—no unerring judge of right and wrong—the moral sense of the civilized world was nevertheless with us, and the faith of mankind in the perpetuity of free institutions has been strengthened by the ordeal through which our American nationality has passed. The loyal people of the United States have, in fact, no apologies to make. The flag was fired upon, and the guns that battered Sumter were the knell of slavery. It had o come. The antagonism of the two civilizations was vital,

and though ours were the day and generation that suffered, the contest could not long be delayed.

"All slave or all free" may not have been a maxim in politics, for the spirit of compromise, born in the Convention of 1787, was still active and potential; nevertheless the clash of arms must come at last, and when it did, though the struggle was long and eventful, it had no uncertain issue.

The integrity of the American nation remains firm, cemented as it is by the triple bond of strife, agony, and death. The remission of political sin has come indeed through the baptism of blood; but the change from the depression of war is as great as it is unusual, and already the march of the republic has been signalized by one of the grandest civic achievements of the age—the completion of a railroad to the Pacific.

"Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war," and to these we can turn, as from the past to the present, with an ever-increasing satisfaction and delight. Standing, also, in the presence of the honored dead, our feelings should be chastened, and if there is aught left of the bitterness that war will always engender, let it be banished forever.

The future is too full of opportunity to be frittered away by a profitless antagonism, and while there is no more fitting place than this to strew the flowery emblems of our esteem for those who died for their country, we can also learn to be charitable, and should take the hands of those who fought us, if extended in frankness and the honest desire that the past should be forgotten.

> "All soldiers are
> Or should be comrades, even though enemies.
> Our swords when drawn must cross, our engines aim
> (While leveled) at each other's heart; but when
> A truce, a peace, or what you will, remits
> The steel into its scabbard, and lets sleep
> The spark which lights the matchlock, we are brethren."

So, then, let us be, here in the South, putting the past behind us, and reaching forward to common thrift and common honor. By the fortune of war many of us were brought here; but what was vague and uncertain while the clouds of battle were hovering over the State, has now become fixed and enduring.

The northern men who reside in Arkansas are here to remain. The genius of American citizenship gives *carte blanche* in this respect, and we are simply responsible to the laws of the land for our individual observance of them. There is no physical line separating a warmer from a colder climate that we may not pass. The phrase "*our* country," as still

used to some extent in the southern States, is without point or force, and no sensible man will employ it to ward off those whom others are weak enough to call intruders. Again, then, I say, let the dead past bury its dead. Our future is indivisible. The Alabama claims have stirred up the British lion, and we may have to meet his wrath. Certainly southern men have great cause to oppose him, and if a collision comes, the remembrance of the recognition that England did *not* extend to the government of the Confederate States will hardly soothe the southern mind. But diplomacy may meet the crisis. The high contracting parties are as ready to treat as they ever will be, and it is earnestly to be hoped that bullets of the brain will alone be fired.

War is abnormal, destructive, and should never be resorted to while there is any other arbiter to call upon; and this is equally true, whether we look out upon the contest of nations or retrospectively upon our own dissensions. The dead who slumber in this honored spot tell us to go cautiously in the future, for, though theirs is the vindication of a victorious cause, rivers of blood have flowed to make it so, and we should not rashly resort again to this terrible test of power.

Our future may not be altogether harmonious. It would be singular indeed if it were so. In all governments there is an attrition of interests. They grow, and parties develope. If they outgrow party, they become resistance, rebellion, revolution. How wise, then, the counsel of Edmund Burke: "The speculative line of demarcation, where obedience ought to end and resistance must begin, is faint, obscure, and not easily definable. It is not a single act or a single event which determines it. Governments must be abased and deranged, indeed, before it can be thought of, and the prospect of the future must be as bad as the experience of the past. When things are in that lamentable condition, the nature of the disease is to indicate the remedy to those whom nature has qualified to administer, in extremities, this critical, ambiguous, bitter potion to a distempered state. Times, occasions, and provocations will teach their own lessons. The wise will determine from the gravity of the case, the irritable from sensibility to oppression, the high-minded from disdain and indignation at abuse of power in unworthy hands, the brave and bold from the love of honorable danger in a generous cause; but, with or without right, a revolution will be the very last resource of the thinking and the good."

Standing, then, amid the graves of the patriotic dead, let us summon anew the resolution to maintain our civil polity, looking back with instruction to our internecine strife, around us with tenderness upon yonder tablets and monument, hung

with the floral drapery of genuine sorrow, and forward with courage into the mysterious future.

Then, indeed, will the memorial ceremonies not be had in vain, and as the years roll round, and the magnitude of the nation's great agony stands out in bolder relief, our children, and children's children, repeating what we inaugurate, will grow firmer in their love of country, stronger in their power to defend it, and, if the past is an earnest of the future, God will gather the nation beneath the shadow of his wings, and not until time dissolves in eternity shall this great Republic pass away.

At the close of the oration the sweet voices of the choir were again heard, singing the beautiful chorus of "He that goeth forth and weepeth," also from the cantata of "Esther." Rev. R. R. Pierce was then introduced, and delivered an interesting address, commendable in the highest degree. It being an extemporaneous effort, only a very brief synopsis of the address can be given here.

ADDRESS OF REV. R. R. PIERCE.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen: I should not attempt to deliver an address of any length, or weary your patience by anything that I can say in addition to what has been said, for I am reminded that there is work to do yet. And I see before me the old and the young, waiting and ready to go forth with flowers and wreaths to deck the graves of those who died to sustain the Government, and perpetuate to them and theirs an undivided country, blessed with civil and religious liberty. And we have heard that there are thousands of graves here filled with unknown dead. Where are their relatives to-day? in what part of the world? Are not many widows saying, Will any one put a flower on my husband's grave? Are not many children asking if father's grave will be decorated?

Sisters are wondering if brothers' graves will be found, and have placed on them some memento. And how many parents are thinking of their dear boys sleeping in soldiers' graves far away. Let us go and hunt them up, and strew our flowers over their tombs. Oh! what a scene our nation presents to-day from the capital out to the utmost verge of war-dug graves. From the President and his Cabinet, down to the most humble citizen, all is commotion. Thousands have gathered, or will gather around the nation's dead, to strew their flowers and drop their tears. Oh, how many weeping wives

will bend over the graves of husbands; how many little children will go to their fathers' graves, and plant there flowers, and kiss the very ground, and call it sacred. How many aged fathers and mothers will mingle their voices of sorrow with others. How many sisters will go to deck their brothers' graves, whilst tears of love will gush from their eyes—pure, too, as those that gem the silken lashes of the cherubic eyes of celestial charity.

And this is not the inauguration of something new in the affairs of men or circumstances of life. But from time almost immemorial it has been the custom of the most celebrated nations of earth to embellish the tombs of their noble, true, and brave, as well as those of the lovely and beautiful, with garlands, wreaths, and flowers.

The Persians adopted it from the Medes, and the Greeks in turn from the Persians; and Pythagoras introduced it in Italy. The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth, and the urn of Philopœmen was covered with chaplets, and the grave of Sophocles was embellished with roses and ivy, and ivy and flowerets were planted on the grave of Anacreon. And Virgil decorated the statue of Pallas with leaves of arbutus and evergreens. And in the times of the ancient fathers of the Christian church crowns of flowers were placed on the gravestones of virgins, and baskets of lilies, violets, and roses on the graves of husbands and wives. And some of the tribes of the Mississippi had so lasting a regard for their braves, and unfading love for dear ones, as to prompt them to gather prairie and wild-wood flowers with which to deck their graves. In China, from whence the custom passed into Media, Persia, and Arabia, this custom still prevails.

And shall we be unmindful of those who gave their lives for their country, who died to keep aloft the starry banner, and prove to the world that a republican government can and will stand? No, we will not forget them, nor the cause in which they died.

Could the scenes and circumstances of to-day be culminated all in one grand movement, could all who have fallen on the gory field, where American met American in the tug of war, or all that have been hurled to soldiers' graves be gathered to some vast prairie cemetery, and could the nation meet there to do them honor, it would cast into the shade all the pageantry of past time or space. I see a vast inclosure, and in every direction are graves, and I see coming officers of state, army, and navy, and lo! the army and navy are coming with step to the sound of muffled drums, bearing furled and craped banners, and following are thousands of carriages and hacks, filled with women and children, bearing

in their hands garlands of choice flowers, and following are thousands of citizens, all bearing wreaths and flowerets; and pressing hard on the rear I see an army train, laden with vines, shrubs, wreaths, and garlands of flowers, and every band in every town or city is contributing music, until the circumambient air is laden with gushes of choicest melodies and odoriferous with the perfume of sweetest flowers. Not only are thousands gathering o'er the graves to witness the ceremonies, but myriads and myriads of the shining ones are clustering on the jasper walls and crowding the gates of pearl, looking down on the vast assembly.

O beautiful, beautiful scene! But no; this cannot be. There are many burying-grounds, and as many different scenes. And the five thousand buried here have died as soldiers; some in hospital, parched with fever and racked with pain, no loved one near to give a drop of water to cool their parched lips or bathe their fevered brows; some on the gory field; no kind hand there to staunch their death wounds, lift their sinking heads, or wipe the dew from their pain-moistened brows, speak a word of consolation, or hear their last faint farewell as they closed their eyes never more to look on home or loved ones. Let us go and find their graves and leave our flowers there. How it would cheer those loved ones far away could they but know that you were strewing flowers on the graves of their husbands, fathers, and brothers; how they would send you letters bathed with tears and filled with thanks. And how cheering this must be to the soldier, too, whose lot it is to die, to know that he will not be forgotten when he dies, by either his kindred or his country.

As we look out upon our nation to-day, clad in greatness and full of life and energy, and blessed with peace and prosperity, we say now we have a well-tried government. Now we know it will stand. Many of you remember the history of the Eddystone light-house. More than a hundred years ago it was proposed by some enterprising men to build it. The place was a rock, amid waves and surges, far out on the south-west extremity of Great Britain; but the proposition was laughed to scorn. Still they began the work; slowly but surely it rose amid the breakers, until completed; and its streamers gaily played in the ocean storm, and its light gleamed o'er the angry waves. But timid and faithless ones said, wait until we have such a storm as has beat upon us, and the light-house will go down beneath the surging billows. That storm did come—such a storm as never beat on ocean's wave or Britain's shore. All night it raged; many towns and villages were demolished; many vessels were wrecked far out upon the sea, and every one trembled for the fate of

the light-house and its keepers. Early next morning all eyes were turned toward the spot where late they saw it towering high in the heavens, and its streamers were still there. There it proudly stood, bidding defiance to storm and tempest, wind and wave. So we say of our Government, it is a tried one. Men said it could not stand the dreadful storm that has just passed over us. Other nations said, "The bubble is burst, republicanism is no more." But when the storm had ceased, and the clouds lifted and floated away, lo! our flag was still there, proudly waving o'er an undivided country, as undimmed in beauty as when first the angel clipped the star-gemmed blue from the spotless heavens and handed it down to the council. O, who can contemplate the bloody past, the thousands of lives given, the precious blood spilled, and millions spent to sustain the Government. Who can live in the glorious present, so full of startling events, and contemplate the grand future of this Government and nation without saying, "Live on, my own, my native country; shine on, ye stars of love; wave on, thou banner of beauty."

After the address all joined in singing the national hymn, "America."

The graves were then strewn with floral tributes of affection and respect, and all participants returned to their respective homes satisfied with the pleasing and sacred duties they had performed.

THE FLORAL DECORATIONS.

While the general arrangements for the observance of the day were admirably managed by the committee of arrangements, the floral offerings arranged by the committee on decorations were no less so. The decorations were beautiful, timely, and appropriate.

The committee conceived the idea of erecting a temporary monument in the center of the cemetery, the design of which was the work of Captain Charles Schaerff, our city recorder. Messrs. Brooker and Bradfield attended to its erection, and, with the assistance of patriotic ladies, its decoration. The monument consisted of a pyramid, or shaft, fifteen feet high and four feet wide at the base, supported by a pedestal ten feet high. At each corner of the pedestal was

situated a square pillar surmounted by a stack of arms. It presented a beautiful appearance. On each side of the pedestal were appropriate mottoes, as follows:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

"We should not weep that he has gone,
With us 'tis night, with him 'tis morn."

"Their dark eyes flashed lightning,
As firm and unbending.
They stood like the rock
Which the thunder is rending."

"Wrap round him the banner,
It cost him his breath;
He loved it in life,
Let it shroud him in death."

In the center of each section tablets were arranged, handsomely decorated, and a motto on each, as follows:

1. "I die for the Nation, the Union, and God. I'm mustered out."
2. "Oh! it was grand. Like the tempest we charged. The triumph we share."
3. "They died that their country might live."
4. "Peace to the ashes of the dead, who nobly fighting fell.'
5. "They never fail who die in a great cause."
6. "He that would honor win must not fear dying."
7. "When can their glory fade?"
8. "With the tears a land hath shed their graves shall ever be green."
9. "Honored, beloved, and mourned."

On the arch over the entrance gate were the words, "Patriots true and heroes tried." The arch was also the work of the committee on decorations.

The committee of arrangements are under great obligations to the United States quartermaster department, and to Colonel Cochran in particular, for the many courtesies extended. And the citizens are under everlasting obligation to not only the committee of arrangements as a whole, but to the several sub-committees, and especially to the ladies, who kindly and cheerfully responded whenever their assistance was required.

CEREMONIES AT FORT SMITH.

Within the past year the National Cemetery at this place, containing the graves of some two thousand Union dead, and in charge of Sergeant Allen, a one-armed veteran, has been greatly improved and beautified, hundreds of graves being neatly sodded, and the remainder are to be put in the same condition.

Thither repaired, at about five o'clock in the afternoon of May 29, a large number of citizens, ladies and children, very many bearing floral offerings, such as wreaths, bouquets, &c., with which to decorate the last resting-place of the nation's defenders. The city band about the same time made its appearance, and to the strains of its music marched with their side-arms most of the men off duty at the post. The commander of the post, Major Upham, Sixth United States Infantry, with other officers of the garrison, was also promptly on the spot, in honor of the occasion. Indeed, it is but just to remark, that to Major Upham belongs a large share of the credit of getting up the demonstration. A commodious platform had been erected under a group of stately oaks, and, after an appropriate piece played by the band, Major Upham, at the request of the committee of arrangements, called the large assembly gathered around the platform to order, and announced, in a few remarks, the occasion of the gathering. He then introduced Mr. V. Dell, editor of the Weekly New Era, who had been requested to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion. This duty was performed by him as well as the few hours of preparation and the physical illness under which he labored at the time would permit. The multitude then quietly dispersed over the grounds, depositing their fragrant tokens of love and gratitude upon many a little green mound, while the plaintive music of the band floated solemnly through the still air of that lovely evening. Little groups of friends would be seen slowly wending their way through the streets of the dead, recognizing every now and then, on a head-board or stone, the name of one they knew well in life, and honoring his memory with a wreath. In this respect the dead of the

Second Indiana Battery, buried by themselves within a well-inclosed little square, were perhaps most favored; and if this should come to the eye of a surviving member of that brave organization, it may be a consolation for him to know that his former comrades sleep under their monumental stones as he helped to deposit them five years ago, and have not been forgotten here. About sundown the crowd slowly dispersed.

Thus ended the first Memorial Day at Fort Smith.

DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA.

EXERCISES AT SACRAMENTO.

In accordance with the custom adopted by the Grand Army of the Republic, the members of Post No. 3 of this department paid a tribute of respect to the memory of those deceased soldiers of the late war who lie buried in the cemeteries of Sacramento, choosing the beautiful custom of strewing their graves with flowers as the most befitting mode of keeping green in the memories of the people their services in behalf of their country. As previously arranged, the members of the Grand Army met at their hall at 8½ o'clock a. m., and thence proceeded to New Helvetia Cemetery, and decorated with flowers the graves of those buried there who had served their country on the battle-field. Returning, a detachment proceeded to the Congregational Church, where Rev. I. E. Dwinell preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, choosing for his subject "Our Country's Dead." The sermon is acknowledged to have been one of the finest pulpit efforts.

The procession to the city cemetery having been arranged to come off at 5 p. m., at the stated time the line of march was taken up, under command of Captain E. D. Shirland, of Post No. 3, the order of procession being: Capital Cornet Band; City Guard, in Zouave uniform; Sacramento Light Artillery; General Josiah Howell and staff, of the Fourth Brigade N. G. C.; State officers (present and past) and officers of the Grand Army of the Republic, followed by Post No. 3, about seventy-five members, Captain R. M. Garratt, post commander; disabled members of the army in conveyances; Rev. H. W. Brown, chaplain of the day, and Major E. A. Sherman, orator of the day, in a carriage; a gun belonging to the Sacramento Light Artillery, in charge of Sergeant

Thomas Anderson, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. The procession terminated in a large number of carriages and buggies, containing ladies, gentlemen, and children of the city.

Arriving at the cemetery, the military opened ranks, between which the members of the Grand Army advanced, halting at the grave of General George S. Wright, where the ceremonies were held. The militia and veterans filed around the grave, and, in the presence of the vast throng of people who had been drawn thither by sympathy with the cause and the occasion, a prayer was offered by Rev. H. W. Brown, of the Unitarian congregation of Sacramento, which did not fail to touch the hearts of all present, and which was full of pathos and patriotism. Major Sherman then delivered a short address, the words and manner of delivery clearly indicating that the speaker but echoed the sentiments of those around him. In justice to the gentlemen named, it is proper to say that but a few hours' notice was given them to prepare for the occasion. The comrades of the Grand Army then separated into squads, and the grave of every soldier of the late war in the cemetery was visited and decorated with the simple offerings of their surviving comrades. At the conclusion of the ceremonies at the grave a national salute (thirty-eight guns) was fired from a gun of the artillery company, which was stationed outside the cemetery. Fully two thousand people, a large majority of whom were ladies, were present in the cemetery during the ceremonies.

Those who marched in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic can all show honorable discharges from the armies or navies of the United States for services during the rebellion only, and, with but few exceptions, they all served in battles and skirmishes, many having been in from twenty to thirty-three engagements. At the head was borne the pennant of the old California Hundred, on which are inscribed the names of all the battles in which the "Hundred" were engaged. Captain Welsh bore the remnants of the guidon which was presented to the California battalion on their departure from California to the East; and another guidon, also in a tattered condition, which was presented by

the ladies of Boston to the same battalion, and which was the second American color which was planted on the State Capitol at Richmond, after the capture of that city, was borne in the center of the column by August Treyer. Post No. 3 numbers about two hundred and fifty, but many were employed in the neighboring towns and along the line of the railroad, and could not be present. Many of their members also belong to the Cornet Band and the military organizations which were out on parade.

The ladies of this city deserve the thanks of the "boys in blue" for the interest manifested by them, and for their donation of beautiful wreaths and bouquets of flowers which were so plentifully showered upon them.

The procession returned to the hall on K street about dusk, the Grand Army being escorted by the military, who saluted them as they passed into their hall, from which they will again march forth with each returning Memorial Day to do honor to their dead comrades by strewing their graves with flowers; and the custom will be kept up year after year, until the last member of the Grand Army of the Republic passes to his final resting-place.

DEPARTMENT OF COLORADO.

CEREMONIES AT DENVER.

The proceedings of the Grand Army of the Republic were carried out in accordance with the programme announced. Members of the order assembled at half-past one o'clock at their hall on Blake street. Preceded by a band of music they marched to the Methodist Church, each member carrying a wreath of evergreens and a small flag. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The proceedings began by the singing of

"We are tenting to-night on the old camp-ground."

Rev. Mr. Peck then pronounced a very feeling and eloquent prayer, after which

"Oh bury the brave where they fall"

was sung by a quartette. Mr. Peck then delivered the following appropriate and touching

ADDRESS.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Our recent national struggle against an armed rebellion is still fresh in the memories of all the people. Four years of peace have brooded over the land since the sword was returned to its scabbard, but the echo of the cannon's roar, mingled with the shout and din of contending armies, is lingering in the atmosphere. Maimed veterans, lone widows, and orphaned children, moving among us like the riven trees of the forest, are speaking to us of the storm that was. That struggle is the occasion for our gathering to-day.

It is not our purpose on this occasion to recount the history of the war, nor to consider its causes, nor yet to discuss the principles involved in it. One of our editors, in his last issue, said, "Hope they won't harrow up old sores and sectional feelings, which ought to rest forever." We are not

disposed to do it. We are content to leave to their own unpleasant memories all who were engaged in armed warfare against us: all who endeavored to paralyze the energies of the nation and to encourage our enemies; all who cried "peace, peace," when there was no peace.

We propose to review some of the sacrifices of those long and weary years of war, and thus learn the price paid for the national greatness and glory of to-day.

Every American, in his enjoyments of the present and his prospects for the future of his country, must say, like the great Apostle Paul, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." Our national unity and existence were obtained at the price not only of much pecuniary treasure, but also of much of the blood and life of our people.

When we call the names of the brilliant and daring Ellsworth, the intrepid Lyon, the genial and gifted Baker, the devoted Admiral Foote, the noble and beautiful McPherson, the almost recklessly brave Phil. Kearney, the gallant and self-sacrificing Wadsworth, and last, but not least, the lamented Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy, Abraham Lincoln—these we feel are but a few of the leaders at whose command multitudes stood ready to do and die. They have the rank and file about them in death as they did in life; of whom fifty thousand fell dead on battle-fields, thirty-five thousand died in hospitals of wounds, a hundred and eighty-four thousand perished by diseases and in rebel prisons during the conflict, and many have since fallen of diseases contracted in camp and field. At least three hundred thousand graves of Union soldiers wait the love offerings of a grateful people.

Many of these graves, where sleep the remains of untitled but noble heroes, will not be visited to-day. Some are unknown. But the known to which we can go are but representative of the unknown to which we may not go. In spirit we would honor every departed brother, and the nation pours her blessings upon the resting-place of every fallen son.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, we, as citizens, accept the invitation you extend to all who are loyal to the cause in which you fought and for which your comrades fell. We gladly visit with you the graves of your departed brothers, our nation's defenders, to shed the tear of sorrow at their loss, and to offer, through flower emblems, the fragrance of undying love for those who died that our country might live. At the sacred shrines of the fallen we would recall the price paid for our unity and freedom, and pledge anew our purpose to maintain the principles which, through you and them, have triumphed. And while we join with

you in the tribute of respect to your departed comrades, we also beg leave to assure you of the debt we owe to you who are living. If the three hundred thousand graves speak of the self-sacrifice of your brothers, the place you hold in the living Grand Army (four hundred thousand strong) tells us that you also sacrificed for us. The scars and wounds you bear, your maimed though living bodies, remind us that you also stood for us. In camp and on the march, through wet and dry, in cold and heat, on the battle-field and in the hospital and prison, you were defending us and ours—our homes and our country.

When we forget our "boys in blue" may the right hand forget its cunning and the tongue cleave to the roof of the mouth.

Well do I remember with what delight and admiration I listened to the revolutionary experiences of my grandfather, as I sat upon the knees of the old man of fourscore years.

Your children and grandchildren will listen to your stories of experience in the great rebellion, and, as they look upon the scars you show them, they will rise up and call you blessed.

Ever and anon for the few years past it has been said, "Another revolutionary hero gone: peace to his ashes." But they are about all gone. When a few years shall have passed, and the nation you helped to save shall have magnified all its proportions, as one after another of you shall lie down in the last sleep, it shall be said, "Another soldier of the army of the Union in the great American conflict gone: blessed be his memory forever."

As the thirtieth day of May rolls its annual round along the years of the future, your posterity will make your graves green and fragrant with their floral offerings of gratitude and love.

Suffer me to commend the object of your organization. It is to perpetuate brotherly feelings growing out of common sacrifices and hardships, to render assistance to your sick and needy comrades, to pay the debt of friendship which the living owe to the remains of the dead, to aid and assist the helpless widows and orphans of deceased comrades. Heaven smiles upon your object, I am sure.

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, as you have fought the battles of your country, so "fight the good fight." As you rejoice to-day in the nation's new life, which is the flower of your victory, so may you come through all life's conflicts as victors to the blessed peace of heaven, where everlasting spring abides and flowers eternal bloom.

As to-day you strew flowers on the tombs of your brothers,

remember that though you have escaped the dangers of the army in camp and on battle-field, yet that amid the peaceful pursuits of home the angel of death is moving, and that under his withering touch you must sooner or later fall. Therefore let your lives be earnest. Do what you can to add sweetness to the lives of others. Try to fill some place so well as that there shall seem a vacancy when you are gone. Be good soldiers of the great Captain, fight nobly under the great Commander, and when you each shall receive your discharge may you hear the welcome, "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

At the close of the address "America" was sung by the audience. The closing prayer and benediction were pronounced by Rev. E. P. Wells; after which the procession reformed and marched to the City Cemetery, followed by a long line of carriages and many citizens on horseback and afoot. Upon reaching the burial-ground, after a solemn dirge ranks were broken, and the interesting ceremony of decking the graves in evergreens and flowers was performed. The ranks were again formed, and the following impressive eulogy pronounced by Major Jacob Downing:

EULOGY.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic: The order that to-day has again assembled us demands not the achievement of a victory over the rebel foe, not the sacrifice of life, nor the hardships of the march, but a grateful offering of thanks to the fallen heroes for sacrifices that a nation can never pay; to render green the memory of comrades who, in defense of an imperiled constitution and a republican Union, gave their lives that we might live in the full enjoyment of the principles of the declaration of our fathers, that all men were created free and equal, that over the western hemisphere the spirit of liberty might forever hold its sway, and that the road to political preferment should never be trammeled, but that he who possessed energy and intelligence by honorable labor might win a position adequate to their value.

We have assembled to-day to testify our gratitude to these brave but fallen comrades, by the adornment of their graves with flowers, nature's most beautiful handiwork; and, while we thus pay them this grateful offering, let us not forget the exciting scenes through which they passed, and which, by the

triumph of the principles for which they fought and died, made them, in the eyes of all loyal men, immortal.

In 1861, the people of the Southern States, having determined upon the institution of slavery as the corner-stone of their political edifice, and finding it impossible to further extend its dominion by the machinations of political demagogues, sought the arbitrament of arms for its decision. At first low murmurings disturbed the political sky. Violent and abusive language toward all who did not favor the peculiar institution was all that could be known of their feelings; but soon the political horizon became darkened by the approaching storm, and loyal statesmen began to entertain serious apprehensions for the future. The future was near, for suddenly threats became acts, and the storm in all its fury burst upon us. Sumter, with its gallant little garrison, was assailed by the ablest of the rebel generals, and by the overwhelming strength of the foe compelled to surrender.

The forts, arsenals, dock-yards, and mint of the Federal Government were seized, and an army of determined men was found arrayed against us. Compromises had been tried, concessions had been offered, kind words had been returned for threats and abuse, and all had failed. Abraham Lincoln had been elected President of the United States by the voice of a majority of its citizens, and that was the tocsin which sounded to the victims of the false idea the commencement of the fray which, by them, it was hoped would lead to the permanent establishment of an institution which had always cursed the white man more than the black, though that would seem impossible. But this is a world of stern realities, and the materials of which the bravest and best soldiers are always made are the intelligent working classes; men of this kind it was who, comprehending the imperiled condition of their country, determined to sustain the men of their choice, and if arms was the arbitrament chosen by the advocates of the slave power, then by arms they concluded to abide, and, if possible, cut the Gordian knot that had puzzled the wisest to untie. Over the mountains of Pennsylvania, along the broad lands of New York, among the busy hills of New England, across the western prairies, through the cañons of Colorado, till it reached the western shores of the Pacific, in every office, counting-house, cabin, and palace, rang the assembly; the pale student, the clerk and serving-man, the brawny plowman, the hardy miner, the skilled mechanic, and the ablest in all professions, the merchant and the man of leisure; German, Irish, French, English, and to the manor born, all became imbued with the spirit of war, and, all un-

daunted, stood ready to risk property, friends, and life to win the contest.

Bull Run taught us that victory could only be won by skilled soldiers; that in war the eloquence of action only could be relied upon; that oratoric figures and dress parades, while well calculated to excite our admiration, would not in war command our confidence; that a brave, intelligent foe stood before us; that zeal alone might answer in the forum, but would not win in the field; that shoulder-straps and bright uniforms did not always make able commanders; that great energy, good sense, with skill and experience, were necessary qualifications for a successful commander. Fort Donelson revealed the combination when a succession of reverses was rapidly followed by a succession of brilliant victories, though all achieved, as they must always be, by a comparative list of dead and wounded. Then how different the scene! The gloom that had settled upon the Union army was rapidly dissipated by the bright bow of promise, when victory, not death, became the soldier's dream; and when the general ordered the advance all felt it to be but the beginning of the end. Pittsburg Landing, Vicksburg, and the unconditional surrender of Lee soon followed, and the Union was saved. How many lives of our brave comrades it cost has only been approximated by the nation. He alone who shapes the destiny of nations can tell. The gloom has passed, the nation is saved, and all that can now be done is to hallow the memory of our fallen comrades by some fitting testimonial of our gratitude and love; and, while we cherish their valor as a sacred reminiscence, let us not abate our vigilance in the preservation of the principles for which they died; guarding with a jealous eye the equality of all men before the law, while we spread the mantle of charity over the sins or mistakes of our late enemies, giving them the right hand of fellowship so long as they are willing to be of us, never forgetting that in war we were enemies, but in peace it is our duty to be friends; that while we earnestly mourn the loss of brave and noble comrades, even with tearful eyes we can suppress the anguish of their loss to speak truthfully of those who caused it; that while we assemble with sad hearts over the graves of those we held most dear, we can exercise a Christian charity and a kind forbearance toward those who tore them from us, that the country and the world may feel the noble impulses that inspire us.

And as we strew the graves of our fellow-comrades with flowers, so let us strew life's pathway with a fitting rehearsal of their deeds. Let your children's children hear of the valor of the fallen, and may the nation, by the preservation of

their memories, grow powerful in war and opulent in peace. Let us labor, as their compatriots, to rear in the nation's heart a monument to their names that will not crumble as of stone, but which shall be as enduring as time.

The band performed another dirge and the members of the post marched back to their hall. The occasion was a most impressive one throughout, and doubtless recalled to many minds more vividly than they have been presented for years the scenes and sufferings and losses of those dark and bloody days when hope was dim and human life seemingly of little moment.

The day was auspicious—cool and pleasant—the sky half obscured by clouds. It was somewhat muddy under foot, but otherwise there was not a discomfort. About sixty old soldiers were in the ranks. The graves in Acacia Cemetery were decorated in the forenoon by a committee detailed for the purpose. The greater number being at the City Cemetery, it was made the scene of all the public proceedings. After returning to their hall, the post adopted a series of resolutions expressing their thanks to Reverends Peck and Wells, the ladies and gentlemen who sang in the quartettes, the Denver Band, the ladies and children who contributed flowers, and to all, outside their members, who assisted in the observances of the day.

CEREMONIES AT GEORGETOWN.

Sunday, May 30, was duly observed by the post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Georgetown. Although there were no graves of the fallen dead to decorate, the members of the post held memorial exercises in memory of their brothers and comrades who had fallen on the field of battle and yielded up their lives in defense of the unity and integrity of the nation.

The exercises were held in Montie's Hall, which had been tastefully and appropriately fitted up for the occasion. At the head of the hall was the inscription, "In memory of our departed comrades," and on either side wreaths of ever-

green. The speakers' stand was ornamented with the old flag, which was trimmed with evergreen and crape. Stacks of arms stood to the right and left of the table, and in the midst of that, on the right, was arranged the beautiful silk banner of the post, presented to it a few weeks since by the ladies of Georgetown.

The room was crowded, and at three o'clock Post Commander W. M. Clark took the chair and read the general orders under which they had assembled. The following order of exercises was then observed:

1. Prayer, by Comrade Smith.
2. Music.
3. Address, by J. H. McMurdy.
4. Music.
5. Address, by James Gunn.
6. Music.
7. Address, by Stephen Decatur.

Benediction and doxology closed the exercises. The addresses were all received with applause, and glowed with the same feeling of loyalty and patriotism which actuated all the "boys in blue." Neither were the brave dead forgotten, the proper eulogies being paid to their memory.

The post is in a most flourishing condition, and is second to none in its devotion to the old flag, to the nation, or to the memory of their fallen comrades.

DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTICUT.

CEREMONIES AT NORWICH.

(Sedgwick Post No. 1.)

Saturday, May 29, exercises took place as follows: The post assembled in Buel Hall, members in black clothes with white gloves, wearing the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic on the left breast, and any corps or army badge on the right breast.

There was a very interesting ceremony introduced by the citizens, viz: Presenting to the orphans of soldiers who died in the service bank-books of the Norwich Savings Society, crediting each child with his share of a sum of money remaining over from the fund raised for the Fourth of July celebration, 1866, (after rebel surrender,) which fund, increased by the sum voted to the local military company and fire companies for their expenses on that occasion, and given by them for this object, was divided among ninety-four children, giving each $8 20, by a committee appointed at a city meeting. This ceremony was certainly very appropriate for Decoration Day, and the committee gladly availed themselves of the permission to unite with the soldiers in their exercises.

At nine o'clock Breed Hall was opened for the reception of flowers, and from that time until twelve the nimble fingers of the many lady volunteers were kept busy arranging them, for the contributions had been general and abundant. A feature of the affair was an immense basket filled with wild flowers picked by school children, which was brought from Bozrah by Isaac Johnson. When arranged, the flowers were placed upon a large frame, contributed by Carrier & Smith for the purpose, and loaded on a wagon. A smaller wagon was also filled with bouquets.

THE PRESENTATION.

At noon, when the floral offerings had been arranged, the ceremony of presenting the soldiers' orphans with the bank-books was performed. John L. Denison, of the citizens' committee, who had charge of the soldiers' orphans' fund, made a few suitable remarks, and as the name of each recipient was called, he or she stepped up to the platform and received the book. It was an interesting and impressive sight to see these legacies of the great conflict, from the child of seven or eight years to the young man and woman, all sitting together and receiving the city's testimonial to the patriotism of their fathers.

THE PROCESSION.

Some delay occurred in the forming of the procession, but about half-past one o'clock it moved up Main street to Broadway in the following order:

Third Regiment Band, F. D. Morgan, leader.
Norwich Light Infantry, Co. D, Capt. A. D. Smith.
Norwich City Guard, Co. C, Capt. Joseph G. Lathrop.
Sedgwick Post, Grand Army of the Republic, James J. McCord, post commander, each member having in his hand a bouquet.
Dr. C. M. Carleton, surgeon of the post.
Wagons with flowers.
Members of the city government in carriages.
Citizens.

The post carried a company flag of the old Eighteenth Regiment, the memorial markers, and the colors presented by the Hon. John T. Wait to the Third Regiment.

Business was generally suspended, and crowds lined the sidewalks, or filled the windows and balconies along the route. The flags on the city flag-staff and on public buildings were displayed at half-mast.

AT YANTIC CEMETERY.

As the procession neared Yantic Cemetery it was augmented at every corner by carriages, and Yantic street was

literally blocked up with vehicles. The military formed in line inside the gate, and the procession passed by. The band took a position in the center of the cemetery and played dirges, while the members of the post marched to each soldier's grave and placed upon it their floral tributes.

DECORATION DAY IN HARTFORD.

(NATHANIEL LYON POST No. 2.)

The dead have all the glory of the world.

The saddest, yet the sweetest and most beautiful ceremony of the year was observed in nearly all the cities of the North on Saturday, but in Hartford the posts of the Grand Army decided to observe the 30th instant, and arrangements were made accordingly.

DECORATION SERVICES.

The contribution of flowers at Central Hall was very liberal and beautiful. The ladies of the city responded to the call of the committee in the most generous manner, and sent in bushels of unarranged flowers, while over a thousand bouquets, wreaths, crosses, monograms, &c., were provided. Mrs. S. S. Batterson, Mrs. Pliny Jewell, Mrs. Dr. Minor, Mrs. G. H. Penfield, Mrs. J. W. Eldridge, Mrs. L. Barbour, Mrs. Nathaniel Shipman, Major James Waters, and many others of the city contributed very liberally, and the ladies of East Windsor Hill sent in ninety-five wreaths and bouquets, while a fine assortment of cut flowers was provided by the ladies of South Windsor. The ladies merit and have received the highest commendation for their beautiful offerings.

The procession formed on Central Row at about two o'clock, in the following order:

Platoon of police, ex-soldiers; Colt's Band, thirty-six pieces; City Guard, Captain White; chief marshal, General E. W. Whittaker; aids, Colonel Burnham, W. E. Simonds;

Nathaniel Lyon Post No. 2; battle flags; Stedman Post No. 22; carriage containing Governor Jewell and Mayor Chipman; carriages of citizens; wagons containing baskets of flowers.

As the line moved up Main street it presented a striking and beautiful appearance: the members of the Grand Army, laden with bouquets and wreaths, the battle-flags, the music—all contributing to the attractiveness of the display. The street was filled with carriages, the walks crowded with people; spectators gazed from every window; and altogether the sight was a most imposing one. Many flags were displayed along the route, and in front of Batterson's marble-yard the large figure of a soldier, cut in stone, was covered with flowers, and attracted much attention. When the procession and the immense crowd following turned into Windsor avenue, the broad thoroughfare was literally crowded with teams and pedestrians.

The State arsenal was finely decorated, the entire front of the building being covered with the battle-flags of Connecticut regiments, which silently but most eloquently and effectively proclaimed the deeds of the gallant men whose memory was thus honored. Capt. W. F. Silloway is deserving of especial mention in this connection, the decoration having been intrusted to him by Quartermaster General Dickinson. In the center of a large frame, from which the flags were suspended, was a canvas, bearing these lines:

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Early in the afternoon people began to assemble in the Spring Grove Cemetery. A stage was erected on the main avenue leading to the grounds, and after the line had been drawn up, General Whittaker, chief marshal, called the multitude to order, and introduced Comrade Rev. M. Porter Snell, who offered a fervent and impressive prayer, peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. This was followed, after the band played a dirge, by a beautiful poem by Comrade Dr. Nathan Mayer.

THE ORATION.

The orator of the day, Comrade Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, was next introduced, and spoke as follows:

Comrades of the Grand Army and Fellow-citizens: The relation of the living to the dead is one of large and various meaning. We, the present incumbents of mortality, are the heirs of all the generations gone. We inherit their works, we inherit their examples, as we do their names and dwelling-places. We are their successors. They prepared for us largely the condition and the pursuits of the lives we are living. We are their pupils. They teach us grand lessons both of humility and of courage; for we learn from them both how small and how great we are. Lying in the dust with which our own is soon to be mingled, they rebuke our pride: yet they save us from a feeling of nothingness and from brutish views of life by reminding us of the dignity, the indestructible worth, and the undying power of every good and earnest deed. From the heavenly heights they send us down sweet messages of cheer, as we toil along the journey of our brief day.

> "'Mortal,' they softly say, 'Peace to thy heart!'
> We too, yes, mortal, have been as thou art;
> Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed, seeing in part,
> Tried, troubled, tempted, sustained as thou art."

Our relation to the dead also signifies obligation to them. We are their debtors; and that not only in an account that cannot be paid, but also in duties that we can render. It is to perform one of these duties that we are now gathered here.

Our obligation to those whose graves we are about to visit and crown with garlands of honor, when it comes into the rivalry with that which we owe our dead, is peculiar. It arises from the fact that they voluntarily laid down their lives in the public cause. It appeals to us all as citizens and as patriots. They died for us, and their dying was the cost of benefits we live to partake. It requires us to guard their names against oblivion, and to make the story of their sacrifice, as a power in the world, perpetual. And though the whole nation is sacredly bound to do this, it is especially fitting that we, my comrades, should be foremost in the work. For in an especial manner we were in fellowship with these heroes; yes, and are in fellowship with them still. To us they will always be what they cannot be to any who were not permitted to share with them, as we did, the days and scenes and experiences that made us comrades.

We know what it means to us, the living, that we stood together in the high places of the field. The poet-soldier Miles O'Reilly—peace to his ashes!—has told it for us in his sweetest numbers:

Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be!
Wounds and sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

By communion of the banner,
Battle-scarred but victory banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Brothers of one church are we.
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor nation can divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the flag are we.

Comrades known by faith the dearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be.
And if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no throb the colder,
Brothers ever we will be.

For my part I never recall these words, that so fully express my heart, without feeling that though they were written for the living, they also in spirit address the dead. For I feel that the glorious fraternity of the camp, the march, the battle, the trenches, the vigils that wearied out the stars, is not one that can be dissolved by death, and that those of our companions in war who have halted and lain down in the bivouac no earthly trumpet can disturb, are yet of us, and so forevermore will be.

But appropriate as is the tribute of tender and sacred recollection which we are to pay their memory to-day, it is by no means the only tribute they claim at our hearts and hands as the most precious. It does not discharge our full obligations. There is something far more binding upon us than this or any similar act of fidelity. If we would truly honor these illustrious dead, we must gird up our loins in a strong purpose to see to it that their work for the world and humanity does follow them; else we are not worthy to call them our comrades, or to be called theirs, still less to survive them. Though year after year, for all the future, we strew their graves with flowers; though we carve their names in the imperishable stone; though immortal words embalm their deeds, all will

be hollow and empty and insufficient, unless we take up their fallen mantle to wear it sacredly—a high and solemn trust—till we, too, go the way of all the earth. The tremendous facts that surround every life are always enough to make it earnest; but to us is given a special inspiration, one of the strongest that can be sent upon man, to stir us to noble intensity in action. We have not the tomb of Elisha with us, but we have a whole hecatomb of bones that ought to possess the divine charm. We belong to a generation of which the flower has perished—as men say perish—while yet was morning. We stand to-day, and we shall stand as we grow older, among the graves of brethren. They sleep, a silent host, some with their kindred dust; many more under the sod of Virginia, beside the rocks of Lookout Mountain, on all the red fields from Gettysburg to the Gulf, and by many a

> "River's margin, where, across the leagues,
> Children's fond thoughts and women's memories come,
> Like angels, to sit by the sepulcher."

No graves were ever so eloquent as these. What do they say? "Hear us, ye living comrades, who so lately pressed our hands! We died while our blood was leaping in the pulses of our prime. It is due to us that in you our hope shall be fulfilled. We suffered; let your steps never falter in the face of trial. We laid our young heads down, we gave our lives; give yours freely, wholly, purely to that which is worthy and right." In the heat and burden of the day, my comrades, let your ears be always open to the voice crying to us from the ground. For one, I own myself called to double duty, for the friend with whose life, a little while ago, my own was almost entirely mingled, the man I loved, for whose sake I think I would have died, lies now beneath the mound of a soldier's grave, a bullet through his true heart, the cold marble standing sentinel over his dear remains. As my thoughts wander away to seek the place, and I read the inscription, "Aged 27," I feel that I have not only my work to do in life, but his also.

Woe to the youth of this generation if we shall fill our years with self-seeking and pleasure! Ignoble, thrice ignoble shall we be if we are found to care for ease, fearful of hardship. If aught of a sense of justice and obligation remain, these graves will trouble our repose. What shall we answer them? What shall we answer God? And now, comrades, the great word of our greatest President, spoken in presence of the dead at Gettysburg, may fitly close my theme. How sublime grows the utterance, since the speaker also rests from his labors! "It is for us, the living, rather,"

he said, "to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain."

CEREMONIES AT BRIDGEPORT.

(Elias Howe Post No. 3.)

Memorial Day was observed by this post on Saturday, May 29, 1869.

The decoration of the graves of our fallen comrades in the various cemeteries near the city of Bridgeport was performed, at eight o'clock a. m., by committees of the Grand Army of the Republic appointed for the purpose.

At one o'clock p. m., the post assembled at their headquarters in Harrall's Hall. At half-past one the procession was formed under the marshalship of Post Commander A. B. Beers, as follows:

Order of Procession.—First Division: H. A. Root, marshal; Platoon of police; Post Band; Company B, Sedgwick Guard, Eighth Regiment C. N. G.; Company E, Eighth Regiment C. N. G.; Light Battery B, C. N. G.; Elias Howe Post No. 3, Grand Army of the Republic; department officers, poet, and orator of the day; disabled soldiers and orphans of soldiers in carriages.

Second Division: Dr. G. Ohnesorg, marshal; Schuetzen Corps, Germania Society, Turn-Verein, Soldiers' Monument Association; mayor, aldermen, and common council in carriages.

Third Division: Major M. Kelly, marshal; Wheeler and Wilson Band; Iron Moulders' Union No. 110; St. Mary's Temperance and Benevolent Society; St. Patrick's Temperance and Benevolent Society; citizens on foot and in carriages.

ADDRESS BY COMRADE L. N. MIDDLEBROOK.

Comrades, Citizens: Who shall give utterance to the emotions inspired by these ceremonies? What eloquence can

clothe in fitting words the sentiments that have gathered this concourse of our countrymen?

A great nation bows in reverence at the tombs of its patriotic dead. A mighty people mingle garlands of flowers with the ashes of its buried defenders, in token that their memory sweetly blossoms from the dust. Over a fourth of the habitable globe the sun looks down upon the sacred communion of the republic with the spirits of its preservers. From shore to shore of the two oceans of the world freedom's children turn with bated steps to the last resting-places of freedom's martyrs. From countless hills and valleys ascends the music of the martial dirge. Chaplets and wreaths crown all of virtue that could die of a great army of the world's benefactors. The measured cadence of the memorial gun, answering from city to city and from State to State, stirs the heart of the nation. The national banner, heavy with the symbols of mourning, canopies the tombs of those who upheld it even to the valley of the shadow of death. The soldierly tread of a million veterans recalls the scenes in which those whose memory we revive to-day acted well their part.

Again I appeal to you, comrades. Who can add to the eloquence of a memorial so imposing as this? Look around you upon the celebrants in this national tribute to our martyred brothers. Who are these who thus unite to renew the memories of the sorrows and the triumphs of the republic? All living witnesses of both: all actors in the mighty events that give significance to these ceremonies. This is well. Thus, comrades, the sentiments and feelings inspired by this sublime national demonstration are not all of unmixed sorrow, nor yet of unmingled satisfaction. While there is much in the history of our dead comrades and the great events in which they were such distinguished actors, to give an inevitable sadness to these ceremonies, yet true manhood teaches us that the results of their sufferings and sacrifices should bring a hallowed joy to the celebration of this anniversary.

It is sad to reflect that treason should dare to strike at the life of the republic. It is sad to witness the dissevered households, around whose hearth-stones the light was quenched forever when their brightest and best bowed before the baptism of fire and blood. It is sad to remember how the light of battle faded from the flashing eye of a comrade, as he sank down upon the field of his glory, and with a murmured prayer his brave spirit went up to God. It is sad to remember the agony, to soul and body, of him who, in hospital or prison, wrestled with death, without one little message from those who were dearer to him than life itself. It is sad to see the maimed and infirm veteran confronting the cold charities of

the world in proud silence, and struggling with impaired strength to retain for his children their wonted comforts of life. It is sad to witness the widowed mother striving to fulfil, alone and in poverty, the double duties imposed upon her by her fearful sacrifices for the country. It is sad—oh! how sad, God only can know—to remember the little ones dependent upon our public charities, the fountains of whose blood were poured out like water at Manassas, at Chancellorsville, or at Gettysburg. It is sad to see brave men incapacitated for ordinary manual labor by wounds and disabilities incurred in battles and sieges, seeking in vain for employment in the republic which their swords have preserved from destruction. * * * * * * *

Not less impressive, in their suggestion of duties to be performed, are the lessons taught to the soldiers and citizens by the memories of this anniversary. You, comrades, as soldiers, will remember that you are the minute-men of the armies of the republic; that you are the sworn protectors of that sacred bond of the Union, welded in the blood of your shattered ranks, and that the tried steel of your loyalty, tempered in the fire of battle, like a flaming sword, will turn every way against the enemies of your liberties. In you must be realized the maxim of the Grecian statesman and law-giver, "That city is best fortified against attack that is walled around with the ranks of its veteran soldiers." As citizens, you cannot forget your solemn oath that you will comfort and support the widows and orphans of your buried comrades.

And you, citizens, while you deplore the calamities of war, will learn to prize that peace which only through them could come to our unhappy country. While you linger about the graves of your lost ones, you will rejoice that in the blood that was shed was sown the seed that shall spring up armed men in the peril of the republic. Your patriot hearts will teach you to bear without a murmur the burden laid upon you by the national defense, for you will not forget that "there's not a coin that is not hallowed by a soldier's blood shed in the cause of nations."

The post then united in singing the following hymn by Comrade S. B. Sumner:

Sound the dirge, the requiem sing,
Floral wreaths and garlands bring,
Scatter roses o'er each grave,
Where in glory sleep the brave.

Passed away before life's noon,
Who shall say they died too soon?
Ye who mourn, O cease from tears,
Deeds like theirs outlast the years.

Crown the sod with beauteous wreath,
While our heroes sleep beneath:
Softly, sweetly, let them rest,
With our benedictions blest.

Let our voices hymn their praise,
Martyrs of illustrious days;
While their spirits hover near,
Pleased our grateful song to hear.

Lord of Hosts! whose guardian care,
Both the dead and living share,
When life's conflicts all are past,
Bring us unto peace at last.

The post chaplain then pronounced the benediction, and the column re-formed, and, after marching through the principal streets of the city, was dismissed.

It is proper to add that Company B, Sedgwick Guard, Eighth Regiment C. N. G., Captain R. B. Fairchild, tendered their services as escort on the occasion.

By invitation the post attended service at the Methodist Episcopal Church, E. D., where appropriate exercises were held "*in memoriam*," and a sermon was preached by the pastor.

CEREMONIES AT MIDDDLETOWN.

(Elijah W. Gibbons Post No. 6.)

Decoration Day was observed by this post on Sunday, the 30th instant. The post met at ten a. m., and without music marched to the cemetery on Farm Hill, about one and a half miles south of the city. After decorating the soldiers' graves the line was formed near the monument of Robert Hubbard, of the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers. M. Simons, chaplain of the post, offered a touching prayer, and Comrade Raymond made a few appropriate remarks. The post then returned to the city and broke ranks until half-past one p. m., when the line was formed on Main street, in front of the post-office, in the following order:

Major C. C. Clark, marshal; Meriden Cornet Band; Elijah W. Gibbons Post No. 6, one hundred and twenty-five men; St. John Temperance Society; Central Lodge, I. O. O. F.; carriages containing speakers, members of the press,

mayor, aldermen, common council, and many old and esteemed citizens. The line of march was down Main, around the Park, through Broad, up Washington, down High, and up Cross streets, to the south entrance of Indian Hill Cemetery. After forming a square around the monument of General J. K. F. Mansfield, the Rev. Mr. Fay offered a beautiful prayer, which was followed by an oration from the Hon. R. G. Pike. The graves were then decorated, the band playing a solemn dirge. The services were cut short owing to a severe shower. The line moved out of the north entrance and down to the Washington-street Cemetery, the band playing a dirge while the comrades strewed the graves. The march was then continued down Washington street, and up Main to Mortimer Cemetery, and forming in column near the monument of Elijah W. Gibbons, late captain in the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, the services were opened by an address from the Rev. Mr. Fay, followed by Hon. O. V. Coffin and Hon. Benjamin Douglass, and concluded with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Fay. The post broke ranks and decorated the graves; the line then re-formed and marched to the Catholic Church. A detail was sent to their upper cemetery, while the others decorated those in rear of the church. As the post had voted to go to Portland, and the ladies there had prepared flowers, it was decided to start from this point, although raining very hard; the St. John's Temperance Society voting to go with them. Stopping at the old burial-ground near the ferry, the grave of Commodore McDonough was visited by the post and decorated in honor of the memory of a gallant officer and sailor. After crossing the ferry the march lay up the principal street of Portland to the cemetery in rear of the Episcopal Church, stopping at a house where the ladies had prepared a wreath and two bouquets for each grave. The Episcopal service was read by the Rev. Mr. Emory, and a poem, written for the occasion, read by the Hon. Mr. Gleason.

CEREMONIES AT WEST MERIDEN.

(Merriam Post No. 8.)

The line formed at 2 p. m., at the Town Hall, in the folowing order:

Brass Band and Drum Corps; Eaton Guards (Company I, Second Regiment C. N. G.,) acting as escort; Merriam Post No. 8, Grand Army of the Republic; veteran soldiers not members of the Grand Army; citizens; the mayor, common council, and clergy, in carriages.

Arriving at the up-town cemetery, prayer was offered by the Rev. John Pettee, followed by remarks by Chaplain Wooley. Then singing by the glee club and comrades of the hymns composed for the occasion by Comrade Bourne, of New York. After which followed the ceremony of strewing the graves with flowers. A wreath or cross was provided for each grave, in addition to which each comrade deposited one or more flowers on each, the band in the mean time playing a dirge. After concluding the ceremonies at this place the procession re-formed and marched to the Catholic and West Meriden cemeteries, where the programme was repeated. The comrades all joined in singing the closing hymn. There was a large turn-out, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather.

NEW BRITAIN.

(Stanley Post No. 11.)

The members of the Grand Army of the Republic early voted to observe Sunday, the 30th instant, in this place, and subsequently adhered to their decision, although remonstrances were offered by some citizens. The occurrence of a firemen's parade on Saturday, the difficulty of attendance on the part of many comrades, owing to the fact that business could not be interrupted, together with the earnest belief of many that the day was most appropriate for the deed, rendered an earlier observance impracticable. Accordingly, the members of Stanley Post No. 11, to the number

of about fifty, the artillery, infantry, firemen, Turner Society, and a large number of citizens, formed in the prescribed order at half-past three o'clock, and, in spite of the storm, which had become severe, faithfully carried out the entire programme. The supply of flowers was bountiful, and many choice contributions were received.

The procession moved at about four o'clock, and marched to the Catholic burying-ground, where nine soldiers were buried, and, after the singing of the mass by the Catholic choir, and a few remarks by Rev. Father Dailey, the company proceeded to decorate each honored grave with flowers. Proceeding thence to East Cemetery, where, in spite of the driving rain, quite a large crowd had assembled, the main exercises were held. After the singing of the national hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," &c., the following address was delivered by Chaplain Walker:

CHAPLAIN WALKER'S ADDRESS.

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: This day is sacred and holy, and the memories of this hour are tender and impressive. We come on a just and patriotic mission. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." It is consecrated to the memory of the dead. Here repose the ashes of our fathers, the noble patriots of the Revolution. Here lies the dust of loved ones, to whose graves surviving relatives often come with weeping and sadness.

> "Friend after friend departs.
> Who has not lost a friend?'

But we cherish their memories with undying interest and affection. What mean these marble slabs, these sculptured stones, these beautiful inclosures, these ornamental protectors of the dead, these tasteful and appropriate arrangements of vases and flowers, both natural and artificial? O there is a touching and tender language in all these mementos of our ever-loved departed. They speak the language of pure and undying friendship. They speak of scenes and pleasures left behind us—

> 'Of sunny prospects, cooling shades,
> And moonlight walks in verdant glades,
> Of study's ardent meditation,
> And summer evening's recreation,
> Of former days of joy and gladness,
> And parting hours of grief and sadness.'

Surely here is a scene to awaken the warmest and holiest sentiments of our hearts and the noblest instincts of our sympathetic natures, to add special and uncommon interest to the occasion to call forth affection's warmest tears, and to awaken the most tender and hallowed memories. Here lies the dust of those who in the late civil war "died their country's cause to save," and perpetuate its honor and glory. Thank God that so many of us who were witnesses of the great sacrifice these noble dead made for their country are permitted to participate in the appropriate and touching ceremonies of this day. We come to crown their dust with the emblems of beauty and perpetual glory. In this beautiful tribute to the memory of our departed heroes we invite all present to join, that it may be seen that this occasion is a full and hearty expression of our gratitude for the devotion our brothers manifested in the welfare of our country when menaced and threatened by a misguided foe. Let these patriotic ministries be in perfect keeping with this holy day. Let us in perfect silence and with solemn tread pass from grave to grave, and strew on each such testimonials as we may have at our command.

And then, with grateful memories of the past, with bright and ardent hopes of the future, with the determination on our part to lead quiet, peaceful, holy, and useful lives, serving faithfully our God, and our country by the will of God, let us return to our homes or places of evening worship, and solemnly dedicate ourselves to this just and holy purpose; not forgetting that we too are mortal, that the hour hastens when, at the order of our Great Commander, we must follow our departed comrades to the world of spirits. Comrades, every year our ranks are thinning, our numbers will grow less and less—

> "Until in distant times,
> With hoary age and tottering knees,
> The last survivors come to beautify,
> Our graves with spring-time flowers."

Let these sentiments impress us. This is no holiday scene, no hilarious gathering of vain and thoughtless persons, who cannot tell wherefore they are come together. Here stand among us real mourners for the loved ones once the light and joy of their household. They weep for their husbands, fathers, and sons. But all their beloved dead are not here. Some sleep far away, where the winds of a southern clime drop down in rich profusion the emblems of paradise upon their nameless graves. They sleep at Arlington, at Charleston, at Columbus, at Andersonville, in the Wilderness, in the beautiful Shenandoah, in the romantic regions of the

southwest, and all along that wonderful march from Atlanta to the sea. Yea, the soil of every Southern State is sacred in our eyes as the repository of the dust of our martyred dead. I trust other living hands will scatter beautiful flowers over their graves to-day, and perhaps as an olive branch of peace, the result of sober second thought, some hands that once met our brothers in deadly conflict will drop these garlands of beauty and glory on their dust as over their own brave dead. Let us have peace. Comrades, "with charity for all and malice toward none," let us go forth to this beautiful service, and, in the language of one of our State bards,

Let us gather around, and with beautiful roses,
With loveliest lilies of varying hue,
Spread them over each mound where a soldier reposes,
Our tears falling on them like heaven's sweet dew.

'Tis said that the flowers are the letters of angels,
The alphabet sweet of a language divine;
Then to those who can read them they're blessed evangels
From books of high deeds that immortally shine!

With an eloquence deep, each fair coronet floral
Sweeps the chords of our love to the depths of the heart;
Though the voices are hushed, without utterance oral,
They thrill the moved soul and they bid the tear start.

Let the scene be repeated an annual story;
Let pure lilies cluster o'er patriots' sod,
While the years pass away, and to loftier glory
Our country ascends with the favor of God!

The entire company then united in singing the doxology, after which the graves were decorated, and the procession proceeded homeward, saddened by the employment and the hallowed memories of the hour, yet associating all these tender thoughts with the determination to remain firmly united, struggling for the same glorious cause of liberty and equal justice for which they nobly offered up their lives.

BRISTOL.

(MANROSS POST No. 13.)

Decoration Day was observed at Bristol on Sunday, the 30th. The wreaths and bouquets were made and arranged by the ladies of the place on Saturday. The exercises on Sunday p. m. were held at the Baptist Church. The sermon was by the Rev. C. H. Buck, pastor of the Methodist Epis-

copal Church, after which the procession marched to the cemetery, and, although raining, the attendance was unusually large. Exercises were held at Forestville in the forenoon, at the Methodist Episcopal Church and cemetery. The whole was under the auspices of Manross Post No. 13, Grand Army of the Republic.

PLAINFIELD.

(John Sedgwick Post No. 19.)

This post observed the Sabbath (May 30) in the beautiful and touching ceremony of decorating the graves of their fallen comrades with floral tributes of affection and remembrance.

The line was formed at the headquarters of the post in Central Village, at 10½ o'clock, each comrade wearing white gloves, with crape upon left arm, preceded by their efficient drum corps, J. H. Scranton, leader, and accompanied by a large concourse of people and a tastefully-decorated carriage, containing a generous contribution of wreaths, crosses, and bouquets from the gardens of our citizens, marched to Evergreen Cemetery, just out of the village, where the mounds of the departed heroes were strewn with flowers.

No services other than that of decorating the graves were held at this cemetery: this being necessary, owing to the large distance over which the Post must march in order to visit all the graves. After leaving Evergreen Cemetery it was deemed advisable, on account of the rain, which now commenced falling, to break ranks and form again at Moosup, at 1½ o'clock p. m.

AT MOOSUP CEMETERY.

Notwithstanding the rain, which continued to fall at intervals throughout the afternoon, the post formed promptly upon the green in front of the Methodist Church at the hour specified, and marched to Moosup Cemetery, accompanied, as in the morning, by a large number of citizens. Here an arch was built over the entrance and trimmed in a beautiful and appropriate manner, bearing this inscription: "We pillow the

graves of the valiant with flowers." In this yard were buried eight comrades, whose graves were fully decorated with flowers, and a cross was erected, at the foot of which was placed a wreath in memory of each of those buried South whose homes were here: sixteen in number. The cross was prettily trimmed with evergreen and white flowers, and bore this inscription: "These garlands are for the tombs of our brothers buried South."

The services in this yard were very touching, and many a tear was dropped as the post commander announced the names of those whose bones are bleaching on southern soil, and comrade after comrade with uncovered head stepped silently forward and deposited his offering to their memory. At the conclusion of the ceremony in this yard the procession marched to the Methodist Church, where prayer was offered by the Rev. J. P. Brown. Eloquent and thoughtful addresses were then delivered by Rev. George D. B. Stoddard, Rev. S. H. Fellows, and Rev. J. P. Brown. The choirs of the several churches in town united under the leadership of comrade Harry L. Wilson and discoursed sweet music, remarkably appropriate for the occasion.

The post then proceeded in carriages to the cemetery lying west of Plainfield street, where, notwithstanding the severe rain, a goodly number of the friends and relations had assembled, bringing their offerings with them. After adorning in a proper and becoming manner the graves, the Rev. Mr. Phipps, the newly-settled pastor of the Congregational Church in Plainfield, offered prayer, delivered a brief but impressive memorial address, and sung a beautiful piece of his own composing, entitled "Freedom to all."

A detachment from the post, with the commander, then drove to the cemetery near the Killingly line, on the Green Hollow road, and decorated the grave of comrade A. Leroy Prentice. This was the closing exercise of the day; the route of march was thence homeward, the whole comprising a distance of seventeen miles, and the number for whom testimonials were left forty-four.

NEW LONDON.

(STRICKLAND POST No. 21.)

[Extract from a letter.]

We performed the ceremony of decorating the graves of our fallen comrades on Sunday, May 30. Starting from our hall at one o'clock p. m. we proceeded to the court-house, where we received the flowers and formed our procession, as follows: Fife and drum; Strickland Post No. 21, Grand Army of the Republic; garrison from Fort Trumbull; hacks and carriages. The procession being formed, we proceeded to the second burying-ground, and decorated the grave of one comrade; thence we proceeded to the third burying-ground, and decorated the graves of some twenty or more, holding a short service before leaving; thence we proceeded to the cemetery amid a drenching rain for the rest of the afternoon, and decorated the graves of some sixty or seventy, having our services before commencing the decoration. From the cemetery we sent a detachment to the Catholic Cemetery to perform the ceremony there. This all performed, we returned to the court-house, and broke ranks at about five o'clock p. m.

DANBURY.

(STEADMAN POST No. 22.)

Saturday, May 29, became a notable day in Danbury. People from out of town came in large numbers, and by one o'clock the streets were well filled. Shortly after this hour the procession formed in front of Military Hall, in the following order:

Marshal, General James Ryder; deputy marshals, J. Bradley Ridge and Milo Dickens; Bartram and Fanton Cornet Band; carriage with chief engineer Fire Department, J. A. Green; assistant, Charles Lamb; and D. P. Nichols, State Treasurer; Humane Hose Company No. 1: foreman, Levi McKinney; Members Guardian Society; Kohanza Hose Company No. 2: foreman, Charles H. Hoyt; Washington Hook

and Ladder Company No. 1: foreman, A. J. Smith; Star of Hope; St. Vincent de Paul Temperance Society; Temple of Honor; Grand Army of the Republic; citizens in carriages, &c.

The line took up its march down Main street, cheered as it moved by the people lining the sidewalks. The procession was much larger than that of one year ago, and presented a remarkably fine appearance. The members of the Guardian Society rode in a carryall, decorated in an appropriate manner, and carrying the national colors. The carriage of Hose Company No. 1 was superbly decorated, forming a pleasing feature in the procession. The members of Hose Company No. 2 introduced an innovation by riding on horseback and drawing their carriage on a truck. The carriage of this company was also splendidly draped with evergreens and collections of bright-colored flowers. At each of the corners stood a little girl dressed in pure white, over whom was the motto, "Always ready." Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, with their new uniforms, also presented a fine appearance. The truck was prettily decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the men made a satisfactory appearance. Their motto, "We Raze to Save," was suggestive enough. The temperance societies appeared in regalia and with banners. The Grand Army of the Republic bore the flowering tributes of a grateful and sorrowing people.

The procession proceeded down Main street to the burying-ground on Wooster street, where the beautiful memorial services were opened. At this place repose the remains of three comrades.

The graves of these soldiers, indicated by a little flag, were strewn with flowers, and then the line re-formed and passed on down Main and through South street to the Catholic Cemetery, where are buried seven.

Over the graves of these dead soldiers the same beautiful offerings were laid. Then the procession turned back to the village, and marched up Main street. Reaching the North burying-ground, the bearers of flowers passed to the grave of the only soldier buried there, and strewed it with their offerings.

Upon the line re-forming it returned down Main street to White, and thence to the Wooster Cemetery.

From the time the line first formed until its arrival at this point the people began to flock to the Wooster Cemetery in large numbers, and by three o'clock the grounds were well covered. A large number of friends went in advance of the Grand Army and laid upon the graves of their dead floral offerings of their own.

The procession passed through the gates of the cemetery, and wound its way among the tombs and trees to the upper ground, where it disbanded until the Grand Army performed the rites of affection for their fallen comrades herein buried. At this place rest the remains of forty soldiers.

Upon the completion of the decorative services, the party gathered in the neighborhood of the Wooster monument, where the people were briefly addressed by Rev. Messrs. A. L. Frisbie, W. G. Haskell, Dr. Hawley, and W. L. Hayden. Rev. T. H. Burch opened the services with prayer. A collection was taken up at the gate for the benefit of needy widows and orphans of soldiers, which amounted to $36.

The procession then marched back to Main street, where it broke up.

The Hook and Ladder Company escorted Hose Company No. 1 down to their house, where they separated with cheers.

Adjutant Page on Sunday went over to Miry Brook and Starr's Plain, and decorated with flowers the graves of the soldiers buried there.

CHESTER.

(Mather Post No. 25.)

This post, after having decorated the graves of soldiers in Chester on Saturday afternoon, May 29, marched, accompanied by the Good Templars and a goodly number of citizens, making a long and imposing procession, with sacred music, and reached Fountain Hill Cemetery, in Deep River, about four o'clock, to perform the same ceremony as above. A large number of citizens had already collected on the spot. Garlands, wreaths, and choice flowers of every description

were provided in rich abundance, and thickly strewn over the graves of the departed heroes, and the exercises throughout were of the most deeply interesting character. Dr. Ambrose Pratt, of Chester, surgeon of the Twenty-second Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and the Rev. H. Wickes, of Deep River, gave most eloquent and feeling addresses on the occasion.

BIRMINGHAM.

(KELLOGG POST No. 26.)

The decoration of the graves of the patriot dead took place Sunday, the 30th May. The line was formed on Caroline street, at two o'clock p. m., Cargill's Cornet Band and the Russell Rifles, Captain Naramore, acting as escort; Kellogg Post of the Grand Army of the Republic; the Hibernian Benevolent Society; Father Matthew's Total Abstinence Society; Steam Engine Company No 2, in citizens' dress; Crystal Fount Division, Sons of Temperance; also citizens on foot and in carriages. The attendance was large, there being at least two thousand persons in the procession, besides large numbers in carriages. The ceremonies at the different cemeteries were exceedingly impressive. The procession first marched to the two Catholic cemeteries north of the borough, then returned to the Birmingham Cemetery, where the principal services took place. Very pertinent and able addresses were made both by Colonel Wooster and Dr. Beardsley, when the sudden and violent rain occasioned a quick dispersion of the multitude.

SOUTH COVENTRY.

(DUTTON POST No. 28.)

The beautiful memorial service of strewing with flowers the graves of those who died in the service of their country took place in South Coventry on Saturday afternoon, the 29th, and was an occasion of deep interest.

The procession was formed at 3½ o'clock, and moved to the cemetery in the following order. The line was nearly a quarter of a mile in length: South Windham Brass Band; Dutton Post No. 28, Grand Army of the Republic, Captain E. P. Packer, post commander; Warren Lodge No. 50, F. and A. M.; Nathan Hale Lodge No. 68, I. O. G. T.; Congregational Sabbath school; Methodist Sabbath school; citizens on foot; citizens in carriages.

The post carried the elegant silk flag presented them by the ladies of South Coventry last winter. On arriving at the cemetery, the band took a position in the center and played dirges, while the members of the post marched to each soldier's grave and placed upon it their floral tributes. After the flowers were placed on the graves, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Fitch, of South Coventry; then the orator of the day, Rev. J. E. Dockery, of Plainfield, was introduced and held the vast assemblage enraptured with the power of his eloquence for over half an hour. Brief remarks were made by Daniel Green and Amos Hammond of South Coventry, Collins Maine of Bolton, and Rev. Mr. Hawley of Hartford, after which the benediction was given, and the procession re-formed, marched back to the village, and was dismissed.

ANSONIA.

(Post No. 29.)

The services were of unusual interest at Ansonia. A very large assemblage gathered at Military Hall Sunday morning; a procession was formed; they first marched to the two grave-yards east of the town, where some few of our brave boys sleep; then they re-formed, marched to Pine Cemetery, west of the town, where the principal ceremonies took place. Besides decorating the graves, the services consisted of a prayer by Rev. Mr. Wing, of the Methodist Church, singing a poem by Mr. Pine; afterwards suitable addresses were made by Messrs. Carpenter, Wing, Hyde, and Barber. The day was very beautiful; everything seemed to contribute to its objects and aims, and more than usually eloquent were some of the words spoken.

WILLIMANTIC.

(Terry Post No. 30.)

Memorial Day was duly observed by Terry Post No. 30, on Saturday, May 29. A portion of the command visited Windham Center in the morning, and after decorating the resting-places of seven of our fallen comrades, Hon. A. A. Burnham and Rev. Mr. Williams addressed the assembly with a few remarks. In the afternoon the grand procession was formed in the following order: D. A. O'Neil, chief marshal, on horseback; Aids C. B. Bowen and James E. Murry; Willimantic Cornet Band; Terry Post No. 30, Grand Army of the Republic; orator and clergy in carriages; floral car, (containing the Goddess of Liberty;) Trinity Chapter No. 6, Royal Arch Masons; Eastern Star Lodge No. 44, Free and Accepted Masons; Lyon Lodge No. 105, Free and Accepted Masons; Baptist Sunday school; St. John's Temperance Society, Catholic; Congregational Sunday school; Willimantic Lodge No. 27, I. O. of G. T.; Methodist Sunday school; Children's Progressive Lyceum, Spiritualist; citizens on foot; citizens in carriages.

The line of march was then taken up, and the column of two thousand marched, to the music of a mournful dirge, to the cemetery. The Grand Army marched around and laid their floral offerings on each comrade's grave. In the rear of the cemetery a platform had previously been erected, and after prayer by the Rev. E. T. Clark, Mr. John Tracy introduced Mr. John M. Hall as the orator of the day, who delivered a masterly address.

Our national hymn, "America," was then sung by the multitude, the band accompanying them. Short remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Winslow, Rev. Mr. Saunders, and Rev. Mr. Ayers, superintendent of the Orphans' Home. Rev. Mr. Clark then read the names of the deceased soldiers of Willimantic, following which, "Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow," was sung by the assembly, the band accompanying them. Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Winslow. The procession re-formed and passed down Main street, where it was dismissed. Of a population of about four

thousand, it is believed that not more than one hundred remained at home, and those who did were compelled to do so either by reason of sickness or kindred accidents.

KENSINGTON.

(WASHBURNE POST No. 32.)

The touching and beautiful ceremony of decorating with flowers the graves of the Union soldiers, as also the Soldiers' Monument, the first it is believed erected in the State to the deceased defenders of the Union in the late war, occurred at Kensington on May 29. Washburne Post No. 32, Grand Army of the Republic, mustered in goodly force, with muffled drums and the old flag draped with crape, while the reduced number of the veterans gave evidence that they had seen hard service in the field. The presence of veterans from various fields of the war added interest to the scene.

The exercises consisted of prayer and an interesting and patriotic address by the Rev. Mr. Waterman, the last preceded by an address by Mr. E. W. Robbins, who prefaced with a few remarks the reading, by request, of an original hymn sung on the occasion. After this the post formed, and marching round it cast their contributions upon the monument, which was gracefully wreathed with the free-will offerings of floral tributes tastefully arranged by the ladies of the society. A poem, which contained sentiments peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, was read by Rev. Mr. Waterman. Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of Berlin, pronounced the benediction; after which the post proceeded to the different cemeteries in the neighborhood, to perform the same ceremony over the graves of their deceased comrades. It will be remembered that Washburne Post derives its name from respect to the memory of one of its officers, (an only son of Rev. Mr. Washburne, of Berlin,) who fell in the great struggle for freedom. The monument itself is a plain structure—a cenotaph—engraved with suitable devices, and contains the names of fifteen individuals, natives or residents of Kensington,

which is the number known to have died in battle, in the hospital, or in consequence of hardships endured in the service.

DANIELSONVILLE.

(McGregor Post No. 27.)

The large audience which filled Union Hall to its utmost capacity on Sunday afternoon, May 30, gave proof that the brave boys who bade us good-bye some six or seven years ago, and cheerfully and manfully marched away to the defense of home and country, but who never "came marching home again," are not forgotten, but are remembered with grateful love and keen regret.

After the services in the hall were concluded, the procession formed, escorted by the Quinebaug Cornet Band, led by Alfred Pray, the leader of the band of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers. McGregor Post followed the band, and other citizens on foot and in carriages brought up the rear. When the column came to the street leading to the Catholic Cemetery it halted, and a delegation of soldiers went to the grave of George Shortsleeve, who died of wounds received in battle, and placed the wreaths of flowers which evinced their love and remembrance of their fallen comrade. This impressive service performed, the procession moved to the cemetery, which it reached at about four o'clock. The band played several beautiful and appropriate pieces as the soldiers were passing from one grave to another to deposit the beautiful emblems of regard for their fallen comrades. Eleven soldiers' graves were decorated in the cemetery, the soldiers passing to each one in procession, and Comrade Burroughs, in a distinct voice, giving the name at each grave, the regiment and company with which they were connected, the manner of their deaths, closing by saying: "We, his comrades, deposit these wreaths on his grave, with the flag of our country, as a token of our grateful regard for his memory."

After the graves of these soldiers had been visited the pro-

cession formed around the memorial cross, which had been erected on a vacant lot, in commemoration of those who lie in unknown graves, where they fell and died for their country. Twenty-two names were printed and placed on the cross, and read by Comrade Burroughs.

While the assembly were gathered around the decorated cross, some brief remarks were made by Messrs. Henry Hammond and J. Q. A. Stone; Dr. Whitcomb, of Brooklyn, read a beautiful poem, and Rev. Mr. Cooper spoke a few words. The falling rain prevented the utterance of extended remarks. Rev. Mr. Cooper finished his eloquent words with the following original poem:

To every spot where sleep the dead,
Whom freedom proudly calls her own
Our kindred hearts shall fly to-day,
And choicest gifts of love be strown.

The grass waves green above the forms
Which fell beside you in the strife;
There flower-seeds, dropped by angel hands,
Spring into beauty's endless life.

Around those mounds of noble fame
Bend forms unseen by mortal eye,
To catch the sacrifice of death,
And bear the incense to the sky.

Your tribute here is tribute there,
Love's gift has universal sway;
Breathe here your prayers—drop here your tears—
Angels shall bear them thence away.

After an affecting prayer by Rev. Mr. Cooper the procession, with quiet and solemn tread, then returned to the village.

D. W. I. Hyde was chief marshal.

SPECIAL TRIBUTE.

On Sunday morning a delegation from McGregor Post, Grand Army of the Republic, visited the grave-yard at East Putnam, (formerly North Killingly,) and decorated the graves of the following soldiers whose mortal remains rest there:

Frank E. Trask, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers; Abner F. Reynolds, William A. Adams, Charles E. Hill, and George P. Hill. The regiments to which all but the first-named belonged were not known. Rev. Mr. Dunning, who was

fortunately passing the grave-yard at the time the ceremony was about to take place, accepted an invitation to offer prayer, and he also made some eloquent and appropriate remarks on the occasion. Two delegations—one of ladies and one of soldiers—also visited the grave of Lieutenant Albert Clapp, in the Dayville Cemetery, and covered it with beautiful tokens of their love.

DAYVILLE.

Some variation of the usual Sabbath-forenoon exercises at the church was arranged to suit the occasion. Selections from Scripture read: 2 Samuel 1, 17 to 27; David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan; Psalm 26, God is our refuge, &c.; also Isaiah 1, 2 to 5, and 11, 1 to 9; prophecies of the reign of peace.

Rev. Mr. Mellish made an address, referring to the four years' struggle for the national life, its immense sacrifices, &c., the large inculcation of the principle of patriotism in the Bible, and alluding in the order of their decease to soldiers buried in the village cemetery—seven in number.

Two others were also spoken of, Halsey Bartlett, who went from this village, where was his home, and died June 17, 1864. He was buried at East Killingly. Mr. Daggett, who went from here and was not heard of after the battle of Winchester, and sleeps, as do so many of our brave soldiers, in an unknown grave. The lesson of gratitude was remarked upon as one specially to be considered—gratitude to those who went at their country's call; gratitude to God for the result accomplished; looking not only to the extension of freedom and the advantages gained for religious progress in our own country, but to the present visible effects in other lands, and for the future prospects for all races of mankind—a lesson of trust in God.

The address of Mr. Mellish was followed by one from Hon. E. H. Bugbee, who took a retrospect of the state of the country during the year previous to the breaking out of the war, and graphically described the bombardment of Fort

Sumter in Charleston harbor, the call from the Government for men, the response in the march of thousands. Some of the noted battles of the war were mentioned, particularly those in which soldiers whose graves we decorate to-day participated; and a feeling tribute to their character and services by him, as one personally well acquainted with most of them, was rendered. The speaker dwelt upon the cost and the permanent fruits of the great struggle, and with many other interesting observations, couched in choice diction, expressed his hope and belief that down through the coming ages every year this custom of decorating the graves of the nation's defenders would be observed.

There was provided an abundant supply of beautiful flowers, arranged in wreaths, crosses, and bouquets; and just before the presentation of these was read the following excellent and appropriate original production:

Lines written for the ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves at Dayville, May 30, 1869, by Mrs. C. H. N. Thomas.

"*Let us have peace.*" Our God the prayer is granting;
We hear no trumpet's blare—
No martial sound; we see no banners flaunting
In all the summer air.

Only the graves of heroes who have perished,
Battling for truth and right,
Are ours in trust; let them be ever cherished,
And honored in our sight.

Bring flowers, bring flowers! it seemeth meet and fitting,
That we, who are to-day
Beneath our roof-trees and our vine leaves sitting,
Our homage thus should pay.

They died on sultry southern fields of battle,
Where the magnolias bloom,
And in their dying ears the musket's rattle,
Mingled with dreams of home.

Unto their homes with rev'rent hands and loving,
We brought the pallid clay;
And o'er their dust, our fond remembrance proving
We scatter flowers to-day.

Bring flowers, bring flowers, the fairest, sweetest blossoms
That grow in northern air;
Strew them above the hushed and pulseless bosoms,
And let them wither there.

The spring comes back with all its dainty greeting
Of verdure and of bloom,
Yet openeth not for all our sad entreating
The portals of the tomb.

Though, sometimes, to our strained and eager vision,
The "gates" seem just "ajar,"
No outstretched hand guides us to fields elysian—
Still we must grope afar.

Till, one by one, we reach the mystic portal,
Where faith is changed to sight;
Where the frail mortal shall become immortal,
And God shall give us light.

Where there shall be no tumult and no fighting,
Where tears and pain shall cease,
Where never more shall any wrong need righting,
But God himself give peace?

The procession to the cemetery, headed by the surviving soldiers, was then formed, and after the completion there of the floral decorations, owing to the rain, some further intended exercises in singing, &c., were omitted.

NEW CANAAN.

(Not under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic.)

New Canaan did well her duty to her fallen braves by decorating with profusion the graves of those she gave to the hazard of war, and who, by shot and shell, by the diseases of camp and prison, have been returned to her—fifteen in all. Barely one day's notice was given to those who were expected to furnish wreaths, crosses, and bouquets, yet at the time appointed for the decoration forty-five pieces were presented by the ladies as memorials to the patriot dead. And so to the end came the garden and wild flowers from willing, and sometimes trembling hands of those whose thoughts were busy with remembrances of loved ones buried or unburied—He who knoweth all things only knows where.

The decorating party, finding themselves deficient in conveyances, confidently applied to Mr. A. Law for his bays and fine three-seated open wagon, and obtained them promptly. These are evidences that the dead boys in blue are not uncared for. Flowers were received from the unsteady hands of one lady whose gathering tears told that the images of two soldier-sons, buried *somewhere* along the Mississippi, were in her mind.

The party, mostly once the comrades of those whose graves

were the object of this annual visit, left the place of meeting at two o'clock p. m., and returned at six o'clock, traveling about twelve miles to the various resting-places.

Mr. A. Offin made a brief and appropriate address at the cemetery, the decorating party and spectators gathering round a rude cross, on which was inscribed "To those who sleep where they fell," and which was decorated with a profusion of flowers.

As we care for the soldier dead, let us look to the needs of his widow and orphan.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR: We have nowhere heard of any incident of Commemoration Day more touching than the following: In a quiet little town in the Connecticut Valley, of all who went from there to the grand army of this republic only one soldier lies buried. He was the only son of his mother, a widow, who lives in an obscure corner of the town, quite out of the way of the world and its doings. But she had heard of the beautiful tribute of flowers strewn by a grateful country over the graves of its dead heroes, and while her townsmen were busy with their farms and their merchandise, she went out alone over the long country road to the little grave-yard where her soldier lies buried, and strewed his grave with flowers. We think this humble procession of one—this toil-worn, sorrowing woman, with her silent, loving, tribute—more pathetic than all the military processions, the catafalques, the monuments of flowers, the orations, the dirges, and even the wagons full of orphan boys and girls which were seen in the cities. F. L. P.

NEW YORK, *May* 31, 1869.

DEPARTMENT OF DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON.

(Post No. 1 and Post No. 3.)

AT WILMINGTON AND BRANDYWINE CEMETERY.

The ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves on Saturday was a grand popular ovation in honor of the memory of the nation's dead. Native and foreign, white and black, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and liberal, all acknowledged the binding force of patriotism and our common humanity, and joined in doing honor to the memory of those who died that the nation might live, and that "government of the people, for the people, by the people, should not perish from the earth."

From an early hour on Saturday morning any stranger in the city would have thought preparation was being made for a floral festival. A committee of ladies occupied the Grand Army rooms, and tastefully and skillfully arranged bouquets, floral crosses, and other appropriate designs.

Shortly after 4 o'clock the procession started and moved in the following order: Detachment of City Police; Mount Vernon Cornet Band, (colored;) Detachment of the Sheridan Rifles, (the whole would have turned out had it not been for a disappointment in regard to uniform;) Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic; Irish Nationalists with the harp and the sunburst flag of Erin; Phœnix Fire Company; Fame Hose Company, (delegation;) Post No. 3, Grand Army of the Republic, (colored.)

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Immediately following the various organizations named above came the children of various Sunday schools, over two thousand.

The Sunday schools marched in the following order: Scott Methodist Episcopal; Asbury Methodist Episcopal; St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal; Union Methodist Episcopal; Calvary Protestant Episcopal; Delaware Avenue Baptist; First Unitarian; children from the Catholic Orphans' Asylum; schools of St. Peter's Catholic Church.

The children, carrying flowers, flags, and banners, presented a moving panorama of beauty many squares in length, and were to many the most attractive feature of the procession.

The Catholic children turned out in great force. The orphans were all dressed in blue, with white veils reaching half way to their feet, and the Sunday-school children were dressed in white, with long white veils reaching down the full length of their dresses. The boys wore blue sashes, and all carried banners, on which were inscribed the names of various saints, and on some of which were painted the crucifix.

The procession moved to the cemeteries, whose entrances stand side by side, the Catholic children turning off into the cemetery of their church, and the remainder of the procession passing on into the Wilmington and Brandywine Cemetery, where the principal ceremonies took place. On the gate was the following inscription: "Here lie the noble and lamented dead, whose memories are ever dear to those who come this day to deck their graves with the first offerings of the budding year."

THE DECORATION.

As the procession entered the cemetery it broke into detachments and surrounded the graves of soldiers scattered throughout the grounds, a detachment proceeding to the rows of graves in the southwest corner, where the soldiers from other States who died in Tilton Hospital, Wilmington, were interred. The floral offerings were cast upon the mounds with a solemnity which showed how near the memory of the fallen yet is, and during the ceremony many a tear dropped to consecrate the ground anew. Details from the Grand Army had previously visited the various church-yards of the white and colored churches and strewn the soldiers' graves therein

with flowers. After the decoration of the graves the organizations and children gathered to hear and participate in the ceremonies at the speakers' stand.

The proceedings here commenced at about 5:30 o'clock, and an immense concourse of several thousand people, besides those who took part in the procession, gathered around the stand. Over the stand was the following inscription:

"They bound the nation
And unbound the slave."

Dr. J. P. Wales, marshal of the procession, introduced Mayor Valentine, a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, who read the general order of General Logan, directing the Grand Army to observe the day.

The choir, of over one thousand voices, composed principally of Sunday-school children, and directed by Messrs. E. F. James, and W. D. Pickels, with Mr. Bradley James at the organ, then sang the hymn commencing—

"We are marching on with shield and banner bright,
We will work for God and battle for the right."

Rev. George A. Latimer, rector of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, then made an appropriate and touching prayer.

The choir then sang the beautiful anthem "America."

Rev. Lafayette Marks, pastor of Hanover Presbyterian Church, was next introduced.

He said this beautiful ceremony gave to him the assurance that republics were not ungrateful, but that this republic at least remembered those who had fallen in its defense. He referred to the custom of the Athenians of burying those who fell in the state's defense with imposing ceremonies, and said he was glad this Christian republic was not behind them in the custom. He referred to the inspiring associations around him: these graves spoke of battles fought and victories won; and said all our land was a sepulcher of brave men. He referred to the great chasm that had opened in the midst of Rome and refused to close until the noblest of her warriors, more precious than all her jewels and riches, had cast himself into it, and said that when rebel cannon first broke the echoes on Charleston harbor a great chasm had opened in our land, into which the very pride and flower of American manhood had to be cast before it closed. He said that every year we should honor the memory of these soldiers more, and

so sure as principles are greater than columbiads, and so sure as truth is mighty and will prevail, the day will come when every Union soldier will be prouder of his empty sleeve, his crutches, and his scars, than of any other earthly heritage, and the memory of those who gave up their lives will be dearer year by year.

The children then sang a beautiful hymn, commencing

"A brighter day is breaking,
The nations are awaking,
A holy light is creeping o'er the land and o'er the sea."

Rev. S. L. Gracey, pastor of Union Methodist Episcopal Church, was the next speaker.

He thanked God that he lived in this country; he felt the truth of the hymn just sung; a brighter day *is* breaking. Some might think these strains too joyous for a graveyard, but appropriate as it was that we should commemorate the death of these men, it was much more appropriate that we should commemorate their lives. They were the advance-guard of the great army of truth throughout the world. We behold Russia has liberated her serfs, Italy is rising to a higher liberty, and Ireland, oppressed and down-trodden Ireland, is catching the strain, while Cuba gloriously struggles to be free. He said that, could these men speak to us from their graves, they would call on us to rejoice that they were accounted worthy to be chosen for such a sacrifice. When he remembered their deeds and their heroism, it made him proud not only to belong to the same nation, but to the same race with them—proud that he was a man. Mr. Gracey gave several reminiscences of his army life, showing the devoted patriotism of many who had died in field and hospital without a regret, since it was their country they died for, and his address, like that of his predecessor, was warmly applauded.

The children next commenced the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," commencing

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

and as the familiar air of the "John Brown song" struck the people's ears, they involuntarily joined in making the cemetery ring with the "Glory, glory hallelujah!" of the chorus.

Rev. Fielder Israel, of the First Unitarian Church, spoke next, and said:

As the preceding speaker had to contend with the inspiration of the preceding hymn, he also had to contend with the

inspiration of that just sung. He was sorry to differ from his brethren, but this republic had been ungrateful, and it was its ingratitude and injustice that had brought about the terrible and unnecessary conflict through which we had passed. Our fellow-citizens at the South—and he would call them fellow-citizens, though they were the murderers of those whose memories we were here to honor—had by their sins and oppressions, in which the nation shared, brought about a conflict which, but for this, could have been avoided, and if we failed again to be just and to put out of the heart of the nation the spirit of caste, we should again reach a like revolution. In his native city, Baltimore, where the first blood in defense of the Union had been shed, he had seen a spirit of devoted patriotism grow up which was born of that sacrifice. He paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the fallen, and called on the people to remember their duty to the living while they honored the dead; to see to it that the widows and orphans of our soldiers did not suffer, and complimented the Grand Army as an organization having this for one of its chief objects.

His speech was eloquent and was warmly applauded.

The children then sang,

"Shall we gather at the river.'

After which all united in singing the doxology, and the vast congregation was dismissed with the benediction by Rev. Alfred Cookman, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church.

IN THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY

The exercises were of a most interesting character. A detachment of the Grand Army of the Republic entered with the children and decorated the soldiers' graves with flags. The children then formed a hollow square, with Rev. Peter McGrane, of St. Peter's Church, in the center. The children sang an appropriate hymn, after which the service for the memory of the dead was read, and the children united in singing another appropriate hymn. Father McGrane then made an eloquent and patriotic address, giving some touching reminiscences of hospital scenes he had witnessed while a chaplain in the army; and, referring to the appropriateness of this ceremony, he expressed the hope that it would be kept up from year to year, and the memory of those who

had fallen in their country's defense be kept alive in the hearts of the people.

The children then formed in line again and marched around among the graves, casting their floral offerings on them. The ceremony was shorter than that in the other cemetery, but was very beautiful and impressive.

DEPARTMENT OF GEORGIA.

MARIETTA.

(Post No. 7.)

The following was the order of exercises at this place, Comrade E. McBarron Timoney acting as marshal:

Prayer by Rev. E. Q. Fuller.

Hymn, "America."

Address by Rev. James W. Lee, formerly captain Ninety-third Illinois Veteran Volunteers, as follows:

We gather to commemorate this day in the spirit, I trust, of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, who spake with malice toward none, with charity for all, but with a determination to *do* the *right* as God gave him to see the right.

We do not meet here to consecrate these grounds: the place is already made sacred by the presence of the dead. No words of ours can add to their deeds; no words of ours are needed for their praise. We would not mar the brightness and beauty of this day or the solemnity of the occasion by any thought, word, or deed that would not speak of peace and good will.

We are gathered here to strew flowers over the graves of those we love, who have died in defense of their country. We meet under the folds and protection of this flag, (the Stars and Stripes,) to show our interest in the cause for which they died. We remember that almost within the shadow of this flag lie buried, in another cemetery, those who bravely, though wrongly, fought against it, and doubtless as soldiers did their duty faithfully and well. We would let fall a tear for them; they are not our enemies now; and as thousands and tens of thousands gather in the national cemeteries throughout the land to-day, may God grant that their deeds and words may be the golden links that shall bind heart to heart, community to community, and State to State, so that we may

know war no more, but that all strife may cease, and the land be at rest. Surely there has been war enough, and fire and sword and blood enough. Let us learn to beat our swords into plowshares and our spears into pruning-hooks, that there may be peace and good will among all the people.

We come, then, to tell you, in the presence of the nation's dead, to love your country, and to honor it every where and in every way; that the influences of this nation may be for good—for truth, liberty and humanity—upon all other nations.

Let no strife, or malice, or revenge rest in your hearts. If some who are here to-day remember the wrongs of the past, the wrongs of slavery, the wrongs inflicted upon you when you were in bondage, bury here, with the buried dead, all spirit of revenge and malice, and thank God that, in his own providence, you are now *freemen* and citizens: that no shackles bind your body, and oh, may no shackles of sin enslave your soul!

We are here to represent the loyal hearts, North and West, and East and South, too, who would meet to-day to place flowers on the graves of those fallen patriots who sought only the safety of home through the blessings of good government, and under the protection of the flag that would make us all as one.

May the perfume of the flowers that you put on these graves arise as incense heavenward, and, wafted by gentle winds to North and South, East and West, be laden with words of sympathy and signs of peace and love.

Men, brethren, citizens, patriots, and soldiers! yes, soldiers—for there are some here to-day who have fought with me over these mountain-tops and through these valleys, and faced death on these historic battle-fields—let us rejoice that peace has come, and here renew our vows to be true to the land we love, and seek to manifest that spirit which knows no North, no South, no East, no West, but claims this whole land as our heritage, and seeks to secure the blessings of peace and protection and good government to all.

This address was followed by the decoration of the graves, after which Comrade Timoney addressed the audience, telling them he hoped this occasion would not be considered one of self-glorification, but as an act of pious devotion to the memory of the heroic dead, and that the dead soldiers of both armies were entitled to the love and admiration of the living.

The attendance was large, every section of the cemetery

was decorated with wreaths and flowers, and so were nearly all the graves—ten thousand and forty-four being the number buried here. The cemetery was also handsomely decorated with national flags.

The cemetery at Marietta being the only place of burial of Union soldiers, there were no other observances in the department.

DEPARTMENT OF ILLINOIS.

MOUND CITY.

(Post No. 77.)

MOUND CITY NATIONAL CEMETERY.

The 29th of May was duly observed in Mound City as a day for decorating the graves of soldiers who fell in the late civil war. It is well known that this is one of the largest national cemeteries in the northern States. It contains the remains of nearly six thousand Union soldiers. Naturally, therefore, it must be a point of attraction on the day set apart for the decoration of soldiers' graves.

Upon the day referred to the boats and trains brought immense crowds of patriotic citizens, burdened with flowers and evergreen. They came from far up the Ohio on boats; they came from up the Illinois Central Railroad in cars; they came from that fertile section of country lying between the Ohio River and the Illinois Central Railroad, from the southern border of Johnson, the western border of Massac, and the northern portion of Pulaski counties on horseback or with their teams. Cairo sent up a host to participate in the exercises. It seemed as if the country generally had suspended ordinary business avocations for the purpose of honoring the dead braves. By noon probably five thousand persons were assembled in the vicinity of the cemetery.

The first business in order was the decorating of the graves, which was done in suitable style, the band playing a dirge while the concourse of people present passed among the graves and laid upon them bouquets, wreaths, and unarranged flowers in liberal profusion.

After the distribution of flowers had concluded time was given for the picnic dinner, and the immense throng present

scattered through the beautiful groves adjoining the cemetery and in groups partook of the repast they had brought along.

Dinner being disposed of, the people gathered about the speakers' stand that had been erected, and awaited the usual orations. First an organization of the meeting was effected by electing Hon. N. R. Casey chairman, Hon. A. M. Brown, Hugh McGee, C. R. Woodward, Colonel John Wood, Captain J. C. Willis, Commodore H. Walke, Hon. D. W. Munn, and Rev. E. B. Olmsted, vice presidents, and H. P. Goodall, H. F. Potter, R. W. McCartney, and T. J. Pickett, secretaries.

On taking the chair Mr. Casey delivered a brief but eloquent address, upon closing which he introduced the following resolutions:

Whereas the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, at its last session, made an appropriation of $12,500, to be applied towards the erection of a soldiers' monument in this the Mound City National Cemetery, conditional that Congress appropriate a similar or larger amount for the same purpose; and

Whereas this large assembly, congregated for the purpose of participating in the solemn ceremonies of decorating the graves of the deceased soldiers here buried, recognize the eminent fitness and propriety of Congress making such appropriation; therefore,

Resolved, That our Senators be requested and our members of Congress instructed to use their utmost exertions to secure an appropriation of at least $12,500 for the purpose of erecting and completing a suitable monument in this cemetery.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and these resolutions be forwarded to each Senator and member of Congress from the State of Illinois.

The resolutions were seconded by Hon. D. W. Munn, and passed unanimously.

Then the Rev. Mr. Eddy, of Mound City, was introduced and he offered prayer. Following this, Rev. C. H. Foote, of Cairo, delivered an elaborate and eloquent oration. Hon. D. W. Munn started with an extemporaneous speech after Mr. Foote had concluded, but before he was fairly under way a rain-storm burst upon the congregation and suddenly dispersed it.

MATTOON.

[Extract from a letter.]

Not even the deluge of rain that flooded the country and city all forenoon on Sabbath, and the continuous showers that fell at intervals in the afternoon until the very hour set for the solemn and beautiful ceremonies at Dodge Grove Cemetery, could keep our people from gathering in hundreds and hundreds, at a little past three o'clock, at the quiet and beautiful village of the dead at the end of Cemetery street, just northwest of the city; and when the hour fixed by the committee for assembling had arrived, the grassy monumental knoll was covered with people of all ages, many of them from the country, and gracefully-arranged evergreens and flowers, brilliant and fragrant, were visible everywhere.

Each soldier's grave had been designated by a flag—those over which careful, loving friends had erected carved marble, and those of soldiers who slept far from their eastern hills of home and the friends of their childhood, and were as yet unhonored save by head-boards.

At three and a half o'clock Colonel J. Richmond, post commander of the Grand Army and president of the occasion, called the vast concourse around the stand, near where most of the soldiers lie buried, and Father Robb, chaplain of the Grand Army, made one of his usually appropriate and good prayers, asking the God of our fathers and the Father of all mercies to bless our country and its rulers, and enable us so to live that the sacrifices our fallen comrades have made may not be in vain, &c. Then General True read a list of thirty-six names of soldiers buried in the cemetery.

But we cannot tarry longer. May each returning year bring a resurrection in our hearts of the remembrance of our Nation's hero dead, as its spring brings the resurrection of the bright flowers with which to keep up the beautiful custom of decoration.

Then the choir and audience sang the hymn, "The Unknown Heroes."

After this the Hon. H. P. H. Bromwell read a beautiful poem, of which the following is a part:

Bells of the Sabbath are tolling,
Dirges in mournfulness rolling,
Over the breadth of a continent
  Passes the funeral array,
Why are the voices of wailing?
Banners thus mournfully trailing?
Sound of the minute-gun booming?
  Where are the dead of to-day?

Not on the bier of the lowly,
Not in plumed hearse moving slowly,
Scattered, and silent, and lonely,
  Rest they, where long they have lain—
Under the fig-tree and myrtle,
Home of the love-breathing turtle,
Under the mountain oak's shadow,
  Under the sod of the plain.

Fanned by the sea-lilies blooming,
Lulled by the cataract's booming,
Sleep they in sepulchers nameless,
  Rest they in silence and shade,
Some where the marble-wrought column,
Rising in stateliness solemn,
Tells to the multitude passing,
  Here has a hero been laid.

Some by the mart or metropolis
Ranged in the silent necropolis
Rest with the simply-cut head-stone,
  Marking the green-swarded mound—
Each in his order and number,
Pulseless and dreamless they slumber,
Rank upon rank, as battalions
  Stretched on the bivouac ground.

High, on the uplands of Tennessee
Low, in the vales of the Genesee,
Nigh the black marshes of Florida—
  Where the swift Rapidan shines,
High on Virginia's sierras,
Far, on the green-vested prairies,
Under the sobbing sussurro
  Sung by the evergreen pines.

Some from the wild beast and vulture
Rescued for nameless sepulture
Cast in one charnel-pit molder—
  Some on the battle-field gory
Rest without requiem or story—
Everywhere rest they in glory—
  They are our dead of to-day.

Who are they? heroes who merited,
Sons who by birthright inherited
All which is given of freedom,
  All which is manhood's to hold.
Heirs of illustrious sires—
Who with liberty walked through the fires
In the furnace made hot by oppression,
  In liberty's ordeals of old.

Sons of the watchers and toilers
Who wrung from the hands of the spoilers
The wrecks of humanity's treasures—
  Brothers of Hampden and Tell.
Brothers of those who are weeping
Now by the place of their sleeping—
Loved by the gentle and noble,
  Loved by the angels as well.

Here, while our anthem is pealing,
Raphael, O angel of healing,
Come, with Heaven's gracious consolings
  Warm on thy redolent breath—
Thou, too, benign one, who ever
Weepest the loving to sever,
Show us thy mildness and beauty,
  Azrael, O angel of death.

Then, with the waves of emotion,
Swelling from ocean to ocean,
On the sweet Sabbath air holy,
  Anthem and song we'll prolong;
Then as the voice of the heart rings,
Seraphs, accord with your harp-strings,
Led with the lute of thy heart-strings,
  Israefel, angel of song.

Now to the Name who e'er livest,
Blessing and thanks when Thou givest,
Worship and praise when Thou takest,
  Here for one country we pray;
Long may our banner victorious
Wave o'er a Union made glorious,
Honor and virtue and righteousness,
  Rule all the land from to-day.

Next the choir and the people sang the hymn, "Our Country," and with an appropriate benediction by Rev. Mr. Robb the throng was dismissed, and the committee of decorations, a band of patriotic Christian ladies headed by Mrs. Captain Hinkle, deposited above all the quiet sleepers the wealth of flowers and evergreens, arranged as bouquets, wreaths, crosses, lyres, and harps, and all the shapes love and ingenuity and taste could invent, until the retiring friends left the cemetery filled with the beauty of their offerings and the glory of the Sabbath evening, that had smiled with a clear sky and golden halo on the sad, sweet scene.

After which a splendid choir of ladies, gentlemen, and children, sang, under the leadership of Professor Knowlton, the following memorial hymn:

Beneath the summer sky,
How peacefully they lie,
  At rest from wars;
Oh sacred hold the grave
Of each devoted brave,
Who poured his blood to save
  The stripes and stars.

Their marches now are o'er,
They wield the sword no more
To smite our foes;
No sound of hostile drum,
To their low tents may come,
Or break the silence dumb
Of their repose.

But grateful throngs shall bring
Each year their offering
Of grief and love;
Bright garlands should be spread,
And tribute tear-drops shed
For patriot heroes dead,
Their tombs above.

To Thee, oh Lord our God,
Up from this holy sod
Our voices rise;
Here freedom's cause maintain,
For which our brave were slain,
Forbid our making vain
Their sacrifice.

At the conclusion of which T. E. Woods delivered the following oration:

Friends: We come as yearly pilgrims to our Mecca this holy Sabbath day, God's day of rest alike for those who walk in life and for those who sleep in the quiet shades of the long Sabbath we call death, to weep anew over the graves of our brothers, to sigh with the songful breezes over their grassy beds, to burnish our lamps of memory, to renew our sacred vows to keep their remembrance in our heart of hearts; to strew flowers, those "smiles of God," over their narrow mansions, and to perform such other offices of friendship and love as inclination or duty shall prompt at these our shrines.

We come as *free* men, as tender women, and sympathetic children, of all ages—as the *people* of our city and country—not as partisans, radicals, conservatives, or politicians of any kind, but to mourn as a people with a common humanity over the unfortunate but glorious fallen.

And while this is said truthfully, let it not be imagined that we do not hold *nearest* our hearts the undying cause for which they went forth and gave their lives, that most precious of sacrifices, a voluntary offering on the altar of their country. Let us remember them as patriots. Be it mine to teach those that come after us that they *were* patriots. For I am a firm believer in the honesty and patriotism of those who left all the endearments and joys and pleasures of their homes, casting all the blandishments and allurements of a long and luxurious peace behind them, and looking only forward and upward to where the dear flag of their proud nationality led them towards the star of destiny of their land.

over the smoke-clouded and thunder-shaken battle-fields of glory, and thousands, alas! through the moaning valleys of pain and suffering, and out into the shadowy night of death, with its dews coldly beaded on their bronzed brows. Never did warriors go to battle with less mercenary motives. I am a believer in these things, because I have seen them with my own eyes, and felt the sentiments that actuated their sturdy natures so often take hold of my heart amid dangers and privations.

Still, 't is well that the wild passions, the acrimonious bitterness of the most stupendous and sanguinary war of all times have passed away to so great an extent as they have; for "passions should end where graves begin," and while I cannot and will not allow myself for one moment to apologize for the greatest and most causeless rebellion, fostered in ignorant prejudices and ambitious treason, that ever sought the ruin of a good government, and by which so many brave men fell, I can rejoice with you all that the cause for which these dead heroes gave their lives has secured a lasting peace, that may be a blessing sanctified North and South by such sorrow as we feel to-day, and that may cement the American nation as one of a common ancestry, one destiny, and one heart—a peace that may smile over this "God's country" like a sweet benediction, and whose pæans even now ring from the pilgrim rocks at Boston in grand jubilee and across the wide continent in the church-bell's wonted music and the sounds of uninterrupted industry to the glad echoing shores of the golden west, where the great waves of the Pacific leap and clap their hands for joy on the shining strand.

While we do remember the great struggle through which we have passed, what the war has cost us in these precious lives; while we remember well the cause for which the patriot army fought, and the loyal people strove through the fierce bloody years, and hope we shall never be so unwise as not to do so, or to forget the costly lesson taught, we will rejoice that time, the great reconstructor of human affairs and passions, is softening the sharp asperities, while mellowing the sorrows of the sections and parties of our country, as the sober autumn softens and tones down the ardors of the fierce summer.

We are here to-day to commemorate. In all ages and among all people it has been a strong sentiment and a beautiful one of the human heart to revere the memory of the dead; and it has been a strife of all times to render immortal the names of heroes by monuments, statues, inscriptions, or other celebration, recital, or commemoration of their virtues and renown. Ancient mythology deified her heroes into gods.

Good people of different ages have had their places in church calendars as saints. Heroes have had their panegyrists, and have been sung in immortal song. * * *

CEREMONIES AT BELVIDERE.

A platform had been constructed in the cemetery, from which, shortly before 4 o'clock, Colonel L. O. Gilman called the people to order, and, after briefly stating the purpose for which they were there, introduced Rev. E. W. Adams, who offered an appropriate and excellent prayer.

Brief but eloquent addresses were delivered by General Doubleday, of the Regular Army, who was visiting relatives here, by Rev. H. J. Eddy, Generals A. C. Fuller, S. A. Hurlbut, and Rev. J. J. Austin, all of whom referred in a most feeling manner to the services of our brave dead, to the sacredness of the cause in which they died, and to the fitness of the services there being performed.

The exercises at the stand were interspersed with patriotic songs, and were followed by the strewing of flowers upon the graves, under the direction of Major C. B. Loop.

The occasion was unusually solemn and impressive. There were gathered together widows whose husbands had been sacrificed upon their country's altar; mothers whose sons went out to the war with light hearts and blessings upon their heads and came back no more, or came back to be laid under the sod; and little children whose fathers had fallen in the battle or died in the far-away hospital.

Although this town and county gave soldiers to the country with almost unequaled liberality, only about twenty of them lie in our cemetery. The rest, and by far the greater number, were buried where they fell. They fought in every Southern State, and there they now lie buried. If flowers are ever strewn upon *their* graves, the duty will be performed by strange hands.

CEREMONIES AT DIXON.

The order for the decoration of soldiers' graves called out a demonstration beautiful and imposing. The flowers of

spring-time, the roses, the evergreen, and the live-forevers, were strewn upon the mounds of the dead.

On Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock the procession of soldiers formed at the court-house, and marched under command of Major Hal. Williams to the grave-yard, carrying wreaths and baskets of flowers. The Cornet Band headed the procession, playing a solemn dirge. The procession halted before entering the cemetery, and Rev. Mr. Sickles and Rev. Mr. Pratt engaged in devotional exercises. A poem, written by Miss Amy H. Hubbard, was read by Captain Crabtree. The procession, accompanied by nearly all the people of Dixon, then marched into the cemetery to the graves of the soldiers. The procession halted before each grave. The names of the soldiers were announced by Captain Crabtree, and the mounds and tombstones were covered with flowers. The closing exercises were held near the grave of Colonel Silas Noble, of the Second Illinois Cavalry.

The graves of twenty-four soldiers are in this cemetery.

OUR MARTYRED HEROES.

It comes up in the low whisperings of the soft south-wind, as it sighs o'er the lonely pillows of our martyred heroes.—*John A. Logan.*

When the sullen cloud of war was darkening
  Each happy homestead like a pall,
Brave thousands left their loved and dear
  At our noble patriot-martyr's call;
They rallied at their country's need,
  Our gallant brothers, brave and true,
And wide our banner's stainless folds
  Waved o'er the ranks of loyal blue.

On many a battle-field they sleep,
  Our martyred heroes tried and brave,
Along Stone river's rocky shore,
  Beside Savannah's murmuring wave;
On the laurel heights of Mission Ridge,
  On Shiloh's dark and bloody plain
On Chickamauga's wasted field,
  They sleep, by traitors slain.

In desert swamps they sank to rest,
  Amid the wilderness and gloom.
Where tangled moss and cypress green
  Wave o'er each soldier's lonely tomb.
By pathways drear, on mountains wild,
  Through many forest dark and deep,
'Round many a prison's cold, gray wall,
  In countless graves our heroes sleep.

With faltering steps and wasted forms,
Back to the homes they fought to save,
Came many a patriot, weak and worn,
Only to find an honored grave.
And loving hands now strew the flowers
O'er those who sleep beneath the sod,
Sleep till the resurrection trump
Sounds to recall to heaven and God.

CEREMONIES AT LINCOLN.

[Extract from a local journal.]

Notwithstanding the rain on Sunday morning hundreds of people assembled at the hour appointed in and around the court-house. After listening to a few pieces of sacred music by the band, and the singing of appropriate hymns by the glee club, the procession was formed under the direction of Captain Frank Fisk, chief marshal, assisted by Dr. Houser and J. T. Hoblit, and marched to the cemetery. The procession was an honor to Lincoln, showing truly that the hearts of the people go out in love towards those men who sleep the soldier's last sleep. Quietly they moved toward that silent resting-place. There was no rush, no glee, no hilarity. As we moved toward the graves of our comrades, thought was busy, our minds ran back over the years that have flown, and we were wont to say with the soldier-poet:

Winds that sweep the southern mountain
And the leafy river shore,
Bear ye not a prouder burden
Than ye ever learned before?
How they fell like grass
When the mowers pass,
And the dying, when the foe was flying,
Swelled the cheering
Of the heroes of the pass.

And in our hearts we wished we could go down there and drop flowers on their uncoffined graves; but we could only drop tears to their memory. Peace to their ashes.

"Their swords are rust,
Their bodies dust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

THE EXERCISES AT THE CEMETERY.

After assembling at the place prepared, the meeting was called to order by the marshal, and the order of General

Logan, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, was read by Captain Harts, which was followed by music by the Lincoln Cornet Band, and singing by glee club, and while their sad, solemn notes were being wafted over that "silent city," a happy divinity brushed from before the sun the drifting clouds, as much as to say, 'tis well, 'tis well!

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Garner.

The oration delivered by Judge Parks was impressive and full of beauty—full of heart and soul.

After the oration was delivered, a committee of soldiers, followed by the good people, proceeded to strew flowers upon the soldiers' graves. With bowed heads and measured footsteps, from grave to grave they marched to perform their acts of love. As we passed those graves of liberty's martyrs we thought, though dead, they yet speak.

After the solemn duties of decoration were performed the benediction was pronounced by Rev. George Hathaway, after which all returned to the city, feeling happy—feeling that they had done their duty.

CEREMONIES AT MARSHALL.

In accordance with General Logan's order, appointing the 30th day of May as a day to be observed in paying tribute and respect to our deceased soldiers by decorating and strewing flowers on their graves, a large number of the citizens of Marshall and surrounding country assembled at the cemetery grounds at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 30th. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather in the forepart of the day a very large crowd was in attendance. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Burns Archer, who announced that the ceremonies would open with prayer. Rev. Dean Andrews, having kindly consented to officiate as chaplain, arose and offered up to the Throne of Grace a most touching and beautiful prayer, and one that was well suited and very appropriate for the solemn occasion.

Jacob W. Wilkin, esq., having been requested, generously consented to address the assembly, which he then proceeded to do in a very pathetic, able, and eloquent manner, and which

was listened to with profound silence. The ceremony of decorating and strewing flowers on the graves being next in order, the wreaths and flowers were distributed among thirty little girls, all dressed in white, who were conducted to each of the graves, and, the name of the soldier being announced by Mr. Burns Archer, a wreath was placed at the head of each grave by one of the little girls, and all taking an active part in strewing flowers promiscuously on the same. The graves visited in order were fifteen.

It is due to state that the ceremonies were conducted in a very solemn and serious manner, and that all who attended indicated by their actions and feelings that they were deeply impressed. There was no hilarity, and nothing occurred to mar the sacred solemnity of the occasion of the day.

CEREMONIES AT CENTRALIA.

In accordance with the arrangements made, those who desired to participate in the touching and beautiful ceremony of decorating the graves of the soldier-dead who lie buried in Centralia grave-yard assembled about the intersection of First North and Locust streets, on Saturday afternoon, at 1:30 o'clock p. m., where they formed a procession and marched to the cemetery, headed by Professor Deuerling's Brass Band and the Martial Band.

On arriving at the cemetery they proceeded on foot to the center, where the exercises commenced by General P. Pease reading General Order No. 21, designating the day and calling upon the people to properly observe it, after which Rev. J. D. Gillham offered a fervent prayer. The choir then sang the beautiful song, "Toll the Bell, the Brave are Sleeping."

The committee of ladies appointed to strew flowers on the graves, accompanied with music, slowly and solemnly proceeded, with loving hands trained to deeds of kindness, to scatter flowers and wreaths upon the graves.

The graves were each designated by an evergreen cross, which had been placed there by a special committee before

the day of the ceremony. After strewing flowers on the graves, the large assemblage gathered about a temporary stand which had been erected, and, after several beautiful strains of vocal and instrumental music, Captain R. D. Noleman introduced Captain James S. Jackson, who held the earnest attention of every one for about an hour with an eloquent and instructive address, an extract from which is here given:

From Maine to California, from mountain and valley, from city and hamlet, poured forth the living stream of patriotism. The Union forever rang out in clarion tones from every lip, and fell ominously upon the ears of those who had sworn to take the nation's life.

The merchant left his storehouse, the mechanic his workshop, the farmer his plow, and with one accord hastened to the place of rendezvous. The busy note of preparation resounded throughout the land. The Government, through the machinations of traitors in high places, was for the moment powerless to defend herself; our army, consisting of a few regiments, was scattered along our vast frontier, thousands of miles from the scene of action; our navy, small and insignificant in point of numbers, was scattered to the four winds of heaven and was sailing on distant seas. Well was it for us that our people were patriotic, that the same spirit that animated our revolutionary sires still lived in the breasts of the loyal millions of the North; had it been otherwise, you and I to-day would have been without a country.

Nor was this feeling confined to native-born Americans. Thousands upon thousands of our adopted citizens, who had left their native land to seek in free America that liberty which was denied them under the despotic governments of the Old World, entered the ranks of the Union army, and in many instances sealed their devotion to their adopted country with their blood.

Hereafter, when any man advances the narrow and selfish doctrine that Americans shall rule America, we have but to point him to the patriotic foreigners who during our revolutionary struggle proved themselves worthy to be the compeers of Washington, and to those who at a later though no less momentous period of our history vied with the native-born soldiers of the patriot army in devotion to the cause of the Union.

The names of LaFayette, Kosciusko, Pulaski, De Steuben, De Kalb, and a host of other illustrious foreigners, are historic, and will go down to posterity side by side with those

of the patriot sires of the Revolution. You all remember the memorable words of the Baron De Kalb, when prostrated by eleven wounds at the battle of Camden. He was visited by Lord Cornwallis, who commiserated his misfortunes. The dying soldier made this reply, "I thank your lordship for your expressions of sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for—that of a soldier fighting for the rights of man." Truly a noble sentiment, and most fittingly expressed.

The names of foreigners no less patriotic, no less illustrious, are to be found among those distinguished during the great rebellion. The American people will not forget the services of Sigel, Osterhaus, Heintzelman, Corcoran, Mulligan, and other patriotic foreigners who, during our struggle for nationality, fought and suffered in the cause of right. Their bravery, their devotion, and their sacrifices in the cause of liberty have embalmed their memories in the hearts of a free people.

Shame upon the recreant American who would deny to such men, their descendants, or fellow-countrymen, a portion of that rich heritage which their genius, their valor, and their blood so nobly assisted in achieving and maintaining.

Thank Heaven that patriotism was not confined to those who were to the manor born, but that patriots of all nationalities waited but to know that the country was in danger.

* * * * * * *

If the past is a criterion by which to judge the future, what may we not expect in the future development of our great country? Our flag, thanks to our gallant Army and Navy, floats in undisputed supremacy over every foot of our soil from Maine to California—from the great lakes of the North to the Gulf of Mexico. It is respected in every land, and is a talisman of protection to all who rightfully invoke it. Our commerce whitens every sea; magnificent steamers traverse our great lakes and rivers, freighted with the produce of a continent. The tide of emigration is sweeping westward, and already the iron horse is speeding across your beautiful prairies, your magnificent plains, or thundering through the defiles of the Rocky Mountains, from ocean to ocean—from the populous shores of the Atlantic to the golden strand of the Pacific. The East and the West are united by the iron bands that at no distant day will render our country the highroad of nations. The land fairly groans under a bounteous harvest. Peace, prosperity, and happiness surround us on every side. Let us, then, appreciate our proud destiny, and, above all, let us never forget that to our brave defenders in the hour of the nation's deadly peril, under a kind Providence, we owe the blessings which we enjoy to-day.

Major E. W. Jones was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

Comrades and Friends: We meet once more for our annual commemoration of the sacrifice of those whose graves we have been decorating. Last year, when we were assembled on this spot, we felt how fitting were the ceremonies then performed; our hearts were all in the service of that day.

Now again the same feelings are awakened within us; we come to perform, as it were, once more the sad funereal rites of friends and brothers, but with sadness softened by the flight of time and mellowed by the consciousness of loving duty performed.

Captain I. S. Taylor then closed the speaking with an appropriate and eloquent address:

How would it be if *we* lay in their stead, with the inscription above us such as should be placed above them, "They died in the line of their duty!" Would it be right, then, that we should be remembered at least once a year in some public manner by those who owed their prosperity, their liberty, perhaps their very lives, to us? Where are we to look for the reward of patriotic death? In yonder spheres, it is to be hoped, but also in the cherishing memory of patriotic hearts. Of the millions of brave men who went forth to struggle for the nation's life, many returned in health and strength to receive honor, praise, and gifts at the hands of a grateful people; many, too, returned maimed and sick, but living to see the land they loved redeemed and moving forward in her old pathway of gigantic progress, to realize the nation's gratitude, and to be welcomed once more to the bosoms of loving friends. But those who lie in these scattered graves came with a hundred thousand others, their bodies pierced by bullets, or torn by shot and shell, and each resting from his fierce toil, pale and cold in his narrow couch, or with the arrows of the fell destroyer rankling within them, thrust there by starvation, fatigue, nakedness, or all the horrors of a rebel prison, and hurrying them to their graves. The bones of a vast multitude who served in the cause of freedom lie bleaching on southern hills and plains, whose dust gives no clue to their names. To them we to-day bear tribute in our hearts, and for them also we scatter these wreaths and flowers, as well as for those who came to sleep their last sleep under their native northern skies. Many an aching heart all through the land to-day feels a keen pang at the thought of son, brother, or hus-

band who went forth to do battle for the Union, and has never returned. Let such bear in mind that this day is sacred to the memory of all that noble army; as much to the humblest comrade who did his duty, and now rests in some unknown spot beneath his country's sod, as to him whose massive monument rears its head in some grand cemetery.

The ceremonies closed with a beautiful song by the choir.

No grave was omitted, but all bore beautiful tokens of remembrance, placed there by loving hearts and willing hands.

CEREMONIES AT ROCK ISLAND AND MOLINE.

As the National Cemetery on the island had been selected as the place for the principal ceremonies of Commemoration Day, a large number of people went to the island on a train of cars which left Brady street at 12.30 o'clock p. m. The train bore them as far as the new armory building. There a procession was organized under the marshalship of Major Schnitger and his assistants, and, with baskets of flowers in their hands, men, women, and children marched along without music and in silence until they reached the cemetery, which occupies one acre or more of ground, in a beautiful locality opposite the Moline dam. Here some three hundred soldiers lie buried, the name of the occupant of each grave being given on a head-board. As the people from Davenport neared the spot, the military band belonging on the island walked around the cemetery playing the "Dead March," and entered the gateway, followed by the people. The burial-place was surrounded by carriages filled with ladies. Upon a little mound of earth in the center of the cemetery the persons who were to officiate took their stand. The assemblage was a large one, hundreds of people from Moline and Rock Island having gathered in and about the inclosure with those from Davenport.

Impressive silence reigned as the president of the day, Mayor Renwick, announced the duties of the hour.

MAYOR RENWICK'S ADDRESS.

Friends and Fellow-citizens: We have met here this day, in one heart and one mind, to perform a sacred duty—to offer

a tribute of respect to the memory of the patriotic dead, and to keep such memory green in our hearts. They who lie buried here died that you and I might live in peace; they laid down their lives on their country's altar, that this great republic might remain intact in all its constitutional liberty and integrity, and now, in this beautiful spot, sleep peacefully and well, under the dominion of the angel of death, the sleep that knows no waking.

Friends, the thoughts and emotions which swell up within me I cannot clothe in words, nor will I detain you from the further services of the day. You will be addressed by others in words of burning and fervid eloquence, doing ample justice to the sacred theme.

A dirge was played by the band.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton offered prayer.

The oration was then delivered by Hon. John F. Dillon, chief justice of the supreme court of Iowa. It was as follows:

Mr. President: I feel awe-stricken in the presence of the solemnity of this occasion. Would that I could give adequate utterance to the great truths it should teach—to the grand memories it recalls. To-day, throughout the land, the living meet to pay the sincere tribute of respect to the memory of the glorious dead. Everywhere to-day the grateful citizen will vie with the surviving soldier to do appropriate honors to his departed comrades.

This is Commemoration Day—a day which has been set apart by the soldiers themselves as one to be annually observed throughout the United States to commemorate the immortal achievements of the brave and fallen defenders of the nation, to visit their graves, and to adorn them with the tokens and evidences of our undiminished affection and gratitude.

Fine conception, beautiful ceremonial! This, its second observance. The patriotism of the people and the heroism of the soldier in the late conflict are in many respects without any example in the history of the race.

We have no instituted national day set apart to recall and commemorate them. The Fourth of July is set apart in honor of the nation's birth. Let the thirtieth day of May be set apart as a perpetual national holiday in honor of the nation's salvation and of the brave men who saved it, for in honoring them we do the highest honor to ourselves.

How fitting the time! Nature, miraculously renewed each spring, is out in all her leafy glory. At this season God's

love is specially manifest in the sweet and tender beauties of his visible creation. Life, teeming life, springing flower and opening bud, meet us on every side. There is no trace or suggestion of death anywhere to be seen. How much more fitting such a time than the melancholy days of autumn, when everything is in the sere and yellow leaf.

How fitting, too, the place where we are privileged to celebrate this day, on this beautiful island, where so many Union soldiers, most of them personally unknown to us, from different States and counties, are resting, and where in the primitive wood about us there is so much to dispose the heart and mind to a proper frame and mood. Assembled to perform ceremonies of a most solemn character, we meet not "under roofs our frail hands have raised," but "in God's ancient sanctuaries." For

> "Ere man learned
> To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
> And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
> The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
> The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood
> Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
> And supplication."

Yielding to the influence of the scene, let us drink in the spirit, and reverently listen to the teachings of the occasion. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, why meet we here to-day? Need I recount the story? How could I, if I would, in the brief space of time which it is permissible to occupy.

Our fathers, now hard by a century ago, after a heroic and memorable struggle, established here a government and dedicated it to liberty. It was founded upon a new basis, namely: man's capacity to sustain a government resting wholly upon the popular will. I say upon a new basis, for every government in Europe professed to be founded upon exactly the opposite idea—upon the idea that the people had no original underived political power, but that all political power was derived by grants or concessions from the monarch or instituted government. Asserting that the people have rights and not simply privileges; asserting that they were capable of sustained self-government, we commenced our career as a nation. The unexampled freedom, as well as the unexampled growth, of America soon drew upon her the fixed gaze of the enlightened world, which was wondering and debating what would be her destiny. Whether a government, establishing popular liberty and resting upon the popular will, had the strength to stand, was the great unsolved governmental problem of the age. * * *

What did those men accomplish whose deeds we this day meet to commemorate? They maintained inviolate the national territory and the Union of the States. They demonstrated and set forever at rest all doubts as to the strength of a popular government, proving that the freest government is the strongest, and that no form of government can exhibit so much power and endurance as that which has its foundations in the living, throbbing, pulsing hearts of its people. With the end of the rebellion all talk about bubbles bursting ended. The baubles of royalty are now bursting on the other side, as witness the case of Spain. Our soldiers struck off the chains that bound four millions of people down to servitude and dust in a thraldom of whose duration the wisest could see no end; they found them chattels and left them men, and they and their children shall be free evermore. Without this act of justice, our victory, if indeed victory was otherwise possible, would have been robbed of its crowning glory.

They have baptized the nation into a new and higher life of liberty: the Declaration of Independence, with its grand utterances for man and freedom, has been crystalized into organic law, and our free institutions have been placed on a foundation as solid as the rock-ribbed earth.

In struggling for us, they were at the same time battling for mankind at large. In the introduction to his "Dutch Republic," Mr. Motley truthfully remarks, that "so much is each individual state but a member of our international commonwealth, and so close is the relationship of the whole human family, that it is impossible for a nation, even struggling for itself alone, not to acquire something for the race."

For these great results we and the unborn generations are indebted, under God, to the patriotism of the people, but chiefly to the Army and the Navy—to the valor, the devotion, and heroic achievements of the sailor and soldier. We owe them, the living and the dead, a debt of gratitude we can never pay. The results were purchased by the lives of the brave men who placed their breasts as a living bulwark between their country and its destroyers.

Were we ungrateful enough not to revere their memories, we would cease to deserve, and would soon lose, the freedom they secured for us.

We have not forgotten, and will not forget, the brave and honest dead.

The hearts of the living have ever fondly lingered about the burial-places of those they loved. The hand of affection has ever delighted to decorate the last resting-place of the loved and lost with the mementos of affectionate regard.

In what more delicate and impressive manner can we honor our soldier-dead and show our regard for them, than to assemble annually around their graves and adorn them with flowers and evergreens.

Each year let the weeping widow come; let the soldiers' fatherless children come, the innocent and beautiful wards of the nation; let fathers, sisters, mothers, and brothers come; let all come and strew flowers upon the grave of every soldier, known or nameless. Come with the meek-eyed violet; come with the modest daisy; come with the sweet-faced pansy; come with the gorgeous lilac; come with beautiful leaf and bright blossom; come with all the rich, sweet offering of spring; come with all the matchless beauty of the floral world; and, forgetting all distinctions, let us all join in adorning and keeping fresh the spots where repose all that remains of those who died for us, for the nation, and for the race. For the spot wherein their bodies rest

> "Is hallowed down to earth's profound
> And up to heaven."

There, too, let the evergreen be planted where fadeless verdure typifies the unchanging brightness and bloom of that heaven to which its spire-like form so touchingly, so gracefully, so constantly points the eyes and thoughts of the beholder.

On the Potomac, along the Ohio, among the hills of Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Mississippi, on the shores of the Atlantic, in the Gulf region, in distant Texas, in the mountains and intervening valleys of Alabama and Georgia—in short, everywhere throughout the vast field of the war—may be found the little hillock of ground, consecrated by bearing within it the mortal remains of some soldier-boy or man who died away from home and friends and kindred in a strange land. How his sorrowing mother or father or sister would rejoice did they know that his grave was respected, cared for, and annually adorned with flowers, as they will adorn the graves of others. How beautiful, how appropriate such a ceremony! I repeat, let the day be made a NATIONAL MEMORIAL DAY, sacred to the memory of the nation's brave defenders. *Let Congress so declare it.* Let it be observed everywhere throughout the land, by us and by our children, so long as national freedom has a friend or tyranny a foe.

The body of our blessed Lord has rested in and hallowed the grave: May He bless the graves of our soldier-dead, so that whoever visits them, and whoever participates in the annual ceremony of adorning them, shall feel his inspira-

tions for freedom and a nobler life sublimated, purified, and strengthened thereby.

Decorating the graves ensued. Ladies and children scattered flowers over the graves and hung garlands upon the head-boards. Every grave was adorned with the beautiful emblems of virtue, innocence, love, and peace. One mound was fairly hidden by flowers. Whose it was no one of the vast throng knew, for the head-board gave no intelligence concerning the occupant. It bore the simple word "Unknown."

The word touched the hearts of all who saw it. Somewhere in this land, or across the ocean, loving parents, brother and sister, possibly widow and orphan, or betrothed, wonder over the fate of him who sleeps in this grave, and long for words concerning him. "Unknown," indeed, he lies here, but not unhonored, for the choicest of the bouquets covered the earth which hides him from view.

The services accomplished, the people departed, headed by the band, and in long line wended their way back to the train, or took their departure in carriages. The decoration of graves at Oakdale Cemetery took place yesterday afternoon. The committee of arrangements and the decoration committee, with a number of other gentlemen and ladies, left the city at three o'clock in the afternoon, and rode out to the cemetery. Rain had fallen during the whole forenoon, and threatening clouds obscured the sky, else there had been a much larger attendance. But this patriotic few, many of them soldiers, determined that, rain or shine, the dead heroes at Oakdale, the majority of whom had fallen in battle, should be remembered on Commemoration Day.

The preliminary services proper to the occasion were observed in the great hall of the Orphans' Home.

Here the soldiers' orphans, to the number of over four hundred, with Superintendent Pierce and his assistants, assembled with the committees and people. Prayer was offered by Rev. B. Webster. The children, the father of every one of whom gave up his life for the Union, sang "Sleeping for the Flag." The children fully appreciated the object of their visitors, and sang the verses with an intensity of feeling that thrilled every listener.

Professor T. S. Parvin, Grand Secretary of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Iowa, next addressed the assembly.

Rev. A. B. Kondy then addressed the soldiers' orphans before him. He is a master hand in talking to children, and on this occasion he was more than usually eloquent. There was hardly a dry eye among the children as he recounted the services their fathers had rendered for the country and for all humanity, and of the gratitude with which the people cherish their memory, and the love both State and nation bear for the children they left when they gave up their lives in battle and in hospital. Every one of the children before him had an honored name, and when each arrives at the age of manhood or womanhood, and goes out from this home into the world to care for himself, the father's name and deeds will be a legacy full of honor, one that will exercise talismanic influence in winning affection and honor from all good men and women, and greatly assist them in life's struggles. He counseled them to live good lives, love God and Christ, and thus be an honor to the brave men whose children they are. This report cannot do justice to Mr. Kondy's address. The manner, the audience, and the emotions aroused combined to make the scene one which will never be forgotten by those present.

The choir sung the patriotic air, "Many in One."

The heavy fall of rain had rendered a walk to the cemetery, just across the way, and among the graves, by the children, impracticable. So the committees carried the basket of flowers and evergreens over to Oakdale, and decorated the graves of the soldiers therein, thirty-seven in number, we believe, and mostly in private lots, with much care and with tasteful arrangement.

The graves on the island were not more carefully nor more beautifully adorned. This duty done, the entire party returned to the city, and the services of Commemoration Day were ended.

AT MOLINE

The day was also observed. Some two hundred children, with many adults, marched in procession to the cemetery

on the island at 11 o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Lackey. Some time was spent in waiting for the Davenport procession, as all were desirous of uniting in the ceremonials. At 12:20 General Sickles made a brief speech, after which flowers were strewn over the graves by the children.

AT ROCK ISLAND

The Soldiers' Monument was decorated in a most beautiful manner in the forenoon, a large number of ladies and gentlemen being present. Dr. Gregg presided, and made an eloquent speech. Garlands and wreaths were suspended at every possible place on the monument, while flowers and evergreens encircled the shaft until they rested about the statue which crowns the grand memorial. So the soldiers of Rock Island County, buried where they might be, were all remembered on Decoration Day.

DU QUOIN.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We meet here to-day that we may pay a tribute of respect to the memory of our fallen comrades. It is important and proper for us to do this, that we may see that the memory of those who have fallen in the conflict for the preservation of our institutions and the perpetuation of liberty and Christian civilization shall ever remain fresh as the flowers of spring in our hearts. Hence, with each succeeding year, at the return of that day, when nature is clothed in her richest garb, we should assemble together and strew the fresh flowers of blooming May upon the sod that covers the beloved remains of those who speak not for themselves.

> "For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
> Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
> No children run to lisp their sire's return,
> Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

We commemorate this day, not because it is the return of the date of any great battle which has been fought in this nation, not because of any one great event which has occurred, or because of any important declaration made; but we select

it from among those, that it may be known as the day for decorating the graves of those fallen heroes and patriots who sacrificed their lives upon the altar of their country's weal; who bravely fought for this land, for it fell, and for it died;—those noble patriots, who willingly gave up their lives that you and I and all our fellow-countrymen might have such protection, under the ægis of the constitution and laws of a republican form of government, as each and every citizen is entitled to. This respect we pay to those men as contra-distinguished from others, not because those who thus fell and died were better Christians or better men than many others who died before them; nor is it because of their death alone, or the manner of their death; but because of the sacred *object* for which their lives were given up. They did not die as men ordinarily die; but as precious sacrifices offered upon the altar of liberty; as emblems of the spirit of that freedom which burns in the hearts of all true patriots. What promises they had of the future, what hopes they entertained, neither you nor I can say; but one thing we do know, that they were patriots in life and heroes in death. The graves before us are the incontrovertible evidence of this fact.

They have given, by their death, a noble example to the world; one which you and I, if occasion should again occur, should be proud to follow: a death that no man in this land should be ashamed of; a death that will be remembered by grateful hearts.

To-day you called the roll, but those who lie sleeping here failed to answer the summons; and as the vast national roll is called throughout the land to-day, thousands of others likewise fail to hear the call and to answer. They fell in a distant land, on rugged mountain sides, in shady valleys, along the river's winding banks, and on the blood-stained plain. Many sleep in far-off graves, unnumbered and unknown. There their sacred ashes rest in peace. But though many weary leagues away, though in graves unmarked by monument or slab, yet not forgotten, they live in our hearts. And we assemble here this day to show the people of this land that the patriot's memory is held sacred by a grateful nation; that his death is mourned with true and earnest tears; that while we respect his sleeping dust and mourn his death, the memory of his noble deeds and sacrifices is ever fresh and green, engraved on the tablets of our hearts.

Then let each father and mother, each son and daughter, in this broad land, whatever may have been their views in the past, or opinions now, join us in doing honor to the heroic dead. Let us show the world that although they sleep their long, their final sleep, yet, while time rolls on and patriotic

hearts beat in unison with their country's good, the memory of such shall be fondly cherished. And in evidence of this, with each returning year, a grateful people shall strew their graves with the flowers of spring—sweet emblems of innocence over the heart of the brave.

At a time when a dark and threatening cloud rolled up from our southern horizon, and the muttering of the distant thunder was heard, and fierce lightnings shot out from behind its murky folds: a time when the angry growl of war reverberated across the land in deep and threatening tones—then it was that each patriot looked the fierce and coming storm in the face. It was then, when our beloved country was trembling in the balance of fate, that these noble-hearted heroes embarked in the cause of liberty. And when the first fire of the enemy's guns leaped forth it kindled a patriotic blaze in the bosom of each man and woman in the land that loved our flag, the glorious Stars and Stripes. And this fire being once kindled, glowed and burned until it swelled to one mighty blaze of patriotism, that swept across the continent as the fiery sheet drives along the dry prairie, and twenty millions of Columbia's sons and daughters wheeled into the ranks—not into the army which dwelt on tented field, but into the ranks of loyalty and patriotism—a mighty host, evincing their devotion to their flag and country; swearing before God and men that the precious liberties purchased by the blood of their forefathers should never be sacrificed to the arm of treason or foreign foe.

There was a grand gathering then. It was the gathering of patriotic hosts:

"In arms the huts and hamlets rise
From winding glen, from upland brown.
They poured, each hardy tenant down.'
* * * *
"Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of freedom rushed to arms."

From city and country, from hill and valley, mountain and plain, at freedom's call the bands of patriots came. Like a whirlwind the flame rushed over the land from side to side, and the universal watchword was, "this country shall be free." Such was the deep determination of every true heart. Then you could see the great moving mass going forward, not like the dark and stealthy mist creeping up from the murky swamp, but like the bright aurora, rising and spreading his beams of azure light. Then it was that freemen united for the purpose of wiping out, with a strong and mighty arm, the dark stain that had gathered on the bright escutcheon of our liberty. What a scene was then presented! See the

long lines of patriots as they come down the valleys and over the mountains! Hear the clash of arms and the deep boom of the cannon. Bugle notes in the morning summoned men to take the flag of our country in hand and carry it everywhere throughout the nation, and thus show to the world that our republican form of government is a thing worth preserving, worth even dying for. This was an exhibition of patriotic devotion worthy of imitation by all who may come after them.

When we see such devotion as was exhibited by these men, shall we forget those who fell amid the contest? It is to show our remembrance of these that we assembled to-day: we, the citizens of the country; we, the broken remains of the army of the republic, the fragments left from the fearful ravages of a bitter war. When the commotion ended, and the flag ceased to be shattered and torn by internal foes, then we gathered together the fragments of that mighty army of liberty into one united band. And though it is but the union of fragments, yet we call it the Grand Army of the Republic. And we have sworn to honor the memory of our fallen comrades as long as life shall last and our republic lives. *That* long shall they live in memory if not in being. These brave men stand in history and the hearts of a grateful people where you and I can never stand. The man who lays down his fortune and his life for his country is a happy man. He is relieved from the ills of life and the shafts of calumny which those are subject to who live on. The man who dies a patriot, falls, if he falls a Christian, to rise again; for that man's name will live as long as time itself endures or the name of man is written. It is indelibly enstamped upon the memory of the patriots who live after him, so that it will never fade from their minds.

Their names

> "As lonely columns stand sublime,
> Flinging their shadows high,
> Like dials which the wizard Time,
> Had reared to count his ages by."

This is the kind of name the patriots win, this is the kind of name they will ever leave behind them.

There is one thing connected with this subject which I have mentioned once or twice before, but the correctness of my opinion in regard thereto has been doubted. I have said on former occasions that these men who died for their country did not die alone that our flag should wave over the land, that there was more in the contest than this: civilization was at stake, Christianity was at stake, and liberty most certainly hung upon the result of the contest.

I have said that through the death of these men not only was the flag of the republic preserved—that emblem of our liberty—but that Christianity achieved a victory. For just below the sacred cross waves the flag of freedom, the former forever overlooking the latter. And I say it for the reason that, as far back as the history of the world reaches, we find that whenever the sword has entered any free and enlightened nation to destroy it, as the nation suffered, so has its civilization and Christianity suffered.

Turn your eyes to the Old World, and glance over the pages of its history, and there you find this truth verified, that wherever rebellion has destroyed governments liberal in their forms there civil and religious liberty has been blighted.

Once the honor most esteemed by enlightened and brave men was to be called a Roman citizen. Rome was the mistress of nations, and for a time a mighty republic, the home of freedom, civilization, and culture. But what is it now? A pile of majestic ruins—records of its departed greatness. And so with other nations. Italy, once a proud and independent people, now a nation of organ-grinders and peddlers. Athens, once the seat of learning, now lives only in its ruins and history. Jerusalem, the holy city and seat of the Christian religion, is now in the hands of oriental bigots. The verdict of history is that where liberty is destroyed, Christianity sinks into darkness.

Hence, I say, these men fought not only for the protection of our flag, but also for the preservation and perpetuation of Christianity in this land, for Christianity cannot long flourish where liberty is destroyed. If one dies, the other fades away. Civilization follows the Bible; liberty and Christianity go together. If one dies, the other dies also. And so it was in our land. The preservation of our flag and the free institutions of our country was the preservation of the Christian religion, as much as it was the liberties of the people. And if we ask ourselves whether we believe this, I think our response will be, we do. Then we say these men have not died in vain. They perished in a righteous cause. And every man and woman in the land should honor their names and hold their memory sacred so long as the flag of Christian freedom floats above the waves of superstition and anarchy. And you ought to remember that these soldiers, from the time they entered the army and swore allegiance to the constitution of the United States, gave themselves to the cause of God and their country in the true spirit of John Brown. Slavery became extinct and liberty leaped from its darkness and chains, liberated from its prison-house by the conquer-

ing heroes, who, as they marched, sang, with earnestness and life, that song:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

This was the feeling that burned in the hearts of these men as they fought for liberty and freedom. I believe then it was right; and as I stand beside their graves to-day, their mouldering dust being witness, I repeat it, I believe it was right.

In every country, no matter what its form of government, there is always some prejudice against the living, and sometimes this extends even to the dead. The piece of history I now propose to give you may sound strangely, yet it is true. We all have a deep respect for our revolutionary sires; we revere their memory. The name of George Washington is precious to us all. He lives in every heart to-day. And why? Because he was a true patriot; because he led our patriotic sires to victory in behalf of liberty and freedom. But do you not know that during the revolution which secured to us such priceless blessings these patriotic fathers organized a society called the "Cincinnati." Baron Steuben was the first president and George Washington the second. Thus linking patriotic hearts in closer bonds of union. But even they escaped not the shafts of envy. So great was the prejudice against these revolutionary fathers in some parts of the country, that even after the war was over and liberty won the graves of some of those who had fallen in battle were desecrated. Plowshares turned the turf which rested on the bosoms of fallen heroes, and from the soil enriched by their sacred ashes ruthless avarice reaped a bounteous crop. Are you aware that one State—Rhode Island—passed a law that no man belonging to that organization should hold office in that State? And that Massachusetts also condemned it? And that afterwards the pressure was so strong against these acts the same States repealed them? Such has always been the course of prejudice. It grows without reason or cause, even in a land where patriots live and freedom and liberty flourish. And it is the same to-day as in the past.

Out of that society has our present organization grown. It has been formed to honor the patriotic dead, and keep ever living and fresh the memory of their noble deeds, and to preserve their sacred names and graves from the blight and hand of prejudice. For the time is coming when all this prejudice will be swept away. The Grand Army of the Republic has been organized on nearly the same basis as the

Cincinnati, and for nearly the same object. It is a secret society, taken from the order of our forefathers, and here are the first fruits of that society. It was not organized for the purpose of raising any one man, or set of men, or party, to position or power, but for the purpose of preserving the names and memories of those heroes who have fallen in the contest for their country's life and for the protection of their widows and orphans. And from that society proceeds this idea of strewing their comrades' graves with flowers. From it the order was issued for the purpose of keeping their memories ever green in the minds of the living, and to perpetuate in the hearts of the people of this country the principle that lives in this Government, and for which our fallen comrades died—the great principle of liberty, the idea of freedom and universal equality in our Government under the laws, so far as individual rights are concerned. The grand and glorious object for which these men poured out their blood and forfeited their lives should be kept alive in each heart. This is the grand idea we have in view. If this is wrong, then the organization is wrong, the strewing of these graves with flowers is wrong, the cause for which they perished was wrong, and they died in vain. Let no one thus slander the heroic dead. Believing that they were right, and that their cause was a holy one, we have gathered around these sacred mounds to-day for the purpose of solemnly pledging ourselves that this noble purpose shall be carried out by us while we live, and that we will teach it to our children, so that when we, too, are numbered with the dead, those who remain may catch up the refrain of liberty and inspire every bosom with a zeal to emulate the deeds of those who sleep before us. For this purpose, and with this noble object in view, we mutually pledge ourselves one to another.

Then, as oft as the 30th of May returns with time's annual round, let a grateful nation remember its dead, and with a floral offering decorate the tombs of its fallen heroes, while the dropping tear moistens the cold sod that covers their sleeping dust. To them we owe the liberty we enjoy; to them we owe the preservation of our institutions; and shall we not hold them in grateful remembrance? And though we may often differ in opinion, let us here be united. In God's name, let us respect and love the dead who have died for us.

Let this beautiful custom be perpetuated until the day shall become a hallowed day in the history of freedom. It carries with it the idea of our loss and dear cost of liberty. It brings fresh to mind the deeds of our country's martyrs, it keeps alive and warm the great principles for which our sires poured out their blood, on which our republic is based.

Turn your eyes upon those quiet graves! How sweetly sleep the precious dead—

"They lived for a name, for their country they died,
They were all that to life entwined them;
Not soon shall the tears of their country be dried,
So long as her friends stay behind them."

CEREMONIES AT CHICAGO.

Four burial-grounds were visited, but the principal exercises were at Rosehill, where the greater number of dead lie buried. The time appointed for the departure of the first train was 1:30 p. m. Long before the hour, in spite of drizzle and mist, thousands of persons assembled at the Kinzie-street depot. The various military organizations were present in uniform, or wearing badges bearing inscriptions which designated the brigade, regiment, or battery in which they fought, and in which their comrades fell.

Sheridan's Guard of Irish Rifles, in command of Captain Conway, were dressed in bright green, and bound for Calvary Cemetery, to lay on the grave of the gallant Mulligan a wreath as green as the verdant turf of his native land. Each man bore aloft on his musket bouquets of flowers.

Then came the remnant of Battery A, First Light Artillery, under the command of Lieutenant John D. Brinsey. They were hardy, brave-looking fellows. Seventy-five men of the Twenty-fourth Illinois Infantry, under the command of Captain Edward Minster, went out to take part in the proceedings, although no special mission nor special grave called them there. The Union Veteran Relief Association, comprising members of the Eighty-second Infantry, mustered strong under Captain Alfred Smith. They represented the stubborn, immovable German courage that proved so efficient in the war. With them was a small monument, having inscribed on its sides the words:

"Ewiges Andenken fur unsere gefallenen Kameraden."
"Sie starben als Helden fuer die Union."
"Gedenket der Witwen und Waisen."
"Union Veteran Relief Society."

The Taylor Battery was also on board in goodly numbers.

These were the organizations that went out in the first train, there being in addition a large number of private citizens.

The train consisted of fifteen cars, all of which were absolutely crammed. A car was assigned to the several bodies. At 12:45 the whistle sounded, and the train moved out into the rain and storm. The sky was shrouded by a thick veil of mist that hid the sun.

Although it was raining, persons stood by the roadside and in open windows and waved handkerchiefs. There was no noise or unseemly demonstration; every one seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. At 1:15 the train arrived at Rosehill, and those whose duty called them there disembarked, and the train moved on towards Calvary with those bound for that place. Into the cemetery the crowd moved as soon as the gates were opened, and the small rooms of the gate-house were sought as grateful shelter from the storm. But they did not accommodate one hundredth part of the visitors, and umbrellas were hoisted by those who were fortunate enough to have such articles. In a short time the weather moderated, and the different plats were visited by those who claimed kin and companionship with those who slumbered below. Thus the time passed until the arrival of the second train, at 1:55. It brought Ellsworth's Zouaves, under the command of Major Hayden. This fine body of men, of grand physique and powerful frame, were arrayed in their usual picturesque costume. Their red flowing Turkey breeches, tight gaiters, blue jackets, and handsome caps, looked well, in spite of the depressing weather. Knapsacks, on which were strapped bunches of evergreens, were on the men's backs, and on the tips of their bayonets were bouquets of flowers. Nevins' Garden City Band accompanied the Zouaves. There were other organizations on board this and the succeeding train. At 2 p. m. the procession formed at the depot, and marched in the following order to the place of meeting:

THE PROCESSION.

Marshal, General Salomon; Nevins' Garden City Band; Lieutenant General Sheridan and staff; Ellsworth's Zouaves, commanded by Major Hayden; National Guard,

Company A, commanded by Captain Fisher; remnant of Taylor's Battery; remnant of Bridges' Battery, commanded by Colonel Bridges; the Grant Guards, commanded by Captain Briggs; Chicago Mercantile Battery, commanded by Lieutenant John W. Ramsay; the Eighty-second Illinois Volunteers, commanded by Captain Giese; Union Veteran Relief Association, commanded by General Joseph Stockton; carriages; citizens.

At 2:15 the head of the procession moved toward the stand, the band playing in an admirable manner "Ellsworth's Requiem," a touching and pathetic tune, consonant with the sad reveries that coursed through the minds of all. On went the procession, and down came the rain in torrents. The distance to the stand was short, but sufficiently long to permit the processionists to be thoroughly drenched before they reached them.

General Sheridan, unwilling to be absent on such an occasion, came specially from Cincinnati, and appeared on the stand, accompanied by the following officers of his staff: Major General James A. Hardie, Major General D. H. Rucker, Colonel M. V. Sheridan, Colonel A. Forsythe, Colonel Gentry, Colonel McGonigle, and Dr. Ash. The rain fell so bitterly that it formed the most prominent feature in the landscape, and by it everything else was colored and influenced. Right in front of the stand were the Zouaves, their brilliant uniform the only striking object to be seen. Behind them extended nothing but a regiment of umbrellas. All that could be seen was that they covered men and women. The band took refuge under the platform and ceased from music. On the right and left were lines of citizens and soldiers, and behind them were citizens, who sheltered themselves as they best might. To the rear of the speakers were numbers of ladies and gentlemen shrinking together, as if they could thereby avoid the pitiless storm. The skies were grayish black, and the rain cut off the view on every side. The flowers which those present bore were hidden as much as possible from the shower, and took from the display one of its brightest features. The Zouaves bore wreaths upon their knapsacks, but they were faced to the front, and their floral

adornments were not to be seen. On the stand, in addition to Sheridan and staff, were Generals Salomon, McArthur, Osborn, Sheffner, Stockton, Beveridge, R. W. Smith, Thompson, and others.

The rain was falling heavily. The persons who were in the neighboring carriages were unwilling to expose themselves, and the audience looked ill at ease. There was a moment of consultation as to what was to be done, and then General Osborn stepped forward and said:

Friends and Comrades: I introduce to you at this hour the soldiers' friend of the past and the soldiers' friend of to-day, Rev. Dr. Collyer.

The doctor then said:

Friends: I should not feel as if I had any real title to the kind words your kind general has just said if I should proceed from this point to make you the remarks that have been weighing upon my heart for the past few days, and that I expected to make this afternoon. Under the circumstances I think it would be very unwise indeed for us to stay on this ground in the midst of this storm to listen to any man who can say anything on such an occasion as this; and that the best, and sweetest, and truest thing we can do, is to go in procession to the graves of those men over whose dust we cast our flowers. Let the man appointed for that sacred office say the prayer appointed to be said, and then go back to our homes. I say this with the more freedom, because I have taken the pains to put into a form as fit for printing as anything that I could expect to do will be—have given it already to some of the papers and the rest will get it; and I commend you, if you care at all for what I wanted to say this afternoon, to get those papers to-morrow and read my remarks to your families in your own parlors and at your own firesides, without the discomfort that must attend any attempt to address you to-day. All I can say is that I would most gladly do this under any other circumstances, and I only wait to add, beside what I have said ever since that first thunder, when the first handful of our men went from our city to defend the land: God bless the soldiers, living and dead!

At the conclusion of Mr. Collyer's remarks, those present formed in a procession, which differed somewhat from the order once agreed on by the committee, and moved from the stand on the outside of the grounds, to the main gateway of

the cemetery. At the cemetery preparations had been made for their reception. Mrs. General R. W. Smith and Mrs. H. W. Smith had gone out early in the morning to prepare the flowers for distribution. It was originally intended that the flowers should be strewn by ladies only, but owing to the inclement weather the ladies did not attend in sufficient numbers to decorate all the graves, hence gentlemen had to be intrusted with the honorable duty.

It must be remembered that many of the graves were decorated on Saturday, but nearly all had a new contribution added to them yesterday, As the procession marched through the gateway, Mrs. W. H. Smith and Miss Jackson stood at the right, and Mrs. Tarble and Miss Sophie Liel at the left, behind huge baskets, from which they distributed flowers to the passers-by. Few were so unpatriotic or so modest as to refuse what was offered to them. They were taken and strewn on the mounds.

The graves at the left of the entrance were first attended to. The crosses were at the head, and the wreaths, surrounding a bouquet of flowers, lay above the breast of each hero. The effect of the whole was very fine.

Just below these graves lay General Ransom. At the head of his narrow home was a magnificent wreath made in the form of a shield, inside the shield being a tasteful wreath of white roses surrounded a neatly-formed letter R. Rosettes of red, white, and blue ribbon were hung on the outside of the shield, and streamers of the same colors flowed to the ground.

The dead of Taylor's Battery lie on the brow of the hill, the spot being marked by a heavy marble obelisk, bearing on its sides the names of the following battles in which the battery participated: Fredericktown, Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Point, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Mission Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta.

Wreaths and flowers were hung around the obelisk, and each grave was decorated with crosses, wreaths, and flowers.

The dead of Bridges' Battery lie at the top of the hill, inside a circular mound, in the center of which is the foundation of a monument not yet finished. On top of it is an urn, which was filled with a mammoth bouquet, the base of the

urn being entwined by wreaths; on the base lay the national flag, and on it an immense wreath, with the words "Bridges' Battery," in raised green letters. The battles in which the battery fought were on the tomb, as follows: Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro', Franklin, Nashville.

The Board of Trade Battery burying-ground was tastefully ornamented with evergreens and flowers—the graves liberally strewn.

The graves of the Seventy-second Illinois Infantry were decorated in the manner previously described.

The Eighty-eighth Illinois Infantry has a heart-shaped lot on the hill, to the left. The graves here were well attended to by the surviving comrades of the fallen braves.

General John B. Wyman, the heroic leader of the Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, lies in a quiet spot, marked by a handsome base, surmounted by a column. He fell at Chickasaw Bayou. Wreaths were hung on the small pillars at the corners of the plat, and the monument of the Veteran Relief Association, described above, was placed in front of the grave.

General Kirk's grave was specially attended to by General Smith, who placed *immortelles* over the gallant man's grave.

The two sons of Captain James, both officers, lie side by side in a remote and secluded part of the cemetery. These were also attended to by General Smith, as was also the grave of the soldiers' mother, who died of grief at the loss of her boy heroes.

The grave of Sergeant Marsh, of historic memory, who lost his life in attempting to run the blockade at Vicksburg, was elaborately decorated.

Every hero was honored, and every grave had its share of flowers. They were left with the flowers above them—and may the turf rest lightly on their gallant dust!

So soon as the procession had formed around the Bridges' Battery monument, General Osborn said:

Comrades and Friends: We have come this holy day to these sacred grounds to give to the memory of our veteran dead

the utmost tenderness of our regard, and to crown their last resting-places with garlands of roses and wreaths of victory. And it is proper now to introduce the minister of the God of our country and the God of battles, that he may invoke the Divine blessing—the Rev. Dr. Goodspeed.

General Osborn then said:

My Comrades and Friends: I have the pleasure now of introducing the Rev. Dr. Powers, who will read an ode and close the exercises on these grounds with prayer, after which the procession will form and march to the stand, where the address will be delivered by Dr. Collyer, and a poem written for the occasion be read.

Rev. Dr. Powers then read the following ode, composed by himself:

I.

Almighty Lord, accept our praise—
  In thee all creatures live and move!
The ages, to the latest days,
  Repeat the story of Thy love.
Light in Thy light with joy we see—
God save this land of liberty.

II.

Thy hand led forth our patriot sires—
  Our greatness by Thy counsels grew—
Thy cloud extinguished treason's fires,
  And washed the nation's heart anew.
Thy truth, which made, can keep us free—
God save this land of liberty.

III.

By holy graves of martyr-dead,
  With reverent hearts we muse to-day,
Recount our debt to those who bled,
  And o'er them strew the blooms of May—
Life by their death! Bow every knee!
God save this land of liberty!

IV.

Fold our broad realm in Thy embrace,
  Each discord through our borders heal,
And, in the sunshine of Thy face,
  With love the links of union seal!
Responding loud, sea answers sea—
"God save this land of liberty!"

He then offered payer.

The procession then re-formed, and, while some turned to the right and proceeded to decorate the graves, the others, headed by Generals Osborn and Salomon, and General Sheridan and the officers of his staff, proceeded to the stand with the officers and a few prominent gentlemen, among them the

Hon. N. B. Judd. When they had taken their seats General Osborn said:

Comrades and Friends: A poem written by Miss Caroline Stickney, of Chicago, for the occasion, entitled "The Gathering of the Rear Guard," will now be read by Mr. Booth:

It is a custom old as love and grief,
Which earliest ages in the nations bred,
And tenderest instincts of the heart have fed,
To render fair with bud, and flower, and leaf,
The places where we laid in kindred earth
Life's shattered temples, no more tenanted
By those whom in our faulty speech we call the dead.

In that historic time when freedom's host
First heard her clear-voiced trumpet blow,
And pressed from heath and hill and coast,
Eager to front the foe,
They were not more impatient to be gone,
And on her nearest field their valor show,
Than we to gird their armor on,
And bid them go.
No hesitance was ours;
We wreathed their swords with flowers,
And with unreckoning love made sacrifice
Of what gave earth the hues of paradise.

But then we could not count the cost,
Of what we gave or lost.
The awful shock of the first cannon's roar
Roused us to fuller life than we had lived before.
The rosy standards jubilantly soaring,
The midnight bells victorious notes outpouring—
The atmosphere about us all aflame
With fiery tongues that spoke some hero's name,
The boundless inspiration
Of hope and expectation
We breathed from out the battle-clouded air—
All fed the quickened heart and brain
With force that made the soul superior to pain.

But now the splendid glow and exaltation
Of that great time are o'er;
The guns no thund'rous tones of gratulation
In stormy triumph pour;
The trumpets blow no stirring salutation,
And the flags flaunt no more.

The lesser cares come back, the monotone
Of petty things that duty bids be done,
And nothing hides from us the desolation
Brooding a silence in familiar places,
That lack the charm of their beloved faces;
While even the simplest sights and sounds of spring—
Of bird, and tree, and greenwoods blossoming,
Or music's deep suggestive tenderness,
The very threshold that we daily cross—
Bring us a sudden, keen distress,
The sense of an immeasurable loss.
We cry like him who mourned his dead of yore,
"The beautiful is vanished, and returns no more."

And yet mistake us not in this our sadness;
These clouds that hang about our way so low
Are but the fleeting mists that, lifted, show
A far more spiritual and perfect gladness.
Within the shattered husk, the chrysalis
Of our dead joy, we found the form of bliss—
A full-winged creature, that was meant
To fly above our low-arched firmament.
And in the vigils of our discontent,
Beyond the struggling morning's shifting dyes
We saw the certain dawn of life immortal rise
So life, in spite of pain, is amplified,
And paths to heaven illumined, glorified,
In that these heroes died.

'Twas theirs to lead the periled front, the van,
Upon the latest, grandest field of time.
It was not its far-reaching stretch of plan,
Nor countless squadrons wheeling into line,
Nor the great captains, swiftly sweeping o'er
The startled land, from farthest height to shore,
That made their victory a thing sublime.
Through all the storied centuries, blazing red
With warlike chronicles that lurid shine,
Brave men had fought against their homestead's foes
Or grasping lord, o'erloading them with woes.
But these our brothers fought for man instead.
The light of all the ages lit a blade
By truth, not venom, edged, and conqueror made:
Saw power lift up the weak, the rich, the poor,
And culture long its sight to slave and boor.
Then feudal constellations paled—the morn
Of the new era's better thought was born.

For this they breathed the cannon's fiery breath,
For this kept guard beside the poisoned swamps,
And braved the treason of their deadly damps;
Or sprang to welcome victory as she came
From out the surging sea of blood and flame,
And, smiling, met the awful glance of death.

Ah! could we ever falter at the post
They left us, whom they trusted most?
What pain were in those splendid memories!
How could we ever after haste to meet
Along the sacred way their presence calm and sweet,
Or bear the radiance of their steadfast eyes!

O land beloved, to whom our all was given—
O friends, who watch its progress yet from heaven—
Our hearts to you are beating loyal still,
Still watch above as we keep guard below,
And from your life let inspiration flow,
The future's most degenerate days to thrill;
While here we take above your tombs
New vows of consecration
To our redeemed nation,
And every later form that freedom's cause assumes.

General Osborn then said:

My Friends: We feel that we cannot leave these grounds

until we have heard from Dr. Collyer, who will now deliver the oration.

DR. COLLYER'S ORATION.

We gather to-day, friends, from our great city, to this city of the dead, for a noble purpose. It is that the tender grace may rest on us that rests on the dust of the men that died to save us, and that we may strew flowers on their graves, not so much for a token that we will not forget them, as for a sign that they may not forget us. And it is a good time to meet for this purpose, just as the spring is passing into summer, and the full bloom of the world is about us, to make this the symbol of the feeling that is in our hearts for those that went forth as spring was opening into summer in their life, and gave that life for their country.

And this fine fitness in the time is the more fitting from the fact that this day falls on a Sunday. This is the first time we have come together in this fashion for this great purpose. It gives another grace to the rite that it should be done on a day commonly set apart for sacred things. I am glad for the beautiful coincidence. It makes the day, to me, still more sacred. Indeed, I cannot but feel that it would be a vast advantage if the day we give to this sacrament of the flowers could always be a Sunday—if on this holy day we could close our churches with one consent all over the land, gather in the cemeteries where these heroes rest, and hold great services of psalm and prayer, with only the arches of heaven for the dome of our temple. Then we should have a service that all would be glad to attend, a church from which none would feel excluded, and such a blessing as seldom comes to the poor little synagogues where we meet for more private devotion.

But simply touching this as something that I devoutly hope may some time come to pass for the good of the church and the commonwealth alike, I cannot but feel that better still than the time is the spirit that brings us together and makes us one, as if in this great multitude there was one common heart. It is not possible that in the common reaches of life there should not be a vast difference in the thought and feeling of a multitude like this. I think it is best there should be. The dead levels of uniformity on most of the questions that come home to us are the lurking places of malaria, and only the mountain ranges of diversity are the fastnesses of health.

But as on this summer Sunday the sun draws this whole green world to look up and drink in his light and fire, so the glory that burns and shines in the deeds of the men who are

resting here and all over the land, and in the sea, draws us as the sun draws the world. And as these men were made one in that cause for which they gave their life, we are made one in our loyalty to their very dust. When we come here, though we have never seen the face of one buried beneath these mounds, we gather about the graves of our brothers and sons. When the youth left his home and his mother to defend his country, he was adopted by the whole motherhood of the republic, and every home made him one of its own. So we cast the flowers on the graves of our kindred, and from this low green hill our hearts yearn over the dust of all brave soldiers that fought and fell. It is a consecration that reaches wherever a man is laid whose heart beat for this mighty work that God gave us to do in this generation. One great simple article was their whole creed, that the American republic, just as it was then, was good enough to live and fight and die for. It is good enough, as we gather here, to make us forget all minor things in their noble sacrifice, and in our thankfulness to God for raising up such men. They died that we might live. They gave their life a ransom for many. So it is well that we should have but one heart as we meet about their graves and speak of their great devotion.

But it has seldom been my lot, in all the years of my ministry, to feel so entirely unequal to any work I have had to do as I do to this to-day. As I have thought of the great honor that came to me in your request that I should address you, I could not but feel that it was all a mistake to select such a man as I am for this work. It is one of the touching things that have come to us from the old time, that when a man wanted to move a great multitude to some piece of grace, he stood before them and held up a poor stump from which the hand had gone in the defense of their homes. He said no word, he simply bared the maimed limb, and in a moment the multitude was lifted into the grace he sought. So I have thought you had better have done to-day; not to take me, or any man like me, whose work in the strife for which these men fell was so poor and thin, but to take one of your own veterans, a man who went out when the trumpet called our nation to battle and stood fast, fighting for the land; who endured hardness like a good soldier until the war was over, and then, coming back, quietly took his place as a citizen, doing his duty with the smart of his old wounds about him, but never complaining or thinking that God had given him the harder lot. Such a man might stand mute, or simply say, these are the graves of my comrades, and then no speech that could be uttered by the tongue of man beside would ever touch us with an eloquence like that. One mute appeal from

a maimed arm pointed down at these green mounds, if we had eyes to see what that appeal meant, would cover these graves deeper with summer blossoms than they have ever been covered with winter snows. Soldiers of the republic, you cannot suspect what power abides in your broken bodies and shed blood to shake the heart of every true American. That was the power you should have seized for this great occasion. I went to the battle-field: you *fought* on it. I nursed and tended in steamboat and hospital, but you wrestled with the agonies of wounds I could not feel. God knows my heart was always full of sympathy, but that could not underreach your pains. All the tales of the old heroism I had ever heard faded out in the face of your quiet endurance, and you taught me new lessons of what a man *can* do, when God helps him, in any strife. The grandest sights I shall ever see on this earth I saw in your camps and hospitals. It is only my resolution—sacred, I trust, as my life—never to refuse the request of a soldier, that has held me up to stand here and try to speak to you by the graves of your comrades. My advantage, as I do try, rests in the infinite eloquence of your mere presence. I fall back on your reserves—mine in the description, yours in the demonstration. I can only tell of the things that you and yours have done.

And so it cannot be my business, in the light of this confession, to catalogue these deeds as the substance of my poor discourse. They stand in their own strength and are enshrined in a glory to which my words can add no lustre. Neither can I pretend to touch any lesson for those that have taken part in these great transactions. So long as the chaplain falls back, while the soldier fights the battle, I think there is very little room for the chaplain to talk to the soldier either of duty or glory. I was at the rear when you were at the front, what time the thunders and fires of the battle shook the common heart. I will not pretend to come to the front and let you pass to the rear now when the battle is over. With some noble and beautiful exceptions—of which, alas! I cannot claim to be one—the ministers of America have earned no right, in the war that is ended, to speak to the soldiers of America about their duty.

But beside the soldier to-day stands the citizen, and I have thought that if I could speak from the soldier to the citizen, I should do all that may become a man in my position—if I can do that I shall be content. I want to catch the spirit, if I can, of that great time in which the soldier took the first place: to feel through its lurid and terrible unfoldings for the divine soul that was in it from first to last. Within a few years the chemist has found the sweetest dye of heaven in that crude

oil that springs out of the dark and dismal depths of the earth. This true transcript of the sky was born in the heart of that darkness; so there is, if we have the wisdom to find it, the light of heaven at the heart of this old trouble through which we have come. And I think we shall find it if we consider three things that touch us naturally as we think of the men whose dust is buried beneath these mounds, and is rising and blending with this glory about us, that they and all like them everywhere were—

1. The true heroes.
2. The true patriots.
3. The true saviours of this land.

And I mention the hero first, to mark my sense of the fact that of these three great things, always to be found in the true citizen-soldier, this, with all its wonderful grace, is the least and lowest; and, in the strife of which these graves are the mute but most eloquent witnesses, no man will more readily testify than the soldier himself who hears me, that it was the common quality found on both sides. This, indeed, was deeply to be desired, if such a contest was inevitable as that through which we have come. Now that two hundred years have gone, and all the old soreness has gone with the years, the Englishman is proud of the splendid heroism displayed by Puritan and Cavalier alike, and would not, for any price, have it possible that half the great family, when the quarrel came to the solemn arbitration of the sword, should turn out poltroons and cowards. And while it was as essential that the Puritan should win in the last battle as it always is that heaven should win against hell, the heroism of those that stood for the wrong is still the grand background to the picture of Ironside and Roundhead standing for the right. They had to come together when that old war was over, and banded for the common good. They could only do that as they felt that each had sterling qualities of heroism the other was bound to respect. So it is with us to-day and will be forever. When all the old bitterness has gone out of our hearts, and all the wounds are healed, and we are one nation, we shall be proud of the heroic qualities displayed by so many on the other side, and feel that this heroism is the common possession of the men of our stock. North and South makes no difference to that; right or wrong, that grand quality abides, and, like the fallen angels in Milton's mighty epic, such traits come out, even in their struggle with the Lord of Hosts, as fill us with a sorrowful respect for such natures, while we utterly condemn the sin that dragged them down.

We are coming together, we *shall* come together, and then, when the old pain has gone out, it will be better for us all,

and for all the world, that there should be men like Stonewall Jackson on the other side. For Fort Pillow, and Lawrence, and Andersonville, and Libby, and all such murder and torture, I feel an unutterable loathing. Such things can only be done by the very spawn and refuse of the pit. To be concerned in them by implication even, I care not how distant, is to be blotted out of the book of American life; but heroism like this that I speak about knew nothing of that. And heroism, I say, was a common quality. A fairer light rests this day on the graves of these heroes because they fell fighting with heroes in battle. And they will one day be friends worthy of our friendship, who were the foes worthy of our steel. Our President has done no wiser thing than when, that morning lately, his great antagonist came to see him, soldier to soldier, face to face, he gave him precedence of all the vampires that were seeking some way by which they might fasten on the body politic and fill their veins from its life. He simply gave precedence to his foe, who wanted now to be a friend, over those that, in the guise of friendship, are to-day the worst foes the country has to encounter.

This, then, is the first truth: that we deck the graves of heroes, all the more heroic in that they had to meet their peers in heroism and conquer them.

Dearly, then, we can treasure all beside that brings this noble quality home to our hearts; can watch them leave their homes, while mothers, and sisters, and wives, gather about them, not to hinder, thank God, but to help—Spartan women, with Christian hearts, battling with their tears only, giving their prayers free course and their words of deep courage, until the boys were out of sight. We can think of them in their camps, bracing up their hearts to the strange new life, with that distant look in their eyes that I have seen so many times, telling me how the spirit is not there, it has swept over the distance from the tent to the homestead, and is looking in and watching the life that must go on in its steady round, whether the husband or brother is present or absent. Then, as the day darkens, we can watch them go forth to battle, to that awful work which seems to touch the direst and divinest possibilities of life; set themselves sternly shoulder to shoulder, make their breasts a bulwark for their motherland, to die if they must, to be maimed if they must, but to conquer whatever comes, and then, if it is to die, to depart as I have seen so many go—as when God kissed his servant on the mountain, and he slept. No complaint and no fear, only the one great assurance that always comes with the well done—the assurance that all is well hither and yonder; that a life is always good for a life; no fear for the

soul that has done its duty—only the day-dawn of an infinite hope. It has been my lot to kneel by the death-bed of many Christians; I never knelt by one on which the light from heaven shone quite so clear as it did on the poor cot of some soldiers who could not tell me much about their faith, but could tell me all I wanted to know about their duty. Dear, tender, beautiful souls, speaking of the wife and children with their last breath, and of their hope that the country for which they died would not forget them, and then leaving all the rest to God. No matter about the harp and crown; if that was not best, they were not going to lament. So far they were sure of their footing, and they did not fear for the next step; to die for the great mother was enough; that they felt was in their poor measure, as when Christ died for the race. Heroes! no better or brighter heroism was ever seen on this planet than that which shone forth from these men, to whose dust we bring this beauty wherever they lie. I said just now that heroism was the lowest of those grand qualities by which these risen souls that look down upon us to-day are to be forever distinguished. It may be that for that reason it is the quality on which the others must rest, and but for which they could have no real existence. The hero underlies the patriot and the saviour. Patriotism and sacrifice rest on the quaking sand when heroism, the unconquerable quality, does not hold them up. "First win the battle, then look after me," cried Colonel Silas Miller. It was the instinct of the hero. Heroism, Carlyle has said, is that divine relation which in all times relates a great man to other men. It unites us to-day to every hero on the land and in the sea who fell for his country. But for the dead, we should have no country. The heroes of the country, alive and dead, are at the foundation of American nationality.

Secondly. But I said that above the hero stands the patriot. I speak still of the soldier when I say this, because it is the lesson of his life I am touching; and he is greater as a patriot than a hero, because he rose above all minor things and gave himself without reservation for the republic. I mean no offense when I say there is a sectional patriotism, just as there is a sectional Christianity. I say it the more freely, because I have to confess that I belong to a section in the republic, and a sect in the church, and cannot see my way out of my limitations. In ordinary times, I have said already, I believe this to be best. It is the disagreement of the atmospheres that clears the air. Our stormy lake, then, is infinitely better than the Dead Sea. The only perfect repose that I know of is the awful stillness of the grave. We can never cease contending about principles and policies of government, and all

honest contention, loyal still to the land, is like the systole and diastole of a true heart. And so, when the crisis comes that was to test the heroism of these, it was to test their patriotism, too. We were in a mighty contention among ourselves. We were not clear about our duty. So many a man who fought and fell for us. There came a time in those days when the reasons for standing back and substantially deserting the country must have been as subtle and strong as the reasons for deserting Jehovah in the old war in heaven were to many a still unfallen angel. But in that moment, when our sole hope of salvation, under God, was in the compacted strength of every true man, then, as in Switzerland once, every canton poured out of its cantonment, and from every mountain came the mountaineer to strike one stroke, and the land was saved. So these men passed over the lines of difference to stand shoulder to shoulder; forgetting the old battle-cries of party, they gave themselves without reserve for the land. And it was this that made them greater than heroes. They could be heroes on the wrong side; they could only be patriots on the right side.

Above all the reasons that could be given why they should hold back, and let "*mene, mene tekel*" be written once for all across our history, rose this one thing, that could not be reasoned about—the salvation of the land. It was to them as when you shall give a man reasons for not helping his mother. But then she shall say, "My son, I am your mother; I suckled you at my breast, and held you on my knees." That is enough; there is no reason that can reach that instinct, but lifts the man, with a mighty spring, to stand by her side. This was the patriotism of these men. They forgot everything but the one great tender tie. Let us agree to have a country, they said, and then we can afford to differ about the best way to take care of it. They counted all things but loss for the excellency of the glory of an unbroken republic. And so it was natural that citizens of Chicago should think very tenderly, at such a time as this, of one who rests alone at the other extreme of our city. He was a soldier, though he struck no stroke except the stroke of his mighty words. He died just as the trumpet was sounding for the host, but he died fighting with a mighty ardor for the land he loved. I cast my poor blossom to-day across the grave of Douglas, who, when the crisis came, against which he had striven by the best light he had, knew nothing under heaven but the undivided land. But on the graves of our heroes everywhere blooms this fair flower of patriotism; true men, who could rise above all minor things to the height of this great argument, that the republic, just as it was then trembling,

seemingly, on the verge of dissolution, was good enough to live and die for. So they lived and died for the republic, and now they abide in the unfading splendor of the hero and the patriot together, as we abide a moment in their shining presence to adorn their graves.

But there is one step higher still these great souls have taken—the loftiest men can ever attain to in this mortal life. They are not only our heroes and patriots, as they stand there above us, in their shining ranks, but the saviours of their country and of all that was bound up in her undivided destiny. When I try to weigh the whole matter that called these men at last to their great estate, I am forced to the conclusion that there was no way left to save this nation but by its most precious blood. God sent prophets, and teachers as great and good as he ever sent to any nation, and they poured out their hearts for us, and it was all in vain; everything was done that could be done, short of this shedding of blood, to avert the war, but we were helpless to avert it. Only the noblest and best we had, leaping into the gulf in their best estate, could close the chasm and secure the integrity of the land. Indeed, if this was the time and place, it would not be hard to tell how the trumpet that sounded the war did but announce the end of a truce, and this struggle was only a new attack of the long fight between despotic and democratic institutions, in which Gettysburg was made one with Marston Moor. No such thing can be done to-day. It is enough to say that the solemn crisis came, in which the best we could have could only be obtained at the cost of the best we had. Then these men came forward —young men with the bloom on their lives, strong men and true, the best we had—and offered themselves, if that would do, as the price of the national salvation. Budding hopes were in the heart of the youth of a fair home by and by, and a good angel to keep it, and gracious presences, fresh from God, to people it, and a career burdened with the blessing that comes to every true man in this noble country. But he gave it all for the land, and said, live or die, that shall be my first care.

Strong ties bound others: home, wife, children, fortune, a career already open, everything the heart could wish. To give up life at thirty was nothing beside giving up these things that life had brought. "My ten great reasons for taking no risk," one said, "were a wife and nine children." I have no standard by which to measure what the men who left these things, and rest in these graves, have done. It seems like trying to measure the infinite; the infinite is in it. But there they stood in that great day, the youth in the

portals of his life, the man at the fireside, and they looked into the heart of all that was about them and above them, and they said, I can give it all, if my country needs it; and then they went out and gave it all for the need. They kept nothing back. Like brave Captain Thompson, they said, "I leave all with my God." Like Colonel Wright, when one arm was gone, they "thank God that one hand could guide a horse." Like Major Chandler, they said, "Where I can be of most service I will stay." Like Silas Miller, they shouted, as their life leapt out, "First win the battle, then look after me." Like Mulligan, they cried, "I am dying, boys, but don't lose the colors." And then, like Ransom, they said, "I have tried to do my duty, and have no fear for myself after death." Do I mention these men whose words still sound in my ears, it is only to realize for you the truth about all these noble dead. Not one soldier, I care not how obscure, giving up his life in this great fashion, falls short of this great place. Not one such man has died in vain. It is a whole sacrifice, and they are all saviours. They stand above us this day, as we stand by their graves, risen and glorified. I question the value of no other sacrifice, but this to me is the greatest; the price that was paid for our nationality, the true gold of their true life. Nothing can rise above that except that help of God without which all were vain. Glorious forever with the hero and patriot stands the saviour. All that a man has he will give for his life; but these gave their lives, asking for nothing again but that their land and nation might not be torn asunder.

I have been led to make this threefold distinction in the glory of our dead, because I have felt that it would not only give us a clearer conception of the true nature of what they have done, but might come home the more weightily to those of us who stand here to-day. Heroism, patriotism, and the great office of the saviour is the threefold cord that must still bind every true American to his duty, and open the way to his greatest place. We must be heroes still, and patriots, and saviours, or we must stand in the shadow, while these men stand in the light, and be content to be despised, where they are worshiped.

God gives no man a supreme place who will not do a supreme work. War and peace are but the two ways that He has marked out for the one thing. Heroism as high, patriotism as precious, and a saviourship as sacred as that which these men rose to, is still open to you and me. Pre-emption from any of these glorious qualities is pre-emption from the best that God has to give. To be hero, patriot, and saviour is the mark of the prize of *our* high calling. To fight against

competition—to stand for the whole land, in peace as they did in war, and in war if it comes again, and to make the uttermost sacrifice that can be demanded for the commonwealth of America—that is just as truly the demand made on you and me as it was on the men whose dust molders beneath these mounds. The body and blood of this sacrament of the flowers for the heroes, and saints, and saviours of our land is lost to our life if it fails to make *us* heroes, saints, and saviours also.

I must not weary you; I have but a few more words that insist on being said. Brave *men* I have said, good soldiers, and you gather from this the idea that I meant men, and not women; but I could never hope to pardon myself, let alone to be pardoned of God and my country, if I failed to speak at such a time of the woman, too—and of the woman in every respect—as the exemplar of the great qualities I have pointed out in the man. The woman stood as truly as the man by this great cause, made her sacrifice as quietly and as perfectly as he did; and on the battle-field, or in the hospital, or the home, was hero, and patriot, and saviour, too. When the youth would look into the eyes of the maiden for confirmation of his longing to let his love of the land take precedence of his love for her, she said amen, gave him the kiss of consecration, and sent him forth her true knight. When the husband said, with a shaking voice, to the wife, "I feel *almost* as if I ought to go, and leave you and the children," the voice of the wife grew steady and strong as she said, "Go, then;" turning "*almost*" into *altogether* in the sacrifice that she looked at with steady eyes, at least until he was gone, because all the courage there was or could be he must take with him to the camp. Then, as the work went on and grew ever more dreadful, and new drafts were made on her life for help to the sick and wounded, and for everything that a woman can do to cube the might of man, with unflinching steadiness she toiled and suffered, supplying with a measureless generosity everything that was needed to the call. Sanctifying this very day, this Sunday of ours, oh so many times, by doing *all* manner of work: and doing everything, not merely without a murmur—for that we might have expected of her patience and her love—but doing it with a mighty cheerfulness that sent cheer into every hero's soul; and that was the expression, through all the darkness, of the light she foresaw and foretold. Singing of the coming of victory and peace when the full price was paid and the powers of darkness driven away by the power of the living God. Under thousands of mounds in the circle of our land this day rest these true women, heroes, patriots, and saviours with the men, broken down at their tasks. When the poor

frame could hold the great soul no longer, they died, as they had lived, for the motherland, not having received the promise, but seeing it afar off, and with their last breath praying for the establishment of the right. Over all these graves we cast our blossoms as we cast them on the graves of noble men. These flowers, if we know where they rest, symbolize everywhere on the common grave in which all are resting whose souls are risen to that great place and stand with the angels of God.

Neither can I forget, as I stand here, that company of unknown martyrs who never found their way to where they could fight for the right, yet could not countenance the wrong, and so were slain and buried beneath the ruins of their own homesteads, and lie there to-day under the southern sun. Poor, dumb, nameless martyrs, men and women, who could only suffer, but had no chance to do; or could only do in nooks and corners, carrying their lives in their hands, and then at last giving them for the land that was never to know their name. Not one such grave, of man or woman, white or black, can be left out of this consecration. They did what we have. They need nothing we can do. We need to feed our hearts on their great lesson of how good it is to be steadfast and true, all to yourself, if the host is on the other side, and to die, one lone man or woman, for the right, where the wrong seems supreme. My heart goes out, as I stand here this day, to those nameless graves of the nameless martyrs. I bid you remember them as you offer your gift. They, too, are our kinsmen and friends. They died that we might live.

Finally, I bid you look with a tender pity on the graves of those that died fighting against us, if they knew no better. They know better now, and if they could come back into life would be with us and of us. It was the fate of many, more than their fault, to be drawn into that dreadful vortex, to fight against the holiest things, and think they were doing God service. It is their doom to have fallen fighting for the wrong. Let us cast the mantle of forgiveness over their graves, and let some poor blossom overflow that way as a token of what we feel. We cannot afford to wait until those we forgive and forget are at our mercy. O, strong and true and tender is the North! and this is the time for tenderness.

And then, as these great thanksgivings well up in our souls, and we say, God bless the land that has been saved by their sacrifice, let us do what these great ones are beseeching us to do from their high place—thank God for making them what they are. And then, as the starshine pales before the sunshine, the light of the glory of God will flood these cemeteries, set the shining ones beside all the graves, and send us

home with a sense that we have seen only the grave-clothes, and that all our dead are risen, and death is swallowed up in victory.

AT CALVARY CEMETERY.

The interment of soldiers in the Calvary Cemetery was conducted with considerable irregularity, and while many are buried within its precincts, but few of the graves are known. They are scattered here and there, without a stone or any token to mark the resting-place of heroes.

The ceremony of decorating the graves that could be identified was conducted under the auspices of the Irish Rifles, otherwise known as the Sheridan Guards, who attended in force. There were also many visitors during the day.

The grave of General James A. Mulligan, located near the entrance, was entirely hid under a bed of roses, and covered with wreaths and devices. Conspicuous among these was an arrangement of flowers representing a harp, suspended from a cross, containing the general's monogram. In the same lot is the grave of Major Nugent, brother-in-law of the general, which was also handsomely decorated.

Facing the entrance to the cemetery is a massive granite cross, and about its base are buried the deceased clergymen of the church. Beautiful among these was the grave of Chaplain Kelly; and Father Dunne's, as a soldiers' friend, was kindly remembered. A score of others were handsomely decorated.

CEREMONIES AT OAKWOOD.

The devout and patriotic men, women, and children, bound on their errand of love for the fallen heroes resting in Oakwood, were early ready for the duties of the day. The special train for the accommodation of the party, consisting of nine passenger cars, left the Illinois Central Railroad depot at a few minutes after 2 o'clock. The train went on in its way through rain and sunshine alternately, at every station on the route taking in fresh delegates to the great floral commemoration. It stopped at Park Row, Eighteenth, Twenty-second,

and Twenty-seventh streets, Fairview, Oakland, Kenwood, and Hyde Park, and by the time of its arrival at the latter place was well filled.

Superintendent Kennedy detailed seven men of the first police precinct, under the command of Sergeant Tom Barrett, to act as escort, and the committee of arrangements secured the services of the Great Western Light Guard Band.

At about 3 o'clock the procession of the inmates of the Soldiers' Home, headed by William Hudson, esq., superintendent of the cemetery, and General F. T. Sherman, marshal, entered the grounds. After these gentlemen came a detachment of police, followed by the band, playing Beethoven's "Dead March." The inmates of the Home, numbering twenty-three, brought up the van. All bore the sad marks of strife and disease contracted while in the defense of their country. Lame, legless, and on crutches, and several with but a single arm each hanging by their sides, clad in their blue great-coats, these war-worn veterans presented a sad spectacle. They marched in regular order to that portion of the cemetery where are laid the remains of their comrades in the First Division, No. 6, Section B, located not far distant from the main entrance. The soldiers buried in Oakwood are not those who fell amid the blaze and the glory of battle, but those who were stricken down by disease and died in the hospitals of Chicago. Whatever their manner of death, they were heroes in the great cause of freedom, and their surviving brothers and a grateful people delight to do them honor.

AT THE GRAVES.

The soldiers, police, and others of the company formed in hollow square about the graves, some seventeen in number. The services were then commenced by the soldiers walking over the mounds two abreast, while the band played a dirge. The rain still continued to fall heavily, but in no way seemed to discourage the earnest decorators. The work of decoration was then proceeded with, first by planting at the head and feet of the graves beautifully-constructed crosses of evergreens and lilacs. Mrs. Sayers, Mrs. Dr. C. M. Clark, Mrs. H. D. Bristol, Fernando Jones, Esq., Dr. Clark, and General Sherman and

lady, took part in the ceremony. Each of the soldiers was then furnished with a bunch of roses, lilacs, and evergreens, which they tenderly placed upon the center of the graves. Wreaths of evergreen were then thrown at the feet and head of the mounds, while the band played Pleyel's "Dying Hymn."

THE ORATION.

Rev. Mr. Johnson then rose and spoke as follows:

After consultation it has seemed desirable that we should proceed with the exercises as they were first announced in the papers. We come here, my friends, gathered by a common interest and sympathy, to pay our respects to the departed dead. The heavens were in sympathy with those who come hither to weep in their cemeteries, and friends are assembled to remember those whose names have been written upon her marble, whose names are illustrious in the history of our country. Wherefore come we here to pay our honors to the nameless graves? No marble rises here to mark the place or name of those whose dust is gathered beneath us, and yet their fame and deeds will be heard in the world and their lovely patriotism be recorded in heaven.

Those who lie here have not died in war, but they died in a service in the eye of God as honorable and as praiseworthy as those who bore in the war the stars upon their shoulders and whose deeds are sounded forth by the trump of fame.

We assemble here also to sympathize with the few scattered here and over our land, mourning for those whom their hands could not soothe, whom their hearts could not comfort, in the day of death. Some mothers' hearts, some sisters' hearts, are mourning to-day. We gather here to shed a tear of sympathy with them.

How many are there who went forth, the husband and brother, who never returned, and who lie scattered far and wide, even as these lie here, without a monument to mark the places of their burial. Let us, therefore, now remember their widows, their children, and their friends.

We come to express our gratitude by these flowers for those who gave so much for their country. No matter whether they were silent in battle, no matter whether they were mutilated and bore the scars and wounds of war, they yet gave themselves for the defense of their country, and I think it can be said of them that they loved their country and were willing to die for their country. Let us be grateful to

their memories as we recall to-day their devoted loyalty to the Government which they have sealed with their lives.

This ceremony is not only to place flowers upon their graves; it is also to place garlands upon the principles which they have fought for. We come here to signify our love of law. We come here to assert in this our action that we will ever cherish those principles which are the honor of our community, and which are the proofs of the humanity of our age. We come here also, my dear friends, to illustrate anew the principle of our holy religion; of that self-sacrifice whereby suffering can make an atonement; whereby the giving of life can save life and all that is dear to human life. It seems to me that during the dark days of war no principle shone out more grandly than this principle of self-sacrifice. If I would illustrate the glory of my religion, I would point to such graves as these.

My friends, we come here to endeavor to hide, if possible, the dark and cruel memories of that time of bloodshed. Even as the grass covers the field and as the flowers bloom, so may our memories brighten to think of those who have given all for us.

Rev. Mr. Hibbard then offered prayer.

CEREMONIES AT GRACELAND.

In Graceland there are buried many brave hearts, who fell a prey to the devouring war, but they died gladly, facing the foe, and have not been forgotten by their surviving countrymen. Every soldier's grave received some memento, and many were most profusely decorated. Prominent among these was the grave of Colonel William A. Webber, of the Forty-third Illinois, located near the entrance. The monument was completely covered with garlands. Obliquely across its face hung a sword of roses, from which was suspended a cross of *immortelles*. The grave was profusely strewn with flowers.

The grave of the brave Colonel Joseph Scott, of the Nineteenth, is yet without a monument or slab, but many of his old friends and comrades gathered about it during the day, and paid their tribute in garlands and flowers. Noteworthy

among these offerings was a beautiful wreath of roses, containing in its center an evergreen "19."

The graves of Captain Lucius S. Larrabee, of the Forty-fourth New York, and Captain Peter B. Wood of Battery A, are side by side. Both are marked by handsome columns, beautifully decorated with crosses of roses, garlands of evergreens, and perfect beds of flowers.

The monument over the grave of Oswald E. Becker was handsomely wreathed with *immortelles*, and, suspended from its pinnacle, reaching to the base, was a vast network of designs. In the center hung the monogram "O. B.," encircled with white *immortelles*.

The grave of Major William H. Medill, buried in the family lot, which is marked by a massive granite obelisk, had been tenderly remembered, and was beautified with the offerings of grateful and loving friends.

The grave of Louis Papendick, although he died in the rebel service, was kindly remembered by a loving father. All those who came near it were informed by the old gentleman that his boy had been impressed into the service, but he died bravely.

Graceland contains about one hundred soldiers' graves, and while patriotism and bravery shall be esteemed virtues they will not be forgotten.

DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA.

FORT WAYNE.

(Post No. 72.)

On the 29th, at an early hour, the soldiers' graves at Fort Wayne were all decorated, each with a wreath and several bouquets, and a temporary monument erected near the spot selected for the services, tastefully trimmed with evergreens and flowers, and inscribed—

"To the fallen unknown, yet not forgotten."
"We still live."

At 1 o'clock p. m., the procession, under Colonel George Humphrey, as chief marshal, formed and proceeded to Lindenwood Cemetery, where the services were opened by prayer by Rev. N. S. Smith, grand chaplain Department of Indiana, followed by the ode—set to music and sung by Prof. Virgil and class—

Four hundred thousand men—
The brave, the good, the true—
In tangled wood, in mountain-glen,
On battle-plain, in prison-pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

The roll of Allen County dead was then read by the post adjutant, and, after music by the bands, Comrade R. S. Robertson delivered the following address:

Comrades and Friends: We have again met in the peaceful home of the dead for the sad, yet not unpleasant, service of strewing with flowers the graves of our fallen heroes, and thus help to keep their memory green in the hearts of a grateful people. It is an appropriate and pleasant duty thus to show our love for the fallen and our appreciation of their devotion

and sacrifices to our country's cause; and we cast these flowery tributes upon their lonely graves, and raise this flowery tablet to the unknown brave, with loving hearts and willing hands, because we remember that they so loved us as to lay down their lives that we and our country might live; and because they with willing hands grasped the saber and the musket, and with them formed that cordon of glittering steel which stretched between our homes and loved ones and the devastating hordes of treason, and held them until those hands were palsied in death.

We come in the beautiful springtime, when the glad earth is rejoicing and putting on its mantle of green, and nature furnishes us her choicest floral gems, to cast them as our heart-offerings upon the last resting-place of our fallen comrades, hoping that the fragrant incense of these dying earth-born flowers, mingled with the incense of grateful, loving hearts, may be wafted on the soft summer breeze upward to the happy spirit-land, where no sound of war ever reaches, and where, we trust, they are at rest.

These memorial services have a peculiar fitness. Such peaceful scenes as these are the antipodes of the scenes in which they acted and died.

After war, comes peace; after carnage, flowers; after death, the new life in the flowery realms above. When the storm of carnage has swept over the battle-field with its leaden hail, expended its fury, and passed away, we have seen flowers spring up, as if nature with kindly hands strove to hide the havoc man had wrought, and they were the more luxuriant and beautiful for the dark stains beneath.

Flowers are typical of our faith in a life after death. The language of flowers is the language of love and affection, and they have been used to express the kindlier emotions and passions of the heart by all nations, from the remote ages of antiquity. They form the bridal wreath; they are woven into garlands and wreaths of triumph and cast at the feet of conquering heroes, and loving hands cast them upon the bier and plant them on the graves of the loved and lost. So we meet to place them on the graves of our loved ones; and let none say it is an empty form—a service of the hands without the service of the heart.

They know not the strength of the tie that bound us together, who know not the full meaning of that simple word "comrade." It is significant of the mutual feeling that moved a million of men to take up arms, as with one mind, and risk their lives and all they held dear, that our republic might live.

It is significant of the mutual privations and dangers

shared in the camp, the bivouac, and the field; of the lonely midnight watches, when you paced the sentry's beat, with no friend near you but your comrade and your God; when few words were exchanged, and they in whispering tones; when each knew his danger, and trusted in his comrade's watchfulness and devotion; or of those more stirring scenes, when, with bated breath and quickened pulse, you moved steadily on in serried ranks, with shoulder to shoulder, into the very jaws of death; or when, in the wild delirium of the charge, you rushed like an avenging fate upon the frowning earthworks, the death-dealing batteries, the long, glittering lines of bayonets, all actuated by one impulse, the holy impulse of patriots, to conquer or for your country to die.

It reminds you of the pause after the battle, when, with eager eyes and sad hearts, you have sought on the blood-stained field, among the mangled heaps of corses, for some loved and missing comrade; of the burial trench, of the lonely forest grave, and, more than all, of the frequent heaps of bones which may yet be found bleaching under the fervent southern sun, or have been gathered into our national cemeteries, and which represent that nameless host of martyrs whose only record is, "Missing," and whose epitaph is, "*Unknown*." It reminds you of those other scenes, when around the camp-fire you waited for the coming mails, and shared each other's pleasure in the welcome words from home; or, of the later time, when you received that lost comrade's letters, and returned them to the waiting, anxious mother, wife, or loved maiden who sent them, with the sad message that the son, the husband, or the lover, and your *comrade*, had fallen by your side.

Who of you, comrades, does not recall some friend, some trusted comrade, thus stricken down, his strong, ardent young life crushed out in a moment? You heard the whir of the missile, a sullen thud; you looked, and saw only a ghastly wound, with the purple tide welling out, and knew that your comrade was gone, and you were alone in the midst of the revel of death, to form new ties and new associations.

It reminds you of the miasma and death found lurking in the swamps of the Chickahominy and the bayous of the Mississippi. It reminds you of the carnage of Antietam, of the blood-stained fields of Stone River, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, Murfreesboro'; the death struggle in the Wilderness; the battle above the clouds at Lookout Mountain; the continuous lines of trenches and graves from the Potomac to the Appomattox; the great march from the mountains to the sea, and of a hundred other fields of glory, whose history is your own.

It reminds you of the dangers of the field, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the Ohio to the gulf; of the weary night march, the famine, the exposure, the imprisonment and the escape; of the hospital and its dread associations; and, last of all, of the grand review and final muster-out, when you returned to your homes and the friends of your youth, your great work fully accomplished. It is a name which will often rise in your thoughts and spring to your lips, as in future years some long-forgotten face will recall those scenes, and you grasp the hand of some long-absent comrade.

It is to keep alive this feeling, and to keep ever fresh in remembrance the glorious record of our nation's defenders, that this society of ours is formed. It is the remnant of that grand army of the republic which gathered from the mountain, the valley, and the prairie to do battle for God and our native land. It represents the wounds, the privations, and sufferings endured and the blood shed in defense of that dear old flag, the emblem of a glorious, free republic. It represents that great uprising of a free people, in the majesty of strength and consciousness of right, which, in 1861, astounded the nations of the world. * * * *

The foibles of those who fell are covered by the grave. Their good deeds live after them, and the evil drops into oblivion. But the survivors should take heed lest they stumble, and thus cast reproach upon their comrades. You who bear on your bodies the scars of war need never think they disfigure, nor feel ashamed of them. They are your certificate of honorable service; they show how near you have been to the dark valley, and prove that death has been so near you on the field of duty as to leave upon you his sign-manual as he passed. If you are maimed and crippled, be not discouraged, nor give way to useless repinings and murmurs of discontent if life sometimes seems dark and disappointments gather around you. Make no dishonorable use of your scars and maimed limbs by trading them for pitiful alms and begging from door to door, but find your place and fill it. There is a place for all, and it only needs the patience, the firmness, and endurance that a soldier's life should teach you to find and keep it.

Close up the ranks. There should be no skulking in the battle of life. God, in his wisdom, has caused the angel of death to pass by you on the battle-field, and saved you, maimed as you are, for some purpose of His own. It is for you to learn that purpose and do the part assigned you. Look for the captain's order and obey. And, as you stand here to-day among these grassy graves, determine so to live

as to cast no shadow of dishonor on the memory of those beneath nor upon your living comrades. Again I say, be proud of your past records and achievements, cherish the memory of the fallen, and the principles of freedom and union for which they died.

Twine closely around your hearts each thread of our country's flag, that dear old flag which has so often led us to victory. Its stars and stripes have waved in triumph from the snow of Canada to the burning sands of the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores. They have waved over the halls of the Montezumas and over every portion of the great seas, leading the brave and the free to victory and glory. They waved over our cradles, and let us ever pray that they may wave over our graves.

As we think of our peaceful homes, our nation's prosperity and power, and of the sacrifices made to preserve them to us, let us emulate the spirit of their defenders, and resolve that, come weal or woe, we will now and forever, in life and in death, be true to the old flag, the emblem of our liberty, so that not one of its bright stars shall be snatched from its constellation.

What lessons we may read in our country's emblem. Its white teaches us purity of purpose; its red typifies the blood which has so often and so freely been shed in its defense; and its blue, with its constellation, reminds us of the starry canopy of heaven, behind which is the eternal camping-ground, where the pure and good, when discharged from service here, are mustered into the mighty army of the saints which guards the throne of the Most High God.

Be true to the principles of our order. Every year contracts the circle. Time and death are making inroads among us, and the lessons of the past should serve to strengthen the links that bind us together. Since last we met on this errand of love we have placed two of our number under the green sod of the valley. Last year they bore flowers to the graves of their comrades, and now their graves claim the same tribute from us. We know not which of us shall be drafted and enrolled in the vast army of the dead before another spring-time with its beautiful flowers calls us out on a similar errand.

Guard well the camp, and see that nought but friendship enters there.

You, mothers, who have seen your sons go out to fight the battles of their country, never to return, thank Heaven that you had a son so noble as to deem his life a small sacrifice on his country's altar, that it and its free institutions might live. And you, widowed wife, and you, maiden, who have lost all that made life's desert green, cherish fondly in your heart

the loved memory of him who nobly gave up home, wife, and loved ones, and life itself, that our republic might be saved.

And you, orphaned children, whose fathers' blood has been shed to preserve to you the priceless heritage of liberty, while you mourn a protector lost, remember the dying words of one who lies here, "Better that my children lose a father than lose a country," and rejoice and be proud that your fathers' names are inscribed in the temple of fame on the scroll of our nation's heroes.

And you who reap the benefit of these sacrifices, whether you shared them or not, never forget to hold in grateful remembrance the deeds of those who fought and bled in our country's cause. Have you among you the maimed and crippled soldier, struggling with despairing efforts to earn the small pittance which will serve to keep that maimed body and despairing soul from parting company yet a little longer? Have you in your midst the soldier's widow and orphan, who are vainly striving to keep grim poverty from their doors and hunger and famine from their hearthstones? See to it that you extend to them a kind and helping hand in the hour of need. See to it that all joy is not crushed out of their weary lives. That arm and that leg was lost that you and your country might live. That husband and that father died that you and your posterity might enjoy the blessings of peace.

Raise high the sculptured monument to the memory of the brave who fell, but at the same time forgot not to relieve the necessities of their widows and orphans, and thus in their hearts you will rear up to yourselves a more lasting monument than any raised by human hands, for it will tower above the clouds, and be seen of Heaven. Scatter flowers on the graves of their dead hopes as we scatter them on the graves of our dead comrades. Both died in the same glorious cause and that the same great end might be accomplished.

Let other nations glory in the number and extent of their conquered provinces, of the millions who owe them the homage of serfs, and of their prowess in subduing kingdoms; but let us glory alone in our free institutions, and in the valor and glorious deeds of those who gave and those who preserved them to us.

The fallen heroes of 1776 and the fallen heroes of 1861! They have been mustered out of service here to join the celestial army above. Their heroic spirits look down upon us as we assemble here to commemorate their deeds while on earth, and are hovering everywhere about us, whispering in the ears of those who would hear it, "profit by the lessons of the past, ever cherish the principles of liberty for which

we died, and keep untarnished the bright escutcheon of freedom."

The national anthem was then sung by the whole assembly, followed by a benediction, upon which the procession re-formed and returned to the city, where it quietly dispersed.

CEREMONIES AT SOUTH BEND.

Saturday, May 30, was observed by the post of the Grand Army in commemorating those who served our country in its perilous need, and who now lie in the silent halls of death. The ceremonies consisted of a large procession, headed by music, strewing flowers, prayers, and speeches. Major L. Humphreys opened the exercises at the cemetery.

REMARKS OF MAJOR HUMPHREYS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Comrades lately in the march, the bivouac, and the battle-field: We have again reassembled to honor the dust of those who died that the country might live, and to renew our pledge for the annual observance of these memorial services, until we, too, shall be numbered with the peaceful dead, when others shall cherish our memories as we to-day do those of our fallen comrades in the midst of the sanctity of this the city of the dead.

He then called the roll of the dead, numbering thirty-six; after which prayer was offered by Rev. John Thrush, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax was then announced, and spoke as follows:

REMARKS OF MR. COLFAX.

Soldiers and Friends: No eloquence can be as commanding as the eloquence of these graves; no flowers of rhetoric as appropriate as these flowers of spring, with which we honor the remains of the patriot dead. We are proud of our country, and prouder of our title of American citizens. We deem it an inestimable privilege to live in this famous land, but our brothers, who sleep here the sleep that knows no waking till the resurrection morn, not only lived for this nation, but they died for it. They were our brothers, our friends,

our neighbors in the days when peace reigned. We met them in our streets, in stores and workshops, on their farms and in the forests; but the hour of national peril came, and these quiet, peace-loving citizens were transformed into heroes. They rose from the sphere of the citizen to the plane of the patriot. With the courage of the warrior, they knew too what war means. War is the sundering of the dearest ties. War is turning one's back on wife, and children, and homes. War is the wearisome march and the privations of the camp. War is life ebbing away in the hospital or the prison-pen. War is the life-destroying collision of contending legions. War is the bursting shell and the thousands upon thousands of unseen bullets speeding death in every direction. War is the open-mouthed cannon making windrows of victims through the ranks of armies. War is the empty sleeve and the weary crutch. War is force, bloodshed, anguish, death. To this harvest of death these brave men willingly went forth. The Spartan band of Leonidas at the Thermopylæn Pass were not more heroic and self-sacrificing; Curtius, who leaped into the yawning gulf to save with his own life his nation's life, was not more daring. Do we not owe them, therefore, the homage we so willingly render to day? They were not only patriotic, and brave, and daring, but they were martyrs also. The supporters of religion gave their lives for a principle. These martyrs of patriotism gave their lives for an idea. It was the grand idea of American nationality that inspired them to sacrifice, and transformed them from peaceful citizens into patriotic heroes. It was to save the dear old flag from dishonor and the nation they loved from destruction that they gave their lives. Some lived to see the victory won for which they had periled so much; but many of them passed away before the hour of triumph, in the darkness of night, before the bright rays of the morning came. Some sleep in this city of the silent dead, near to the friends they loved while living. Many returned not, living nor dead, but lie in distant cemeteries; or, sadder than all, have over them the tombstone marked "Unknown." But whether here or far away, a preserved republic honors all their memories and gratefully enshrines their patriotic pride in undying history. We cannot add to the glory or honor or renown of these whose death saved for us our country; we cannot make sacred the grounds wherever they lie. We may adorn with loving tributes the resting-places of our beloved dead; the flowers which are strewn here may symbolize the living fragrance of their memory; but we shall honor them the most by having their example teach us to love our country

more, to value its dearly-purchased institutions more, to prize its manifold blessings more, and to advance its greatness and true glory more. And thus, as we bare and bow our heads in their honor on this commemorative day, we shall appreciate more truly and thoroughly those priceless privileges for which they sacrificed all they had—home and happiness and life—to preserve for us and for the generations that are to follow us when we too have passed away.

Following Mr. Colfax, patriotic remarks were made by Comrade W. N. Severance and Rev. W. B. Hendrick, of the Christian Church. The ceremonies then concluded by singing the doxology and benediction.

EXERCISES AT INDIANAPOLIS.

(By the ladies, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic.)

Order of Procession.—First division: Pioneers of Indianapolis; police of Indianapolis; Myers' band; City Battalion, commanded by General Fred. Knefler; soldiers' orphans; ladies in charge of decoration; Governor Baker and staff; department commander Grand Army of the Republic and staff; members of Grand Army of the Republic and ex-soldiers of the United States army; Masonic orders; Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Second division: Martial band; United States arsenal guard; ministers in carriages; United States officers in carriages; State officers in carriages; county officers in carriages; city officers in carriages; temperance organizations; German Mænnerchor and societies.

Third division: The press; Sabbath-schools; Merchants' and Manufacturers' Exchange; Board of Trade; butchers' associations; officers of benevolent institutions; schools of Indianapolis; citizens in carriages.

Marshal: Chief marshal, Comrade Daniel Macauley; assistants, Charles F. Hogate, J. William Bradshaw, and Joseph P. Wiggins; first division, Comrades E. F. Ritter and Lea W. Munhall; second division, Comrades Frank Erdelmyer and Charles W. Brouse; third division, David Braden and Henry L. Benham.

Order of Ceremony.—"Assembly;" reading General Order No. 21, national headquarters; hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," under direction of Professor Black; prayer, by Rev. Robert Sloss; ode, "Our Heroes," quartette; burial service, by the Grand Army of the Republic, Rev. L. H. Jameson, chaplain of Post No. 6, officiating; salute, by Zouave Battalion; decoration of the graves by the ladies of Indianapolis; oration, by Comrade John Coburn; "Star Spangled Banner," by band, and a national salute by the Hackleman Battery; benediction by Rev. Henry Day.

WABASH.

ADDRESS OF ELDER L. L. CARPENTER.

Friends and Fellow-citizens: We meet together to-day to go to the graves of our own fallen heroes—the noble, patriotic men who offered their lives upon the altar of their country a dire but necessary sacrifice, to save from impending woe this great and good Government of ours, and strew them with the beautiful spring flowers, and thus say to their friends and the world that their memories are engraven on the tablets of our hearts, and that while we remain loyal to God and our country, we will never, no never forget their noble patriotism, their valorous deeds, nor the wonderful sacrifice they made to hand down for all coming generations the priceless boon of civil and political liberty we to-day enjoy.

And as we thus come let us remember that these were the men who, when traitors sought to tear down the fabric of American liberty, stood between us and the reckless foe, and that, if it had not been for the bloody offering made by the noble men whose graves the American people to-day will visit, instead of standing among the nations of the earth the greatest and best of them all, we should be at best but a broken and dismembered government, the starry flag of beauty forever disgraced, and as individuals we would to-day have been deprived of the liberty we enjoy, which cost our revolutionary fathers their lives. In all ages of the world every nation has honored its soldiers and paid them especial respect. And, indeed, we shall regard it as a dark day when the American people forget to do honor to the noble men who rallied around our country's flag in the hour of its great peril.

Let the incense of gratitude go up from every loyal heart, and as we stand around their graves and strew them with beautiful flowers, let us resolve that like them we will not only be true to our country, but like them, if need be, we will die for her salvation. It seemed as if without the shedding of blood there was no salvation for our country; and as in all offerings the best of blood was required, so it was necessary that the best blood should be shed for our country. No nobler, truer men ever lived or died than those who to-day we remember. And no earthly honor is greater than the honor of being permitted to say, These men were my countrymen, and I am a citizen of the government for which they died. Thank God, my fellow-citizens, we can say that we are Americans, citizens of that land which is now in fact what she has long been in song,

"The land of the free,
And the home of the brave."

We rejoice to believe that the great mass of the northern people were enthusiastically devoted to the cause of constitutional government.

Our brave boys who went to the army went not for revenge, not to gratify unholy passions, but to put down a monstrous and iniquitous rebellion, and maintain, at the call of our martyred Chief Magistrate, who bore not the sword in vain, the righteous demands of law.

Deeply as we deplored the necessity for such an offering on the altar of constitutional liberty, we cannot doubt the motive that prompted it, nor the scriptural voice of duty that called for it. It was not sectionalism nor party ambition that inspired this great movement: it was constitution and law against rebellion; government against anarchy; union against disunion; the cause of the country against sectionalism; and the interests of humanity, as identified with constitutional freedom, against the interests of oligarchs and aristocrats, as identified with ungrateful rebellion and slavery propagandism. * * * * * *

Glory to God, who rolled back across the continent the grand swell of popular enthusiasm, till our eyes flashed and wept by turns as we looked on our country and flag, and resolved that not a star should be stricken from it by the hand of a traitor.

And while to-day we come to do honor to the noble dead, we would not forget that "if it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick when their wrath was kindled against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul; then the proud waters had gone over

our soul. Blessed be the Lord who hath not given us a prey to their teeth. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth." With feelings like these we come together to-day to shed our tears around the graves of our fallen heroes, and to place upon them the mementos of grateful hearts. With reverence let us go to the place where the noble dead quietly sleep, and place upon their graves the early spring flowers. Then let us return to our homes, resolving not only to remember them upon this anniversary day, but to cherish in our hearts the principles for which they died.

CEREMONIES AT BUNKER HILL

On May 29 the people of Bunker Hill, in common with the entire nation, turned their steps toward the last bivouac of the patriot dead.

Early in the afternoon the surviving soldiers of the war, under command of Comrade Eagleson, marched to the cemetery, headed by the Cornet Band, and accompanied by a large concourse of citizens. The national banner, heavily draped in mourning, the slow and measured tramp of the ranks, the wailing notes of the funeral dirge, all bore witness to the solemnity of the occasion.

On reaching the cemetery the assemblage gathered around the base of the monument reared to the memory of the departed, the elegant shaft having been previously hung with beautiful garlands and wreaths woven by the hands of the ladies.

The exercises were opened by Comrade Hayes, who read General Logan's order appointing the memorial; after which Rev. J. W. Ingham addressed the Throne of Grace in a most eloquent and touching invocation.

The glee club then sung Collins's beautiful hymn,

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

Rev. J. W. Lane, the orator previously appointed, was introduced, and delivered the

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

The speaker said, in substance, that the reminiscences of fellow-soldiers, their toils and privations, their sacrifices, for-

bid a refusal to answer the call. He felt proud in the honor of being selected to express the sentiments of loyal people on such an occasion, and was happy, standing at the base of the costly monument erected to the memory of our dead, to address the people on such a subject. He loved to mingle with this people, who cherish the sacred principles for which the honored dead left home and its endearing ties and gave up their lives, and join in strewing evergreens and garlands upon the graves of the defenders of our liberties. He would have their memory entwined with evergreen, and their principles and heroic deeds remembered forever. If, comrades, your organization and annual manifestations of love and sympathy can effect this end, your efforts are praiseworthy. None are entitled to more affectionate remembrances or more praise or honor than the true men who stood by our country in her greatest need—men who at their country's call rushed to the rescue. The masses of our men sought not emolument or position, but sought the enemy. Monuments are erected to mark resting-places of fallen statesmen. Thousands of admiring constituents visit those sacred tombs and eulogize the lives of the deceased. This is well; but I would rather visit the field where I have seen our boys maimed and dying, and there drop the tear and plant the evergreen and rose. On each memorial day the evergreen might remind the passer-by of the eternity of our principles, and the rose scatter sweet perfume over the little mound. The honored dead contended for liberty, justice, and truth—principles that underlie all true republics and well-regulated society; principles that will live through time; and, though sometimes hidden, yet, when brought to the light, are clothed with splendor and beauty. I rejoice that America is first in disclosing these lights of civilization; and the rays of genial splendor have been intensified by the blood of the thousands slain to protect the liberties of our great nation. Once more let me remark, I am happy to join you in this day's exercises. This assemblage, though large, is not alone in this noble work. All over our country loyal hearts beat, loyal lips praise, and loyal hands strew sweet flowers over the graves of the defenders of our liberties: over graves of fallen fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons.

Nor is history silent in reference to the noble women. In their true hearts burned the fires of patriotism. They not only willingly presented loved ones on the country's altar, but went forth to assist in the work. Is there a maimed soldier who does not remember the kind words and deeds of those devoted women who ministered to our sick and wounded? Some of these noble women, from exposure and priva-

tion, contracted disease that terminated their lives. I would have their graves strewed, too, with the sweetest flowers, that all the air might be filled with fragrance, and every heart with loyalty and patriotism. Let us then go forth and strew with flowers the graves of the honored dead, and while thus engaged let us pledge eternal fidelity to the principles of our beloved country.

At the conclusion of the remarks the glee club sung "The Volunteers' Graves."

Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,
From the red battle-field volunteers come!
Not with a loud hurrah,
Nor with a wild *eclat*,
Not with the tramp of war,
Come our brave sons—
Gently and noiselessly bear them along;
Hushed be the battle-hymn, music, and song.

Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,
Not as they marched away, volunteers come,
Not with the sword and gun,
Not with the stirring drum,
Come our dead heroes home,
Now all his work is done—
Thoughtfully, prayerfully, bear ye the dead,
Pillow it softly, the volunteer's head.

Silently, tearfully, welcome the brave,
Glory encircles the patriot's grave,
Here let affection swell,
Here let the marble tell
How the brave hero fell,
Loving his country well!
Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,
Welcome the volunteers, one by one!

After which the comrades proceeded to the decoration of the resting-places of the dead.

As the soldiers passed in ranks from grave to grave, each strewed upon little mounds flowers from the bouquet which had been gathered for this tribute, while a comrade announced in low tones and with uncovered head the name and services of the patriot whose mortal remains lay at his feet.

How vast the sacrifice! How precious the victory!

May God rest their souls in peace! And may a grateful people never cease to do honor to their memory.

DEPARTMENT OF IOWA.

CEREMONIES AT DUBUQUE.

The ceremonies at this city were inaugurated by the following order:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
{ GENERAL ORDER, No. —. } *Dubuque, Iowa, May* 21, 1869.

Members of this organization, and all soldiers, sailors, and marines in this district, are hereby notified and directed to report for duty at these headquarters, in Shines's block, at 1 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, May 20, 1869, for parade, for the purpose of decorating the graves of our fallen comrades.

All mounted men will report to and be under order of Major John McDermott.

All dismounted men will report to and be under order of Captain E. M. Newcomb.

Staff officers will report, mounted, to the post commander at a quarter before one, at headquarters.

Bands will report to the adjutant at the same time and place.

Commanders of companies, marshals of societies, and engineers of fire department, are requested to report for orders as to place for formation of the companies and societies to the post commander at the same time.

By order of WM. HYDE CLARK,
Commanding Post.

GEORGE H. HESS, *Post Adjutant.*

Order of Procession.—The procession formed at 2 p. m. in the following order: Post commander and staff; cavalry, Major John McDermott commanding; Germania Band; Siloam Commandery, Knights Templar, Joseph Chapman, E. C.; Sarsfield Circle F. B., John O'Neill commanding; German Rifles, Colonel Theodore Stimming commanding; martial music; infantry, Captain E. M. Newcomb commanding; German Turn-Verein, under their officers; Firemen's Union Association, Chief Engineer John Flynn; City Fire Department, Chief Engineer Albert Cook; band; Odd Fellows, under their chief marshal; orator of the day and chaplain in carriages; citizens on foot; citizens in carriages.

CEREMONIES AT DES MOINES.

Procession.—Chief marshal and assistants; Drum Corps, Second Iowa Infantry, drums muffled; Capital City Zouaves,

side arms, colors craped; Governor and staff in carriages; chaplains and speakers in carriages; Masonic bodies; members of choir in carriages; Masonic bodies in regalia; floral car; decorating committee in carriages; State officers in carriages; Odd Fellows in regalia; county and city officers; Good Templars; Sunday-schools; Rescue Fire Company; Excelsior Hook and Ladder Company; citizens on foot; citizens in carriages; citizens on horseback.

ORDER OF CEREMONIES AT CEMETERY.

The procession formed around the platform near the south entrance, when the services opened by prayer by Demas Robinson; hymn by the choir, "The Patriot Dead;" address by C. H. Gatch, esq.; address by Colonel G. L. Godfrey; hymn by choir, "Lowly and Solemn Be;" address by Rev. A. C. Williams; hymn by the choir, "America," in which the whole congregation joined. Immediately after the close of ceremonies at the stand, the young children, under charge of the decorating committee, and escorted by a detachment of zouaves, proceeded to decorate the graves of all soldiers buried in the cemetery. Benediction by Rev. W. W. King.

CEREMONIES AT BURLINGTON.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, threatening more rain continually, and the almost impassable condition of the roads, a large concourse of people, estimated at over a thousand in number, composed of returned soldiers, friends and relatives of the fallen brave, and many others, assembled at Aspin Grove Cemetery on Sunday, May 31.

A committee of soldiers had visited the cemetery on the day previous, and had but little trouble in ascertaining the location of the graves of almost all the deceased soldiers known to have been interred in the cemetery. The graves of some of them, however, who had died here during the war and had been buried in potter's field, could not be definitely ascertained, owing to the imperfect manner in which the record of burials had been kept during that period.

The graves that were found were appropriately designated by small flags. An arch of evergreens, surmounted by a cross, was constructed over the entrance to the cemetery, the stone gate-posts festooned gracefully with flags, and on a beautiful spot, overlooking the greater portion of the cemetery, an obelisk, decorated with flowers and evergreens, was erected, upon which was the inscription—"In memory of our brave soldiers." The battle-flags of the Twenty-fifth Iowa Infantry, torn by many a rebel bullet on some of the most hotly-contested fields of the war, wound their tattered folds in a loving embrace around the obelisk.

Promptly at 3 o'clock the exercises, as laid down in the programme, were opened with a dirge by Granger's Cornet Band, after which a prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Martin, of Mount Pleasant.

Dr. J. C. Stone, chief marshal of the occasion, then introduced Rev. H. W. Thomas, who made a short and feeling address.

At the close the assembly joined in singing a hymn written by William Oland Bourne; after which Rev. William Salter was introduced, who, in a touching manner, spoke of the toils and sufferings of the soldier, the agony of the loved ones at home, the widows and orphans of the fallen, and closed by a short review of the great results achieved by the war and the restoration of peace.

After another dirge had been played by the band a procession, headed by the band, was formed of returned soldiers and all others who desired to take part in the ceremonies, and having been furnished with wreaths, bouquets, and flowers in profusion by the decoration committee, proceeded to visit all the soldiers' graves in the cemetery, upon which, reverently and affectionately, they strewed the flowers.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at Aspen Grove Cemetery the procession proceeded to the Catholic cemetery, where the same tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the deceased soldiers there buried; after which the closing hymn was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the assembly dispersed.

DEPARTMENT OF KENTUCKY.

CEREMONIES AT LEXINGTON.

Saturday, May 29, was commemoration day, and, in obedience to the wish of General Logan, the comrades of these fallen braves, assisted by their friends and relatives, met at the cemetery to strew these graves with flowers. In the midst of the graves was erected a temple of evergreens and flowers, in the center of which was a handsome pyramid of flowers, and between the columns were stacked the old battle-flags—thirty-six of them—which had been followed devotedly and heroically by the living soldiers who were honoring their fallen comrades, as well as by those who slept so peacefully in their quiet graves. Over the arched entrance to this temple was the appropriate motto:

"You died not in vain, for the Union yet lives!"

The ceremonies were simple and becoming. General S. W. Price presided; prayer was offered by Rev. R. L. Hitchcock; an appropriate address was delivered by A. H. Adams, esq., and the benediction was pronounced by President Graham, of Morrison College. Many of the graves were most handsomely decorated.

The following is the address delivered by Mr. A. H. Adams:

Ladies and Fellow-citizens: For Americans, love of country is not an empty, meaningless word; not a myth; but a living, active, moving *thing;* warm with heroic zeal, devotion, and sacrifice; an indestructible spark, which will burn and glow in every American's heart, though the world itself were a pile of ruins. We find this feeling of attachment for country existing at all times and in all nations; but it has tenfold the significance and warmth and meaning when applied to ourselves. We love our country, like others, because it is our country; but we have other and higher incentives that they have not. We love our country because of its free government, its free institutions, its religious liberty, its civil and political equality. 'Tis this that brings us here to-day, our

love for our country and its brave defenders. We have assembled here to-day, fellow-citizens, to do honor to the nation's dead, to strew with flowers the graves of the brave patriots who gave, aye, freely gave, their lives to the honor and safety of their country. These were no ordinary soldiers; their honor and glory was not won battling in the cause of tyranny; no black deed of injustice, power, ambition, conquest, stains their shields. No! their laurels were won in the cause of their country, for the protection of her rights; their immortality was achieved in defense of liberty, justice, freedom, and human rights. When black treason reared its hydra head, and bold, bad men attempted the overthrow of their Government, the best government that God in his mercy ever vouchsafed to man; when the nation was shaken from center to extreme with internal commotion, and the last hope of free government on earth seemed trembling with uncertainty, it was these, the citizen soldiers of the nation, who sprang to the rescue; and, with a unanimity of courage and patriotism unequaled in the history of the world, with brave arms and determined hearts saved the Government and the nation whole and intact.

When our soldiers followed this banner to honor and victory, it bore thirty-four stars. When the brave followers of Sherman, headed by that starry flag, marched to the sea, and finally flung its folds to the breeze in Charleston, the hot-bed of treason, it bore thirty-four stars; and when the gallant old veteran run it again to its place on the shattered battlements of Sumter, it bore thirty-four stars. When our victorious legions planted it upon the dome of the rebel capitol at Richmond, it bore thirty-four stars; and as it hangs here to-day, in all its majesty and loveliness, it has emblazoned upon its canvas thirty-four stars. And I ask you as sane, rational, patriotic American citizens, would you erase from that banner a single star? No! no! a thousand times no! And you could not if you would. You may add to that constellation, but detract or take from it never, never, never.

Yes, brave spirits, your victory was indeed complete. "You died not in vain, for the Union yet lives." And now peace, lovely peace, with all its blessings, its healing, invigorating qualities takes your tired, bleeding country by the hand and bids her rest. And oh! what a country and what a government they have secured to us and mankind; and if we are firm in the battle of freedom, and true to our God, our country, and our nationality, grounded as Americans upon the principles of enlightened liberty, sustained by the wisdom and virtue that should actuate a free people, we shall *alone* fill the area between the tropics and the poles, and

spread our living liberty from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores. And when our territory equals, as it will, more than three-fourths of Europe, and one hundred and fifty millions of freemen cover this wide domain, speaking the same language and subject to the same laws, what mind can grasp the might and magnitude of free America. Then as now will the noble heroes, who made their breasts the bulwark of a people's liberty, be lovingly remembered by a grateful nation; then as now they will still survive in the affections of their countrymen and the lovers of liberty throughout the globe. Their deeds will never be forgotten, but "gather glory with the flight of ages." Then

"Let the wings of our eagle float proudly the while,
As he steadfastly soars to the sun,
And the angel of liberty watch with a smile
O'er the head of each patriot one."

CEREMONIES AT LOUISVILLE.

A large concourse of people repaired to Cave Hill on Saturday, May 29, at 3 o'clock, to participate in and witness the decoration of the soldiers' graves. At half-past 2 o'clock the procession moved from the court-house and proceeded to the cemetery. Ten committees of ten ladies each, to whom had been intrusted the distribution of the precious flowers, went in omnibuses in advance of the procession, and if they had not done so the decoration would necessarily have been postponed. The ladies, tired of waiting for the procession, and contrary to previous arrangements, distributed the flowers before the arrival of the procession.

The work had been nearly completed when the procession reached the speakers' stand. Suddenly, and very unexpectedly to all, a terrific wind storm came up; the wind blew fiercely, and the dark clouds gathered, threatening immediate rain. Those who had come in hacks, buggies, or carriages, repaired to them at the first dash of the wind, while others sought shelter beneath the foliage of the trees. Hundreds of women and children braved the storm and endeavored to reach the city, but it was almost impossible to walk against the beating rain.

But the prime object was fully accomplished. Not a grave

of a soldier for the Union was left without its share of the beautiful offerings. A portion of the ceremonies at the stand were dispensed with. Dr. McKee had just concluded the opening prayer when the audience dispersed.

The work of distribution of flowers was done well. There was a wreath, a bouquet, a cross, a star, or a handful of flowers, for each grave. In the confusion described it was impossible to learn particulars as to the number of offerings of each design, but there were over five hundred beautiful bouquets, besides wreaths and other designs.

The ladies who had the matter in charge devoted their whole time to the work of preparing the garlands for several days previous to the decoration day, and they deserve great credit for their patriotism, untiring energy, and good taste. Especially are they deserving of praise for doing the work so well, when it is true that there are many more Union soldiers' graves in Cave Hill Cemetery than there are Union ladies in Louisville.

DEPARTMENT OF MAINE.

CEREMONIES AT PORTLAND.

(Bosworth Post No. 2.)

Memorial day opened dark and gloomy, and about noon copious showers fell. About 8 o'clock this post met at their hall, and decided to go on with the ceremonies if not prevented by the rain. The contributions of flowers had been very generous, and the rooms of the organization were filled with elegant baskets, wreaths, crosses, and bouquets, filling the several apartments with sweet odors. About 9 o'clock, the different squads of men departed with their floral offerings to the different cemeteries. One section, under command of Renssellaer Greely, visited the Eastern, attended by by Rev. A. W. Pottle, of the Congress-street Methodist Episcopal Church, and decorated thirteen graves, among which are those of Commodore Preble and Captain Burroughs, Lieutenant Waters of the Enterprise, and Captain Blythe of the Boxer. Also the marble tomb of the officers and seamen who fell before Tripoli. Another squad, under Quartermaster John Yeaton, jr., attended by Rev. R. Sanderson, of the Pine-street Methodist Episcopal Church, visited the Western, where tributes were laid upon twenty-one graves, including those of Surgeon Stuyvesant Ten Broeck, of the United States Army. Another, under W. H. Pennell, attended by chaplain S. H. Merrill, visited the Forest City, and wreathed, with others, the unknown graves of those who had died in hospital, twenty-eight in all. While still another, under command of W. H. Kaler, and attended by Rev. Father De Rose, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, visited Calvary, and decorated seventeen graves.

The services at each cemetery consisted of decorating the graves with wreaths and bouquets; after which short but

eloquent prayers were made by the different clergymen, at the conclusion of which the comrades returned to the hall. At Calvary the flowers were first blessed by Father De Rose, and, after the graves had been decorated, services took place at the chapel according to the forms of the Catholic Church. The "Miserere" was chanted, and a short, fervid, and patriotic address delivered by Father De Rose.

At 2 p. m. it was raining fast, and the general feeling seemed to be that it would be necessary to postpone the afternoon exercises at Evergreen Cemetery; but about 2.30 o'clock p. m. the clouds appeared to be breaking away, and the post decided to proceed with the programme. Accordingly, a procession was formed in the following order:

Squad of police, under command of Deputy Marshal Perry; Portland Band; Portland Light Infantry, Captain Mattocks; Portland Mechanic Blues, Lieutenant Loveitt, (both companies parading as a battalion, under command of Captain Parker, of the Blues;) Post Bosworth No. 2, Grand Army of the Republic.

The military were attired in full uniform, and the post in black hats and dark clothes, with white gloves, and every man was loaded with fragrant emblems.

The line of march was first taken up for the city hall, where the mayor, city government, and invited guests were received, and the procession then proceeded to the Lincoln tree, in front of the high-school building on Cumberland street, which was decorated with a magnificent wreath. From thence the procession marched directly to the Portland Kennebec depot, where they took cars for Westbrook.

Upon reaching Morrill's Corner the procession re-formed, and marched to the chapel lot in Evergreen Cemetery, which had been mown previously, and where seats had been erected for the speakers and the guests of the post. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present to listen to the exercises. Dirge by the band; prayer by Rev. Mr. Sanderson; address by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Westbrook; music by the band; "America," sung by the people, accompanied by the band; benediction by Chaplain Root, of the post.

Previous to the commencement of the exercises the com-

rades divided into sections and proceeded to decorate the graves.

ADDRESS OF MR. THOMPSON.

Comrades: It is fitting that we should gather here to-day, in this lovely "city of the silent," to deck with votive offerings the graves of our brothers. It is fitting that we should reawaken and refresh, as the years roll away, our recollections of the brave and true hearts whose beating is forever stilled, whose high aspirations no more prompt them to generous self-sacrifice and manly deeds. It is well for us thus to keep alive in our own hearts and to promote in the hearts of others the sentiment, noble even from the lips of a heathen, sublime from those of a Christian,

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

We are here to-day to manifest our devotion to the cause for which they died, but more to cherish their memory and honor their valor and their patriotism. Their virtues live still in our memories, and we honor them. Even our praises will add little to their well-earned reputation. In the words of truth's noblest martyr, "the world will not long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what *they did.*" Time, which destroys and corrodes the base metal of undeserved popularity, shall but polish and brighten the pure gold of their renown.

It is fitting that the victor should be crowned, and if this is true of one who has conquered in a single fight, how much more true is it of the scarred veterans of many a well-fought fight, and whose lives have been rounded into symmetry by a glorious death. Generations yet unborn shall rehearse the story of their valor and their victory, and as the years roll away, as man progresses in honor, truth, love of country and of liberty, grander and grander shall be the hymn sung to their memory. But we are not alone conferring honor to-day. We who to-day crown our comrades are honored by the dead and by our reverence for them in a far higher degree than they are the recipients of honor from us.

These men were our comrades. They fought not as generals, but many of them as unnoted privates. Upon the battle-field, where they and their antagonists laid down their lives, were represented not Puritan and Cavalier, but light and darkness, liberty and oppression. Right and wrong stood face to face in the embattled lines and grappled in the death struggle. They are no longer ours alone. They died not for a temporary cause, but an eternal principle; not for a party, a section, or a race, but for humanity.

"Their fame is eternity, their residence creation."

But while we strew with flowers the graves and crown with wreaths the monuments that stand like sentinels to guard the sacred dust of those we loved so well, let us not forget the unmarked graves of those comrades who fought as gloriously as these in the tangled copses of the Wilderness, on the slopes of Fredericksburg, and in a hundred other battle-fields from Missouri to Maryland, from Pennsylvania to Texas. Although comrades may never come with reverent tread to cast their floral offerings on their lonely tombs, and though there may be many here to-day who look with longing hearts towards that lonely mound in the far South, which in the body they shall never see, yet nature, with loving hand, in bloom richer and fairer for the noble blood which nourishes it, shall write "*resurgam*" in beauty above them.

Comrades, we who stood side by side with these fallen heroes amidst the leaden rain and hail, and are spared by the mercy of God to stand here to-day, have yet in the present, and it may be in the future, duties and responsibilities. As the old Carthagenian bequeathed to his son, generation after generation, war with Rome, so have they bequeathed to us a war with wrong, to be carried on till victory shall crown our arms. It is an irrepressible conflict still. We call ourselves the Grand Army. What shall make the name a true one? Numbers? Millions might compose a mob without an element of grandeur. Discipline? The most severe may but make more effective a band of robbers. Influence? It may detract from our grandeur, for evil intensifies in meanness with increase in magnitude. One thing alone: a high and noble purpose to be grand men—men with true hearts and pure, men loving right and truth more than place and power, country more than wealth or ease, man more than self, and *God more than all.* Thus shall we form a grand army of the republic indeed, growing grander year by year, though its numbers may dwindle until but a little handful of gray-haired veterans shall come, with staff-supported, tottering feet to drop a single tear-bedewed flower upon the grave of each comrade, themselves sighing the while for the time when they too shall be at rest.

It is ours, comrades, united by the memories of the past, to make ours the grandest army the world ever saw. Then, whenever and wherever we fall, whether falling in the heat of battle we lie piled with the undistinguished slain, or by the roadside "unnoticed by the living, where no friend takes note of our departure," or in marble mausoleum, sculptured with our fame, will little matter to us, so we may be sure to receive from the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

After the benediction of Chaplain Root, the procession re-formed and marched to the depot, arriving in the city about 7 o'clock, when the military escorted the post to their hall, and then proceeded to their own armories, where they disbanded.

CEREMONIES AT AUBURN AND LEWISTON.

(Post No. 9, Post No. 44.)

On Sunday morning committees from both encampments visited and decorated the soldiers' graves not within the limits of the cemetery visited by the procession, so that no soldier's grave in either city was forgotten.

In the afternoon, 1.30 o'clock, Knox Post No. 9, Grand Army of the Republic, formed at their armory in Lisbon block, each bearing a floral tribute to the dead, and, preceded by Johnson's Cornet Band, marched to Auburn, receiving Folsom Post No. 44, Grand Army of the Republic, also bearing evergreens and flowers, at their armory at the Maine Hotel, and escorting them back to Lewiston, where they were joined by a company of scholars from the Grammar-school, and at once proceeded to the park.

In the park an immense crowd occupied the area about the stand and soldiers' monument, and the assemblage swayed to and fro with suppressed excitement as the procession marched up the middle walk; but a more orderly audience never gathered within the walls of a church.

The soldiers' monument was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, a large wreath hanging over the shoulder, and a fine bouquet was placed in each hand of the statue. The bases of the statue and pedestal were encircled with wreaths and bouquets, and each post of the iron railing about the foot was ornamented with a wreath of evergreen.

The procession halted and formed a line facing the stand, which was occupied by Mayor Parker, the clergymen of the two cities, the post commanders, the choir of the Pine-street Church, under the lead of Mr. R. C. Pennell, who presided at the organ. Commander Waldron, of Knox Encampment, announced the order of exercises.

After an invocation by Rev. Mr. Randall, the choir sang with fine effect the hymn,

Love unchanging for the dead,
Lying here in gloried sleep,
Where the angels softly tread,
While their holy watch they keep.

Rev. Mr. Martin then read appropriate passages of scripture, beginning with Job xiv., "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble." An affecting prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Balkam, and Commander Waldron then introduced Rev. Mr. Snow, who made the opening address.

Comrades and Friends: The first feeling arising in our hearts on this occasion is probably that of sadness. We are here in sorrow for our fallen heroes. Over all our broad land, from Maine to California, friends like us have gathered to pay tribute to the memory of those who died in our country's service, and there are very many whose sorrow will be stirred anew. Soldiers, you will call to mind many comrades who fell in the deadly conflict, wasted away in the hospital, or, still worse, perished in the dreary southern prison. There are fathers who will weep anew in grief at cherished hopes and fond anticipations for the bright future of sons crushed by their untimely death; mothers who will mourn the loss of those most dear; sisters and children bereft of fond brothers and beloved fathers, for whom the muffled drum has to-day again beat the funeral march; and yet, turning from our grief for the fallen, and considering the cause for which they fought and died, our sorrow may be lightened in the thought of the deathless glory they have won. If we consider for what the sacrifice was made, our hearts will be stayed. They fought not alone for their country, but for humanity the world over; for the flag which is not only the banner of America, but of liberty, equality, and justice to all, bearing on its folds the high hopes of all mankind. The sacrifice was made in behalf of the oppressed and down-trodden not only in this but in every other country, who looked to our flag as the emblem of their faith. Our soldiers were worthy of their flag; their spirit was equal to the cause.

When, therefore, we look at this, our sorrow is lightened, and, with the recollection of their noble deeds in our minds, we pay tribute to their memories in the beautiful and appropriate ceremonies of to-day. It is no unmeaning service we engage in, nor does it conflict with the sacredness of the

Sabbath. All becomes hallowed that is done for humanity, for all that is done for humanity is done for God.

As we proceed to decorate the resting-places of our heroic dead, this should be but the outward semblance of the honor in which they are held. Let us pledge anew, over their sacred ashes, our fidelity to the country, to the principles in defense of which they fell.

It is pleasant to think that, though there are many graves not remembered in this manner by human hands to-day, there are none which God does not decorate with flowers, springing up from the bosom of the earth, to beautify and adorn the final resting-place of those who gave their lives while working out his will.

The speaker closed by repeating the lines:

"How sleep the brave," &c.

A selection of appropriate music was sung by the choir.

REV. MR. BURGESS'S ADDRESS.

Rev. Mr. Burgess was glad for the privilege of dropping a flower on the graves of those heroes who fell in the battle for the right. But a few short years ago soldiers were marshaled on this very spot before entering the army, which was nobly striving in the field to avert the country's danger. Now we have peace all over the land, because God reigns. He raised up men from all over the land for the emergency, not only great officers, but rank and file, equally great in their sphere of action, who fought the good fight. Many laid down their lives, and their memory is sweet to-day. A sacrifice was to be made, and they offered it. God was on our side.

The speaker referred to a visit to the field of Gettysburg, and related many incidents of the great battle there, saying that he never realized before the terrible realities of war. He closed by urging all to hold in deepest affection those who fell for the right. When we see what a change has come over the land, we can but feel that God is our keeper, and we can put our trust in Him.

The Procession.—The procession then re-formed in the following order: Police, under command of City Marshal Faunce; Band, eighteen pieces, twelve of whom wore the Grand Army badge; Knox Encampment Grand Army of the Republic, Lewiston, one hundred men, Commander W. H. Waldron; carriages with clergymen and choir; Folsom

Encampment Grand Army of the Republic, Auburn, forty men, Commander C. S. Emerson; Grammar-school boys; citizens generally.

The procession moved up Bates to Main street, up Main to Cemetery street, and thence to the cemetery, accompanied by a large crowd of citizens, all of whom appeared to feel the solemnity of the occasion.

AT THE CEMETERY.

On arriving at the cemetery the ceremony of decorating the graves was performed. The committee had used earnest efforts to find every soldier's grave in the cemetery, and had them designated by flags, that all might be easily found, and some which the committee had not discovered were kindly pointed out by friends and relatives of the dead, so there is probably no soldier's grave there that did not receive proper honor.

Among the tokens sent by friends to be used for particular graves was a beautiful evergreen cross, wreathed with flowers, for the grave of Chaplain George Knox, accompanied with the following lines:

"How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion;
To put his armor off and rest
In heaven."

After a sufficient time had been allowed for this purpose, the ranks were re-formed, and the address of Rev. Mr. Haynes was listened to.

Comrades: I rejoice at the privilege of meeting you, and joining in the decoration of the graves of companions in arms, our noble dead. If I were to take a text and preach a sermon, I should select the words: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

I had not the honor to be a Maine soldier, but I know something of them, and know their reputation is one of which you need not be ashamed. I followed a Vermont regiment nearly three years, till the one thousand men who left the State with high hopes, patriotic, but weeping tears men need not be ashamed of, were reduced to sixty. I know something of the sufferings of these men. I hear again the tramp of the men, the martial music, and can see the picture of the march,

and all the scenes of strife, your sacrifices, and the noble victory.

You do well thus to decorate the graves of your comrades and companions in arms. They have earned the honor, more honor than we can confer upon upon them by this expression of our devotion. We hear much about the ammunition that is expended in a battle. You are the ammunition that was brought away. Those who sleep here are the ammunition that was expended on the enemy. I honor the living soldiery. I honor those of our adopted citizens who joined hand in hand with you. I honor all who were engaged in this service, and all who encouraged it at home, and furnished supplies, words of cheer, and prayers. I honor all of them.

Two things may be alluded to on this occasion as a consolation. This is a day of sadness. I thought so as I have found widows weeping—manly tears shed—near the shaft where a hero sleeps. It may be said it is a sad occasion. But there are other emotions. When we think these men who sleep here, and those whose memories have been consecrated who are not here, knew the necessity of death, our ideas of their manhood are elevated. Addison says no man is glorious until he has had an opportunity of dying. All who have come back have been made glorious. When you signed the enlistment paper you signed your death-warrant. You said, "I offer all that I have for my country's sake." You gained all the rest. Those who came back with a missing foot or arm gained all they came back with; their *all* was offered upon the altar of their country. The privilege of these noble festivities is gained—of honoring those who sacrificed their lives to be noble for your country, your children, and the good of the human race, and God will smile and grant his benediction.

Again, the republic cherishes the memories of those who died that the nation might live. You are a part of this nation. God grant you may never cease to cherish memories such as these, and to care for the orphans of your deceased comrades.

You do well to offer these tokens of esteem to your brave fellow-comrades. The purpose is, to continue these offices of affection so long as "enough survivors of the war remain to perform the ceremony." I have a vision that when there shall be but one of you left, and that one a trembling old man, who bore arms beside you in the war, who bears the scars of battle—patriotic yet, but with bent form, not upright as when he was in the battle, ready for anything to show himself worthy of the cause—then the citizens, your children and ours will gather around him and give him flowers, and

he will hang them upon some memorial in honor of all who died for country's sake. You cannot love or honor these men too much or prize their services too highly. They died that the nation might live. Brave men, worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.

Rev. Father Lucey was next introduced.

He said this was a day of much grief, and at the same time of much consolation. Here lie many husbands and sons, and here the citizens at large have assembled to condole with the survivors of the dead—not dead, but asleep. They were consigned to early graves—rude, coffinless, unknown graves, many of them, but the spirit of angels will decorate their graves. The calamities of war are always terrible, but the good results will be felt yet. Every shade of religion, all differences of opinion had been brought and offered voluntarily on the altar of the country. When a demand was made for soldiers mothers might be seen struggling between love of their sons and their duty. The ladies had felt tenderly, had given their co-operation, had done much by their words of encouragement and their prayers for the preservation of our soldiers and for victory. These will have their results in time. The calamities of war are already felt. O'Connell once said in haranguing a multitude, "Which of you would shoulder a musket and go into battle and care about your lives? If any, hold up your hands, and I'll despise you. Which of you will go into battle despising your lives? Hold up your hands—you are the men I want. Now show every hand."

One who is grateful to his own mother cannot be unkind to an adopted one. It is because the Irish love their own country that they love their adopted one; they fought shoulder to shoulder with the American soldiers, and their character has received your approbation. I am proud of it. They, with the American soldier, were determined the American flag should remain whole; that the constellation of stars should be preserved, and the enemy should get nothing but the stripes.

Many artifices were on foot to divide this country. But if it had been divided it would not be a matter of pride to be an American citizen. The Romans were proud to be Romans, the Spartans were proud that they belonged to a Greek republic; but no republic has ever done the good of the American republic. The flag of the United States, as has been said to-day, is the flag of the whole world. If the country had been divided, jealousy and envy would have made the division greater and an internecine war would have raged all through it. The policy of England has always been

to divide a nation, and then conquer it. But we have presented a bold and invincible front to the world, and God grant it may continue. These men gave up their lives freely when the country was in danger of separation. The danger of a divided country is best represented by an anecdote of a king of antiquity. When about to die he wanted to leave his possessions to his three sons, and fearing a division might arise between them, and the property pass from the hands of the family, he called them to him, and handing each one a small stick bade them break it. This was easily done; then taking a bundle of the same-sized sticks he bade them break the bundle. This each one failed to do, nor could the force of the three break the bundle. This was to prove that by remaining united no force could conquer them.

I again express the consolation I feel at the exhibition I behold—that of decorating the graves of soldiers. These exhibitions are more impressive on the minds than would be monuments of brass, more lasting, and their influence will raise up true men, men of valor, to fight our battles.

Rev. Mr. Randall was then introduced.

Friends—I wish I could say "comrades"—but I had the misfortune to be born too early. I can say "comrades," for I had a son who died from disease contracted in the army.

This ceremony speaks in a voice more eloquent than ours; these sad countenances, these monuments, all speak in language more eloquent than human beings can utter. This ceremony has two objects. First, to cherish the memory of our departed heroes. The fact that our soldiers were remembered at home, were wept over and prayed for, nerved them to deeds of daring and glory. I can see farther than our brother spoke of. I can see that old man, that sole survivor, laid away in the grave, and the children coming up to walk in your footsteps, to decorate his and your graves. These trees will grow and decay, we shall all soon sleep in some spot, but the memory of our departed brothers will never die. Second, to teach our children to cherish true love of country. That anecdote about the bundle of rods is not prophetic, it is fact, as shown by the united front of our soldiers, native and foreign-born, for the Irish fought as well and as nobly as did the native-born American. The nation will live as long as these patriotic ceremonies are handed down from father to son.

May we remember that God, who gave us the victory, is to be honored, adored, and loved. God bless you all, comrades. God bless the nation, and preserve us evermore.

The choir, joined by the assembly, then sung the following hymn, the band furnishing the music:

"Blest are the martyred dead, who lie
In holy graves for freedom won,
Whose storied deeds shall never die
While coming years their circles run."

A benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Father Lucey, after which the band played a dirge, and the ceremonies were over.

CEREMONIES AT BANGOR.

(Posts No. 12 and No. 17.)

Saturday was very generally observed by the citizens of Bangor as Memorial Day. The city bells were tolled from 1 to 2 o'clock, and for several hours thereafter most of the people suspended business.

At 1 o'clock the people began to assemble for departure to Mount Hope. The members of the city government met at the council room, together with the invited citizens, and the soldiers of 1812, (eleven in number,) and thence proceeded to the rendezvous.

The procession was formed at 1 o'clock, on Main street, right on Union street, under command of Lieutenant B. H. Beale, commander of Post No. 12, Grand Army of the Republic.

The following was the order of the procession: Bangor Cornet Band, fifteen pieces, A. D. Harlow, leader; Company A, State Guards, forty guns, Lieutenant Marshall Dyer; Post No. 12, Grand Army of the Republic, one hundred strong, under command of Senior Vice Commander J. A. Dole; Post S. J. Oakes No. 17, of Oldtown, Commander George A. Manning; city government; past mayors; Monumental Association; United States officers and invited guests; soldiers of 1812; Heath's Martial Band; Eagle Engine Company No. 3, fifty men, George H. Chick, foreman; Union Hose Company, twenty-five men, Ed. E. Small, foreman; Hook and Ladder Company, twenty-five men, J. M. Davis, foreman.

The procession moved at a little before 2 o'clock.

On arriving at Mount Hope the procession re-formed,

marched through the principal avenues of the cemetery, and formed a hollow square at the west of the soldiers' monument, where the ceremonies were to take place.

A little to the south of the monument a pavilion was erected for the singers, which was covered and draped with flags. The seats were elevated in a semicircle, and upon the stage in front was a cabinet organ. Mr. Davenport's festival chorus occupied this during the ceremonies.

The soldiers' monument was very gracefully and handsomely trimmed with festoons of evergreens, the tops surrounded by a crown composed of choice flowers and foliage, and the shaft and base adorned with a profusion of floral designs in wreaths, crosses, anchors, bouquets, &c., while among all were suspended miniature American flags, the whole making a most beautiful and effective display. The base of the monument bore the following inscriptions in letters of green:

Upon the north side—

"Dulce est pro patria mori;"

upon the east—

"Honor the dead;"

upon the south—

"Non sibi sed patriæ;"

upon the west—

"Heroes never die."

Around the monument and within the inclosure the graves were also tastefully decorated. All the soldiers' graves were designated by little flags placed at either end, and all of them had bouquets and wreaths of flowers upon them.

The ceremonies were commenced with prayer by Rev. J. B. Gould.

Professor William M. Barbour then called the roll of the honored dead, and addressed the assembly as follows:

Soldiers, Citizens, and Friends: This is a day of deeds, not words. We are here to let memory do her hallowed office, rather than to seek instruction. We are come to show that we have learned to value what we possessed in the manly forms that lie under the flowers. That we may keep alive the dominant thought of the hour, let us recall for what the death of our brave men is esteemed.

They are honored by us to-day as those who died *dutifully*. It was for no vainglorious or romantic idea that they gave their lives; they laid them down in obedience to duty. This the manner of their dying has clearly evinced. They were as true after defeat as after victory. The horrors of imprisonment did nothing to efface their sense of duty. For that, how many of our volunteers died daily, undergoing things more trying to human nature than can ever be put into human speech. We read of black holes, and slave ships, and other places of horror, by which hundreds have been sent by a speedy passage out of life; but the history of the world does not furnish instances of devotion to duty by so many thousands under privations like those endured at Belle Isle and Andersonville. Remember, that by proving false they might have had food and freedom; but no, the keenest of pangs and the worst of deaths were faced rather than violate their allegiance. Not to stir up smoldering feelings of a vindictive nature nor to fasten a stigma on the conquered is this allusion to the sad past made. More in sorrow than in anger is it recalled, I say, for your speaker is numbered among those who know that the dust of sons their mothers bore lies under the Georgian pines in that most mournful spot on all the continent, Andersonville. Not to reawaken the sense of wrong, but to deepen our gratitude to the dead, by assuring ourselves that we are not vainly honoring the memory of those over whose graves we spread these tokens of our love.

They are the dutiful dead we honor to-day. Not driven into the battle-field at the will of a despot, not bought with money, not urged by spite, were they "drawn unto death." They were willing in the day of their country's power, and not for themselves, but their nation in its dignity and completeness, did they die.

Over the Spartan heroes who fell at Thermopylæ a monument was raised with this inscription: "Stranger, go tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws." What inscription more appropriate for *that?* [pointing to the monument.] Over the graves of those who lie near us for a like end we perform these rites of decoration.

But we bedeck the tombs of those who died *triumphantly*. They all died so. Whether the life was given in assault or repulse, the object of the surrender was the same. As the sower and the reaper can claim the same sheaf, so do the dead in victory and defeat for the one cause claim the same wreath.

It is a cause of devout gratitude to God that none who fell for our Union are moldering into foreign dust. If they lie beneath flowers that bloom from the borders of the snow

to the haze of the torrid zone, thanks to their bravery, under God, they are flowers that grow in one country, united and free—yea, more firmly united and more completely free than ever. By their blood every root is so baptized into the spirit of universal liberty, that no bondman's foot can ever touch its consecrated soil. And not only so, the republic lives among the nations, the peer of the oldest and strongest in Christendom. Had our nationality gone down in the late war, what was to prevent it from going down again, and eventually out of two nations as many more nations as causes of difference spring? What foreign power had cared for a nest of little states? But those who are careless of a thousand sparrows fear the eagle. And here is the crowning triumph of the Union cause. The things the fathers fought for are preserved, the principles of their sons are asserted, the cause of self-government vindicated, and the inheritance of power secured for coming generations.

And this suggests that these soldiers and sailors not only died in triumph, discharging their duty, but they died to secure things better than they knew. From their deaths has sprung an increase of national gratitude. The warriors of 1812 are fast following those of 1776, and into a whirl of material gain and loss our people are being swept. But we have all been taught that there are things to value that money cannot buy, and towards them all hearts are turning to-day.

From the President on Arlington Heights, overlooking the "bivouac of the dead," to the lonely widow who for years has lived without her sons, all hearts are on the sacrifices for something unseen, yet enduring. General Grant—how readily his old name comes up under the flag among the "boys in blue"—General Grant, though commonly his thoughts are too deep for tears, has his own quiet remembrances to-day. He thinks of Lyon and Sedgwick and McPherson, whose fall was a loss like that of a division; he thinks of the nameless and numberless who fell under his command from Donelson to Richmond! And each one follows the general-in-chief in singling out his own dead, and the losses are too numerous to leave any hearts and homes untouched. Thus the nation has its emotions enlarged and enriched. Gratitude, sympathy, tenderness, urging to tributes like those so abundant to-day. What people can exercise them without an elevation and refinement of nature? Yet did the dead ever dream that through the sternness of war such influences were to effect the national elevation?

As a citizen and a father, in the name of those who have sons to train for the future of the country, I ask you, soldiers of the republic, to keep up such days as this. These arms

held up one son in 1861 to see the first troops leave New England with the first libation of blood for the republic. They held another to see the flags of Maine and Massachusetts come home all rent and riven from their staffs. Many have been held up in arms to-day to see you pass; and to teach them gratitude and purity, and to train them to high endeavor, let these annual celebrations be continued, till it becomes a common thought with them that it is of all things most honorable to surrender one's self for a noble cause, and thus let the blood of the slain be the seed of the state.

But the day wears on and the dirge of the dead has yet to be sung. Then, kind hands, to your work! Strew over the sleeping heroes the fairest things under the sun! Strew them in their freshness, to betoken the continual newness of our regard! Strew them in their beauty, to betoken the moral loveliness of their devotion! Strew them in profusion, to betoken our numberless thoughts of what we have at once lost and secured in their buried dust! Let us look on their graves, under these beauteous handiworks of God. If these flowers are but transient offerings, we are ready to renew them when God "reneweth the face of the earth." Thus will we treat their earthly remains. We have no covering worthy of their names and deeds. "Nothing *can* cover their high fame but heaven; no monuments set off their memory but the eternal substance of their greatness, to which we leave them."

At the close of the address, at a signal from the officer of the day, the chorus of about one hundred and fifty voices, under the leadership of Mr. Davenport, performed in an excellent manner several selections from Stearns' Mass.

The band then played a beautiful composition called "Prayer," and the ceremonies closed with the benediction by the post chaplain, Rev. J. B. Gould.

CEREMONIES AT BREWER.

(Post No. 12.)

At 9 o'clock, Saturday forenoon, Post No. 12, Grand Army of the Republic, under command of Commander B. H. Beale, preceded by the Bangor Cornet Band, proceeded to Brewer, to assist in the exercises of the day. At the Brewer end of the bridge they were met by a detachment of Post No. 12, residents of Brewer, under command of

Junior Vice Commander W. H. H. Wilson, and escorted to the town hall, where the procession was formed, consisting of Post No. 12, Grand Army of the Republic; the girls of the public schools, between two and three hundred in number, dressed in white and decorated with flowers; thirty-seven young misses dressed in black, one for each State of the Union; and citizens generally. They marched to the music of the band to the cemetery.

The exercises at the cemetery commenced with prayer by Rev. L. D. Wardwell, after which an able and eloquent address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Teft. At the close of the address the procession passed around among the graves, and placed flowers upon those where reposed the remains of their fallen braves, the band playing a dirge. The exercises were interspersed with singing by a choir and music by the band, and were very interesting and impressive.

CEREMONIES AT THOMASTON.

(P. Henry Tillson Post No. 16.)

The ceremonies of decorating the graves of the lamented heroes who sacrificed their lives in the cause of our country in the late rebellion, and who lie buried at Thomaston, Maine, took place at that town on the afternoon of Saturday, May 29, under the direction of this post, Major J. H. H. Hewett, commander. At 6 o'clock p. m. the veteran soldiers and a large number of citizens of the place assembled at the encampment hall and formed procession in the following order:

Officers and members of P. Henry Tillson Post No. 16, Grand Army of the Republic; the clergymen of the several churches of Thomaston; a large number of ladies with flowers and decorations; citizens of Thomaston generally.

The procession moved down Main and up Erin streets to the south gate of the village cemetery, where a crowd had assembled in anticipation of the ceremonies. Just inside of the gate the procession halted. A brief address was made by Major Hewett, the post commander, which was followed

by the assembly uniting in singing the hymn "America." Prayer was offered by Rev. J. K. Mason, and Rev. B. S. Arey followed in a few well-chosen remarks. The graves were then visited in succession, and as the comrades of the post surrounded each spot sacred to the memory of a deceased soldier, sailor, or marine who had given his life to his country's cause, they planted a small American flag upon it, while the ladies placed the floral decorations above each sleeping hero.

CEREMONIES AT OLDTOWN.

(Post No. 12 and S. J. Oakes Post No. 17.)

At 1 o'clock Sunday, May 30, Post No. 12, Grand Army of the Republic, B. H. Beale commander, preceded by Company A, State Guards, Lieutenant Dyer commanding, and the Bangor Cornet Band, marched to the depot of the Bangor, Oldtown, and Milford Railroad, where, with a large number of citizens, filling fourteen cars, they proceeded to Oldtown, stopping at the upper depot. They were here met by Post No. 17, of Oldtown, and Dirigo Engine Company No. 1, of Oldtown, and the procession was formed in the following order:

Bangor Cornet Band, A. D. Harlow, leader; Company A, State Guards, Lieutenant Marshall Dyer; Post S. J. Oakes No. 17, Grand Army of the Republic, George Norton commanding; Post No. 12, Grand Army of the Republic, B. H. Beale commander; Dirigo Engine Company No. 1, Captain G. M. Longley; citizens in carriages and on foot.

The procession marched through the town to the cemetery, near East Great Works, where the ceremonies of the day took place as follows:

The procession being formed in hollow square, the band played the dirge, "The Grave of Bonaparte," after which Major Manning, commander of Post No. 17, introduced Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Oldtown, who made a beautiful and appropriate prayer.

The band next played the beautiful piece entitled, "Rest, Spirit, Rest."

Major Manning then introduced Ezra C. Brett, esq. Mr. Brett said that he rose to apologize for the absence of the speaker who had been engaged to deliver the address, and who had informed them, too late to procure a substitute, of his inability to be present and to read the roll of the honored dead. Before proceeding to the reading of the roll, Mr. Brett spoke for ten or fifteen minutes in an eloquent manner.

After reading the roll, Mr. Brett again alluded to the disappointment of being without a speaker, but he saw in the ranks of the soldiers who were doing escort duty on this occasion one who had always been a true friend of the soldier, and whom they were always glad to listen to; and he believed under the circumstances he could not refuse to say a word upon this occasion. He alluded to Hon. Hannibal Hamlin.

Mr. Hamlin came forward, dressed in the uniform of Company A, of which he is an active member, always turning out with his company, and was introduced by Major Manning, and made some brief yet eloquent and touching remarks appropriate to the day and the occasion.

The exercises were concluded by the band playing the hymn "America."

At the close of the exercises the procession took up the line of march and proceeded to Milford, where they saluted the hallowed ground and placed flowers upon the graves, and the band played the Vesper hymn and also a prayer, when the procession returned to Oldtown and re-embarked for Bangor.

CEREMONIES AT KENDUSKEAG.

(Daniel White Post No. 19.)

This post observed Sunday, May 30, with appropriate memorial ceremonies. The procession was formed by John H. Everett, commander, at post headquarters, in the following order: Grand Army, Good Templars, citizens.

The procession moved to the cemetery, where prayer was offered by Rev. T. B. Robinson.

E. F. Crane, esq., was called for, and responded with

appropriate remarks and giving the roll of soldiers, whose graves were decorated with flowers, evergreens, and flags, and also of those who died or fell on the battle-field.

Remarks were made by Rev. T. B. Robinson, Dr. Uriah Clark of Boston, and Colonel O. K. Nason of Kenduskeag, and an eloquent address was delivered by Rev. Thomas Cooper, as follows:

Soldiers and Citizens of the United States: I confess it is with some degree of reluctance that I have accepted your invitation to deliver this brief address, not that I am wanting in sympathy with you or the occasion, but I feel that there is an eloquence in these flower-decked homes of the dead not to be resisted, surpassing the orator's power and holding him silent.

This hour bespeaks a national gratitude for the heroism of her sons, who, in the national peril, when traitors had plunged their country into deadly strife and disaster hung over it like a pall, arising with the fire of patriotism glowing in their souls, bidding adieu to mothers, sisters, and wives, and leaving their childhood's home with all its endearments, nobly went to brave the terrors of war. How nobly they did it, the unparalleled military operations and inventive genius of your armies—their bloody conflicts and dazzling victories, before whose splendors those of eastern empires paled—must loudly tell.

The thrilling tragedies enacted at Gettysburg, Yorktown, and Petersburg are not forgotten, for they with other scenes of carnage are placed upon the nation's record. For their grand achievements, the illustrious Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of others who still live and bear about the witness of their devotion, are ever to be honored and cherished, and their names will go down to posterity enshrined in loyal hearts, sacred to the lovers of their country. Others, who perished by disease or in the weary march, to be laid in unknown graves, or fell in fiery siege at the cannon's mouth, to leave their bones in gory heaps to bleach in the sun, with those whose graves are with us, rest peacefully under the grateful tributes of their country's praise and Heaven's benediction. Time shall only increase the halo of brightness that surrounds their memory.

These sad festivities are in honor of your own, who left you in those heart-rending times never to return, or, returning, only made their graves with you. The roll of honored dead has been called in your hearing. Among these some perished on the banks of the Potomac, partaking in the fear-

ful struggles of that region. Two noble brothers, who lie yonder side by side, partook in the terrible scenes at Fredericksburg, rushing along through that valley of death shoulder to shoulder with their comrades, with their bosoms bared to the storm of iron thunder-bolts and leaden hail that poured down upon them in all directions from a hidden foe. Undaunted, they made a desperate struggle against fearful odds, but forced to retreat, under cover of night, from their country's foe, worn and exhausted, they fell an easy prey to a foe from whom there is no retreat. Nobly they fought, nobly they died. Some, in the far-away valley of the Mississippi, acted a part in those trying scenes attending the fall of Vicksburg and the surrender of Port Hudson: close under the guns of that beleagured fort one yielded up his life by sudden death. Two more, under the hot Louisiana sun, wasted slowly by disease. But others, spending their strength for their country, dragged their weary, wasted limbs to their homes, only to breathe their last in the arms of friends. Alike they honored their country; alike their country honors them. Deathless names are theirs. Brave men, their graves are sacred. There let the evergreen strike deep its roots and multiply. Let it sway in the keen blasts of winter or welcome the winged zephyrs of summer, it shall ever be cherished as a fit emblem of those charmed memories which cluster around the deeds of these valiants. The roar of artillery has indeed been hushed, and the murky smoke which hung like a shroud o'er the dying scenes of battle has been dispersed by the radiance of victory; but these spots remain, and, ever green with rich associations to charm the survivors, shall be more charming still to the children of the coming age.

Here plant the willows, and let them remain with their pendent foliage drooping, as if conscious of the sanctity of the hillocks they cover, hallowed truly by your tears. Hereafter your children will visit these graves, as you do now, with uncovered heads and flowery wreaths, bending in reverence to a shrine so worthy of their homage.

There is a significance in the music of these birds which now surround this scene. They do not visit us with a funeral dirge, but with songs of life. It is true your husbands, brothers, and sons were borne hither amid grief and tears. But oh, ye bereaved, restrain the gushing anguish of your souls; these heroes are not dead, but sleep. Some who slumber here were men of sterling piety and solid worth—men who in times of peace delighted in the communion of saints, welcomed the dawn of the Sabbath, and were worshipers in yonder church whose spire meets our gaze; and in times of

war God heard their prayers, though on the battle-fields of strife. Others who made no professions of piety, but when in your midst were citizens good and true, and ready for every good enterprise. When the cry of treason was heard, and the clarion-call "to arms" rang through this State, anxious for their nation's flag, they gave their lives a sacrifice in its defense, and we fondly hope their spirits rest in peace.

They are not dead; in these ashes there is concealed the germ of life. "This mortal must put on immortality;" unending life streams through the portals of every tomb where your friends repose, cheering with the thought that they are your friends still, and are not lost.

I am glad to console you this day with thoughts of that immortality which is by no means a dream, but which rests on the eternal Jehovah as its immutable foundation, who has brought it to light through the gospel of Jesus Christ. If Cato, whose ideas of the future were obtained only by the dim light of reason, when animated with strong desire for its immediate realization, could exultingly exclaim, "O glorious day! when I shall be admitted into the assembly of the wise and good," much more may we, having the "sure word of God" and living under the blaze of its revealings, confidently expect to share with our friends a glorious immortality. May we all participate in the resurrection of the just, when our risen forms shall welcome their long-absent tenants, thus completing in holy union our bright destiny, commingling with those "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, * * * waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

No, they are not dead. Apart from the perpetual entity of every spirit and the ever-enduring glories of the righteous, theirs is an immortality our spirits cannot share. The life of this great republic has been preserved by their death; the early manhood of this nation retains its majesty by their fall, and the black stain of slavery has been effaced from the bosom of this fair land by martyr blood.

The years may fly on the wings of time and ages roll ceaselessly onward, but their earned laurels shall never fade, their glories never dim. They have purchased for their country a glorious future. Henceforth the principles of justice and equality reign from the wild Atlantic shore to the peaceful slopes of the mild Pacific. No more shall the hoarse battle-cry destroy the harmony of America, but it shall catch the music of inspiration from every patriot's grave; and, her vast treasures being used as sources of development, she shall continue her sublime career, clinging with fidelity to the memory of her own brave warriors, on whose shoulders she

is upward borne. Grand and glorious in her rising magnificence, she shall be hailed with admiration by surrounding nations while she rings out in trumpet tones again and again the key-note to all her victories, and the heart of every nation will beat a quick response as they hear "All men are created equal," which declaration is to you most precious, because sealed in the blood of your braves.

Come hither, then, with your tears and your redolent offerings; not that the dead are conscious, or their senses quick to catch the aroma of these flowers, but because the living are with you to record these grateful doings, and, passing into history, future generations shall learn how you now appreciate the deeds of those who died for their nation's life.

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, I thank you for the honor of addressing you on this occasion, and I trust that every returning anniversary will find you still faithful to the names and achievements of your departed comrades, and that around their graves you will renew the vows of the past, swearing fidelity to that glorious Union you so nobly fought to perpetuate.

Appropriate music was given by the choir, closing with the hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

CEREMONIES AT BUCKPORT.

(Post No. 25.)

Programme.—Dirge by the band; prayer by the chaplain; reading General Order No. 21; music, "Hark! a Nation's Shouts Ascend;" oration, by Dr. B. F. Teft; decoration of the graves with flowers and flags by the children, during which the band played a dirge; music, memorial hymn; firing a volley over the graves by Grand Army of the Republic; music, "America;" benediction.

The decoration took place in accordance with the above programme, in the presence of about one thousand people. The graves were decorated by the children, who marched through the cemetery, and kneeling at each grave, placed their flowers, flags, &c., upon them. Dr. Teft, late chaplain of the First Maine Cavalry, made a very fine oration. Every one seemed satisfied with the proceedings.

The exercises took place on Seminary Hill, overlooking the cemetery, so that persons could witness the decoration without entering the yard, around which a guard was placed.

The Grand Army performed their duties in military order, the guard being under arms.

CEREMONIES AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

(Post No. 37.)

The ceremonies of decorating the soldiers' monument erected in this village to the memory of its lamented heroes who fell in the rebellion took place this afternoon, under the auspices of Post 37. A large number of citizens participated in the exercises, as well as children of the Sabbath-schools. The post turned out with full ranks, under the command of Post Commander J. W. Channing. The monument is located in a square in the center of the village, and is a beautiful granite shaft, on which is inscribed the names of forty-two of the lamented dead, the most of whose remains lie buried in the sunny South, where their lives paid the forfeiture of their patriotism. Around this monument the pleasing yet mournful exercises took place. A funeral dirge was played by the band, followed by a prayer by the Rev. T. P. Adams, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. General Seldon Connor then delivered an eloquent and impressive oration, in which his reference to those who had met with such a heroic death that the Union might be preserved and liberty perpetuated, was deeply affecting. Brief remarks were also made by S. S. Brown, S. S. Chapman, E. W. McFadden, and others. The base of the monument was then strewed with a profusion of floral tributes, and the exercises were concluded with the singing of the national hymn by a select choir.

CEREMONIES AT EASTPORT.

(Post No. 40.)

The ceremonies of Decoration Day took place here Sunday afternoon, 30th May. At 1.30 Post No. 40 formed in pro-

cession in front of Memorial Hall, Boynton street, under command of Post Commander H. F. Swett, preceded by the Lubec Band and the grand marshal, Walter F. Bradish; orator and clergymen, town officers, officers of customs, United States revenue officers and men, Eureka and Citizen Engine Companies, and a large concourse of citizens bringing up the rear. At 2 o'clock the procession moved up Boynton and High streets to the cemetery, where a halt was made in front of a beautiful canopy erected under the spreading branches of neighboring trees, the front forming an arch, from which was suspended the national colors, tastefully arranged, falling in graceful folds against the green foliage of the beautiful cemetery.

The platform raised under the awning was occupied by the orator, clergyman, and grand marshal. Comrade W. F. Bradish read a short prefatory address, detailing the object and aim of the Grand Army of the Republic as an organization, and alluding in apposite terms to their gathering on this occasion. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. P. Crafts, after which Rev. W. Stearns delivered the

ADDRESS.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic—Fellow-citizens: At the great retreat of the French army from Moscow, Marshal Ney was commander of the rear forces that protected the retreating army. As Napoleon, late at night, was looking over charts and maps, a man in tattered garments, battle-worn and blood-stained, entered his tent. Napoleon scanned him with his eagle eye and said, "Who are you, sir?" Marshal Ney threw off his slouched hat and exclaimed, "Emperor Napoleon, I am the remnant of the rear bodyguard of the imperial army of France." And as you stand before me I ask, Who are you? And from your thinned ranks and your blood-stained colors the answer comes clear as the bugle-call: A remnant of the grand army of the republic of America. A remnant kept by Almighty God from shot and shell; a remnant of the innumerable host of American patriots who, at their country's call, marched to the front to defend and save the best government on earth.

And why have you left the pursuits of life, and, with muffled drum and colors dressed in mourning, marched in slow and solemn tread to this mournful though beautiful place?

Your answer is, We come with sacred memories in our hearts; we come with associations of life in camp and on the march; we come with hearts stirred within us at the memories of hotly-contested battle-fields where our comrades fell in death; we come in grateful acknowledgment to Almighty God that He hath spared our lives; we come to pay a tribute of respect to our fallen comrades: we would drop a tear to their memories and decorate their graves with the flowers which God hath given to adorn the earth.

God bless you in this act of humanity, in whose name you fought and for which your comrades died. And, to aid you in this work of love, accept these simple flowers which I offer in the name of the ladies of our town in response to your call for flowers, with the simple request that, should there be one grave more humble than another, they may be used to decorate such soldier's grave. * * * *

Mourners we all are to-day—as we think of the precious lives that have passed away, and the many desolate homes and aching hearts that bleed afresh as we visit the home of the dead to decorate our soldier's graves—we feel it is too solemn for an anniversary, too impressive for a celebration, but sad enough for a funeral to all patriot hearts to-day. * *

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, a word to you. God permitted you to live to be mustered out of the service; and you who have passed safely through the battles of your country have organized yourselves into a brotherhood to keep sacred the memories of your fallen brothers by annually decorating their graves, and, what is better still, caring for their distressed widows and orphans. I charge you, do your work well; act with such propriety and decorum as to retain the respect and support of all our citizens. Remember that one after another of your comrades shall pass away to join the already innumerable host. Be ye also ready.

Fellow-citizens, sympathize with and act in co-operation with this act of humanity. And when the last soldier shall have passed away, with no comrade to bury him, then, as brother man, perform the duty which cannot be done by his comrades who have gone before him.

A word, and I am done. Let us cherish the life and services of our private soldiers; let us recognize the sacrifices they have made, and love all the more the institutions which under God they have saved. Let us keep unspotted and unsullied the principles and Government which they defended for us.

And to the soldiers who left their homes to fight for and maintain their country's honor and are now resting with the silent dead, peace be unto you.

We would decorate your graves to-day; we would make them bloom as the rose; we would shed a tear in your memory; we would raise a monument to your honor, to your work. We would not rear it of granite, but of nature's simplest flowers, the early spring products of your own country. On it we would inscribe, not in letters of gold nor touched with diamond point, but with flowers wrought in the simplest design, words fitting to your life and death—GOD, AMERICA, AND HUMANITY.

Soldier, sleep in peace. We bid you farewell, till the great day when nations shall be judged before the great white throne. And our prayer is, that you may not only as patriots, but as Christians, meet your God, to go out no more forever.

At the conclusion of the address the decoration hymn was sung by the choir and sacred music played by the band; after which the work of decorating soldiers' graves was performed by the comrades, marching in sections through the cemetery. Upon returning, they resumed their former position in front of the speakers' stand. Prayer was offered by the Rev. E. P. Crafts, and the procession formed in the order previously named and marched to the place of starting.

EXERCISES AT AUGUSTA.

(O. O. HOWARD ENCAMPMENT.)

The interesting ceremony of decorating with flowers the graves of soldiers in the cemeteries of Augusta took place on Saturday, May 29, under the direction of the Grand Army of the Republic. The day was exceedingly inauspicious, yet the headquarters of the post in Darby block presented a magnificent spectacle, and the large contribution indicated that the floral season was at its height, and that the richest treasures of the flower-gardens had been given up for the occasion.

About 3 o'clock the procession was formed on the sidewalk on Water street, under the direction of the efficient marshal of the day, Colonel E. F. Wyman, assisted by his aids, Colonel F. W. Gilbreth and Mr. Silas Wyman.

The following is the order of the procession: Police; Gardiner Band; post of Grand Army of the Republic; city

government; band from United States Military Academy; school children; Atlantic Engine Company; Pacific Engine Company; Steamer Cushnoc Company; citizens generally.

The procession made a good display. The post turned out about sixty men, many of them bearing permanently, in the loss of an arm or a leg, their certificates of membership. They were under the command of Colonel Joseph Noble. The city council had adjourned its regular monthly meeting and joined the procession, accompanied by the mayor, Hon. Samuel Titcomb. The school children numbered over one hundred, each bearing a splendid bouquet of flowers. They deserve much praise for the interest they manifested in not suffering the rain to keep them at home. The Atlantic Engine Company, Captain Woodman, numbering thirty men; the Pacific Company, Captain Ballard, about the same number of men; and the Steamer Cushnoc Company, Captain Morse, twelve men, were all handsomely uniformed, and under the marshalship of Chief Engineer Vickery. The companies were, perhaps, the most attractive portion of the procession, and rendered valuable assistance to the post in the decoration services. A carriage, containing the brass band connected with the Military Asylum at Togus, made up of wounded soldiers, very appropriately joined the procession.

While the procession was moving to Mt. Pleasant, minute-guns were fired and the bells of the city tolled. The citizens turned out in large numbers, all apparently deeply interested in the occasion. On arriving at the cemetery the procession and spectators gathered around a stand which had been erected for the speakers, and the exercises commenced with music by the Gardiner Band. The president of the day, Hon. Joseph T. Woodward, then announced the object of the meeting in an eloquent speech, of which the following is an extract:

Comrades and Friends: We have met, in accordance with general orders from headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic and in compliance with a newly-inaugurated and beautiful custom, to scatter flowers about the resting-places of the martyr-soldiers of the republic. All the grassy mounds about us that mark the spot where loved ones have passed

"Beneath the low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings,"

are ever sacred to family and friends; but *these* belong to a broader circle, that includes us all, for these men poured out their blood under our flag and gave their lives for the protection and preservation of our Government—the choicest sacrifice that patriotism could place upon the altar of its country. It is fitting that we should honor their memories, and, in the enjoyment of the triumphs they helped to win, that we should strew with flowers their last camping-grounds, recount their noble deeds, and thus renew in our own hearts that patriotism which is at once the pride and strength of our Government. To these ceremonies, for such noble and glorious purpose, I invite your assistance and attention.

A brief but impressive prayer was then offered by the chaplain, Rev. Mr. King, followed by the sublime old hymn,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

sung by the children. The general order of Major General Logan was read. After the performance of another piece by the band, Hon. Joseph Baker was introduced and made an address, the most eloquent part of which is here submitted:

We have gathered this afternoon to perform a "memorial" service by the graves of our brothers and friends who sacrificed their lives in the defense of their country. Memorials for the dead are not new in the history of the world. From the earliest ages monuments, pyramids, mausoleums, have reared their lofty heads to the sky, till the Old World is nearly covered with them; but they have been to commemorate the achievements of some single monarch, king, or hero, or some solitary event. But through the long line of history this side the Hebrew Passover, where will you find a national memorial, a national festival, in which all true hearts can cordially unite, till you come to the Fourth of July, 1776?—that immortal day that ushered in the birth of the American nation, then weak and small, but now mightier than any nation on earth, however hoary with the lapse of centuries. On that day our fathers assembled and signed the Declaration of Independence, which proclaimed this people free from the British yoke, and pledged their lives and their sacred honor to make that declaration a living reality. By their toils, sufferings, and blood that pledge was fully redeemed, and this nation sprang into the arena of history and entered on its grand and glorious mission. * * * *

What more fitting memorial service could be instituted than the floral decoration of these hallowed spots; this assembling of living comrades and all classes of citizens in this

city of the dead and at nature's resurrection season, to pay the sad tribute of grateful hearts to the memory of those who wrapped the flag of their country about them and laid down to sleep. It is a sad but delightful service. Our mourning is tempered with rejoicing. There is a glory in the death of the soldier in defense of his country's flag that hallows no other. As the poet truly says—

"Come to the bridal chamber, death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That closed the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities feel its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine.
And thou art terrible!
* * * * * *
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

Yes, and when from the north line of the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the stormy Atlantic to the serene Pacific, the glorious flag of our country, which these honored dead, and you and your comrades, living members of the Grand Army of the Republic, so faithfully defended, shall wave over every inch of this broad land with its teeming millions of people, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, one and inseparable forever, then this memorial service in commemoration of our country's second birth, now in its infancy, shall become universal, and be taught by the parents to the children and children's children to the latest generation, as our regenerated republic marches on in its grand mission of establishing universal liberty and christian civilization throughout the world. * * * * *

After the the address a hymn of peace was sung, and the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, assisted by members of the other organizations composing the procession, proceeded to decorate the graves. In Mount Pleasant Cemetery there are buried in one lot thirty-nine soldiers, whose graves are unmarked by any headstone, and whose names are evidently unknown. These were the first to receive the offering of flowers. Previous to their decoration, a prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Ricker.

From the graves of the unknown the procession proceeded to the decoration of graves in that and the other cemeteries. No grave, however obscure, was neglected, but all were profusely scattered with the sweetest flowers of summer. Throughout the exercises the rain fell at intervals. A signal-gun announced the completion of the ceremonies of decoration, and the procession returned to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, where "America" was sung and the benediction pronounced.

From thence the procession took up the line of march to Riverside Cemetery, on the east side of the river, where eight graves were decorated, making in all one hundred and five graves which had received this token of love and remembrance. After these ceremonies the members of the Grand Army of the Republic returned to their headquarters and the procession dissolved.

EXERCISES AT BATH.

(Sedgwick Encampment.)

At an early hour in the morning of May 30 a detail from this encampment decorated in a tasteful manner the soldiers' monument, and during the forenoon detachments were also busy in decorating the orator's stand at the park and also the entrance to the cemetery. Every soldier's grave at the cemetery was designated by placing upon it a small flag.

The procession was formed as follows: Chief marshal, General T. W. Hyde, and aides; Bath Cornet Band; Steam Fire Engine Company city of Bath, Captain Craven, eighteen men; Sedgwick Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, Senior Vice Commander W. H. Fogg commanding; large covered carriage, containing twenty-two children of the Orphans' Home, in charge of Miss Julia P. Sawyer; carriages containing the orator, poet, and Rev. Dr. Fiske, followed by carriages containing the mayor and members of the city government, wounded soldiers, and others; Kennebec Engine Company No. 1, thirty-five men, First Assistant

Daniel P. Bailey commanding; Torrent Engine Company No. 2, thirty-six men, Captain O. B. Merrill; Deluge Engine Company No. 3, forty-one men, Captain H. H. Howse; Independent Engine Company No. 2, forty-four men, Captain William Lawrence; teachers and pupils of the public schools, under the direction of Mr. Allen of the High School and Mr. Boothby of the South Grammar School, several hundred in number, all bearing wreaths and flowers in their hands.

Among the most attractive features of the procession was the large covered carriage, trimmed with evergreen and bunting, in which were twenty-two of the children of the Orphans' Home, upon which appeared the very appropriate motto, in large letters,

"Our wards—bequeathed us by our fallen comrades."

The carriage followed immediately in rear of Sedgwick Encampment, guarded by a detail from the Grand Army of the Republic, all of which was suggestive of the very tender attachment which the members of the order entertain for the children of their fallen comrades.

AT MAPLE GROVE CEMETERY.

The head of the column halted at the King Monument, and the vast concourse composing it, together with hundreds of spectators, circulated in groups about the cemetery, and devoted a half hour or more to decorating the graves of the martyred heroes.

At the entrance to the cemetery, over the gateway, was a large arch of evergreen, surmounted by an eagle, over which were painted the words "In Memoriam," under which the procession passed.

There are forty-nine soldiers and sailors whose remains are interred in the cemeteries of Bath and West Bath whose graves were decorated.

There are seventy-four soldiers and sailors from Bath whose remains were not brought home, but who, in common with others, are represented by the soldiers' monument, which was properly decorated.

The graves in Sewall's Burying-ground were decorated by a special detail from Sedgwick Encampment.

After this service had been faithfully performed the "assembly" was sounded, and the procession re-formed, marching down North and Washington streets to the park, where the literary exercises were performed.

EXERCISES AT THE PARK.

A very large number of citizens, not joining in the procession, had assembled at the park, upon the arrival of the procession, which swelled the multitude to large proportions.

The exercises were opened by a very earnest, appropriate, and impressive prayer from Rev. Dr. Fiske, of Winter-street Church. After music by the band, Mayor Patten introduced as the orator of the occasion that gallant and battle-scarred veteran soldier General Selden Connor, of Kendall's Mills, who delivered the following appropriate address:

Comrades and Friends: The deep significance of this ceremonial needs not to be interpreted to you. I have no words swift enough to lead your thoughts or fitly eloquent to voice the emotions that swell our bosoms as we gather here to pay honorable rites to the memory of the gallant dead to whom this day is consecrated.

No pride or language could give expression to the thrills that possess our souls as the refluent tide of thought bears us back over the fiery years of the awful drama of the nation's life struggle, and glowing imagination beholds a shining host of transfigured heroes leaning over bright parapets, and gazing lovingly down on a peaceful fatherland ransomed from ruin, and blest forever through their martrydom. I but indicate the feelings and reflections that rule the hour, fortunate if no word of mine shall grate discordantly upon them, or intrude to break the spell that rests upon us, making all hearts as one, the while memory brings us back our brave again.

From the names engraven on the tablets of the memorial shaft the veteran may single out and ponder upon the name of some cherished comrade of the old days, whose life-blood, it may be, was spattered warm upon him, and friends may select the "lean letters" that recall for special dearness of remembrance a form and face once familiar at hearth and board; but all alike are to-day remembered and honored as borne upon the roll of the country's benefactors, the nation's dead.

How might we honor them? How should the great heart of the people that went out to them with admiration for their valor, pity for their sufferings, pride for their achievements, and gratitude for their self-sacrifice, manifest its infinite tenderness? How measure the glow of the ennobling spirit of epic times and men, and infuse into the coming years an enthusiasm of admiring awe for the enthusiasm of patriotism and devotion it has been our happy lot to know and share?

The association of soldiers that has for one of its chief objects the guarding of the names and fame of their less fortunate brothers-in-arms to whom it was not given to hear the triumphant strains of the peace-march, answered the question by the institution of "Decoration Day." All patriotism, all high regard for heroism and manly worth, have united with the spirit of comradeship to consecrate the day, and henceforward it will be held in honored and universal observance. As in the lull of battle the soldier casts a swift thought on home and friends, so in brief cessation of the activities of daily life patriots will annually on this day muse on the stilled hearts that once beat high for honor. With each recurring season of blossom and verdure, the offerings of affectionate remembrance will bloom on the mounds that swell above patriot martyrs, and adorn the pillared stone that bears their names; and loving words and praiseful song shall proclaim what so many trembling lips blanched with the death-pallor have murmered, that "it is sweet and beautiful to die for one's country."

Few of our brave ones gone repose beneath their native sod: on many graves we may not lay our fragrant tribute; but wherever their earthly forms may rest, the turf above them is at this season flower-strewn with tender care by willing hands.

That the war-orphaned children of our State, rightly the wards of the people, have not been neglected is chiefly due to that dear and honored lady whose good works in the war have made her name a household word throughout the homes of Maine.

Ever in the front rank of that army of the gentle hand and cheery voice, of the stretcher and hospital cot, that hovered around the army of the strong arm, the musket, and saber, doing the work of Christian charity, she fearlessly braved the hardships and discomforts of camp-life, and the pestilence that walks in crowded camps and hospitals, and exerted all her marvelous energy to alleviate the sufferings of those that fell by the way. She whose shadow English soldiers beut to kiss was not more reverenced.

The women of our State could have had no worthier rep-

resentative of their patriotic ardor, no more efficient almoner of their unstinted bounty.

The close of the war was not to her the signal of inaction and rest; it brought new self-imposed duties. Mindful of assurances easeful to hearts near their last throbbings, and impelled by the instincts of her generous sympathy that had no need of prompting, she turned her attention to the fatherless, and established for them a *home* indeed.

The undying gratitude of soldiers who have known her care when stricken with wounds or disease, the tearful blessings of mothers and sisters, and the affection of the children adopted by her love, are to her a richer crown than a regal diadem.

Recalling the manhood that was once with us, and that perished for us, we should reflect upon the beauty and glory of the fate that befell them, and stifle all repinings and regrets—

> "Nothing is here for tears; nothing to avail,
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise nor blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

"He has not died prematurely whose work was done."

Weep and lament for the unprofitable lives that pass away and leave no trace of their being; but rejoice with exultation at thought of those who lived long enough to bequeath a priceless heritage of pride and glory, and to secure for themselves an ever-increasing renown.

The brave that are no more! The unforgotten brave! The theme has no suggestion of funeral gloom and the forlorn wail of dirges; it is bright with the radiance of a young fame, sadly, sweetly melodious, like the dying notes of the tattoo bugle.

Bring green garlands and fair flowers; come with odorous trophies of field and garden, and grace the graves of the brave and true with the emblems of a remembrance hallowed by love and exalted pride.

Well might we bestow our offering, if to honor the noble dead were but to gratify sentiments of respect and thankfulness. But it is more. To keep alive the recollections of admirable energies is to keep that before the heroic spirit which will not let it sleep. The world is made better by every remembered incident of worthy action or lofty purpose. Glorious traditions beget glorious deeds. Precedents and examples of heroism lead on to high endeavor. If we would fashion the future to noble ways, we should keep the fame of our departed heroes bright as the splendor of the summer sun, their memory green as "the turf that wraps their clay."

The children of the Orphans' Home then sung very sweetly one of their most affecting pieces, commencing,

"Father, thou art gone forever,"

when the poet, Moses Owen, esq., of Bath, was introduced, and delivered a beautiful poem written expressly for the occasion.

After the singing of another piece by the orphans and music by the band, the exercises closed with a benediction by the Rev. Mr. Ogden of Grace Church.

DEPARTMENT OF MARYLAND.

CEREMONIES AT BALTIMORE.

(Posts Nos. 1, 4, 5, 16.)

The decision having been made by the commanding officer of the Grand Army of the Republic in Baltimore that Monday, the 31st of May, should be observed as the day for the decoration of the soldiers' graves in that locality, the ceremonies took place on that day.

In Baltimore the Grand Army of the Republic has a strong and vigorous organization, and its members have sacredly celebrated the day set apart as "Memorial Day." The ten thousand citizens who in 1861 chose to adhere to the Government, and through all the dark days of the war supported it with a steadfast devotion, have equally felt it their privilege to yearly bring fragrant flowers and reverently lay them upon the graves that dot the verdant hill-side of Loudon Park Cemetery.

The arrangements for the ceremonies were made by a committee of arrangements from the Grand Army of the Republic, assisted by volunteer aid from numerous citizens.

THE PROCESSION TO THE CEMETERY.

According to orders from the headquarters of General Andrew W. Denison, grand commander of the Department of Maryland, Posts No. 1, 4, 5 and 16 assembled at their headquarters at 1 o'clock, and prepared to form a procession to the cemetery. The column was formed on Eutaw street, with the right resting on Fayette street, at 2 o'clock, and at 2.30 wheeled around into Baltimore street, and marched out to its terminus, at the Frederick road, in the following order: Grand commander of the Department of Maryland and staff in carriages; orator of the day and the clergy in carriages;

escort of citizens in carriages; Brigadier General Felix Agnus, chief marshal and general field officer; Captain Charles E. Suter, assistant marshal; full brass band of the Fourth Regiment United States Artillery; Veteran Drum Corps; Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, H. S. Tagart, commander; Post No. 4, Grand Army of the Republic, William L. Wain, commander; Post No. 5, Grand Army of the Republic, N. O. Thompson, commander; Post No. 16, Grand Army of the Republic, F. W. Lang, commander; inmates of the Maryland Soldiers' Home; numerous wagons loaded with flowers.

ON THE ROAD.

There were about five hundred men in line from the four city posts, besides those in carriages, and they made a very substantial military appearance. Quite a number of the men were dressed in the uniform which for so many years was their only dress, and all carried one or more bouquets. Several flags were carried in the line, among them one or two grimy with the battle-smoke and riddled with the bullets of its former service. The procession marched through the city with firm, unbroken ranks, the men moving as if on afternoon parade. The spectacle and the fine music of the band attracted thousands of persons to the streets along the route, which were thronged with spectators. The disabled soldiers from the Maryland Soldiers' Home occupied one of the Adams Express Company's wagons, drawn by a team of four superb grays, which had been gratuitously furnished by Mr. S. M. Shoemaker, of the Express Company. The rear of the procession was composed of a long line of wagons, heavily laden with burdens of flowers.

Upon reaching the Frederick road the members of the Grand Army took up the route-step so familiar to old soldiers, and started for the cemetery.

LOUDON PARK CEMETERY AND THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES—THE CEREMONIES OF DECORATION.

The cemetery occupies about one hundred acres of land, and was formerly the residence of James Carey and his immediate descendants. In 1861 the Government purchased

from the cemetery company one and a quarter acres of ground in the northeastern section, and inclosed the same with a handsome iron railing. It was but a short time before the first graves were dug for the reception of the bodies of deceased Union soldiers, and now there are about twenty-three hundred graves within the inclosure, all of men who died in the hospitals of Baltimore. Under the appropriations made from time to time by Congress a force of workmen has been engaged in beautifying the grounds, and making this one of the most attractive portions of the cemetery. The graves of the soldiers are located upon a hill-side at the eastern end of the cemetery, the white wooden head-boards studding the green, and the lowly mounds reaching down into the lower ground of the inclosure.

Close by the railing which separates the Government section from the other portion of the cemetery a stand was built, and decorated with the Stars and Stripes, for the use of the orators, clergymen, the choir, and the children from the Union Orphan Asylum. There were about fifty of these orphans present, all of them the children of deceased soldiers, and some of them having fathers reposing in the city of the dead near by. They were under the charge of the noble president of the asylum, Miss Margaret Purviance, and the efficient matron, Mrs. Perry.

Upon an elevation near the main entrance was stationed a section of light artillery from Fort McHenry, consisting of two twelve-pounder guns, manned by men of the Fourth Regiment of Artillery. About 5 o'clock the procession was reformed at the gate of the cemetery, and marched to the stand, the Fourth Regiment band playing a solemn dirge, and the guns firing the national salute. The procession marched up to the stand, and was formed in a square around it. The band from the House of Refuge had previously arrived, and had played several selections.

After the conclusion of the dirge and the salute, the opening of the ceremonies was announced by Comrade William A. Noel. Rev. Dr. J. J. Edwards, of the Second Presbyterian Church, was called upon and offered up a most eloquent and appropriate prayer.

city of the dead and at nature's resurrection season, to pay the sad tribute of grateful hearts to the memory of those who wrapped the flag of their country about them and laid down to sleep. It is a sad but delightful service. Our mourning is tempered with rejoicing. There is a glory in the death of the soldier in defense of his country's flag that hallows no other. As the poet truly says—

"Come to the bridal chamber, death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That closed the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities feel its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine.
And thou art terrible!
* * * * * *
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

Yes, and when from the north line of the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the stormy Atlantic to the serene Pacific, the glorious flag of our country, which these honored dead, and you and your comrades, living members of the Grand Army of the Republic, so faithfully defended, shall wave over every inch of this broad land with its teeming millions of people, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, one and inseparable forever, then this memorial service in commemoration of our country's second birth, now in its infancy, shall become universal, and be taught by the parents to the children and children's children to the latest generation, as our regenerated republic marches on in its grand mission of establishing universal liberty and christian civilization throughout the world. * * * * *

After the the address a hymn of peace was sung, and the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, assisted by members of the other organizations composing the procession, proceeded to decorate the graves. In Mount Pleasant Cemetery there are buried in one lot thirty-nine soldiers, whose graves are unmarked by any headstone, and whose names are evidently unknown. These were the first to receive the offering of flowers. Previous to their decoration, a prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Ricker.

lands that border on the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, a new epoch began, and the age of chivalry and crusades arose, with its knights and troubadours and tournaments, the era of feuds and tribute and vassalage, of frequent forays and constant recourse to battle, as the surest and speediest solvent of all debates. But why need we turn over the incarnadined records of the world's pupilage and education? They are all crimson with the stories of the rise and fall of nations on the stricken field, stories that were not sad in those disordered times, when men thought only of fame and power and dominion, but are melancholy enough when we read them in the light of our own recent annals of bereavements and cemeteries, ruined homes, and wrecked fortunes. Standing as we do in the midst of one of our national graveyards, who can find it in his heart to repeat the gay refrain of the bivouac, "A soldier's life is always gay." It may be glorious, but alas, it may end in the long sleep that knows no waking; and what is glory to those in the grave, who know "no change or shadow of turning." What boots it now to the dust of the brave fellows who repose beneath these flowery mounds that Sheridan rode like a whirlwind down the valley of the Shenandoah, or that Grant thinned the tangles of the Wilderness with the shot of the finest artillery the world had ever known. "Little they'll reck, if we let them sleep on," of all that they saw and in which they were the imperiled actors; little they care now for the bugle-call, the reveille, the summons to line, the crash of conflict, and the carnival of death. The nation lives, it is true. The old tattered and smoke-grimed banners are furled, the tents are all struck, the vast hosts of troops, whose tramp was as the travail of an earthquake, have melted away into the currents of multifarious commerce. The balmy kiss of summer is soft upon hill-side and valley, and our friends, our comrades, our kindred, know nothing now of the great republic whose bulwarks have been cemented with so much precious blood; they know nothing now of the honors which are showered upon their surviving brothers; they know nothing now of the prestige which the four years of strife has given to the country in whose service the best impulses of our nature made them capable of lofty sacrifices. On the dull ear the world's acclaim falls unheeded, and the dim eye can never unfold to the pageantry of such scenes as this.

The end of war has been attained in the ample unraveling of many of the difficult problems from which it sprang; the Union has been emphasized by the thunders of a thousand battle-fields; the nation has been redeemed from its errors of organization; and liberty, justice, and equality promise to

become the birthright of our posterity. It is well for us, then, once a year to gather beside these swelling heaps of earth, and to do our homage, poor at best, to those who lie beneath them. They have not fallen in vain! And men always, and under all circumstances, must sink every desire for their own advancement if they would be champions of a great cause. And, above all other men, the true soldier is willing to hazard wounds, and death even, for the sake of the principles which are emblazoned on his flag. A war without principle is unrighteous and accursed. But the soldier who lays down his very being in the maintenance of exalted issues is crowned with those amaranthine chaplets which are the guerdons only of our benefactors.

I remember, when the first regiments were marching through our city on their way to the seat of active hostilities, the feelings with which my eyes were accustomed to wander along the ranks, and the deep and intense impressions which striking faces used to make upon my mind. Very handsome and very manly were many of those strangers, who came from far northern and western homesteads, but in almost every company there was visible a preponderance of the clear Saxon complexion and light yellow hair. It was not true—although the calumny, more hurtful and degrading to themselves than to its subjects, was generally circulated among the Southrons—it was not true that our bounty system drew to our shores vast numbers of adventurers and hirelings to fight our battles. The fair young faces of Yankee boys made many an eye fill with tears as the troops passed through our streets, as they used to hurry to the risks of disease and death with such bright and careless looks, and with such easy swinging strides, as if marching had been part of their daily discipline from childhood. How many never came back at all? how many are sleeping in unknown recesses of forest and mountain gorge? how many lie in wayside graves? how many are taking their long slumber in church-yards among aliens to every sympathy with their cause?—all these are queries which ten thousand hearts have throbbed over in those far-off homes across whose thresholds nevermore will come the feet of the brave and bright boys of the pleasant times long ago. You may say what you will of the vast outlay of money and the immense expenditure of life of which that long and sanguinary strife was the prolific source, but in nothing does it appear more lamentable and abhorred than in its influences upon the domestic welfare of the people of both sections. I suppose that at least one-half a million of men—maimed, shattered in health, deaf, blind, lame, dead—would not be too large an estimate of its victims. And every one of these had

some woman—mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart—whose feminine nature clung to him with sweet fancies and hopeful affection. Ah, there are graves in many a woman's heart over which the turf will always be green, and sweet memories, more fragrant than flowers, will always shed their perfumes. But the long shadows of an unending sorrow will rest upon them until the last of the bereaved shall cease to tell of her devoted contribution to the long and fatal war of the sections.

Few things are more difficult than to define accurately and adequately the motives which impel others in any particular line of conduct, and yet it has never seemed necessary to me to seek very far for the influences which clothed our soldiers in the uniform of the Union and armed them so terribly in its behalf. It was once the fashion—and it makes our cheeks mantle with shame when we recall the cowardice of such obloquy—it used to be the fashion among those who despised and dreaded the nation's champions to ascribe to their enlistment the basest and most sordid motives. Not a few among the journals of England, and too many among the prominent papers of the North and West, were in the habit of stigmatizing our troops as "the scum and offscourings of creation," and of aspersing their characters with every possible charge of venality and vice. And yet how different were the facts! Recent statistics have set forth in the tables of the nationalities, avocations, and circumstances of those who forsook every interest of fireside and wealth, of competency and industry, to hasten at the outset of the conflict to the preservation of the life of the republic! No armies ever marshaled under the *fleur de lis* of France, the eagles of Germany, or the lion of England contained so large a proportion of educated men, in good circumstances, or possessed of profitable trades, among the rank and file. No country ever raised for its immediate succor so many volunteers, nor was so seldom compelled during the continuance of a long struggle to resort to conscription and forced levies; no people ever had so many and such large separate armies in the field at one time, holding such extended lines of advance, covering such an immense territory, and compelled simultaneously to guard so long a sea-coast, which demanded for its blockade a larger navy than any then, or now even, in the possession of any other country. We needed men, multitudes of men, and they answered every call with spontaneous alacrity. Tell me of a pursuit, a trade, a profession, which did not send forth its thousands of representatives. The minister left his sacred desk to fulfill the holy exigencies of patriotism; the student closed his books that he might write one page of

history with his generous sword; the lawyer abandoned the court that the nation might become his client, and that tongues of fire might argue that country's cause from the cannon's mouth. Old men grew suddenly young, and "renewed their strength as the eagles," that their last days might prove their best days in the service of that liberty which is immortal and heaven-born. Young men threw away every dream of love, every hope of the preferments of peace, and staked life itself on the "perilous edge of battle." In all time, in all history, was there ever before such a cheerful surrender of the charms and fascinations of quiet conventional life among the masses of any people for the sake of "an idea," "an abstraction," "a myth," "a cause which they did not comprehend," "a military despotism," "a usurping government?"

My friends, there was no lack of men, there was no lack of will, of devotion, of real old-fashioned and unstimulated, as well as unsimulated, patriotism among all conditions of our people. The Union was the shibboleth of the first arising—the old flag was the talisman of the first crusade; but very soon the people appreciated the full significance of the crisis. Now or never, they reasoned among themselves, must the land be enfranchised, and our system of government, purified and strengthened, must be made harmonious and equal to its pretensions.

The first revolution had propounded the freedom and equality of men as the inalienable birthright of our race. The second revolution—for the successive uprisings of the people made a revolution in their habits of thought, in party politics and leadership—was carried on to demonstrate the logic of that grand enunciation. The Declaration of Independence was something more than a string of glittering generalities; it was the political litany, the creed of a patriotic people; and they seized the first opportunity which came to them in the fulness of time to impress its every truth and axiom upon the deep-built pillars of the Capitol. Aye, they took that declaration and nailed it to the portals of the nation's Senate Chamber, and wrote above it, "We Believe" in letters of living light. The Union first, then impartial freedom, justice, and equality; homogeneous laws; a common birthright; a perpetual nationality; no foreign enemies in occupation of half our area; one name; one organism of irresistible strength; one banner to bless our common posterity; one common temple for the world's worship of liberty; one common hope for the endless existence of the best form of government ever adopted among men; one common assurance that the Union, saved as by fire and as by fire

refined, might prove pilot and teacher of all coming peoples, the model for statesmen to mold the new democracies of the Old World after, and forever the glory and boast of all who may claim their descent from Puritan or Pioneer, Roundhead or Cavalier; the land of plenty, of culture, of art, of universal education, and of broad humanities, such as freedom of thought and heart and energy alone can nourish! Grand stake was that in a sanguinary war; but the best of all is that the stake has been won; and it was for such an eternal victory that the men who are so silent around us laid down their consecrated lives. It is such an end only that can justify the soldier's trade, the soldier's martyrdom; it is only in contemplation of the undying triumph of right that we can come here to mingle mourning with our eulogies, and the odors of flowers with the tenderness of our unfading gratitude. Bring hither, then, for the tombs of our heroes, the "stars of earth, the flowers so blue and golden." Come with the lily, more resplendent than the crown of Solomon! Come with pink-lipped roses, in whose dewy mouths the sweetness of the morning still lingers! Come with violets and heart's-ease, that we may mingle with our wreaths and garlands some souvenirs of the solace which nature has ministered to hearts weary with watching for the gallant fellows who will never more tie love-knots by the garden-gate at home. Bring flowers to speak for us the thousand things which were unuttered but for their forms of graceful eloquence. The ancients crowned bier and burial urn with "plants of light," and better men than ever were led by proconsul or Greek general are waiting here—men who were born in a Christian land, and whose last look on earth may have rested on some symbol of the Christian faith; men who waged destructive war without malice, without hate for those opposed to them, animated only with such single purposes as Heaven blessed and crowned at last with triumph. Their living comrades have no cause to complain that republics are ungrateful. Let us shower on these green graves blossoms and buds and flowers, as proof at least that we have not forgotten the splendid cost of our liberties and the ennobling sacrifices by which our institutions are dedicated to us as the trustees of that form of government which, sooner or later, will prove to be best adapted to the happiness and development of our race.

My duty would be left more than half undone if I were to pass by this solemn and decorous ceremony without giving voice to the invocation for peace which I am sure is inaudibly welling in your breasts, as well as in the bosoms of the vast majority of our countrymen, from border to border of our

broad and various land. We have endured with fortitude and unselfishness, on both sides, a long and exhausting conflict. On both sides the highest qualities of a military nation have been undeniably demonstrated. We can never dispute the fame of those whose valor and skill made them the idols of the southern armies. Nor can those who were brought into honorable subjection to the power of the restored government deny the greatness and well-earned success of those by whom they were vanquished. Such armies as our people have raised and maintained on both sides were wonderful in their exhibition of soldierly attributes, and we may justly claim, if not pre-eminence, at least equality of martial rank with either of the world's acknowledged leaders. The effort to divide the Union was a desperate one from the beginning on the part of the insurrectionists. It was a question of resources, not less than of right; of material, not less than moral forces; and a profound conviction of the ultimate establishment of the integrity of the Union, and its undisputed jurisdiction over all parts of our common country was no small adjunct to the numbers and equipment of our troops. My friends, we can afford to be tolerant towards some little disappointment on the part of those who stood by a losing cause until it became forevermore "a lost cause." We must not expect that they will level the graves of their dead and blot out from their thoughts the reminiscences of the camp, the battle-field, the hospital, and the death-chamber, with which too many of their kindred have been immemorially associated. Nor need we ask them to reprove the past. If they lament it deeply, I am sure that sorrow for their defeat will work right-mindedness towards us, especially if we, too, are charitable, and wisely show them that we can forget and forgive everything but the nurture of rancor and hate. Let the dead past bury its dead! We need something better and braver than constant iteration of the old causes of strife, the ancient grudges, the sectional demarcations. In the name of our dead, for the sake of the living, and in the interests of our common mother—the indestructible republic—I plead for the restoration of kindness and comity, for the reunion of sundered ties, the recognition of friendships too long alienated, the practice again of those innumerable good offices which used to be the delight of our American communities. We must live together, and we should do so with an utter repudiation of every lingering animosity. I confess that a fitting occasion has not hitherto invited me to speak as I do now; but the longer I live the more deeply am I convinced that strife and hatred and quarrels are more than transient discords—they are crimes that cripple, if

they do not destroy, our usefulness, our happiness, and progress. It is in our power to obliterate the worst vestiges of the last decade. And I believe to-day that the people of the North and West are ready to grant general amnesty by law and unexceptional condonation of all the offenses which grew out of the rebellion, just so soon as the southern people will give impartial suffrage and equality before the law to all their fellow-citizens—for the freedmen are irrevocably their fellow-citizens, and they must be admitted to the franchises and privileges of citizenship. Oh, that men who can see should make themselves so blind! In vain are deep-rooted prejudices of education and old habits still persevered in and adhered to; in vain does one class arrogate to itself superiority and right of rule; *the world, thank God, was made for humanity, not for classes or castes.* On the topmost height of our century's advance we plant the banner of justice and equality; beneath it and far below it, in the low grounds of passion and arrogance, men may dwarf themselves if they will, but if they will, all must be permitted to climb the dazzling steep that leads to knowledge, self-respect, and competency. Let every one have a chance! Down with every wall or partition that separates men from each other in the essential franchises and prerogatives of citizenship! The nation claims from each and all allegiance and obedience. Let it then, by indisputable muniments of title, confer on all the same enjoyment of rights and privileges; settle the fundamental fact that man *is man*, and must be revered by the law and the law-makers for his mere manhood, and you lay the broad and sure substratum of security and tranquillity. Any basis of pacification short of this is narrow and procrustean. With this consummation reached by mutual concessions, and fixed unalterably by the sanction of public opinion and the consent of local customs, we can speedily procure oblivion for the faults and mistakes of judgment and of conduct which have kept the sections too long and too far asunder. I am not pleading for the reinvigoration of prostrate industries, nor the adjustment of disordered finances, nor the reduction of ramifying taxes, nor the representation of disfranchised constituencies. The amelioration of the sequences of war can only be perfected by the creation of new notions of fraternity and stronger yearnings for reconciliation among the estranged members of each party. I do not say that we have been altogether blameless on our side; but the indulgence of crimination and recrimination should have an end. If they have rejected accomplished facts, and with ill blood and bad temper have refused to accept the inexorable necessities of their situation,

the consequences of their own acts, we, on the other hand, may not have revealed in our conduct the wisdom and breadth of statesmanship which were needed for the reattachment of a subdued people; nay, I will even admit that our legislation has been in too many respects empirical, fragmentary, and sporadic. Whose was the fault whether a better system of reconstruction, more coherent, and more consistent, would not have been provided if both parties and the Executive and the Congress had all been acting fairly and in good spirit, I will not pretend to say. But I do know that we have made many and great strides towards the unification of our system of government. We have broken down many and very hurtful discriminations, and step by step we have been building on one base the great structure of a homogeneous economy, so that citizenship in one State is co-extensive with citizenship in all others. The courts are open to the same classes of witnesses; the jury-box will soon be a tribunal free from prejudices of race and color; and from the sea to the mountains, from the rivers to the plains, one may soon wander with free speech and free conscience under the jurisdiction of a public sentiment which will not tolerate the barbaric outrages that had their origin and their apology in that unrepublican institution which the war swept away forever. For such a public sentiment, for the exercise of kindly regards to each other, for the burial of ancient grievances, for the awakening of thoughts of brotherly bonds and national ties, I beg you to place among your laurel-leaves and your sprays of myrtle the olive-branch of peace.

Only a day or two subsequent to the battle of Antietam, the severest of the three battles which were delivered within the confines of Maryland, I was crossing the field, the cornfield, in which the hardest and sharpest of the fighting of the forenoon had been carried on under Hooker. The evening was one of the loveliest with which autumn blesses us in our genial climate, and such stillness brooded over the scene that it was hard to realize that a portion of one army was resting almost within earshot, while the other was rapidly moving away beyond the Potomac. While my companions and I were noting the chief points of a scene which has become famous and historical, we heard the soft, liquid notes of a partridge, as sweet, as clear, as musical, as they used to sound in the days of our boyhood, long before we knew anything of the evil passions of men or of the wars with which they deluge a land in blood. Only a day or two before, and the horrid noises of a great combat had made the earth and heaven thunderous and terrible; and now, the timid part-

ridge, over the unburied slain and in the midst of down-trodden corn and abandoned haversacks and muskets, was singing its cheery song of peace.

My friends, four years have passed away since Lee and Grant met under the apple-blossoms at Appomattox, and bonfires and illuminations of joy lit up village and city. Seed-time and harvest, the early and the latter rain, have dispensed their benedictions to the rich and the poor, the rebel and the loyalist, through four successive years. Through tribulation, if not through punishment; through ordeals which we have been spared, and privations of which we have small conception, the people of the South have been brought to the opening of an administration whose chief has already manifested his longing for a real, abiding, wide-pervading peace. "Let us have peace" everywhere, and among and between all classes. The next generations of North and South will intermarry; our children, and our children's children, must be educated to the apprehension of a common country. Let us then begin the work. The waste places will be made to blossom like the rose; the old scars will be obliterated; the old wounds will all be cured, and the healing of the nation will be accomplished even in our time, and that right speedily, if we only set ourselves in earnest to bring about "a consummation so devoutly to be wished." I yield no judgment upon public men; I surrender no radical conviction of right and duty; I abandon no principle which has ever received my advocacy in saying these things, but I do plead for concord among the people. The old battle-grounds are clothed with verdure; the old armies have vanished away like the distempers of some stubborn fever; the old party leaders have fallen away from the front. An epoch of progress and of development has dawned upon us. And now, while the iron bands of commerce bind the Atlantic to the Pacific; while immigrants are pouring upon our shores from both the older continents; while fresh populations are building towns, cities, and states beyond the Mississippi; while the hitherto unexplored interior is being disclosed to us as replete with incalculable wealth; while the prairies are waving with food enough for the world, and our great nation is being honored, not more for its redundant resources than for its intelligent people and its lofty institutions—here, on the graves of our dead, "who died that the great blessings of freedom might not be lost to mankind," let us deposit our votive offerings to peace and brotherly kindness. We are one in name and destiny. Let us be one in hope and purpose, in aim and effort; and the time will not be long postponed before we will all, on both sides, accept the providences of battle as the

arrangements of God, and contemplate in a stronger and more humane government, in broader laws and universal tranquillity, the fulfillment of His purposes towards us as a nation.

THE DECORATION OF THE GRAVES.

When Mr. Mathews had concluded, the threatening aspect of the sky gave warning of a coming storm, and the decoration of the graves was proceeded with immediately. The throng filed through the gate of the enclosure, each person receiving from the hands of gentlemen a bunch of flowers to strew upon the graves. Down the narrow aisles between the white headboards and the grassy mounds the solemn procession passed, heaping upon the graves the treasures garnered from nature's repositories of summer beauties, until each was almost hid from sight by the wealth of flowers that had been scattered over it. The ceremony was accompanied by the boom of minute-guns from the battery, and the alternate music of pathetic funeral dirges from the bands and singing by the orphan children.

As soon as the decoration was concluded there was a hurried departure for the city, and the immense throng was soon rushing homewards as rapidly as possible. Every conveyance was eagerly taken up, and the cars were again loaded down, but there were still more than a thousand people at the cemetery when the terrific storm of lightning, thunder, hail, rain, and wind swept down with its devastating fury. Many persons were compelled to seek shelter as best they could, and up to midnight the road was crowded with weary pedestrians.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

In a secluded portion of the cemetery are buried the remains of two hundred and seventy-five Confederate soldiers. The spot was visited during the previous day by several ladies, who laid upon the graves of the dead some beautiful bouquets and wreaths of flowers.

LAUREL CEMETERY.

(By Post No. 7.)

At Laurel Cemetery, located on the side of Belair avenue, there are interred the bodies of about one hundred and thirty-

two officers and privates of various colored regiments, who fell on battle-fields in Virginia and other States during the rebellion while bravely fighting for the maintenance of the Union. Their comrades who survived the conflicts of war, and others, deemed it but fitting that on the anniversary or memorial day the same honors which the preceding year had been paid to other soldiers who had fallen on the field of glory, should also be paid to those who had yielded up their lives in the same great cause. Accordingly due preparations were made by Post No. 7, Department of Maryland, Grand Army of the Republic, and on yesterday afternoon the ceremonies took place at the cemetery in the presence of five or six thousand persons, many of whom were females.

THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The committee of the post, J. Wesley Cephus chairman, made all proper arrangements for the conducting of the services, the procession, &c. Donations of flowers, in great numbers, had been received at the dwellings of those composing the committee, and conveyed to Douglass Institute, on Lexington street, during the morning. By direction of the post commander, A. Ward Handy, the officers and men of the command assembled at headquarters, Samaritan Hall, on Saratoga street, adjoining Bethel Church, Past Junior Vice Commander Cyrus M. Diggs being designated as field officer of the day. The loyal male colored citizens also met at the same place at 1 o'clock. In the vicinity of headquarters, as also in front of Douglass Institute, there were congregated a large number of females other than those taking part in the procession. At 2.30 o'clock a part of the procession was formed, and proceeded by way of Gay, East, and Hillen streets, to Holiday street, where, shortly after, the line was formed.

THE PROCESSION.

At 3 o'clock the procession (being formed on Holiday street, the right resting on Saratoga,) proceeded by Saratoga, Calvert, Madison, and Gay streets to the cemetery, in the following order:

Field officer of the day, Past Junior Vice Commander Cyrus M. Diggs; Captain Murray's Brass Band; loyal colored citizens, Captain George A. Hackett, marshal in charge, with assistant marshals William Oldham, Isaac Myers, William F. Taylor, John W. Locks, James H. Hill, Dr. D. R. Hudson, August Roberts, Lemuel G. Griffin, and Cornelius Thomas; martial music; the United Sons of Gideon; Fifth Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Charles L. Thomas, Captain Joseph Thomas; officers and men of Post No. 7; Post Commander A. Ward Handy; Colonel Daniel Young marshal in charge, headed by the Eleventh Regiment Brass Band, Captain Frederick Johns.

A large number of the men wore the same uniform they had in the service.

Following were two barouches, containing the orators of the day, officiating clergymen, and others; a decorated car, drawn by four horses, containing orphan children of deceased soldiers and sailors. Of these there were fourteen girls and eight boys from St. Francis de Xavier Asylum, on Richmond street, and nine girls of the Bethel Church Sunday-school. There were also two wagons, &c., filled with flowers, and a number of carriages.

As the procession passed over the route above named it was accompanied by several thousand persons. The throng was the greatest at the cemetery gate, many persons having gone there at an early hour in vehicles.

CEREMONIES AT THE CEMETERY.

The procession reached the cemetery shortly after 4 o'clock, and marched to the northeastern portion, where, in sight of the mounds of earth raised above the patriotic dead, there had been constructed a platform. On this was first placed the flowers to be used on the occasion, and afterwards the speakers and others taking part were seated. Under direction of Mr. Cephus, chairman of the committee of arrangements, the exercises were commenced with a dirge by the Seventh Regiment Band, followed by the singing of the well-known ode "America," by the choirs of Waters', Wesley, and Ebenezer Chapels, led by Mr. George W. Thomas, assisted by

Mr. John M. Camphor, William H. Brown, musical director. Prayer was offered up by Rev. N. B. Sterrett, after which the choristers sang another ode, and then the following oration was delivered by Post Commander A. Ward Handy:

ORATION OF MR. A. WARD HANDY.

Comrades of the Grand Army, Citizen-soldiers of the Republic, Loyalists of Maryland: We have come hither to-day for a high and noble purpose. From the busy haunts of daily life, from the domestic ties of hearth and home, we have come sadly, yet fondly, to pay a grateful tribute of respect to the sacred dust of the nation's children. It seems to be but yesterday when the storm-cloud of war darkened our national sky and poured over this fair land its deluge of blood. For thirty years the nation had nestled in its bosom the seething fires of rebellion, for thirty years had those fires been burning their way to the nation's heart, and yet it gave no sign of preparation for the coming conflict. But on the twelfth day of April, 1861, the thunder of Sumter's cannon announced to the waiting world that the nation's long, sweet dream of peace had ended.

Then, from mountain and valley, from hill and from dale, from woodland and prairie, came the war-cry of the friends of the Union. Thousands and tens of thousands marshaled themselves for battle beneath your banner, and the nation's bondmen prayed to

> "Draw one free breath,
> Though on the lips of death."

Not until men had wasted from before the cannon's mouth like snow-flakes from the noonday sun—not until the voice of mourning was heard in every hamlet and village in the land; not until the reaper Death had gathered a harvest of the noblest and best of the nation's sons into his voiceless garner; not until rivers of blood in crimson streams cried from earth to heaven for vengeance, did the summons come. Then those noble hearts that lie yonder still in death—those noble types of a suffering people—blotted from remembrance the bitterness of the past, and, instigated only by liberty, loyalty, and the Union, buried the wrongs of two and a half centuries' standing, and clasped hands with the nation across the grave. Side by side with the nation's bravest they moved to battle. True as truth, with the nation's bravest, they sleep in death. Never to them on earth again will come the shock of battle—never to them the joyous sounds we love so

well of "Home, sweet home." For them no loving wife or parent's greeting—for them no children's words of joy. They sleep, and over their resting-place we come to lay sweet tributes of respect. Others of our braves, as true in life or death as they, have sunk to rest on distant battle-fields. No loving hands to strew their graves with flowers, no glistening eyes to gild their narrow homes with tears; but still they sleep as peacefully as those that molder here—

"As sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

Comrades, bear to yonder graves the flowers you bring. Lay them tenderly, lovingly—not sadly—upon their lowly couch, for remember that those whose ashes molder here are camped in the better land above. There God, the grand commander of us all, will guard and keep them well.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN H. BUTLER.

An anthem was sung by the choristers and a selection performed by the Seventh Regiment Band, succeeding which was the delivery of an address by John H. Butler, of which the following is a synopsis:

He observed that he was proud to witness so much enthusiasm on the part of the colored people of Maryland, and that it was the duty of every colored man, woman, and child to show their appreciation of the services that the brave men who lie buried on this spot had rendered in behalf of liberty, equality, and justice. A new day was dawning, a new future was before us, and we must stand a united people now and forever. By those lying there and others yet alive slavery had been extirpated and freedom established. No one should be permitted to divide our ranks and throw away the great good they achieved. He felt it a great pleasure to meet here to do honor to the dead, and to the bereaved ones he would say, Weep not, for there is a blissful future; and to the orphans, We'll care for you.

On the conclusion of Mr. Butler's address a selection was performed by Captain Murray's Band, after which the following address was delivered by Mr. Isadore D. Oliver:

ADDRESS OF MR. I. D. OLIVER.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades: Would that I were the greatest orator of the age. Would that my tongue were like the apostle's, and could speak in all languages of the

globe, and my voice be like the clarion of resurrection, to reach over all the lands and beyond the grave, that I might render adequate homage to the dead heroes and pierce the hearts of the living with the burning sentiments of my soul. But I feel oppressed by the solemnity of the occasion, crushed by the grandeur of my task. The sun which has scorched the forehead of your ancestors and mine could not stain our souls, and God the Lord, who had permitted our bondage on account of our sins, has opened the eyes and conquered the hearts of men, and here I stand, humble as I am, a comrade among comrades, a peer among peers, living or dead—blessed be the Lord!—and place my mite upon the altar of the fallen patriots.

What education has denied me, the purity of my feelings will supply. What nature has neglected in my intellect, the intensity of my love will hide.

Comrades beneath the sod! turn away for a moment from the eternal bliss you enjoy, and listen to the emotions of those you have left behind! You have entered the glorious encampment of the grand army in heaven, and all mortal ambition, strife, and turmoil is beneath you. You came to the gates of heaven with the password: "*We have served the Lord, have freed our brethren, and died for our country,*" and the angels received you rejoicing into their companionship. You are free from sorrows and anxieties, and the unmixed glory of heaven surrounds you for ever. The noblest heroes, the loftiest minds, the purest hearts of all ages and nations share with you the unspeakable splendor and happiness of immortality, and the Lord has given you a reward which no grateful nation could bestow, no loving brother could wish greater. And yet we stand here lingering around your graves, and tears glisten like dew upon the flowers which we strew upon your remains. Mourning fills our souls and longing eyes search you beyond the skies. Such is the blindness of mortality, that we cannot see the designs of the Lord and cannot appreciate his greatest mercies.

Look down upon us, you martyrs of the holiest cause which ever has filled mortal breast and guided human action, and although sorrow cannot enter your souls, the sympathy of saints will be with our emotions. Behold the orphans, who have been left no guidance through life but the example of their departed fathers; behold the widows, who have been bereaved of their dearest in life, and have no solace but the love to your offspring; behold your sisters, who look in vain for the advice and protecting arm of their brothers; and behold your tearful mothers and feeble sires, whose only comfort and pride is beneath the sacred soil, and you will under-

stand our grief, which makes the time separating us from your eternal glory appear long and wearisome. Yet blessed be the Lord that our emotions in this solemn moment are not simply those of mourning and tears. Sisters and brothers of this world, while we stand in the city of the dead, among departed friends and unknown benefactors, we are reminded of the priceless inheritance they have bought for us with their blood. Freedom, the sweetest word for those who were once in bondage, the password which makes man the highest being in creation, loosens our tongues to sing pæans of triumph and shout glory to the Lord. Our limbs are free of chains, our minds and souls are no longer kept in darkness and ignorance. The martyrdom of our dear ones has spared our blood, and we have not to struggle or fight for our rights and those of our children. The education which was denied to us and our fallen brethren will raise our children among the highest of the nation, and enable them to emulate their fame; we will love our country in danger and in peace, and we will show to the world that the precious lives which slumber here have not been sacrificed in vain. Yes, our souls are marching on to do honor to our dead in this world and to a glorious reunion with them in the next. On this day each year we will renew our vows of cherishing the sacred memory of our lamented brethren and of doing deeds of honor in emulation of their merits. And ye children, the hope of your parents and of the land, hear our vows: Remember that you are the offspring of heroes and saints; remember that you have the tasks in your hands which your fathers could not finish. Embrace the opportunities which the noble sacrifice of your fathers has placed around you, and emulate in noble strife the best of mankind, so that when once the moment comes that you join the legions of the Lord in heaven, they will rejoice, and those left behind will bless your memory.

The choristers sang another anthem, and Colonel William U. Sanders delivered the following address:

Fellow-citizens of Maryland: We are assembled to-day in the holy discharge of a sacred duty to the dead heroes of the war, to those who died that the nation might live, and that liberty might sit forever enshrined in her temple. The nation gave her bravest and best, and the peaceful condition of our country now gives assurance that the sacrifice was not made in vain. It is fitting that we in this "silent city of the dead" make our feeble effort in grateful remembrance of those who went down amid the shock of battle, and gave up their lives as defenders of the nation's life. It is meet that we strew the

bright flowerets of earth upon the graves of the departed, and prove that a higher, broader, and brighter civilization has dawned upon our country.. The nation's gratitude goes out to the widows and orphans of these brave men, and testifies to the world that the American republic will ever keep green the memory of those whose worth was beyond price, and whose devotion to their country was their highest aim and consideration.

They have passed from us to that "land beyond the dark river" of which we know not. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call them hence, and we bow in humble submission to His will, trusting that their spirits are at rest, and that these emblems strewn upon their graves are typical of the never-fading *immortelles* "encircling their angel brows in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

A nation mourns o'er the tomb of its dead and a nation rejoices o'er its new-found peace. Purified by fire and animated by truth, a nation writes its name first upon the scroll of Christian peoples by its devotion to the ashes of its heroes. Let us lift up our voices to high Heaven in earnest appeal for continued peace.

These brave men were at the "blood-baptismal" and willing sacrifices upon the altar of our country. By their death we live in the peaceful enjoyment of our earthly blessings. Let this therefore be but the first of many devotional exercises—the pioneer work, which will be followed in rapid succession by those Christian acts which shall prove us well worthy these mounds of earth that have been bequeathed to us by our country in the hour of her suffering and trial. These graves, which corrugate our country all over, are the landmarks which guide the footsteps of the patriot, and teach him that, under God, his duty to his country should be active emulation of those we honor to-day and will ever cherish as the saviours of the living principles of truth and justice.

We are but instruments in the hands of a higher power. Our nation is but an atom in God's vast infinity, and after all we can but obey His will and work out, in our given spheres, the grand economy of the universe. But, as thinking, sentient beings, with power for good or evil, we can choose the good and work out an earthly salvation that will secure peace and rest in the world to come. "Prayers for the departed soul is a good and a wholesome thought." And if we draw near to God over the graves of our dead and supplicate the repose of their souls, scintillations of light from the Throne of Grace will enter our own souls, purify our hearts, and insure hope and faith where all was blank despair.

Above the ashes of our dearest and best lingers the angel of mercy, and if we "seek we shall find; ask and it shall be given unto" us; "knock and it shall be opened." The portals of these tombs speak volumes to every heart, and awaken the "silent monitor within" to the duties we owe to our Maker. Let us hearken unto that "still small voice," and prepare to meet our brothers in arms, who now form the nucleus of the grand army of angels in heaven. In this our Mecca let our prayers ascend to "Him who holds the destinies of nations in the palm of His hand," to bless this mundane sphere, make all men better, and fit them for the life to come.

"Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front," and white-winged peace is perched upon the republic's escutcheon; "westward the star of our 'peaceful' empire takes its way," and the bloody tumult of intestinal war is among the things of the past. God is good, and if we are but true to ourselves and obedient to His known laws, the destiny of our country is on the high road to accomplishment.

The active spirits in this great work are those whose graves we bedeck to-day. All honor to the loyal dead, dying in the full faith of the immutable principles of God's equal and exact justice.

We mourn o'er dead hearts that can never again feel the grand emotion which gave them patriot's graves, yet their souls are immortal. We stand above the inanimate clay of the sentinels that stood upon the watch-towers of our country's liberties, and their unwritten heroism is enshrined in our hearts in imperishable characters; and let us sacredly resolve that we hold our duty yet unfinished till time shall be no more, and the last trump shall summon all before the judgment seat of the "King Immortal, Eternal, and Invisible." May comrades in arms be reunited there, and all men made worthy the crown of righteousness.

Our prayers should be, "Rest evermore to the departed" braves.

"Yes, honor and glory for them are eternal,
The nation they ransomed their memory will keep;
Fame's flowers immortal will bloom ever vernal
O'er the graves where our heroes in glory now sleep."

DECORATING THE GRAVES.

The Seventh Regiment Band performed a selection of music, and an anthem was sung by the choristers, during which Post No. 7 and others formed in line and proceeded to decorate the graves, the band meanwhile playing a solemn

dirge. The procession passed between the two rows of graves, strewing on each raised mound a number of flowers. This concluded, the procession at 6 o'clock was formed anew and returned to the city, the several bodies composing it being dismissed on reaching their places of assemblage.

VISITORS FROM ANNAPOLIS.

Previous to the termination of the exercises the Colfax Guards, Captain James Freeman, of Annapolis, reached the cemetery, having left the latter city at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

CEREMONIES AT FREDERICK.

(Post No. 2.)

On Saturday the members of the post at Frederick, in connection with other soldiers resident in the vicinity, and the ladies, decorated the graves of the Union soldiers in the different cemeteries.

A procession was formed in the afternoon at the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic, (Independent Engine House,) in the following order: Boliver Brass Band, colors draped in mourning, attended by color-guard; thirty-two young misses in white, bearing bouquets and floral decorations; the committee of arrangements appointed by the ladies; soldiers and citizens. The whole was under the direction of Brigadier General John A. Steiner, chief marshal. The procession moved out Market street to Mt. Olivet Cemetery, where the following programme was carried out in front of the keeper's lodge: Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hinkle, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

The following address was then delivered by the Rev. Dr. Diehl, Evangelical Lutheran Church:

It is a noble sentiment of the human heart that prompts the decoration of the graves of friends. Departed loved ones still live in our memories and affections. In our holiest hours we sometimes commune with them in a spiritual intercourse more solemn than their living presence afforded.

We visit their graves, and there muse over the events of their lives. We cherish the fondest recollection of their virtues. We call up their images as they once lived and moved before us.

This sentiment with regard to the resting-places of the dead is common to all civilized nations. It has been voiced in the literature of all peoples. It has embodied itself in marble monuments. It is registered in the old structures of Egypt and the ruins of the rock-built city of Petræa. It is still manifesting itself in adorning the graves of the departed, not only in all Christian lands, but also in China, India, and Japan. The Chinaman thinks his success in life depends on the faithfulness with which he performs his duty to the dead. The promptings of this sentiment have brought you here to-day to pay a tribute of respect to the departed—not all of them relatives or acquaintances—but soldiers who fell in the defense of their government and country. You design to adorn their graves with flowers and just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Scripture to these fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonor rise again in glory. These roses are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, anxious, and transitory life, which, making a fair show for a time, is not without thorns.

Eight years ago the lover of his country could stand up and cast a glance over this glorious land, the finest home ever given by Providence to any people. But its broad rich territories, its prosperous condition and noble institutions, could not drive away from the mind an oppressive apprehension that the sun might soon shine "on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent—on a land rent with civil feuds or drenched in fraternal blood."

The storm burst. The war with all its fearful calamities raged for four dreadful years. The Government called for men. Thousands responded to the trumpet-peal, and among them those warriors whose graves you are about to bestrew with flowers.

Four years of war have been succeeded by four years of peace. The patriot can again stand up and look over this glorious country to-day. He sees the desolations of the war repaired, the national honor vindicated, one general government, whose scepter sways over the entire country, and whose power is adequate to protect life and property on the banks of the Rio Grande and the Savannah, the Delaware and the Hudson. Every province recognizes its allegiance to the Government. Peace is now scattering her blessings over the land. Those broad and fertile territories that were

severed for a little while from the other States are starting upon a new career of unexampled prosperity, and all the States are now bound together in the bonds of one great brotherhood. When the lover of his country looks over this land to-day and surveys its noble rivers and mountains, its varied climate and fruitfulness, its commerce and manufactures, its railways and telegraphic lines, and its rapid growth, he beholds a young giant stretching out his arms in every direction, laying his one hand on the Pacific and the other on the Atlantic, and claiming dominion from the northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

But this peace and prosperity could not be achieved without toil, privation, and sacrifice. Such was the conflict of sentiments honestly held that the struggle had to ensue. To vindicate the unity of the nation loyal men were called to offer their lives on the altar of their country's sacrifice. Mighty hosts responded to the appeal. Among them thousands fell. Of these a few are buried in this cemetery.

The war was the struggle between two mighty powers, both distinguished for valor and indomitable earnestness of purpose. It was a battle of giants, like that of which ancient fables tell us, when Typhan provoked Jupiter to a conflict, and the young giant gained some advantage at first over the thunderer of Olympus, carried him on his shoulders to a remote and obscure country, and there cut the sinews out of Jupiter's hands and feet, leaving him mangled and maimed. But Mercury, recovering those nerves, restored them to Jupiter, who, healed and vigorous again, renewed the assault, and now using his most effective weapons, which he had not done at first, smote Typhan with a thunderbolt, causing the blood to spout from his head, till at length the young giant, faint and fleeing, the sovereign of Olympus now took up Ætna by the roots and hurled the burning mountain on his foe, crushing him dead.

You come to-day to the graves of those warriors who fell in defense of their country. But you bring no vindictive feelings against those brave men who fought on the other side. It is the day of peace; a time when alienations are to be healed. We are all brethren now; fellow-citizens now of the same country, owing and acknowledging allegiance to one and the same government. You desire to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of those whose graves you will adorn. You recall their sacrifices and hardships. Your thoughts revert to the homes they left at their country's call; to the mothers, the sisters, the loved ones, and the sweet homes from which they were torn by the stern demands of war. You think of the weary march, of the camp, the pa-

rade, the tented field, the skirmish, the battle, the slaughter, the wounds, the hospital, and the dying scenes. Thankful to Heaven for the blessings of peace which we enjoy, and grateful to the brave men by whose valor this peace was won, a heritage to be transmitted to succeeding generations, you give expression to the feelings of your bosoms by scattering flowers over their graves. The beautiful tribute of the Kentucky officer to his comrades who fell in the Mexican war, on the occasion of the removal of their remains to their native land, seems peculiarly appropriate on this occasion:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
These soldiers' last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
These brave and daring few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dreams alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more shall feel
The rapture of the fight.
Rest on, embalmed, heroic dead,
Ye noble and ye brave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.
Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of holy light,
That gilds your glorious tomb."

Go, then, and perform the sad yet pleasing office assigned you. In the words of Mrs. Hemans,

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, o'er the grave to spread,
A crown for the brow of the early dead,
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift, bring flowers, pale flowers."

President Lincoln's address at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery was then read by General Steiner.

The procession then moved to the graves of the soldiers,

where the young misses deposited their floral tributes on the graves, and then repaired to the front of the keeper's lodge, where the closing prayer was offered by the chaplain, John Haller, followed by the Rev. R. H. Williams (Presbyterian Church) in a short address, closing with a prayer, when the exercises were terminated by the benediction by Rev. Dr. Diehl.

The following is a portion of Mr. Williams's address:

We have met on this Memorial Day to honor the memory of the brave men who left happy homes at their country's call, and whose bones now rest in this beautiful "city of the dead." They came forth in the bloom of life, with valor nerving their arms, and, after encountering many dangers and enduring many privations, yielded up their lives in their country's service.

In every age of the world the soldier's deeds have been remembered. God's ancient people offered prayer and sang their songs of thanksgiving in commemoration of great deliverances and in remembrance of men who had been instruments of blessing to them. And other nations of antiquity have had their annual services commemorative of the deeds of their warriors. They erected monuments over those slain in battle, and had interesting ceremonies around their graves even centuries after their noble deeds were performed. They believed that such ceremonies had a good effect upon the national mind. "They recalled to the memory the achievements of a former day. They gave birth to a generous contest with antiquity; a contest which was indeed nobly kept up for many centuries."

So the exercises of this day ought to make our nation prize more highly than we have done in the past the great blessings we enjoy. They ought to remind us of the trials through which others passed for our good. They ought to open our hearts in sympathy to those who mourn the loss of friends, whose last farewell was spoken as they started to the war.

* * * * * * *

These exercises ought to remind us that these men have died in a glorious cause. Do we speak of the heroes of '76? These men have died to preserve and perpetuate the blessings which the valor and patriotism of '76 had won. Have we built monuments to perpetuate the fame of revolutionary heroes? We have done the same for those who fell in our last contest. Are the deeds of other heroes of our country rung out from bells,

"And breathed by childhood's lisping tongue?"

So shall the deeds of these be thundered forth from bells and lisped in song for ages yet to come. Are the names of the sires of '76 mentioned with pride and veneration? So shall the names of these be mentioned, and joined with theirs shall form an imperishable roll of honor. * * * *

Already since the war enterprises not only of great national, but of great world importance, have been completed. The telegraph now unites our land with those far distant. The great Pacific railroad makes our country the highway of communication between the greatest nations on the globe, and enterprises nearer home are wonderfully encouraged and assisted. Leading men in parts of the country once hostile to us are now seeking the means to extend and increase those links of communication which must have a tendency to bind us more closely together.

Great enterprises to develop the resources and use the means of this country are filling the minds and employing the hands of our people. And as our greatness increases, the national mind will become more and more absorbed with the present and the future, and the questions which have caused bitterness and bad feeling in the past will be overlooked and forgotten, and we shall go forth vieing with one another to make our land what it ought to be—a land where peace shall reign and where God shall be honored.

The procession then moved to the Lutheran, Catholic, and the German Reformed grave-yards, where, after exercises by the chaplain, graves were decorated in each of them.

EXERCISES AT ELKTON.

(Post No 14.)

The ceremony of decorating the graves of the soldiers was performed by the post at Elkton on Monday. Dr. R. H. Tuft, as adjutant of the post, had command of the ceremonies. At 9 o'clock a. m. the members of the post and such persons as desired to take part assembled at their room, and at 10 o'clock, after prayer by Rev. Thos. L. Poulson, a line was formed and marched to the Roman Catholic burying-ground, where lay the remains of several Union soldiers. The procession standing in line around the grave first approached,

Rev. Mr. Poulson made an impressive prayer, when the line broke, and the graves in the cemetery were appropriately decorated, each grave having a little flag placed upon it, and a wreath and bouquets of flowers placed on the head and foot of the mound where sleep the "unforgotten brave." The floral tribute having been paid to the graves in the Catholic cemetery, the line was again formed and marched to the Methodist grave-yard, and the same beautiful tribute paid to the memory of the soldiers whose remains sleep there. The company next assembled under a large tree near the grave-yard, and all joined in singing the 1031st hymn in the Methodist Episcopal Collection, followed by a prayer by Rev. B. F. Price. James T. McCullough, esq., made a brief address.

The following appropriate address was delivered by Rev. T. L. Poulson:

True heroism is self-abnegation. It is only when toil and sacrifice are inspired by a desire to secure the happiness of others that these noble virtues attain their highest forms, and prove the title to heroic living. The world's heroes have not all stood on the high cliffs of prominence before the gaze of her admiring multitudes. Some of this royal line have walked in unapplauded silence where the blaze of human glory never rested on their bared brows.

He who plows and plants that others may reap is of noble blood; but he who dies that a nation may live, is made of the stern stuff that justifies the song that sings his deeds and the wreathed marble that marks the sacred spot where his ashes sleep.

The toilsome march, the weary bivouac, the ghastly wounds, the patient suffering, the noble death of these our comrades were all for you, grateful citizens, mourning friends, weeping kindred!

How eminently proper, therefore, this annual holocaust, to embalm with tears and flowers the turfy sarcophagus in which the soldier-boy sleeps his last sleep!

'Death, thou art terrible! All we know,
Or dream, or fear of agony are thine!"

"But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

To be sure they *were* your sons and brothers and fathers, but they are

> " Freedom's *now*, and fame's;
> Some of the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die."

This concluded the ceremony of decorating the graves of the soldiers who were buried in the cemeteries of the town. The day was excessively warm, and but few of the citizens took an active part in the ceremonies.

Several soldiers' remains are deposited at Cherry Hill, which place was visited in the afternoon, and the customary floral tribute laid upon their graves. At the latter place, the citizens of the village and neighborhood turned out generally to do honor to the occasion. On coming to the grave of Rev. Joseph T. Brown, who died from the effects of starvation in Libby prison, an affecting and eloquent prayer was offered up by Rev. Mr. Bodine, and when the floral wreath was placed on the monument there was not a dry eye among all those present as they thought of the old patriot who gave his life for his country. The grave of Major Ben. Ricketts was next adorned in the usual way, after which the other graves were visited and similarly decorated, when the assembly adjourned to a grove near by, and, after prayer by Rev. Mr. Bodine, some appropriate remarks and the rules and orders of the Grand Army of the Republic were read by J. E. Wilson, esq., which were followed by Rev. Mr. Poulson, in one of his usually eloquent strains, concluded by the reading of a beautiful piece of poetry, written for the occasion.

CEREMONIES AT CUMBERLAND.

(Post No. 10.)

The Grand Army of the Republic, under command of Dr. Charles H. Ohr, post commander, with Charles J. Harrison chief marshal, assisted by John Weir and Sergeant Hill, at the appointed hour formed in the following order: Post No. 10, one hundred men; discharged sailors and soldiers, not members of the Grand Army of the Republic, fifty men; citizens, fifty. At 3 o'clock p. m. the procession commenced

to move to the Methodist Episcopal burying-ground, where the ceremonies commenced by a short address delivered by Dr. Charles H. Ohr, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Johnson, of the Methodist Church; then the strewing of the graves of the departed heroes with beautiful flowers, emblematically arranged, the sweet types of Christian love and peace. Many a tear was seen to trickle down the cheeks of the comrades gathered around the graves. Spared by God to pay once more a small tribute to loyalty, virtue, patriotism, and heroism, they there renewed the devotions of the living at the pure altar of freedom and the Union, on which these brave men were offered as the precious sacrifice which maintained their country's cause. After the ceremonies were over there the procession re-formed, marched around the graves, thence to the Catholic graveyard, thence to Hook's graveyard, where the ceremonies as first mentioned were repeated, thence over the viaduct to the Rose Hill Cemetery, where a large concourse of people had congregated, estimated at upwards of two thousand five hundred. After the decoration of the graves was completed the Grand Army of the Republic formed and marched to the "Shady Retreat," situated in the cemetery, and listened to two very touching addresses delivered by Hons. Henry W. Hoffman and George A. Pearre. Rev. John W. Knott, of the Episcopal Church, made a very fervent prayer, and in conclusion pronounced the benediction, and the ceremonies in the cemeteries were over. The procession was re-formed, marched to their hall, and was then dismissed.

DECORATION OF GRAVES AT MECHANICSTOWN.

(Not under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic.)

Floral decoration of soldiers' graves here took place on Saturday. Ample arrangements were made for the occasion, and the exercises were highly interesting. Major C. A. Damuth, who was appointed chief marshal, was assisted by Miss Helen H. Landis, as assistant marshal. At 2 o'clock the procession, which had in its ranks thirty-six young ladies dressed in white and headed by the Lewistown Brass Band, formed and

proceeded to the front of the Evangelical Reformed Church, where the speakers' stand was erected. After music by the choir, prayer by the Rev. W. N. Gilds, and an appropriate air from the band, addresses were delivered by Colonel G. W. Z. Black and Captain H. C. Naill, at the conclusion of which the procession re-formed and marched to the graveyards, where the graves of the sleeping heroes were decked and strewn with beautiful bouquets of flowers.

CEREMONIES AT ANTIETAM.

Perhaps the loyal people of the country, whose loved ones lie sleeping by the banks of the Antietam, will be glad to know that their graves were not neglected in the general distribution of flowers on Decoration Day (29th instant.)

A special train on the Washington County Railroad left Hagerstown at 10.30 a. m., carrying with it three hundred of the patriotic ladies and gentlemen of that place and many baskets of flowers. From Keedysville the excursionists proceeded in coaches to the National Cemetery, where they were joined by a large delegation of the loyal people of Sharpsburg and vicinity. At 2 o'clock p. m. a procession was formed, under the direction of David Zeller, esq., chief marshal, and Colonel Ed. M. Mobley and Dr. A. A. Biggs, assistant marshals, which marched down the central avenue of the cemetery, and then the ladies and children, dividing into groups, made a circuit of all the avenues, decorating the graves as they went. Nearly five thousand mounds were thus honored with a handful of flowers, a graceful wreath, or a fragrant bouquet.

When the beautiful ceremony was over the procession re-formed in the central avenue and marched back to the lodge house, where an impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Charles Martin, principal of the Hagerstown Female Seminary, after which the hymns, commencing

"Love unchanging for the dead,
Lying here in gloried sleep,"

and

"Blest are the martyred dead who lie,
In holy graves for freedom won,"

were sung, and then the exercises of the day were closed. About one thousand persons were present.

The remainder of the day was spent in strolling near the battle-field, visiting various points of interest.

Scarcely a scar made by the great conflict can be seen. Nature soon heals up the wounds inflicted by war. The wheat is now growing luxuriantly on the fields in which, seven summers since, six thousand men went down to the harvest of death. The wind is sporting with the shooting stems, and the green waves are chasing each other up and down the hills over which the tide of battle swept in a crimson flood. A fence that shows a few bullet-marks, a shattered tree or two, and the large mounds that cover the trenches into which the rebel dead were hurriedly thrown, (sometimes fifty in a place,) are all that is left to tell the visitor of the terrible fight. Even the incidents of that memorable day, as related by the inhabitants, are beginning to sound like dim traditions.

CEREMONIES AT WESTMINSTER.

The ceremony of decorating the graves of Union soldiers was celebrated May 30 by a general turn-out of the people. The young ladies of the town marched in procession to the cemetery, where, at 5 o'clock p. m., prayer was offered by Rev. John Miller, and an able and eloquent address delivered by Rev. John B. Van Meter, after which the graves in the cemetery were strewn with flowers. The occasion called forth a vast concourse of people and was highly creditable to all concerned.

DEPARTMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

CEREMONIES AT NEW BEDFORD.

(William Logan Rodman Post No. 1.)

Through the columns of the two daily papers at New Bedford co-operation of the citizens was solicited in personal services and offerings of money and flowers, to which there was a liberal response.

The city government appropriated $200 to be used by the post in defraying the necessary expenses of the solemnities. Other money was contributed by various friends of the soldier.

The city hall was set apart on the afternoon and evening of Friday, the 28th, for the reception and arranging of flowers into wreaths, bouquets, and crosses. A devoted lady of Fairhaven spent the entire night in sleepless devotion to this sacred work.

Early on the morning of Saturday a large, elegant omnibus-built excursion carriage was tastefully decorated, within and around, by beautiful floral emblems, and was drawn by four plumed horses. Similarly adorned also was another elegant two-horse carriage, called "Novelty," boat-built, entered by a gangway at its stern with manropes.

At the appointed hour, 8.30 o'clock, the veterans and citizens taking part in the exercises of the day assembled at the city hall, and the procession was formed in the following order:

Mounted escort of veterans, sixteen men, Captain George R. Hurlbut, commanding; New Bedford Brass Band, fifteen pieces, Israel Smith, leader; Captain William S. Cobb, chief marshal, aids and staff; William Logan Rodman Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, Lieutenant J. B. Bowman, commanding; veteran soldiers and sailors, not members of

the post; carriages with speakers and chaplains; excursion wagons, "May Queen" and "Novelty," with wreaths and bouquets for the graves. The disabled veterans rode in special carriages; carriages with invited guests, including members of the city government, United States officers, and officers of school-ship Massachusetts; citizens.

The post appeared with a total of about eighty men. The color-guard was under arms, and the colors were borne by two of the comrades, Edward T. Chapman and Samuel P. Winegar.

The procession moved soon after 9 o'clock, at a signal of three guns, fired by John B. Smith on the roof of the custom-house. The route was through Pleasant, Elm, Purchase, Union, Sixth, County, Washington, and Dartmouth streets, to the Rural Cemetery.

At the entrance of the cemetery was an arch of flags, with stacked arms at each side, and there were other displays of the national colors in the cemetery.

The procession halted in the cemetery, the guests in carriages alighted, and, all drawn up together, prayer was offered by Rev. Daniel D. Winn, and the list of graves to be decorated in the cemetery was read by Comrade Rev. Isaac H. Coe. The band then played the air, "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall," while the several veterans who had charge of the flowers placed wreaths and bouquets on the graves, which had been previously designated by small flags.

Among others thus honored was the grave of a lady nurse, who died at the scene of her duties at a hospital near Washington.

From the Rural Cemetery the route was through Dartmouth, Allen, County, and Smith streets, to the Oak Grove Cemetery. Flags were also suspended over the entrance to this cemetery.

Here prayer was offered by Rev. Dudley P. Leavitt, the list of graves was read by Rev. Mr. Coe, and the band played "Departed Days."

From the Oak Grove Cemetery the procession issued through Parker-street gate, and passed up Parker street to the Common, where it was received at 12.30 with a salute of

thirty-seven guns, fired by Sergeant Joseph Wing and a squad of veteran artillerists.

A party of kind and thoughtful ladies, of Smith street and its vicinity, provided a liberal collation on the Common for the veterans, which was an improvement on last year's proceedings, when they marched from morning till late in the afternoon without refreshment.

About a thousand people were assembled on the Common, and, after the generous lunch had been disposed of, Captain Cobb called the throng up to a speakers' stand, west of the monument, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Craig.

Rev. Mr. Coe then read the lists of graves decorated, one hundred and twelve names. All those off the route of procession were attended to by squads or single members of the post detailed for the occasion.

Rev. Dr. A. H. Quint, chaplain-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, then spoke as follows:

ADDRESS.

Comrades: The two great events in the history of the present generation are unexampled.

The *first* is the alacrity with which a million of citizens, unused to war, voluntarily sprang to arms in defense of their national flag against treason, and, in a prolonged and gigantic contest with bold and brave enemies, endured all hardships, met all dangers, and ripened into an invincible army of veterans.

The *second* is, that, contrary to all predictions and all historical precedents, the soldiers of that great army, at the close of the war, peacefully, quietly settled down in their homes, returned to their business and their trades, melted back into the ranks of citizens, and gave one grand example to the world that disbanded soldiers can be as loyal to law in peace as they were true to the sword in war.

The willing transformation of citizens to veterans is memorable. The willing transformation of veterans to citizens is equally so.

War was not the trade of the men of 1861. It had no fascinations. It required many a sacrifice. It was not to be the business of life, and thus have the incentives of a standing army. It was entered upon as a terrible episode in life. It was chosen freely, out of love of country. That was a great spectacle, when from shop and ship-yard, from work-

bench and office and pulpit, the gathering regiments took up the line of march to the Potomac. It was equally as great a spectacle when these men, although transformed by four years of the camp, the march, and the line of battle, into a different race, laid aside their banners, stacked arms, and calmly went to their work.

Where are the scenes of riot and disorder which were predicted? Where are the lawless plunderers which were prophesied? Where are the insecure villages, the dismayed towns, the alarmed cities, that were foreshadowed? In other countries the disbanded armies have been terrors. Who fears them now? Or, in the opposite danger, where is the military dictator riding at the head of his merciless columns to supreme rule? Our leader sits in the chair of government; but it is by the voice of a free people, chosen in the lawful way, and obedient himself to every law of the land. If any soldier asks for office, wherein to earn the bread he has lost by his service of his country, it is only as the humblest citizen may ask it, and too often to be thrust aside for the claims of some man whose means already place him in a luxury which the soldier secured to him by shelterless nights in the storm, hard fare, and fields of battle.

Of this memorable transformation I think there are two reasons: one is, the enlistment was in behalf of a holy cause: therefore he fought. The other is, the soldier was worthy of that cause: therefore he ceased to fight.

Whatever evils threaten our country are not found in the old soldiery. They are guilty of no violence. They are law-abiding citizens. They earn their bread by the sweat of their face. It is not force nor disorder that now needs to be confronted. It is the corruption which is eating out honor in public affairs; the shameless venality, in which members of legislatures are bought and sold, or, now and then, a whole legislature at once; the "rings" which dictate statutes and purchase officials; the laws which are framed to make the rich manufacturer richer and the poor buyer poorer; and the spirit of greed and covetousness which sanctions such laws. We have occasion to thank God that now, up above all these corrupt men and corrupt things is a simple-hearted soldier, an honorable man, a man honest and pure-minded, a man who has the courage to see what is right and to do what is right; a man fearless enough to correct his mistakes, and powerful enough to correct the mistakes of others. It is not the soldiers who will throw obstacles in the way of this great soldier; it is the men who trade in politics, and know no higher work than to exalt themselves. The men who knew the inspiration of a great cause cannot well de-

scend to the depths of the politician. There lingers over them the shadow of the flag which rustled in the sunlight. There echoes yet in their ears the thunder of life and death. Let them never forget the manly life of past days, the honor of their victory, the glory of their country, the graves of their dead.

Comrades, the old ties still remain. It is in no spirit of exclusiveness or arrogance that we have joined in the organization to which this post belongs. When the Government dissolved the frame-work which had made us companies, regiments, brigades, divisions, it could not dissolve the unwritten ties which linked us together. Men of the East and West, North and South, had stood together. Go, said the President, your work is done, you are free. No, we were not free. No power but death can free us from the sympathies which war had created in those who stood together. No power can free us from the duties which we owe to the disabled soldiers, the widow, the orphan. No power can absolve us from the eternal reverence to the flag, and fidelity to the country over which it now waves in glorious supremacy. So we have recognized these ties. We have embodied three principles—fraternity, charity, loyalty. We tell to all the world that, to maintain these, four hundred thousand veterans are still united. We disdain political strifes. We question no man's religious faith. We ask not what his rank once was or now is. It is enough for us that on the slippery deck, or on the rough field, he was true to the flag.

Fraternity. Everywhere we take each other by the hand in the fraternity of a common service. High or low, rich or poor, an old comrade is a brother. He shall not feel that now, when the need of an army is ended, he has no friends. He shall find a friend wherever those live who can say, "I was at Manassas, and I was at Antietam, and I was at Gettysburg, and I was at Goldsboro', and I was at Shiloh, and I was at Kenesaw, and I was at Mobile, and I was with Farragut."

Charity. We see the maimed men, shattered in health, without employment, and often without power to work, often discouraged, their old business gone, their lives weary; and we have pledged ourselves that so far as in our power lies, they shall have the cheering word, the hearty hand, the open purse. We see widows and children who had comfortable support before the head of the home was laid under the sod, now troubled for their daily food; and we have solemnly said, that to the extent of our means, no widow or orphan of a dead soldier shall lack bread for her hunger or shoes for her feet or fire in her home. Not for ourselves alone do we

say this. We say it in the name of a generous people, who never fail to answer to our calls when they know the want and find the channel through which to help. We say it for this community, which stands ready to give freely whenever we show them the hungry and the cold.

Loyalty. By the flag which waves over us we have pledged ourselves to an undying loyalty to our country. It comes very easy to us. We know what it means. It costs less now than it once did. We mean to keep its fires bright. We pledge ourselves to obey the laws of the land. We promise to uphold purity and honesty in public affairs. We are all united against treason. Thank God there is one place where a rebel can never come! Whether against insidious treachery at home, or against foreign foes, these four hundred thousand are pledged to defend the flag, whenever the national authority calls us, by the same swords they carried in the old days. If in our day that time comes, which is sure some time to come, when the pride of England is to be humbled, the country will find these veterans ready for the bugle. And in the spirit of unswerving loyalty, we shall educate our children to take our places when we too lie in the ground.

Such are the three principles of our organization: Fraternity, charity, loyalty. These soldierly virtues shall still be cherished. We cannot shake them off. We would not if we could. If any persons doubt, let them bear with those who fought their battles. If any fear, let them trust those who proved their faithfulness. If any hate, let them remember that they hate those who never feared the face of man.

Comrades, we have assumed a sacred public duty. It is this day performed. Every year, when the grass is green and the winds grow mild, we take flowers—spring flowers, fresh and delicate—and reverently place them on the graves of the honored dead. It is our sacred day. We have martial music; for they loved it once. We carry our flag; for they followed it once. We arm our color-guard; for they carried arms for the old flag. We form in military lines; for they were once in column with us. We have the thirty-seven guns; for they waked once to the reveille of cannon. But we carry no cartridges; for they fight no more. Over their rest the sun rises and sets, and on the mounds the rains fall, and by their side others are laid; but they who once stood on guard, stand no more. Their watch is over. Their work is done. Their country is safe. They sleep till the bugle of the resurrection morning. But in memory of the past and faithfulness to the living we leave the flowers, and go our way to do our duty in the land which the living and the dead made glorious.

Not we alone. These flowers were gathered by other hands

for us to use. Women gathered them and made them into wreaths and crosses. Men looked reverently on. This is not our day; it is the people's day, in which every loyal man has his own right. These are not our dead; they are the dead from yonder homes. Aching hearts own these graves. Fathers and mothers, widows and children, own the sacred spots where the dead are laid. Their dead! This people's dead! They honor their own. Though the busy tide of life flows on, down deep in the breasts of men and women is enshrined a tender reverence for the dead soldiers. They and we are one in this thing that we do. The chief magistrate of this city represents in his presence now, and in the presence of those with him, the sentiment that has honored this day.

In the late session of our comrades at Cincinnati there was presented a memorial that we petition Congress to make the 30th of May a legal holiday. I venture to tell that I was the only one who spoke upon the subject. And I said only this:

"I do not like this proposition. The beauty of our 'Decoration Day' is in its being spontaneous. We do not want the merest shadow of law to constrain its celebration. Of the sweetest flowers, you cannot extract the perfume by law or art. Such is a people's gratitude to our dead, that they voluntarily lay aside their day's work, and crown the graves with flowers, thus making the act inexpressibly beautiful. But if the dedication of that day ever ceases to be the free-will offering of a grateful people, let the graves be left to the covering of God's green grass alone."

This feeling was universal. It is ours now. Our hearts are grateful to those who honor the dead, because it is their free offering. It tells us that the people will not forget the work these men did. It is the assurance that the principles for which these lives were given are still dear and honored. While men and women can stand by these graves and spread the flowers over them, we know that there can be no faltering in the sublime faith which carried our land through its sad but necessary agony. No faithless foot can go to these graves. No traitorous hand can scatter these flowers. No false eye can look on this service. Human sin is not bold enough to do it. Therefore we who are intrusted with this work thank our fellow-citizens, and we say to them, "We take your flowers, for they are the message of your hearts. We do your bidding, for you are loyal and true. We shall one by one pass away. Though no comrade of this post has died during the past year, the last man of all those who shouldered the musket will, not many years onward, have joined his comrades. But while you cherish such memories as you do

now, you and your children, and your children's children, will preserve the grand old nation and guard its great flag, for which the soldiers fought and the women prayed in the days of trouble, preserving the immortal principles which live when the graves are level with the ground and the stones are covered with the moss of years."

At the conclusion of the address the soldiers' monument was decorated with flowers.

After the exercises at the Common were concluded, three guns were fired as a signal to the people of Fairhaven, and the procession moved again, through Purchase and Middle streets and over the bridge, which was reached at 2.30 o'clock. The artillery fell into the column, and marched with it as far as the bridge.

At the firing of the signal guns on the Common in this city Fairhaven became lively, and the people came out in large numbers to greet the procession. One piece of the artillery had gone over as far as Pope's Island, and there fired a parting salute of four rounds.

Flags were at half-mast on staffs in all parts of the town of Fairhaven.

The procession halted at the residence of Captain John A. Hawes, where the stock of flowers remaining in the floral car was largely replenished.

At Riverside Cemetery three or four hundred people congregated, and the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Coe, who followed by reading the list of graves to be decorated in Fairhaven.

Rev. A. S. Walker, of Fairhaven, then addressed the assembled throng.

He said everything appeared to be in sympathy with us. In the morning the clouds wept, and the day had been veiled with clouds. It is a good thing for members of the Grand Army of the Republic to be here to-day and revive sacred recollections of patient loyalty, and of the glory of victory, of death from the casualties of battle, or the insidious invasions of disease. It is a good thing for the people, for all are interested. The praying mothers and sisters who staid at home and besought the Lord of Hosts for victory are interested. It is a good thing to strew flowers on the graves of departed heroes; not that otherwise they would be for-

gotten; they cannot be forgotten. It is not needful as a quickener of memory, but as a token of love. The Grand Army is but the channel through which the sympathy of the people flows. We remember that those whom we have lost laid down their lives for our homes, for their country, for liberty.

These ceremonies are a good thing, because they bring to mind the cause in which they fell. Though this is not the mount of transfiguration, the forms, the whole being of the departed, here come up before us.

Mr. Walker closed by thanking the members of the Grand Army for this demonstration, in behalf of surviving friends of the deceased, in most touching terms.

The soldiers' lot in Riverside Cemetery and the monument on it were then plentifully bestrewn with flowers.

The solemnities of the day were closed by a short prayer and benediction by Rev. Dr. Quint, and the procession moved on its way homeward. From the bridge its route was through Middle, Water, Union, and Sixth streets to the City Hall, where it was dismissed at 4.30 o'clock, and so ended the most appropriate holiday of the year, and one which should be universally observed.

The day was lowering throughout, but much more pleasant for a marching body of men than if the sun had shone hotly.

Post Commander Cobb, who was also chief marshal, his aids, staff, and others associated with them, were twenty-four persons mounted.

The number of miles marched by the procession was nine and a half.

The population represented by these ceremonial observances is about thirty-two thousand.

CEREMONIES AT NANTUCKET.

(Post No. 2.)

On Saturday afternoon Post No. 2, Grand Army of the Republic, of this town, celebrated the anniversary of the decoration of soldiers' graves, a custom inaugurated on the 30th of May, 1868.

Services in keeping with the occasion were conducted in the Methodist Church, commencing at 1.15 o'clock. A select choir rendered choice music. A large congregation assembled to join in the solemn ceremonies. The Scripture lesson was read by Rev. J. J. Bronson, (Baptist;) a heartfelt prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Starr, (Methodist;) then followed a duet and hymn by the choir, after which Rev. Thomas Dawes (Unitarian) delivered the address in honor of the day and its thrilling recollections. It was an interesting production, thoughtful and patriotic, and the members of the post and all present in the church unite in the single voice of universal appreciation. Below is the

ADDRESS.

Fellow-citizens, Soldiers, and Sailors: In answer to your invitation I appear before you, but with unfeigned diffidence. Had one of yourselves, with enthusiasm kindled by personal experience, with patriotism thrilled by friendly memory of the heroes whose graves we decorate to-day—had one thus prepared for the occasion been your spokesman, we should all have had better reason to rejoice in our presence here. As it is, without any knowledge of the men we honor beyond the fact that they belonged to Nantucket and that they fell in behalf of the country's cause, being myself likewise ignorant of the touching story of their death, I must claim your charitable judgment for the remarks to be made.

We would scatter the beautiful gifts of spring-time; we would place our garlands upon the mounds where all that is mortal of the republic's brave defenders now reposes. The cause to which their young lives were devoted has consecrated its victims, and we gather here to continue the custom which a year ago was inaugurated. There is an attractive significance and power in it, which ought not to lose anything by the repetition. We desire to yield to no mere fleeting impulse, but to keep in view the great principle which underlies the occasion, and to welcome with grateful hearts the influence of the spirit of this hallowed time. We breathe the exhilarating air of no mere holiday, whose purport is to amuse the frivolous mind and gratify the taste for show and parade. Our aim is far nobler, more becoming, and much nearer to the religious than that could be. We hope to preserve the spirit of patriotism, to appropriately profit by the memory of self-sacrifice, to help to make ourselves and all who sympathize with us to be worthier citizens of a republic whose in-

stitutions have been secured at so great cost of treasure and precious blood.

I do not understand that it is the intention of this fraternal commemoration to keep alive class distinctions, to widen the difference between soldier and civilian. None of us have forgotten (I trust that none care to forget) the lessons taught us by the nations of the Old Word; warnings which our wise fathers counted among the most important, and which point out so unmistakably the perils threatened to a free government by a standing army; perils of a military, clannish temper. One of the grandest achievements of the contest (whose coming we deplored and whose departure we rejoiced at) was its uncompelled surrender to the righteous demands of peace. One of the traits for which we chiefly honor our heroic defenders to-day is the noble, ready cheerfulness with which they gave up their costly distinctions when the deprecated war was done, and the hopeful, willing magnanimity with which our disbanded troops all returned to the unnoted, exacting, but less exciting duties of civil life. These men were not soldiers because of any love of war, but they were constrained to the unwelcome and strange work of war by overwhelming love of peace and the highest good of the country. They went into the conflict with the temper of the martyr who saw no other pathway open to him. They must do it or die; nay, must do it *and die*, in order to save much more precious good. They stepped forward with their lives in their hands in answer to the demands of truth, justice, and humanity.

We recall the anxiety and gloom of those most trying days for our instruction now. A poet thus portrays the crisis:

"Oh! sad and slow the weeks went by, each held his anxious breath,
Like one who waits in helpless fear, some sorrow worse than death.
Oh! scarcely was there faith in God, or any trust in man,
While fast along the southern sky the blighting shadow ran;
It veiled the stars one after one, it hushed the patriot's song,
And stole from men the sacred sense that parteth right from wrong.
Then a red flash like lightning across the darkness broke,
And with a voice that shook the land the guns of Sumter spoke;
'Wake, sons of heroes, wake! the wolf breaks from his den,'
Truth takes in hand her ancient sword, and calls her loyal men
Lo! brightly o'er the breaking day shines freedom's holy star,
Peace cannot brave the sickly time—all hail the healer, war."

And it was well for us that the grim demand was met. The long despair was past when we found among us men whose patriotism was adequate to the emergency; young men whose lofty love of country enabled them to renounce the allurements of familiar and well-proved comforts for the arduous and heroic duties of those portentous years.

But the effulgent glory was still in reserve for us, and the

grand climax of the high achievement was yet to come. Let us never fail to note it, and to find a patriotic, Christian satisfaction in it. Though we surprised the nations who had continually boasted of their superiority over the whole world in belligerent art and science, till Europe looked on with amazement to see our merchants, our artisans, our farmers, our sailors, rise up equipped and armed, in compact brigades and formidable fleets, ready for the unsought strife; yet the amazement of the observers turned to admiration as the war went on. The white-haired veterans in the old wars watched our extemporized armies organized with skill, but could not tell what to make of it when our soldiers (recent recruits though they were) compelled reluctant victory to follow our banners.

And now, mark this: When the final victory was won, when the prostrate foe confessed himself overcome, the prophets of disaster to our free institutions were again surprised, but in a way yet more unaccountable to them. It put all their baleful surmising at fault; it proved the predictors of mischief to be neither prophets nor the sons of prophets. Some of them had foretold that after our youth had begun to relish the scent of blood, after the tiger element in man's nature had been fully aroused, we should find it difficult to win our fighters back again to civilized life; as difficult, we should find it, as we should to manage so many beasts of the forest and the jungle. This land was to be overrun with ruthless marauders, with fiendish butchers; the atrocious vices of camp life, the reckless destructiveness of civil war were to invade and keep possession of every farm-house and homestead. The employments of thrifty industry were no longer to satisfy the returned trooper, who had for so many years been conversant with waste and brute force and carnage. To control such an element was possible for a monarchy, but the attempt to control it would be enough in itself to ruin a republic. Behold how futile were such prognostications!

When the purpose of the conflict had been attained, as if at the wave of some potent magician's wand, the enormous armies separated; the several battalions, like companies of pleasure-seekers on their return from some squantum or clambake, or summer-day's excursion, worn and fagged, but satisfied, aye, completely satisfied, furled up their shot-tattered banners, and sought the more loved home, now and henceforth to be a freeman's home in all its significance. Oppression was done with; the pursuit of fellow-countrymen who had manhood enough to break their chains and flee from the house of bondage was no longer to be thought of. The

fangs had been drawn from the serpent, and the Stars and Stripes floated over a free people, from the Canada line to the farthest gulf. The country was redeemed.

There was a brief time of reasonable congratulation; a little flurry of jubilee, which will soon find more clamorous repetition in Boston's music festival. The villagers welcomed the bronzed and stalwart veterans of many a hard-fought field. But in the course of a week or so you found the soldier had put away his heroic wreath, had hung up on the wall his weapons of war, had bethought him what best became a child of the Heavenly Monarch, and had taken his wonted place among the keepers and the dressers of Adam's common garden, the toilers in the workshops, or the planners and schemers in the counting-room.

Friends, we may congratulate ourselves on that magnificent *fact;* in its very magnificence it is significant. The American system has recuperative power in itself; it can create an army, bristling all over with formidable bayonets, or it can distribute that army among the profitable pursuits of civilized and christianized life, where each member of the rank and file finds his appropriate and appointed place, just as the grand emergency demands.

Now, it is precisely this loyalty of our young men to the American idea, this keen-sighted, self-commanding manhood of our young soldiers, their cordial, intelligent faithfulness to the highest good of the republic, which we chiefly admired in them; for this we honor them; and when we go out today to decorate their graves, we go to place our floral emblems on the couch of the defenders of their country, who were not truculent mercenaries, hireling troopers, lovers of slaughter, like to brutes, but who were self-sacrificing citizens, hopeful and devoted friends to human rights; citizens before and after they were soldiers; soldiers because they adequately comprehended and responded to the obligations and better aspirations of the republican citizen.

Once more. I do not understand that our touching and appropriate ceremony is intended to prolong the memory of the atrocious barbarism of our civil strife; that it is a contrivance to heat our fevered blood against former foes, and thereby keep alive sectional differences in the nation's life. This would be, indeed, a result most deplorable. We have all rejoiced that the hours for ill-will and animosity have ended; that the day for reconstruction and reconciliation has come. We are growing hopeful that it will be safe to practice forgiveness toward them who have so zealously attempted to injure us. We feel willing to forget somewhat. Alas! that there should have been any deeds to hamper our

magnanimity; any wickedness so atrocious as to make forgetfulness of it necessary, in order to make our forgiveness of it possible. But man is frail; his wrath is malignant; and some deeds of war will not bear a close scrutiny. Only a heavenly temper and a charity becoming the Prince of Peace himself is able to restrain even the remnant of such wrath. While there are many things to forget, and many it would be unprofitable to inquire after, there are many, notwithstanding, which we cannot afford to forget, or pass over unnoticed. It will never do for us, or any who belong to us, to lose the sense of obligation to our departed patriots and heroic martyrs. With pathetic eloquence their dust cries from the ground, and implores us to remark the beauty of that devotedness to a righteous cause which was able to make for that cause so extreme a sacrifice. In this was their faithful love made manifest. The haggard uncomeliness of war is partially redeemed when we perceive how it yields us some compensation.

These flower-decorated hillocks wrap the precious dust of men who knew how to calculate the cost of freedom's legacy, yet flinch not because of the great expense. In the humdrum quiet of thrifty peace, the heroic qualities sleep in the character of many; and so they did with us, till the clarion sounded, and the brilliant revelation that heroism had not wholly died was made before the world.

> "The herbs that scentless were entire,
> Gave fragrance forth when bruised."

We owe something to the stringency of our late calamity for its stirring influence throughout the community. We owe something to those young hearts who responded so nobly to the lofty demand, and whose after course was worthy the response which they made to it, doing so much to prove that

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Once more. Was it not the devoted loyalty of these whom we honor in their quiet slumber, was it not their self-forgetting observance of arduous duty, that inspired to emulation the hearts of all of us? Yes, we owe to their self-renouncing life the opportunity to serve in less conspicuous ways, but in kindred spirit, the same grand cause. The patriotism of these young soldiers, even if it did not create, still made our own the more effectual. They were our agents, whom to supply made us such busy workers. The memory of that privilege and opportunity (provided it was fittingly used) is in itself a blessing. In our call to help the soldier and the

sailor, we found scope ourselves for the exercise of self-denying virtues; even the feeblest among us grew strong, and fingers that never clasped a sword-hilt were nimble in behalf of men who wielded to some purpose the glittering weapon. Was it not so with our women, with our households, with those who set at work all the instrumentalities of home life, to furnish supplies for heroes who had gone forth?

> "The women drove the rattling loom and gathered in the hay;
> For all the youth worth love and truth were marshaled for the fray.
> And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of yore:
> She gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of Baltimore."

Let us hope that a generation may yet come forward, on whom the arduous and bitter experience of their predecessors will not be wasted. Commemorations like the present may do something to educate such a generation. Could our dumb and martyred witnesses themselves be marshaled from their decorated graves, how valuable would be their testimony! We benefit ourselves, then, in this attempt to acknowledge some portion of our debt of gratitude to those who have answered the calls to go to the front.

We are not vain enough to suppose that this our grateful tribute will be the most important and indispensable protector of the memory of men who have laid down their lives for their friends. That memory would be *safe*, whatever we do or forbear from doing. Any heroic, righteous act carries, like a flower, its own reproductive seed; it finds mightier conservatories than ever have been invented by human ingenuity. Moreover, it is beyond the power of mortal to rub out such memory.

The ceremony which we repeat to-day is not any modern contrivance, neither is it the product of our passing civilization. Our religion accepts and will approve the observance. Mortals who have lived and died in the remote past, nations who knew nothing of modern refinements, shared with us in this fraternal desire to honor the departed's memory. The wide earth abounds with evidences of the attempt to save from oblivion the last resting-place of worthy doers of truth, proving that the magnanimity which seeketh not its own welfare exclusively is most surely blessed. The expression of generous sentiment, the manifestation of disinterested, brotherly affection, finds its own reward and satisfaction. By unseen forms the celestial benedictions are carried to it, and these flowers, which, with patriotic sense of indebtedness, we scatter on these mounds, will find their heavenly and immortal fruitage. We cannot make the dead our debtors; we cannot do for them either more or better than they are con-

tinually doing for us, who are following in the same great procession.

One army of the living God,
To His commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

We go forth to decorate the turf which wraps the clay of men, who, in the hour of the country's dire extremity, spared not themselves for our advantage. This touching ceremony is the manifestation of the whole nation's gratitude. Through the broad acres of the loyal States, in many a cemetery which has been consecrated by the holiest forms known to man, the fraternal service will be performed, and the spring-air will throb and palpitate with dirge-like marches. We answer to the common sentiment without expecting to discharge a tithe of the debt of obligation. But we would do something; we would show our sense of indebtment by some token of respect.

To you, fellow-citizens of the army and navy, belongs by right the peculiar privilege of appointing the day of this observance, and of marshaling the host of willing assistants in the performance of it. Those whom we honor were your companions; with them you went out in the flush and high aspiration of youthful patriotism to the unavoidable conflict. But these martyrs for country are *ours* as well as yours; they are our fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens, citizens of the one wide, restored republic, the *United States* of America, undivided and never to be separated, to which we all here in the house of God solemnly acknowlege and pledge our fealty.

And may the God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the flock, comfort our hearts, and establish us in every good word and work: Amen.

A beautiful trio, "'Twas Night," was then sweetly sung, after which the following memorial ode was read by Dr. Arthur E. Jenks:

I ask not why,
Hard by yon blood-red plain,
Ye found him, while from his sad eye
The tears dropped down like rain.

* * * * * *

When in the battle's fiery track
Our torn flag fell—'twas gone,
He leaped to bring the colors back!
Though poor and lowly born.
A spirit 'mid the sulph'rous air!

Up from "*the ranks*" he came;
A god-like form, with streaming hair,
And an immortal name!

No record traced in Spartan blood,
  Tells grander victory;
None with sublimer courage stood
  At dread Thermopylæ!
Thrice-glorious in worthy deeds,
  Not in our gilded lives,
Shines forth the love that freely bleeds,
  While yet it nobly strives.
Nor homage, nor the laurel-wreath,
  Crowns heroes such as he;
Earth's transient honors pale beneath
  One brave heart's chivalry.
Men can be true under the guise
  Of homespun, rough and worn;
Tears flow alike from human eyes
  When human hearts are torn!

When faint, and moving wearily,
  He tried to speak one word,
Only the wind moaned drearily,
  Scarcely your pulses stirred.
"TELL MOTHER!" that was all he said,
  Soon that dear mother knew!
Then life's mild sunset lost its red,
  And her sweet sky its blue!
Then the fond father bowed his head,
  And grief, relentless grief,
Wounded a sister's heart! it bled,
  But God sent the relief.

* * * * * *

Grim war! so hateful, heartless! when
  Will all thy horrors cease?
Are we but fiends? If we are men,
  OH GOD, GRANT US THY PEACE!
Our fingers ought to weave the light
  In life's revolving loom;
Not tangle human hearts with blight,
  Unhappiness and gloom!
But there are some in soldiers' graves,
  Voices that speak no more
With human tongues, but as the waves
  Speak. Listen on our shore
And you shall hear what the waves tell;
  Thus in the roll of time,
Hear voices of our brave who fell,
  And made their lives sublime.

Ye know—not I—the red path where
  Your comrades met their death;
Ye heard—not I—each dying prayer,
  And watched the fleeting breath!
Bring me no record of the spear,
  And shield, and cruel bow—
Of those who fought without one tear,
  And struck the assassin's blow!
Nay, tell me of the manly, poor,
  But *loyal* soldier. I
Learn from his conduct to endure,
  And how the faithful die.
Bring flowers! sweet flowers! call every name,
  And mark each patriot's grave,
I ask not whence these victors came—
  Enough that they were brave!

CEREMONIES AT TAUNTON.

(William H. Bartlett Post No. 3.)

No town or city in Massachusetts takes more interest in preserving the memory of the brave deeds and personal sacrifices of its citizens who fell in the late war than does Taunton. Last "Decoration Day" the services were very interesting, but they were surpassed by the observances of this year. All the prominent places of business were closed, and the citizens very generally co-operated with the Grand Army of the Republic in the pleasing but sad task.

There are several cemeteries in Taunton—more than can be attended to by one body. Therefore in the forenoon detachments of Post No. 3 went to Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, the one in Westville, East Taunton, and other small cemeteries. The chief exercises took place in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

Post No. 3 left its hall about 1 o'clock, under the escort of Companies F and G of the Third Regiment. These bodies formed in procession with the city government, fire department, Good Templars, two Catholic associations, and the school children. The fire department turned out four engines, and was under the command of Chief Engineer Mott.

Preceded by the Taunton National Military Band, the procession first visited the Catholic, then the Plain Cemetery, and next the Mayflower-Hill Cemetery. After profusely decorating the graves, the entire procession assembled at an appointed place and listened to the exercises. A chorus of two hundred voices, under the direction of Mr. Winch, sang several hymns, and the oration was delivered by Major James Brown. The religious exercises were conducted by Chaplain Rev. J. C. Emery.

The post was commanded by Alfred M. Williams, and George H. Babbitt, jr., was chief marshal of the entire procession.

All soldiers and sailors not members of the post were invited to participate, and accommodations were provided for wounded comrades wishing to attend. At a late meeting of the city government Alexander H. Champlin made a motion

to give the post $100 to help defray the expenses which were contracted.

There have been twenty-six soldiers buried in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, twenty-seven at Plain Burying-ground, twelve at Mayflower-Hill, five at Plain street, two at Phillips, six at Westville, two at Oakland, four at East Taunton, seven at Old Catholic Burying-ground, and three at Catholic Cemetery on Mayflower Hill.

CEREMONIES AT LYNN.

(General Lander Post No. 5.)

Order of Procession.—Squad of police; Germania Band; battalion of military, under command of Captain J. C. Bachelder, consisting of Companies D, F, and I, Eighth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia; Lynn Band; General Lander Encampment Post 5, Grand Army of the Republic; orator of the day and chaplain in carriage; disabled soldiers in carriages; orphans of deceased soldiers in carriages; chorus class; city government.

The column proceeded first to the Eastern Burial-ground, decorating the graves of the soldiers buried there, then to the Western Burial-ground, where the same ceremonies were performed; they then passed to Pine Grove Cemetery, where the principal ceremonies took place, as follows: Music by the band; singing by chorus class; prayer by Comrade Vassar; address by Comrade B. B. Breed; original hymn; strewing of flowers.

CEREMONIES AT MOUNT HOPE.

(Lowell Post No. 7 and Post No. 32.)

The picturesque Mount Hope never looked more beautiful than it did on Saturday. The posts who engaged in the ceremonies were Post 32 of South Boston and Post 7 of Boston, and they numbered, with band and escort, about six hundred men.

A detachment of Post 32 of South Boston left their armory at an early hour and marched to St. Augustine's Cemetery, in Dorchester street, where some informal decorations took place over the graves of a few soldiers buried there. They then returned to their armory and left it about 11 o'clock to join Post 7, on Washington street. The line was then formed, with the Metropolitan Band at the head of the column, and three companies of the First Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, who paraded in their new uniform of gray, and the united bodies marched to the city hall, where they received a deputation of the city government. They then proceeded to the Hartford and Erie Railroad depot, where a special train had been provided for them and for those persons who intended to accompany them. Every member carried a bouquet of more or less value, and some of them carried wreaths, crosses, &c., of a really beautiful character.

Arrived at the cemetery, the graves were decorated in the usual manner, amid the solemn strains of the band. The religious exercises were conducted by the chaplain of Post 32, Rev. J. G. Abbott. The large company present (about four thousand) were apparently deeply interested in the proceedings, and assisted in the decoration ceremonies with great alacrity. The floral offerings had scarcely been placed on the graves and around the soldiers' monument when a few drops of rain fell, as if to consecrate the pious work in which the veterans and their friends had been engaged.

The oration was delivered by Colonel A. J. Wright, in the unavoidable absence of Hon. Thomas Russell. The orator had had no time to prepare a "set" speech, and accordingly only occupied about ten minutes in delivering his oration. It was delivered at the soldiers' monument, which had been previously magnificently decorated, and in the vicinity of which are located the greatest number of graves.

Colonel Wright, after a high eulogium on the dead, intimated that respect for the comfort and health of the living would prevent his occupying much of their time on that damp day. He then alluded to the order that had been recently issued by General Logan to nearly half a million brave men, who were worthy any praise that could be be-

stowed upon them; men who had risked life and limb in the service of their country, but had fortunately escaped from death. They were the glorious survivors of many glorious battle-fields. The war had illustrated to the world the ability of a people to perpetuate self-government; and whilst he regretted most deeply and sincerely the mourning widows and orphans that filled the land, and those brave departed spirits whose last resting-places they were met to strew with flowers that day, he could but rejoice in the great future that was opened before them. He alluded to the great emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, which he said was an act of righteousness and justice to the poor down-trodden African as well as to the land at large, and he thought it had opened a glorious pathway for the future, the result of which no man could foretell. They were now banded together as one people, having one common ambition and one distinct purpose in life; they offered a refuge and a home for the oppressed of all nations. They had learned great lessons from the war, lessons that would not be forgotten till the great archangel proclaimed that time should be no more.

Post 7, in its progress through the several streets of the city, carried several old battle-flags, including that of the Second Battery, presented by the ladies of Baltimore; and the one presented to the First Massachusetts Infantry at Georgetown Heights, July 4, 1861, by the ladies of San Francisco; also that of the Fourth Battery, Captain George H. Trull.

CEREMONIES AT WORCESTER.

(George H. Ward Post No. 10.)

A pleasing duty was performed by a detachment of post 7 in the earlier part of the day. They proceeded to Cambridge in a carriage, and received the father of General Lowell, from whom the encampment is named, and proceeded thence, under escort of the Cambridge posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, to Mount Auburn. The detachment visited the tomb of General Lowell, where appropriate and beautiful floral tributes were laid upon his grave.

The post turned out with quite full ranks on the occasion, some five hundred members being in line. The members of

the city government and other invited guests were provided with carriages, and every arrangement was made for the impressive and successful observance of the day. The public exercises commenced at 9 o'clock a. m., the line forming on Main street, opposite the Bay-State House. After receiving the carriages containing guests, disabled soldiers, &c., and being provided with flowers from Washburn Hall, the cortege moved to Rural Cemetery in the following order:

Platoon of police: Chief Marshal General Robert H. Chamberlain; aides, Captain R. W. Davis, Dr. A. Wood, Major M. S. McConville, General William S. Lincoln, Captain J. A. Titus, Captain G. H. Conklin, General A. A. Goodell; Post 10 drum corps; Worcester Brass Band; military escort, Highland Cadets; department officers; George H. Ward Post 10, Grand Army of the Republic, Acting Commander A. M. Parker; soldiers not members of the Grand Army of the Republic; National Cornet Band; carriages containing the city government, orators, chaplains, and disabled soldiers; citizens in carriages.

AT RURAL CEMETERY.

A large number of citizens joined the procession, and many others found their way to the cemetery on foot and awaited its arrival. On reaching the gateway, the cortege was met by the boy choirs of All Saints' Church, who preceded it in its march through the avenues, chanting the following processional hymn with an impressive effect, a rolling of drums filling the interlude between the stanzas:

Brief life is here our portion,
  Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
  The tearless life is there.
Oh, happy retribution!
  Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
  A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
  But then shall wear the crown,
Of full and everlasting
  And passionless renown.
The morning shall awaken,
  The shadows pass away,
And each true hearted servant,
  Shall shine as doth the day.

And they who with their leader
  Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
  Are clad in robes of white.
O land that seest no sorrow!
  O state that fear'st no strife!
O royal land of flowers!
  O realm and home of life!

O sweet and blessed country!
  The home of God's elect;
O sweet and blessed country,
  That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us,
  To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
  And Spirit, ever blest.

This being closed the cortege was massed in the open ground near the fountain, where a stand had been erected. Appropriate selections of Scripture were read by Rev. William R. Huntington, rector of All Saints' Church; after which the boy choirs alternated in chanting Psalm XLVI, *Deus nostrum refugium*, and Psalm CXXI, *Levavi oculos meos*. This and the processional hymn were unusual exercises, both from the novelty of their introduction and the careful and impressive manner in which they were rendered. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Huntington; after which the choir sung the hymn:

"Who are these in bright array?"

Rev. Edward H. Hall, chaplain of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers in the war, and now pastor of the Second Congregational (Unitarian) Church, delivered a memorial address, speaking substantially as follows:

MEMORIAL ADDRESS OF REV. MR. HALL.

Comrades and Citizens: Why are we here to-day? Soldiers, seeking the resting-place of fallen comrades; citizens, with the names upon your lips of those through whose death your country lives, why have you gathered here? Why have even these lowering skies no power to keep you from this spot? *They* do not call you. No voices have gone up from these graves saying, "Come and pay us honor! Recount our noble deeds. Show that you have not forgotten us. Prove that valor and self-sacrifice are still held in reverence among you!"

No! It is not that. The brave deed never *asks* for hom-

age. True nobleness never pleads for recognition. It need not. It needs no honor paid it. It is sufficient to itself. To be brave is the reward of bravery. To be noble is the all-sufficient meed of nobleness. We cannot exalt their memory by any deed of ours. We cannot honor them by what we do or say; we can only honor ourselves.

No, my friends, it is not for their sake that we come, it is for our own. These dumb lips have not broken the silence of the grave to clamor for our praise. They will not suffer if they do not receive it. We only will suffer if we withhold it. Though they can do without our praise, we cannot do without their memory. Therefore we have come. We claim the privilege of praise. We claim the high prerogative of recognizing brave deeds, and paying them homage. Alas for us if we cannot do it. Alas for these poor lives if there be no vision of nobler hours to mingle with the cold realities of the present.

Little it is indeed that we can bring; much that we can take away. We need to keep these memories fresh, for they can help us much. So absorbing are life's material pursuits, so eager and pressing its daily interests, that the soul's higher sentiments get no hearing and no chance. Even the impression made upon our better nature by heroic deeds becomes almost instantly a thing of the past. Our nobler moods are rare, and we need every aid we can command to hold them fast.

But a few short years ago we thought the sentiment of heroism never could grow cold in our hearts. It had taken possession of us wholly. We measured men by a new standard. We applied a new test of manhood; and woe to him, though he wore our best friend, who could not meet it. How fondly we believed that the grand facts of the hour never could be forgotten, nor their first deep impression ever lost: that those brave deeds would always hold the first place in our memory and make all baser thoughts impossible. But now, how is it? Scarcely four years have passed, and where is now that fine instinct of heroism? What place has it in our lives? What has become of those splendid realities? Are they the companions of our waking, or only of our dreaming hours?

Let us confess it, the prosaic details of the present prove too much for the sacred memories of the past. Hardly can we believe that life was ever so different. Hardly can we believe that we were once clad in armor; that our brothers or our sons were once following brave captains, or were themselves the bravest of captains in the forefront of battle. Hardly can we recall the bugle-note, once better known to

our ears than the note of commerce or the hum of busy machinery; or the drum-beat, more familiar once than church-bell or whistle of locomotive. And with the drum-beat and bugle-call are fading also into the past those better memories, which were inseparably associated with them, of brave endurance and lofty daring and grand achievement.

Shall we allow it to be so? Shall we let these memories die? Alas for us if we do. Alas for us—not for them. They will not suffer, they will not reproach us, though we forget them. But can *we* afford it? Can we afford to forget the hours, once so real, when courage and unselfishness and fidelity to duty were the tests by which we judged each other's manhood? When men's thoughts were intent upon honor, not upon gain; champions of justice and truth, not of policy or success; when the fierce conflict, where danger was to be met and evil overcome, possessed such charm for men's souls, that to linger in scenes of ease and quiet, or become immersed in pursuits which are now deemed honorable, seemed idle and effeminate.

How full of meaning were those hours. What lessons they taught us! With what new discoveries did they suprise us. What unsuspected heroism did they call forth on every hand. Cruel and bloodthirsty no doubt our war showed itself, as every war must do; yet what power it had to reveal hidden virtues, to arouse the soul's hidden nobleness, to stir its generous ambitions, to acquaint men with their better selves. How many an old life did it make young. How many a young life, which would otherwise have been sunk till now in unheroic sloth, did that war tear from the fatal caresses of luxury, to remind it of its latent manhood, arm it with sinewy strength, and send it forth not to the mastery of others alone, but to the triumphant mastery over self.

Shall we forget all this? forget the sublime disclosures of those years of strife? the grand compensation of their tears and blood?

No, you say; we will not. Therefore are we come hither to-day. Not to increase the fame of our fallen brothers by any tribute we can bring; but to gather from their graves, while we strew over them our offerings, the perfume, yet unspent, of their manly deeds and imperishable virtues.

We have come, not to give, only to receive. We have come, not to mourn, only to rejoice. We have shed many tears over these graves; henceforth we will shed no more; or they shall be, at least, tears of gratitude only and pride. For do we not see now that that which snatched our loved ones from our presence itself made them what they were? That the war which desolated our homes created the treas-

ures which it bore so rudely off? That it gave birth to the nobleness which it seemed so ruthlessly to destroy? It was unkind, indeed, to take such heroic souls away; it was kinder far to make those souls heroic, or to reveal their heroism to the world. Without it we had not lost them; without it we had had no such heroic things to lose. And we remember to-day, not the loss, but only the inestimable gain.

Comrades of these fallen heroes, you need no words of mine to tell you of their deeds; to tell you what service they have rendered, or to remind you how little they ask for our tears. None knew it so well as you. Hand in hand you faced the perils which took them while it spared you. And none knew so well as you how enviable are those lives which are broken off at the height of their devotion and in the very moment of their utmost fidelity. You at least will not count their death a loss. Rather you will ask, Which are the favored ones, we or they? Which is happiness, our fate or theirs? Ours, whose faithfulness is still to be tested by life's stern encounters; or theirs, whose heroism is secure, and the fine temper of whose souls is lifted already above our reproaches or our praise?

Surely they are the happy ones, are they not, unless their virtues pass into our lives; unless their example inspires us to equal deeds; unless the same courage, the same unselfish obedience to duty, the same reverence for honor and truth which distinguished them shall distinguish us as well.

And may it not? In this battle which we are waging, fierce and relentless almost as theirs, is there not place still for these manly traits? Are honor and truth any better worth dying for than living for? Remember the comrades who fell at your side. Remember them as companions in a sacred cause. Remember their steadfast fidelity. Remember how the bold front of falsehood and treachery quailed and sunk before them. Remember how in their brave presence nothing dishonorable or false could live. Think of them as companions still. Let them find you in the front of every battle still, shoulder to shoulder as of old, wherever honor is to be maintained or truth vindicated, victors in every conflict with injustice and wrong.

Remember these fallen comrades. Scatter flowers over their graves. Naught but flowers will do. Only these fair spring flowers, sucking from the young earth her rarest juices and clothed in nature's freshest beauty, can give voice to the tender sentiment of which our heart is full. Wreaths and garlands only for these victors of ours. No oak or laurel ever crowned the brows of nobler heroes. We bring no fulsome flattery, no pompous praises, striving in words to meas-

ure the greatness of their deeds; no costly gifts, seeming to reckon the value of their glory; we bring our roses only and our lilies, we bring, from garden and from grove, our myrtles, our pansies, and our violets. We leave them our flowers. We carry away the sweeter fragrance of their memory, the rarer loveliness of their ever-fresh and beautiful example.

At its close the quartette choir of the Church of the Unity sung with beautiful effect Collins's ode, "How Sleep the Brave."

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

This closed the exercises at the stand, and the members of the post scattered about the grounds distributing their flowers upon the graves of their comrades, dirges being performed meanwhile by the bands. The graves, fifty-three in number, were designated by small flags, and around many were grouped relatives and friends looking with tender interest upon the impressive ceremony.

The line being re-formed, the guests re-entered their carriages, and the cortege returned to the city and dispersed for dinner. In the afternoon the line re-formed at 2 o'clock, the same as in the morning, except that Company A of the State Guard took the place of the Hiland Cadets as escort. Contributions of flowers had been continually arriving at Washburn Hall, and the supply was abundant. The procession itself was an immense affair, hundreds of private carriages falling into line and forming three deep for a long distance.

AT HOPE CEMETERY.

On arriving at Hope Cemetery, and assembling in a convenient space near the center of the grounds, services were commenced with prayer by Rev. T. E. St. John, pastor of the

Universalist Church, after which the following quartette, arranged for the occasion by A. C. Munroe, was sung in an impressive manner by the quartette choir of the Old South Church:

Tread lightly, ye comrades, these lone graves around,
These ashes are sacred, and sacred the ground!
They were of earth's nobles, so loyal and brave,
Who here lie asleep in the patriot's grave.

Ah, how many households are broken and sad!
That sigh for the loved ones, and weep for the dead;
Whose life-blood has purpled the field of the brave,
And who now repose in the patriot's grave.

Yes, loved ones have fallen—and still where they sleep
A sorrowing nation shall silently weep;
And spring's fairest flowers in gratitude strew,
O'er those who have cherished the red, white, and blue.

But glory immortal is waiting them now,
And chaplets unfading shall bind every brow;
When, called by the trumpet at time's great review,
They stand who defended the red, white, and blue.

Rev. Merrill Richardson, pastor of the Salem-street Congregational Church, then delivered a brief memorial address.

My Friends: We have come to-day, with you and with many a parent here—with those who have given husbands, brothers, and sons for our country—to strew their graves with flowers, as tokens of our love and in recognition of their sacrifice for us. They fought with you, soldiers; together you endured the hardships of the camp and field, alike in all things except that it was your lot to live, theirs to die. In reflecting on their fate, and on the struggle in which they died, we are led to consider what an item in national expense has been the cost of freedom; all other expenses are as naught compared with the sacrifices of life, of blood, and of treasure made by every people who have striven for the maintenance of freedom. Freedom is maintained only through a continued struggle. It is strange that we should have had so severe a series of illustrations in our eighty years of national existence, and more strange, perhaps, that the republics of Greece and Rome should have maintained themselves for only a few hundred years, while despotisms have stood for ages. The life of republics has been brief, while monarchies count their age by centuries. In every age men have felt in their heart the impulses of freedom, have tried to establish justice, and have had to pay the heavy price. But the work goes on in spite of the failures; the great principles of liberty, justice, and truth, for which you have struggled as did your

fathers in their day, have yet to make the circle of the world. They are throbbing through the nations of the Old World, while despotism is bracing against their influence, yielding only as it is compelled by true hearts and strong arms. The brightest page in all history is that which records these struggles for freedom. In our own childhood we read them with wonder and admiration, while our children shall read of our later struggle with more intense interest. All mankind is interested, for the struggle for freedom is the carrying out of the noblest impulses of the human heart; impulses which, wherever developed, are hailed by all true hearts as heralds of the millennium of freedom.

In recognition of such sentiments and such sacrifices we may well gather and strew flowers upon the graves of those of our brothers and sons who were among the three hundred thousand who died for liberty. How well we remember to-day the time when the first call for seventy-five thousand men was issued. I see men here before me who responded in an hour, men whom the next morning we bade good-bye at the depot, equipped for the service. The effect of that call was wonderful. Father Abraham could as well have had half a million men as seventy-five thousand; but as call after call was issued we sent men, till the muster-rolls of the grand army of freedom bore the names of one million two hundred thousand men, and they wiped out treason from the land. While the reconstruction of our country has been delayed since the final victory by bad management, we can yet rejoice to-day that every principle for which you fought has been preserved, every vestige of the source of all our troubles has been removed, and our country, one and united, is a firmly-established fact. The progress of each year in connecting distant points of this continent by telegraphs and railroads shows the working out of God's grand design to establish here a mighty nation founded on freedom, and it was in furtherance of God's design that you and the dead were called to work out the problem.

We mourn indeed for those that are gone, but it is with rejoicing that the struggle is ended; that the cause of dissension is destroyed so thoroughly that we cannot conceive of any contingency by which our nation can be thrown back under its former despotism. Our struggle was prolonged by the addition of antagonistic foreign influences to our domestic troubles; but England is now trembling on the anxious-seat, guilty as a pirate, and shaken with fears of the result of the day of reckoning which is near at hand. Her tone is changed. Once she patted us on our backs complacently and prophesied our dismemberment, but to-day she

is full of fear and dismay at the prospect of retribution, fearing both the humiliation of being compelled to make pecuniary restitution, and the application by us of her theory of belligerents in case of an outbreak in Ireland.

The men whose graves we decorate to-day not only ended the war and saved liberty, but made it the sun of the world. Italy, Austria, Spain, Prussia, are reviving under its energetic rays, and in its circuit round the word all nations are to feel its force. With these thoughts of the grandeur of their lives and deaths, in their influence on human destiny, we strew their graves with flowers; and, as we repeat the solemn office from year to year, may we and our children in coming generations gather new inspiration from the act, and kindle and extend our devotion to our Government, to the cause of God, and of human rights.

After the address the "Angel Trio," from "Elijah," was sung with fine effect.

The members of the post then dispersed about the grounds and distributed their floral burdens upon sixty-one graves, while the bands played dirges, the large crowd in attendance remaining in respectful silence during the ceremony. At the close the sound of the bugle called in the loiterers from their comrades' graves, and the cortege proceeded to South Worcester to decorate the graves.

AT ST. JOHN'S CEMETERY.

Here the cortege was massed around the monument of Rev Father Boyce, and the united choirs of St. John's and St. Anne's Churches sang, as the opening service, an appropriate hymn, after which Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, of St. John's Church, delivered a memorial address.

ADDRESS BY REV. P. T. O'REILLY.

In opening, he excused himself from presenting an elaborate address, as he had had but brief time to spare from other duties in which to make preparation, but he sincerely felt that but few words were needed on a solemn occasion like this. Even to look around and see the numerous graves decorated with the flag, which indicates that their occupants died for country, is more impressive than any words. Even here, in St. John's Cemetery, they are counted by the half hundred. He expressed a feeling of pride, as the representative of this

class of citizens, that at the outbreak of the war the first soldiers tendered to and accepted by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts were Catholic Irish soldiers of Worcester, the Emmet Guards, and he was also proud to believe that as his countrymen showed their patriotism and promptness then, they will be ready and willing again if occasion should arise.

He felt that this solemn occasion was one on which all should be thankful that these men whose graves are honored have done nobly and well in their work. The tribute we pay to-day is not of charity, nor of mere gratitude, but of absolute justice; and he trusted that ere long the day set apart for this solemn service may become national in its recognition and observance. To those present who were of his own faith he presented the occasion as one of peculiar significance, for they believe in "the communion of saints," in the consoling idea that those who are saved among the just are present, interested in these demonstrations, and sharing the same thoughts of patriotic devotion.

A tribute to heroic soldiers, he said, is not new. The Old World is full of monumental structures in their honor, and in our own land they are not infrequent. But to-day we are engaged in erecting a more glorious monument of gratitude and love; and, as you decorate these graves with flowers, remember what the dead have done to win such fame and honor, and beg them, if they are here, to fill your breasts with the same lofty sentiments, that you and your children may be able, when the occasion calls, to do and die for the same just cause.

At the close of the address the united choirs chanted the "*De Profundis*" in a very impressive manner, which was followed by the decoration of the graves and dirges by the bands, which closed the exercises of the day, and the cortege returned to the city, reaching the city hall at about 6.30 o'clock.

CEREMONIES AT CHARLESTOWN.

(Abraham Lincoln Post No. 11.)

The ceremony of decorating the graves of fallen comrades, as observed by Post No. 11, Grand Army of the Republic, of Charlestown, was attended with the success which the impressive and solemn services deserve.

The procession was formed at about 1 o'clock, with the right resting on Bow street, three military companies of the city acting as escort of the post.

The line was formed as follows: Escort of police, under Lieutenant Brown; Bond's Band, of Boston; Cadets, Company A, Fifth Regiment; Charlestown Artillery, Company D, Fifth Regiment; Charlestown City Guard, Company H, Fifth Regiment. Post No. 11, Grand Army of the Republic, formed as a battalion, with Post Commander G. R. Kelso as colonel; Senior Vice Commander A. J. Bailey as lieutenant colonel; Junior Vice Commander L. H. Bigelow as major; First company: Captain, John H. Hancock; first lieutenant, C. P. Whittle; second lieutenant, S. E. W. Hopkins; first sergeant, E. C. Bradford; Second company: Captain, Joseph S. Adlington; first lieutenant, Thomas H. Haskell; second lieutenant, Arthur Harrington; first sergeant, William Spalding. Third company: Captain, William R. Riddle; first lieutenant, C. G. Pease; second lieutenant, E. W. Noyes; first sergeant, C. F. Colburn.

[Each captain had lost an arm in the war, as had some of the other officers.]

Next came a barouche, containing disabled comrades, and one with the chaplain, Past Commanders H. R. Sibley and G. H. Long, and Comrade G. T. Childs, and Rev. Dr. Ellis, Rev. J. B. Miles, and Rev. Father Hamilton.

Then followed in the rear mayor and members of the city government, as guests of Post 11, in carriages.

The procession then moved, to the music of the band, to the Old Cemetery. The procession marched in, and the escort, coming to a halt, faced to the front while the post and its guests passed, when the battalion came to the front and the escort formed in the rear. The ceremonies were as follows:

Dirge, by the band; prayer, by Rev. Dr. Ellis; reading Scriptures by the Chaplain; address by Comrade George T. Childs.

Mr. Commander, Comrades, and Friends: In all ages and among all people it has been a prevailing custom to honor with appropriate ceremonies the resting-places of those who have fallen in defense of the nation, and men have everywhere esteemed it a privilege to pay the tribute of their grati-

tude to the memory of those who have given their lives for the safety of their fellow-men. In our own land, and more especially in our own city, occasions have been set apart for the commemoration of the sacrifices of the founders of our republic, and a prominent feature in these observances has been the presence and participation of the surviving soldiers of our *elder revolution*. It is peculiarly fitting that the surviving soldiers and sailors of the nation in the late war should in this public ceremonial bear testimony to their appreciation of the heroism and devotion of those who fought with them, and fighting *fell*. The Grand Army of the Republic, composed of the defenders of the republic during the rebellion, and having for its primary object the cementation of the ties of friendship engendered by the association of camp and battle-field, can find no holier duty than thus to assemble in these "habitations of the dead," and lay, with reverent hand, upon the graves of those who sleep for the flag, the incense of their floral offering. And not alone from us, their comrades, does this tribute come, but from thousands of homes whose light went out when a soldier fell, and around whose family altar there is a vacant chair, loving kindred are gathered, and in every loyal bosom throughout the land there beats to-day a throb of tender gratitude to the heroes who died for the redemption of the nation.

The ceremony which we here perform is not confined within the narrow limits of these graveyard walls, but wherever in our land a soldier of the republic has found rest, there, in association to-day, are his comrades bending, and over his breast their flowers are strewing. The hero who was gathered into the "greater army of the redeemed," fighting above the clouds on Lookout Mountain, or the lonely sentinel who sleeps where he fell on the banks of the Potomac—they whose life's blood made forever sacred the plains of Shiloh, or who died beating back the invader at Gettysburg—whoever in camp or on battle-field, in the presence of loved ones or amid the horrors of a prison, gave a life for country and humanity, alike are honored in the services of this "Memorial Day." Heroes who went down in the "Cumberland," or were rocked to sleep in the iron cradle of the "Monitor," no tomb or lettered monument may mark your resting-places, but your memories are as fondly cherished as of those around whose graves we are standing. Martyrs who sleep at Andersonville and Belle Isle, at Libby prison and at Salisbury, we bend above the trenches where you are lying in reverent admiration for that patriotism which even starvation could not subdue. Patriots whose nameless graves are scattered all through our southern land, the record

of your devotion is enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people, and our children and children's children shall rise up to call you blessed.

Comrades and friends, as we assemble around these honored graves to-day we gather new devotion to our country, redeemed by their blood and ennobled by their heroism; we learn more justly to appreciate the principles which actuated them, and a truer sense of our obligations to those who, by their devotion, have become sorrowing and desolate. Rest in peace, defenders of a nation's honor, protectors of a nation's flag! No homage we may render, no monument we may ever rear, can fitly speak our admiration for the nobility of your lives and the grandeur of your deeds. Lightly rest the sod upon your bosoms, heroes of grander battle-fields than Agincourt or Marathon; sacrifices for a government upon whose salvation rested the hopes of the oppressed throughout the world. The broken fetters of four million bondmen are your eternal monument, and we reverently lift our hearts in thanksgiving at this hour that the flag you died to defend waves triumphant over the grave of every loyal soldier, and

> "May the God to-night whose true faith you have cherished
> His kind angels send o'er these green fields asweep,
> In each cold ear to breathe, *Not in vain have you perished.*"

An ode, composed by Rev. J. E. Rankin, was then sung to the air of "Pleyel's Hymn," by members of the post.

Then followed a dirge by the band and decoration of graves by comrades of the post.

The graves of soldiers had been designated by flags, and as the post passed from one to another the bouquets and wreaths were placed upon the tombs. After this was concluded the line re-formed, and proceeding from thence passed through Phipps, Salem, High, Elm, and Bunker-Hill streets, to the cemetery on Bunker-Hill street.

Here, after a dirge by the band and prayer by Rev. Mr. Miles, and reading of Scripture by the chaplain, Past Commander Henry R. Sibley made an appropriate and eloquent address, as follows:

My Friends: The inestimable blessing of a just and paternal government, under which the protection of life and the possession of property are secure, is ours to enjoy while life shall last, and ours to transmit to our children as their glorious inheritance, because of the unshrinking patriotism, patient endurance, and heroic valor of the men who, during the late war, took up arms to defend and protect the integ-

rity of the nation, when imperiled by a wicked and causeless rebellion. The issues of that rebellion involved more than the existence of our institutions; 'twas a blow struck at civil liberty and human progress the world over. Standing here so soon after the peril and the deliverance, we cannot know how great was our danger, nor how vast are our obligations, first, to a beneficent Providence, and next for the courage, zeal, and fidelity of patriotic men for the majestic triumph of our cause.

The historian will record the thrilling account of the great uprising of April, 1861; how our young men, who had pursued their peaceful avocations, believing in the perpetuity of the Union, were suddenly roused by the news of the attack and the call to arms; how the loyal heart of the nation was stirred as never before; with what marvellous rapidity we organized armies and navies; how we struck the chains of slavery from the limbs of four millions of human beings; of the alternate successes and disasters, on to the consummation of our hopes, in the brilliant and crowning victories of April, 1865. But oh! the private anxiety, the grief secretly gnawing at the heart, and the voiceless sorrow caused by the war, must remain unrecorded forever!

Our young men *loved* their New England homes, their kindred, friends, and all the endearing associations of life; the tenderest affections had entwined themselves about their hearts; but patriotism called to where the sternest danger stood. Sadly, but with resolute hearts, they sundered the ties that bound them to their homes, and went forth to follow wherever duty should lead. Nor was the struggle confined to them. Could the parent, perhaps in declining years, give up that only darling boy to the prey of all the horrors and dangers of relentless war? Could the wife say, without a pang, that farewell to her young husband as he left her to go to the front? Could the maiden calmly resign him to whom she had given her heart's best affections? Such sacrifices were made for our benefit and for the benefit of those who shall come after us, and should excite in us the liveliest feelings of admiration, for such displays of unselfishness are rare indeed. Tens of thousands of those who thus served on land or on the water have given up their lives, have joined the host of martyrs of liberty, and their reward shall be the gratitude of mankind and the benediction of God. It has been said that "the only debt we never can pay is that we owe to the men who died that the nation might live."

The remains of several of our deceased comrades repose within this inclosure, and we come to-day to pay them a tribute of love and veneration. We perform this duty alike to

the general officer and the humblest soldier or sailor, for the native and the adopted citizen, for the black man as well as the white; for the late war was so far the people's war, that all classes and conditions united to promote the success of the national arms. Some met death in the hour of battle, advancing upon the foe amid the roar of cannon and the groans of the dying; others were wounded, and, lying on the field with naught above them but the broad blue canopy of heaven, felt their life-blood ebb slowly away, without a friend near to speak a word of sympathy; others were the victims of wasting disease, caused by fatigue and exposure. On each patriot's grave we place our floral offerings. Nothing which the Almighty hand hath bestowed upon us is more simple, more pure, and more beautiful than the flowers! How fitting, then, that they should be employed to decorate the graves of the heroic dead, in recognition of the simplicity of their manly virtues, the purity of their unselfish patriotism, and the beauty displayed in their willingness to die for the right.

Mr. Commander and comrades, let us feel profoundly grateful to Almighty God for having, through great dangers and out of many perils, spared our lives to this hour. The part each of us bore in the work of suppressing the rebellion belongs to the past. The duty which gratitude imposes upon us, of perpetuating the memory of those by whose side we fought, makes itself felt at the present hour. Let the future prove that we possess also civic virtues, and that we shall take care to preserve the boon of liberty which it has cost so much to purchase. Inasmuch as we decorate the graves not only of those who died in the war, but of all those who served in it and have died since, we cannot know but that the beautiful offerings made here to-day may be made one year or two years hence for any one of us. Our number must in the course of nature steadily diminish, till at last it may be that a single survivor out of all the battalions of the Union army shall come up here with tottering steps and with dimmed eye to strew with trembling hand beautiful flowers on not only *these* graves, but on *ours* also. Let us so live that whenever our hour of departure may come it shall find us fully prepared to meet in heaven the immortal spirits of those whose earthly resting-place we here honor.

At the conclusion of the address the following hymn was sung:

"Blest are the martyred dead who lie
In holy graves, for freedom won;
Whose storied deeds shall never die
While coming years their circles run."

The band then played a dirge, and the decoration of graves followed.

From here the procession marched through Bunker-Hill street to the Catholic Cemetery, where, after the preliminary dirge and prayer, Rev. Father J. W. Hamilton delivered the address which follows:

We are gathered together to-day, my friends, to discharge a sad duty. We come to shed tears of sorrow over departed friends whom we shall see no more in this world. But they are not wholly dead; they live in the grateful affections of their friends and fellow-citizens, who remember the great and holy cause for which they gave up their lives. They fought and died to preserve this glorious Union and constitution. They were faithful, true men. They loved with a child's warmest affection their adopted country, her laws, and institutions; and at her call they went forth promptly and cheerfully to peril life, liberty, and honor in her defense. All honor to these brave men! And let us on this day, with gratitude, love, and respect, strew flowers over their graves, to keep fresh in our hearts the memory of their heroic deeds and sacrifices.

Some uneasy, discontented people say they despair of the republic; that everything is going from bad to worse; that the people of this great country have become degenerate, and are now unfit for self-government. This insane assertion has been made.

Standing here over these yet fresh-made graves, remembering the deeds and sacrifices of the heroic dead in behalf of their adopted country—remembering the unanimous rush of the whole manly population, native and adopted—farmers, mechanics, merchants, lawyers, doctors, every class and occupation of society, to the national defense, standing shoulder to shoulder and battling bravely, nobly, and successfully for the preservation of the Union and Constitution—can we entertain for a moment the degrading thought that the people who did these things have become degenerate, are unfit for self-government? Avaunt, the infamous calumny!

Many of these brave men lie in this graveyard. Let us, Catholics, according to our belief, that it is "a good and wholesome thought to pray for the dead," offer up a fervent prayer for the repose of their souls. Let us pray.

To Thee, O Lord, we recommend the souls of Thy servants, who being dead to this world, they may live to Thee. And whatever sins they have committed through human

frailty, we beseech Thee, in Thy goodness, mercifully to pardon through Christ Jesus our Lord.

The members of the post then sung the following hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. Edmund Bradford, to the music of "The Shining Shore:"

Oh, not alone the voice of fame,
As home the hero marches,
To see inscribed his deathless name
Upon triumphal arches.

But borne upon the sable car,
With dirge and fun'ral palling,
The victim of her holiest war,
In freedom's battle falling.

'Tis fame to fill a hero's grave
In early manhood's hour,
To have a name among the brave,
The noblest earthly dower.

The noblest shafts affection rears
O'er fallen heroes weeping,
Forever, with fresh flowers and tears,
Their graves in verdure keeping.

Oh, well to see the bloom of youth
And manhood's vigor given,
For that best boon, that holy truth,
Fair freedom, born of Heaven.

Then followed a dirge, and the post proceeded to the ceremony of decoration, the wreaths and bouquets being cut and the flowers strewn upon the graves.

The line then re-formed and passed out, and the post was escorted to their hall on the city square.

CEREMONIES AT BOSTON.

(JOHN A. ANDREW POST No. 15.)

The most imposing display of the observance in Boston was that participated in by post 15, to which organization Mount Auburn was assigned.

The comrades of the post assembled at headquarters between 10 o'clock and half an hour later, and at 10.30 the line was formed on Tremont-street Mall, the right resting near West-street gate. In the formation, regimental order was observed, the battalion being composed of ten

companies, and the number was subsequently augmented by late arrivals so numerous that the formation of an additional company was necessitated. The line was formed by the commander, Colonel Cornelius G. Attwood, and was in readiness for marching nearly fifteen minutes before the time specified. The carriages containing invited dignitaries and crippled comrades were formed on either side of West street, and ten wagons, loaded with flowers, awaited orders on Mason street.

At 11 o'clock the signal for marching—the discharge of a gun upon the Common by a section of the First Light Battery, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia—was heard, and marching was commenced promptly, the Encampment passing out upon Tremont street at the West-street gate, and thence up Tremont street, in the following order: Detachment of city police, under Sergeant Foster; Gilmore's full military band, M. Arbuckle, leader; Encampment John A. Andrew Post 15, Grand Army of the Republic, Colonel Cornelius G. Attwood, commander; Staff: E. C. Cabot, George C. Joslin, C. L. Roberts, W. C. Roberts, Augustine Sanderson, A. H. Stevens, jr.; senior vice commander, Charles G. Davis; junior vice commander, A. W. Brigham; adjutant, L. G. A. Fateaux; quartermaster, L. B. Hiscock; sergeant major, C. F. Hammond; quartermaster sergeant, J. Edward Hollis. First company: Captain, Charles H. Hovey; first lieutenant, John H. Stevens; second lieutenant, E. H. Adams. Second company: Captain, Louis N. Tucker; first lieutenant, Charles E. Mudge; second lieutenant, C. B. Jackman. Third company: Captain, Oliver C. Livermore; second lieutenant, T. W. Cazmay. Fourth company: Captain, Thomas B. Rand; first lieutenant, H. F. Smith. Fifth company: Captain, Edward O. Shepard; first lieutenant, John A. Fox; second lieutenant, N. D. Ripley. Sixth company: Captain, J. Waldo Denny; first lieutenant, Horace C. Sylvester; second lieutenant, R. C. Barnard. Seventh company: Captain, Charles S. Seagrave; first lieutenant, Charles E. Rice; second lieutenant, C. E. Davis, Jr. Eighth company: Captain, Wilmon W. Blackmar; first lieutenant, Frederick R. Shattuck; second lieutenant, Thomas H. Gwinn. Ninth company: Captain, George F.

McKay; first lieutenant, Peter J. Rooney; second lieutenant, William Emerson. Tenth company: Captain, Augustus N. Sampson; first lieutenant, Patrick A. O'Connell; second lieutenant, Andrew H. Francis. Eleventh company: Captain, Edward P. Nettleton; first lieutenant, David W. Wardrop; second lieutenant, Henry M. Rogers.

Carriages containing his excellency Governor Claflin and Colonel Hallowell of his staff, Lieutenant Governor Tucker, General Cunningham, Major John Morrissy, sergeant-at-arms, General F. A. Osborn, Major E. J. Jones, Honorable Jacob H. Loud, his honor Mayor Shurtleff, William S. Harris, president of the common council, Honorable Thomas Rice, ex-Mayor Norcross, Colonel E. W. Kingsley, General Horace Binney Sargent, Dr. John P. Ordway, Dr. Samuel A. Green, Chaplain N. M. Gaylord, and comrades of the encampment who had lost a limb in service.

Light wagons, ten in number, containing the flowers used in the decoration of graves. Each of the vehicles was decorated with bunting, besides the floral display, and on each was carried the national colors. A very pretty floral design, upon which was worked with *immortelles* the words, "John A. Andrew, our friend," was carried on one of the vehicles, and was intended to partially decorate the grave of the ex-Governor.

A section of the First Battery, Lieutenant Simonds commanding, occupied a position on the left of the line.

The procession rested opposite the Central Burying-ground, on Boylston street, and here the ceremony of decoration commenced. The color-bearers (who carried the banner of the encampment, flanked on either side by the state and national flags) with several officers, marched across the Boylston-street Mall and entered the cemetery, where a miniature flag marked the resting-place of a departed member of the old "Tiger" organization. The grave was decked with flowers, and the colors were lowered

O'er the spot where the hero was buried,

while the surviving comrades of the fallen brave remained uncovered, the band meanwhile playing a dirge. The ceremony concluded, the color-bearers again took their places in

line, and the battalion countermarched, and passed through Boylston and across Washington into Essex street, when another halt was had in front of Chauncey-Hall school.

The color-bearers and officers passed up stairs into the school-room, where had been placed the tablet bearing the names of graduates who fell in their country's cause, and the marble cenotaph received its floral decorations, the same ceremony as before being observed by the post and band. The vaults underneath Trinity Church, on Summer street, were next visited and the tomb of a soldier decorated, and subsequently the Granary Burying-ground, on Tremont street, was visited, and another grave, marked with a miniature flag, strewn with flowers. The march was then continued to Cambridge street, and the comrades of the encampment here filled the eleven cars which had been provided, and proceeded to the principal scene of their labor. While passing through Cambridge the band performed several selections of music, and the members of the post sung numerous popular soldier melodies.

At exactly 2 o'clock the cemetery was reached, and the procession passed toward the chapel, the band playing the "Dead March," from *Saul*, and the battalion marching with slow and measured tread. Arrived at the square in front of the chapel, the exercises were commenced without delay by Colonel Attwood introducing Rev. N. M. Gaylord, who offered prayer.

ORATION BY GENERAL HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: In opening the few remarks that your patient courtesy permits, the humblest spirit of the prayer of the great Athenian, when he uttered his immortal eulogy upon the soldiers dead who fell in the Samian war, commands my heart. The prayer that I may speak no word unworthy of the hour, no word unworthy of you, fellow-citizens, who bring your beautiful offerings to the graves of these beloved, dear comrades; no word unworthy of your own gallant hearts; and, above all, no word unworthy of those the invisible—of you, rather, for I feel the presence of two hosts to-day—you, loved and lost companions in toil and triumph; you, who stood shoulder to shoulder with us till you passed behind the awful curtain of the unknown, and left us to weep

over the magnificent daring which swept you through the agony of your glory.

Names dear to Massachusetts tremble on my lips; historic names, that are tenderly whispered in the palaces of that grand old city; household names, that conjure tears in the quiet farm-houses by mountain-side and river. Shall I pronounce them? Shall I utter one of them, unless I can do justice to them all? Does not the childless mother of many gallant sons keep tender and impartial silence, lest the mention of one darling's name should give a pang to the listening shades, all crowned with amaranth by death; all diademed by love and pride forever; all lighted up alike by flash of glory?

One name alone, soldiers of Massachusetts, rises above the spell of silence. One spirit, all motherly in its tenderness for you, all soldierly in the lion heart that was pierced by every bullet that desolated any fireside from the shifting sands of the bay to the steadfast Berkshire hills; one soul of justice, charity, purity, and manhood compels my affectionate greeting to-day, as he heads the shadowy hosts of the young, the beautiful, the brave, whom he sent forth to battle for nation, not for State. Him only, as embodying the intelligent daring, the persistent devotion, the heavenly trust of the Commonwealth's defenders, I hail by name—John Albion Andrew, most fortunate, most blessed Governor of Massachusetts, of all war's ministers most Christ-like!

To the graves of his heart's children, through whose baptism of fire, through whose blood-stained robes, he vicariously suffered and transcendently triumphed till he died worn out by war, we come as came the Greeks to the grandest festival of their nation—the sacrifice to the Goddess of War and Wisdom—as defender of the city. To these defenders we come. I thank God, that since we might not celebrate on Sunday this tearful day of joy, which will be henceforth the real May-day of the American heart forever, I thank God that to-day is the Hebrew Sabbath of Jehovah, God of battle! The Sabbath was made for man. The grave is sacred. And what grave of man is holier than that where a slain hero lies?

One murky evening of a Sabbath day during the war a mounted regiment was pressing a wooded crest of batteries, and tempting them to reveal their exact position by their deadly fire. As each lazy puff of cannon rose in air, some life went out to save the loss of a thousand in the next day's attack. Soon cavalry charge was met by counter-charge. A squadron fiercely faced another on the brink of an impassable ravine, and at the sudden check an oath so loud and deep burst from the Federal ranks that it crashed on the ear

with the shell that came tearing through horses and men. The leader turned his head, and saw strange, stern faces looking upward at the evening sky, where for a second, amid a flash of light, there was plainly seen reaching from a black curling cloud an upward-pointing hand and arm that seemed colossal, and which were instantly veiled from view as a steel-blue gleam of light came glancing to the earth. Darkness closed the stormy scene, but the story of that up-pointing finger was told in a half whisper by more than one camp-fire that night, under the ghostly shadows of the trees that whispered back. When daylight came the moral did not pass away. The comrades of that shattered trooper, who was dashed out of life with the ringing curse upon his lips, believed in the all-pardoning charity of God, and had poetry enough in them to feel that the arm, torn from the socket and tossed high in air amidst the lurid glare of bursting shells, pointed the way that the honest, daring, patriotic, humble soul had gone when the weapon of violence had fallen from his unclenched fingers, hard with glorious labor, to the earth from which it sprang.

His penciled epitaph was borrowed from the maxim of the law, which a most eloquent tongue has otherwise applied, "*Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum.*" "To whomsoever belongs the soil, it is his, even to heaven."

Why do we make this pilgrimage to the graves of our soldiers dead? Is it necessary to recall their memory? Tears that have never dried forbid the thought. Do we come merely to utter a mortal eulogy upon the immortal?

> "By fairy hands their knell is rung;
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung."

It seems to me that we come here partly to learn some lessons of practical citizenship, some lessons of the head as well as some lessons of the heart.

In addressing an audience so largely composed of my fair countrywomen, whose patriotic tenderness can never die from our memory, I feel a peculiar delicacy in urging that practical lesson of citizenship which forces itself upon my mind as I approach these soldierly graves. I hope that my nature is not too low to appreciate the purifying influence of womanhood upon the politics of society. I am more than willing to believe that the divinest light of heaven descends through the transparent womanly nature upon man. But I find no woman's name upon the graves that we decorate to-day. The words of England's oriental poet come to my lips:

> "What constitutes a state?
> * * * * * * * *

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state."

These citizens whose graves we honor laid down their lives in battle. Why did they do it? Is it not because their votes were impotent without their swords? They died because ballots alone could not maintain the law. Though we had right, virtue, and humanity on our side, bayonets had to vindicate these purest principles of social progress.

Influence may change the vote of an armed man, but unarmed suffrage can never disarm him. Not voting weight, but fighting weight, settles the supremacy of law. An iron helmet was the urn in which the votes of freemen were of erst collected. In the elective conclaves of the Magyar hosts, a hundred thousand sabers flashed in air as a hundred thousand men shouted, "We will!"

If gallant legislation, in its efforts to bring about the certain and just social enfranchisement of women, shall confer on them the not generally coveted privilege of suffrage, let these graves of fighting men protest against it as a delusion and a snare. If the protest shall be in vain, let these graves of combatants demand a classification of the ballot, so that, while the pure aspirations, the intelligent judgment, the highest wisdom, shall be represented, the ballot that has a bayonet behind it may be as clearly distinguished from the ballot of a non-combatant, who never has borne arms, as a club is distinguished from a camp, a helmet from a bonnet, a blank cartridge from a ball cartridge, a child-nurturing woman from an arm-bearing man: that so we may be spared from sending out our young men to die for some premature idea, with a majority of virtuous votes and a minority of muskets.

If these graves teach us anything, it is the fact that when a citizen casts a vote he may have to defend that vote in battle; and that it is our duty so solemnly, prudently, and conscientiously to place our ballot, that we may wisely and reverently dare to cast our lives, sword in hand, reeking with the blood of our enemies, at the feet of Almighty God upon it. These martyred men teach us the responsibility that rests on the exercise of the right of suffrage. It is an act of defiant manhood, not a sigh of aspiration.

We learn also here to-day a lesson of charity. Not merely that charity which lies at the base of our military order, charity to the unfortunate companions of our service and to all those tender ones whom a soldier's pale and dying lips last prayed for. *This* obvious charity is bound to our hearts

by the strongest ties that can exist among men. I need not press upon the charitable men and women of a rescued land the Christian claims of every crippled soldier.

It is the glory of queens to be served by heroes. When you, my fair sister American, give your commission to the soldier messenger, sweeten his hard-earned bread by the kindness of your manner, a full recognition of all that he has done. Patient, willing, honest, and poor as he stands before you to-day, think how nearly, with steady eye, how firmly, with gallant tread, in the grand past he has marched up to the awful entrance of the gates of death ajar. And, as in Galilee, the spiritual insight of the true believers revealed to their eyes the glory on the head of Christ, so to your fervent love of country and womanly adoration of manly courage let this maimed hero's face, which queens would honor in another land, be lighted up like his who came down from the thunders of Sinai, where he had looked on the terrible splendors of the lightning-veiled Jehovah!

But these graves of citizens, who dared to die for a political creed, teach us a lesson of broader charity—of justice, essential to that "more perfect union" for which they died. If we forget the facts of recent history we rob these men of a jewel in their crown—praise for the decisive wisdom, the prompt intelligence of the daring with which they chose the filial path of glory.

For though now it seems absurd that loyalty should plume itself on allegiance to one State rather than to all the States united, and though now we smile at the fancy that our Constitution, the preamble of which declares a purpose "to make a *more perfect* union" than the "articles of confederation and *perpetual* union," could tolerate the notion of secession at pleasure, it is certain that when the war began even the Northern mind was deeply tainted with this heresy of peaceable disunion.

Respectable teachers advised us to "let our wayward sisters go!" The Commander-in-Chief of the Federal Army and Navy declared his opinion that the constitution gave us no power to prevent secession. The settled southern conviction that ultimate allegiance was due, not to the nation, but to the State, found many supporters at the North, and in some curious facts of history as recorded among the debates of the framers of the Constitution. The seeds of two miseries, slavery and State supremacy, were there covertly buried to bear the poisoned fruit.

All glory to God, that, amid this conflict of opinion, the men who lie here decided this question for themselves, staked their lives on their conviction, and went out to bat-

tle for it as unhesitatingly as if there had never been a doubt on this matter of constitutional law.

It was a contest for empire and a crown. Two rival monarchs—State independence and national sovereignty—were in the field. The question was too vast for any judicial tribunal upon earth. You and these loyal dead argued it in sharp monosyllables and thunder-tones back and forth over every bloody acre from Sumter to Shiloh, and from Shiloh to the Wilderness. A million of dead gave in their verdict; and final judgment was rendered at the little court-house of Appomattox by the God of Hosts, when the losing defendant gave up his fallen cause with his broken sword and army, forever! FOREVER! or the scaffold must do its merciless work hereafter and do it well.

But how closely entwined this pride of State is even with the heart of the Union soldier, one memory of yours of the heights of Fredericksburg will tell. When baffled, breathless, beaten back, despairing under the iron rain whose drops soaked to the heart, shattered by shot and torn by shell and musketry, as the few left living faced the awful gap in the stone walls above the roads, the thrice-rallied column halted and trembled to its flight. "Steady, men! Forward! for God and Christ! forward!" But all was vain! The sheet of flame was too hot for human bearing. All seemed lost to the thrice-wounded leader, whose sinking heart sounded the depths of the agony of defeat between those fire-lined jaws of hell. All memories flashed on him. And as he fell again, he shouted from his soul, "State color! to the front! Massachusetts, forward!" And, as if pale death grew paler at the cry, the leaderless column, with gasp, and sob, and oath, and prayer, and cheer, and yell, like a spent thunderbolt rolled on over the slippery pavement of the dead, and the heights were won! That cheer was caught up and prolonged in sighs of joy from dying lips; and dying eyes followed with love the glimmering square of light, the State's pale banner, that swayed and fluttered and tossed like an anguished spiritual thing as the leaping, exulting, agonized, victorious column swept in. And all this was done by soldiers of the Union for the glory of the little *State*, the spot of earth where their babes were born and their dear dead mothers lay.

When I think of the magic of these words, "State color!" "Massachusetts!" as they electrified the last dying drop of blood in loyal hearts, I can understand the difference between a Southern *rebel* and a Southern *traitor*. Although to secure the national victory, whose momentous consequences no prophet can predict—for the conceded scepter of empire is new to

the national grasp—I would, if need should be, make every square acre of Southern land, where a courteous expression of any loyal sentiment is unsafe for any man of any color, a desert. I can respect the grave of any gallant foe who drew his sword honestly, according to his light, for his native State—for the spot, great or small, which he had been taught from childhood to reverence as his supreme motherland. I can mourn for a gallant heart wasted on a heresy. I can feel, with our beloved Governor Andrew, the pathos of the lines—

"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves!
Sleep martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though here no marble column craves
The pilgrim foot to pause."

Brethren, we have defeated the rebels on a question of constitutional law. If an effort to forget the infamous cruelty with which their leaders conducted that argument, if an effort to remember that the narrow idea of State allegiance sprang from false teachers and perverted many an honorable sword, will cement the Union which our brethren died to make "more perfect," I will make this effort to-day.

Comrades! though few of us may live to see it, I feel sure that the last survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic will celebrate this anniversary after some day of glory, when the sons of rebels and our sons shall have fallen side by side in some common cause of foreign war, as our sires and their sires fell side by side under the eye of the great rebel, who had no treason in him, the Virginian, Washington.

Then, amid music and banner and cannon, we, as the dead look down on this garden of death to-day, may look down on a carpet of flowers spread from the Adirondacks to the gulf, over the graves of all the American dead who shall have fallen in battle for the holy faith of motherland. Let us not make a perfect union impossible. Let us put to the sword, let us drag to the scaffold, if need be, but let us not taunt and call names.

"The country must be united," said a national statesman in the convention eighty-two years ago. "If persuasion cannot do it," he added, "the sword will." That prophecy has been fulfilled. We are a nation—regenerated—united—baptized anew. Thank God, dear comrades, that *we* have been thought worthy to be partakers of that baptism of blood. Thank God that we stood side by side with these beloved martial dead in the supreme moment of their lives! When we meet to-day, we pledge each other's lips and hearts in the sacramental cup of immortal memories, which no wealth can buy, no disaster take away. We pledge each other and the grave to defend all that we have won—a Union from whose

Government escape by nullification or secession is impossible; a nation whose monarch—the *whole* people of *all* the States—approaches, more than all emperors or kings, to the omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient attributes of Deity. The voice of *the people* is the voice of God! When we crown the dead with flowers—eternal type of spring—we celebrate this resurrection of the nation. To her—dear motherland, all radiant with imperial pride in the midst of her mourning, resplendent in her jewels set in heaven—we cry, with filial joy, thou art not dead!

"Death, which hath sucked the honey of thy lips,
Hath had no power upon thy beauty!
Thou art not conquered! Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks!
And death's pale flag is not advanced there!"

The following memorial ode, written by Comrade John P. Ordway, was sung by the members of the post:

This fond memorial day,
Sweet-scented flowers we lay
On comrades' graves.
To brothers, brave and true,
Who country only knew,
The flag—red, white, and blue—
Still o'er them waves.

We shed the heartfelt tear
For brave souls ever dear
To freedom's name.
With flowers we crown the brave,
Sweet flowers to gently wave,
With wreaths each mound engrave,
"Immortal fame."

Oh! noble souls were they,
We meet to bless this day,
In Auburn's shade.
Plant violets sweet and rare,
The rose and lily fair,
With garlands rich, to share
Each comrade's grave.

Then echo back the sound,
To bless each soldier mound
With brother's love.
The march and silent camp,
The bivouac, or tramp,
In mem'ry's golden lamp
Still point above!

Can we forget the name
Of him our camp doth claim—
The soldier's friend?—
No! no! he's ever near,
To bless us with good cheer,
And on HIS GRAVE our tear
Shall softly blend.

Thus, comrades, on this day
We guard the loyal way
Of truth and right;
Our fealty now renew
To country ever true,
Sweet flowers we loving strew,
Heaven bless the sight!

And the decoration of graves was then commenced, each of the eleven companies having a particular portion of the cemetery assigned. The State and city dignitaries proceeded with the tenth company to the grave of Governor Andrew, and here the ceremonies were most interesting, the officials uniting with the soldiers in the decoration, while the band played a dirge. The graves were each marked with a miniature flag, and no difficulty was experienced in finding them. The ceremony was very simple, a muffled drum beating the long roll, and the color-bearers drooping the colors while the flowers were being strewn. About half an hour was occupied in the decoration ceremonies, and the different companies then returned to the chapel, where they again formed in line and marched out of the cemetery. The comrades took the cars soon after 5 o'clock, and upon arriving in the city marched directly to headquarters, where they were dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT SPRINGFIELD.

(E. K. Wilcox Post No. 16.)

The threatening of rain in the dull mantle of clouds hindered many organizations from joining in the march, and the spectacle was hardly to be called splendid. The police preceded the Armory Band; the E. K. Wilcox Encampment came next, bearing bounteous bouquets and wreaths as well, and wearing breast-knots of flowers and rosettes of black, the national colors mingled therewith; they numbered about one hundred and thirty, and were marshaled by Commander Phillips on horseback. The City Guard, under Captain Knight, looking very neatly, then followed after the quartette of singers in a hack, and behind them the Union Battery. The city fathers in carriages fell in here, and after them the Odd Fellows, thirty-five men in regalia, under Captain Phe-

lon's marshalship, closed the procession, for the Masons had decided not to join in the ranks as a body.

But the observance of the day was not in the ordered march, the pealing trumpets, or the formal route. It was in the vast pilgrimage of the people—men, women, children—filling the streets on the way and thronging the cemetery. Fully half the inhabitants of the city of the living must have been in the city of the dead during the afternoon, and a crowd gathered on the ample plateau where last year's ceremonies were held, too wide to catch the words of the orator or the notes of the singers. Arrived there, the procession inclosed a hollow square, and Commander Phillips read the general order of Grand Commander Logan. After Rev. W. T. Eustis had prayed, Messrs. Trask, Whiting, Mulchahey, and Spear sung a recent poem to the tune of "Pleyel's Hymn," the band accompanying their voices. Rev. H. R. Nye then delivered an address, excellent in thought and eloquence, of which this is the substance:

REV. MR. NYE'S ORATION.

The general current of remark upon this occasion seems predetermined. Our long and bloody war, the character of that great struggle through which we have passed, the final victory we have won, the patience and heroism and sacrifice of the tens and hundreds of thousands who gave up their lives that the nation might live, these are the appropriate topics of the hour, the special central facts around which our thoughts naturally revolve, and to which, in one way or another, perhaps every illustration should apply. These are familiar themes. But as we come here for this impressive and beautiful service to-day, to scatter flowers upon these silent graves, it cannot be unwise to consider how Christianity transforms death, or in what light, according to its teachings, we are bound to regard it. In the Christian view, what we call death is not the end of our being, but only a change in our mode of existence; not dissolution, but the birth struggle of the soul passing on to a higher and more perfect life; for if this world were all, and this life our only life, the ties that now bind us so tenderly to those who have passed away would all be rudely broken, and the memory of the loved and lost, with no hope of reunion, would crush us to the earth in insupportable grief. But in lifting the veil and leaving "the gates ajar," Christianity unites even now the

living and the dead, and keeps alive and glowing the love and remembrance of those who have passed from our material sight. Now, while anticipating a future, we delight to recall and live over the past, and we are able sometimes to make the images of the dead as real as the forms of the living; for the departed, being dead, still live and speak. The outward eye is closed, and the white lips move not, but "there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard," and their words penetrate "to the ends of the world." By their memories they speak.

Until they had passed away, perhaps we did not fully appreciate their virtues nor recognize their worth. Now we delight to linger upon whatever was pure, and generous, and noble in their aims and lives. We knew not till they had put off this robe of flesh that we had entertained angels unawares. Death has enshrined them in our hearts, and made their memories precious and sacred forever. We look back, and allow for the heat of the moment or the passion of the hour; we consider the influences under which they were born and reared, and are willing, now that their race is ended, to let all memories of the false, and imperfect, and evil die. And often, I think, we feel the uplifting power of the virtues of the dead more than the living examples of goodness which we meet in our daily walks. Standing here to day, some of you may hear the voices of those whose fair forms you buried beneath the winter's snows or covered with summer flowers, and while the tears will flow, memory and hope blend, and bind you to the departed by the tender recollections of other years and the promise of reunion above. And, soldiers, as you walk about these sacred grounds and scatter the choicest flowers upon the graves of the brave boys who went out with you to battle for the right and preserve the life and unity of the nation, their voices may fall on your ears as vividly as the notes of the tolling bell. You will march with your old comrades again to-day. With them you will visit in memory the old camp-grounds and battle-fields of the South, will recall, perhaps, the campaign of the Wilderness, the defeat of Bull Run, the woes of Harper's Ferry, the struggle at Gettysburg, the great battle of Antietam, and all the perilous conflicts and victories of those dark and bloody years. Such memories must be stirred within as you mingle in these services to-day, and these voices of the dead may give us courage, and sacrifice, and fidelity in our work, and our lives be richer and deeper for all the life which has gone before us.

And the dead speak in their works. As soon as our rational life begins, we know that we are not the first who

have peopled this fair round globe. Generations and races have been here before us, and vanished away. But their works remain. Their traditions and histories enlighten and warn us. We live in houses which other men have builded, and sit under the shadows of trees planted by other hands. We read books other men have written, inherit their inventions and arts, adopt their customs and laws, sing their songs, chant their anthems, and repeat their prayers; and so the dead speak. And when men go from us who have lived not for the ease and comfort of the hour, but for unselfish and noble ends, to advance the truth, to bless mankind; and when men have died for their country or their faith showing a martyr's heroism and a Christian's trust, they still seem to walk the earth and to speak in their lives and works for all generations of men. They teach us fidelity, and they teach us truth; they inculcate forbearance; they preach self-denial and sacrifice; and so reveal not only an existence beyond the grave, but a nobler life upon the earth, showing us the moral beauty and grandeur of the humblest act to which we are led by love of God or fraternal sympathy for our fellow-men. As a nation, we seem now emerging from the cloud and entering upon a career of marvelous material prosperity. But who can read the future which lies before us? In the war, in the great conflict which went before it, we had moral ideas to guide us; there were great moral principles at stake, and we could appeal directly to the conscience and heart, and ask men to vote and live, as they prayed, for duty, for right, for brotherhood, and for God. Freedom has triumphed. Slavery is gone. These States are united and free. And there are no moral questions now by which we are holding men up to the standard of the former years. Never in the history of the American people have we had so much need of faith, of the religion of Christ, as now. From the far East, from the far West, over the iron rails just laid from the Atlantic to the distant Pacific shores, the peoples and civilizations of Asia and Europe are to meet upon our soil, and here struggle for the mastery of the world. We need not despair. God is not dead, and still His truth goes marching on. But the welfare of the state must depend on the virtue and nobleness of men, on personal morality and personal faith. As we scatter these beautiful flowers upon the graves of the heroic dead, and bedew them tenderly with our tears, oh let our silent, earnest prayer be this: that God will give us the *heart* and the will to do our work as nobly as these noble men did theirs!

At the close of the address the quartette sung the air,

"Strew Beautiful Flowers," and the members of the Grand Army filed out in squads to cover the graves with flowers.

During the decoration the band played dirge music, the "Notes of Interment," "Palestrina," "The Dying Christian," and "China," the sweet religious minors so loved by our fathers, and so little in fashion now. On reassemblage on the plateau, the quartette sung a song, "The Unknown Dead," Rev. Mr. Eustis invoked the benediction, and the procession re-formed and returned.

Pouring rain unfortunately set in on Sunday afternoon as the ceremonies of decorating the Catholic Cemetery began. The Grand Army of the Republic, seventy strong, under Commander Phillips, led by St. Michael's Band, marched to St. Michael's Church, where fell into rank the St. Michael's Mutual Relief Society, one hundred and fifty men, and some of the Father Mathew Temperance Society, and returned soldiers. A great concourse of our Irish population enlarged the procession. At the cemetery the general order of General Logan was read by Captain Hugh Donnelly, who also was called upon to supply the place of the expected orator, Rev. P. J. Bowers, Springfield, who was detained by the bedside of Father Galligher. Captain Donnelly proved entirely equal to the emergency and spoke ably. He described the gallantry of the Irish in the war, and the great soldiers, Sheridan, Shields, and others, who so nobly served their adopted country. He, with a spice of Fenianism, urged the Irish to be as brave for their native country as they had been for this, and invoked God's mercy upon Irishmen in Ireland, deprived of all advantages so liberally theirs in America. The singing was by a large choir, led by Mr. Toomey, and was both good and appropriate.

CEREMONIES AT ERVING, NORTH ORANGE, AND ATHOL.

(Post No. 17.)

On Saturday, the 29th, Post 17 met at their headquarters at 7 o'clock a. m., and, a large delegation having been furnished with teams, started for Erving; another to North

Orange and Athol. The delegation to Erving was escorted by the Orange Cornet Band, and was received by a number of members who reside at that place, Erving Engine Company, fifty men, in full uniform, and a large concourse of citizens. Flowers, wreaths, and bouquets were furnished in abundance by the citizens. After prayer by the clergyman, remarks were made by Comrades Bartlett, Jilson, W. H. Adams, Chandler, and others. The band discoursed appropriate music, and, although the weather was unpleasant in the extreme, the citizens turned out *en masse*.

At 1 o'clock p. m., the various delegations having all returned, the post marched to the town hall, where a large audience had assembled, and listened to an oration by Rev. Mr. Moore, of Greenfield, late chaplain of the Fifty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, after which the procession was formed as follows: Orange Cornet Band, eighteen pieces, A. W. Merriam leader; members of Post No. 17, one hundred strong; clergymen, citizens. At the entrance to the main avenue a wreath was stretched across, from which hung flowers and small wreaths, and an arch, upon which was inscribed:

"We died that you might live."

At the center of the avenue a similar wreath, and the words:

"We honor our patriot dead."

The column was halted at the north end of the avenue, directly in front of a monument constructed for the occasion by the post, made of wood, painted in imitation of white marble, twelve feet high, and upon which were inscribed the names of thirty-one soldiers who lie in southern graves. On the base of the monument were the words,

"In memory of our comrades who died in the South."

After prayer by Rev. Mr. McCurdy, of Athol, the ceremony of decorating the graves was performed by the members of the post by detail.

Remarks were then made by Deacon Rodney Hunt, H. Woodward, esq., L. P. Ramsey, esq., A. Goddard, esq., H. C. Tenney, esq., Mr. Knight, Rev. Mr. Holmes, Rev. Mr. McCurdy, and Chaplain Morse, Comrades Bartlett, Stevens, Livermore.

The ceremonies were ably conducted by Commander J. R. Davis, assisted by Senior Vice Commander Livermore.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at the cemetery the members marched in a body to their encampment, and spent a short time in rehearsing incidents, sad and touching, relating to their army life.

CEREMONIES AT ASHLAND.

(Post No. 18.)

Commemoration services were held May 29 in Ashland.

In accordance with general orders from headquarters, Post 18, Grand Army of the Republic, took prompt and vigorous action in the matter. The citizens were invited to co-operate with them, which invitation was accepted.

The first ceremony of the day was the presentation of a beautiful and appropriately-inscribed flag to the post, by Miss Alice Perkins and Miss Eva Champion, both daughters of deceased soldiers, in behalf of the ladies and citizens of the town.

A procession was formed in the following order: Ashland Cornet Band; color-guard of the post, with arms and equipments; members of Grand Army of the Republic and returned soldiers; widows and orphans of soldiers; Sabbath-schools; public schools; citizens and officers of the town; clergymen and speakers.

The procession marched through some of the principal streets of the town before proceeding to the cemetery.

At a previous hour of the day, the graves of the deceased soldiers had been designated by placing two small national flags, together with wreaths of evergreen and flowers, upon them. The gateway or entrance to the cemetery was tastefully arranged by flags and wreaths, and over it was the motto,

"Our sacred dead."

The procession, entering the cemetery, passed by each and every grave without more ceremony, and then proceeded to the town hall, which was soon filled to its utmost capacity,

where exercises were held as follows: Voluntary by band; invocation by Rev. George B. Potter; address by Rev. M. M. Cutter; singing of decoration hymn, composed by Samuel Burnham; music by the band.

Then followed a poem by Rev. George B. Potter, giving some description of a soldier's experiences, for which he is well qualified, having been a soldier himself. Short addresses were made by Deacon Pike, Mr. B. Homer, and Comrade Morse, of the post. Singing of the national hymn, "America," and the benediction closed the exercises at the hall.

Twenty-two Ashland men gave up their lives in the great struggle, of whom eleven repose there.

CEREMONIES AT PAXTON.

(Post No. 20.)

Post No. 20 and the citizens of the town celebrated Memorial Day on Saturday. A meeting was held at the church at 3 o'clock p. m., and addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Pearson, of Andover Theological Seminary, William Mulligan, esq., Charles Dodd, Mr. Muzzey, Simon G. Harrington, Henry A. Allen, of Worcester, and others, after which a procession was formed, including the post, the public and Sabbath-schools, and citizens, who marched to the cemetery and decorated the graves of eleven deceased soldiers. Wreaths of flowers and evergreens also encircled the names of eleven who are buried at the South, the names being hung on the walls of the hall under the folds of the flag.

CEREMONIES AT WESTBORO'

(John Sedgwick Post No. 21.)

The exercises of Memorial Day at Westboro' were of an impressive and interesting character. The ceremonies commenced at 1 o'clock. The line was formed in front of the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic, which had been appropriately decked with the national colors, and

the procession marched to the cemetery in the following order:

Band, eighteen pieces, A. D. Baker, leader; Post 21, Grand Army of the Republic, one hundred men, J. W. Fairbanks, post commander; Board of Fire Engineers, J. Jackson, chief; Steam Fire Engine Company No. 2, twenty men, G. W. Russell, foreman; Hook and Ladder Company, twenty men, F. Denfield, jr., captain; Young America Bucket Company, seventeen boys, Chester Harris, captain; children of the public schools and citizens.

On arriving at the cemetery, an impressive prayer was offered by Rev. William Nottage, of the Methodist Church, after which the graves of the dead soldiers were strewn with a profusion of flowers, and a small American flag was placed over each. The number of graves thus honored was eleven.

At the conclusion of the exercises at the graves the line was re-formed, and the column took up the line of march to the new soldiers' monument, opposite the town hall. Here a halt was made, and a detachment of the Grand Army strewed flowers around the column. The monument is inscribed with twenty-five names, and bears the following inscription:

"The soldiers' monument. Erected by the town, 1868. *Pro patria mortui sunt.*'

After continuing the march through a number of streets the procession repaired to the town hall, over which the American flag was floating at half-mast. After the meeting was called to order, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Dean, of the Congregational Church, followed by music by the band. Rev. Dr. Flanders, of the Baptist Church, was introduced, and delivered a brief address, of which the following is a condensed extract:

In common with the other clergymen of this town I have been requested to assist in the exercises of this occasion, an occasion fraught with the deepest interest to all; for we have gathered to commemorate the lives and deeds of loyal soldiers who fell in a loyal cause. As over the graves of the dead heroes we have scattered the spring flowers, our thoughts have been of the crumbling forms which lie beneath the clods. Why, over the unsightly, moldering remains, do we thus strew our floral offerings? Perhaps we in the act have

before our minds visions of the fair, brave forms which we knew in other days, before the death-stroke of war had laid them low; but there is something beyond this, and it is that they fell in the defense of the land we love. The poet has said that it is

"Sweet for one's native land to die."

And we remember that those over whose fate we mourn, and around whose tombstones we scatter the heart's offering of bright, beautiful flowers, were *our* soldiers, who died for *our* country.

This occasion is one not alone commemorative of the dead whom we have to-day honored, but which brings to our minds the memory of the desolation and the mourning of all those days of national strife and war. And, again, it brings to our minds, and sadly too, the thousands and hundreds of thousands who, going forth, the hope of the nation, fell in the strife, and were buried in far-off fields, where your hands may not to-day strew above them your floral tributes. And, too, there come before us those who, though spared to return, yet bear upon them the honorable scars which impress upon us the memory of the terrible cost of bringing our war to a victorious termination. Another class, which must ever be in our memory, and especially on an occasion like this, are those whose hearts are saddened and whose heads are bowed in sorrow over the lost martyrs of the struggle; the long procession of those who are clad in the habiliments of mourning for the lost ones whom the nation honors. The God of battle was with the Union army, and His favor gave to them the triumph. As in the days of ancient Israel the sons of God went to battle and to victory trusting in the "Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon," so, in our day, the people of our free land fought their battles and gained their triumphs trusting in the "Sword of the Lord," and of General Grant.

The speech was received with continued applause. Other addresses were given by Rev. Mr. Todd, of the Unitarian Church, and Rev. Mr. Litch, of the Advent Church. A hymn, composed by Rev. J. E. Rankin, was sung to the air of "Pleyel's Hymn," by the audience, accompanied by two cornets, which produced a beautiful effect. After the benediction by Rev. Mr. Nottage and a selection by the band, the exercises closed.

CEREMONIES AT EAST BOSTON.

(JOSEPH HOOKER POST No. 23.)

The sad yet pleasant duty of decorating the graves of our fallen heroes at East Boston was observed Saturday. It was expected that officers of the city government residing in East Boston, the children of the various Sunday-schools, and the citizens generally would be included in the procession. But the unfavorable condition of the weather and streets prevented many from joining who otherwise would have deemed it a pleasure to participate in these interesting exercises. At about 11 o'clock the line was formed and the procession moved in the following order:

Hall's Brass Band; Companies B and C, First Massachusetts Infantry, under the command of Captains Smith and Parker; Post 23, Grand Army of the Republic, and sailors, numbering about eighty men, Commander George A. Butler; carriages containing the chaplain, orator, and wounded soldiers and sailors.

At the entrance of the cemetery an arch was erected with the following inscription:

"Sweet sleep the brave martyrs to freedom."

After the procession had entered it was formed in a half circle, and the exercises commenced with the chanting of a dirge by the band. After prayer had been offered by Rev. William H. Cudworth, an anthem of liberty was sung by those present, among whom were quite a number of young ladies, members of the church choirs, who had ventured out despite the threatening elements. At the conclusion of the anthem an address was delivered by Rev. J. C. White. He said:

That it was with feelings of indescribable emotion that he stood over the graves of the fallen to speak to their living comrades who had followed the flag for which they had given up their lives. The manner of the death of these men was alluded to, and to their living comrades the speaker said that the deeds of these noble men ought to rouse in them a spirit of gratitude, as they had died to give them a heritage of peace, and to the country a glorious future. In considering the achievements of these men, he did not consider that the

only advantages derived by their sacrifice was the salvation of this country, but we had taught a lesson to foreign powers, that this self-government of ours could be sustained.

The commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic had said soon after its organization, "If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us."

To this he (the speaker) could add, God forbid that any comrade in arms should ever grow cold in this great work. In concluding, an earnest appeal was made to his hearers to relinquish all things else rather than to neglect to keep ever green the graves of our fallen, and forever to cherish our heritage.

After an anthem dedicatory to our "Soldiers' Graves," by C. H. Webber, had been sung, a detail of soldiers and citizens was made, and the grave of each soldier, sixteen in number, was visited and covered with floral offerings, a liberal supply having been furnished by the citizens. During this time the band discoursed appropriate music, and when all the graves had received the tribute of affection, the procession re-formed, to unite with others in visiting Woodlawn Cemetery in the afternoon.

CEREMONIES AT UXBRIDGE.

(Charles Devens Post No. 25.)

This post observed May 30. They formed a procession and marched to the entrance of the cemetery, where they had the opening prayer and a dirge performed by the band. They proceeded to decorate fourteen graves and a monument erected to the memory of the comrades not buried there.

After visiting each, they formed on a plain in the inclosure, listened to the history of each one whose grave had been visited, and also some account of others who went from that place. This was prepared and read by G. W. Hobbs. They then had singing of an appropriate hymn, and an address from F. B. Deane. With closing hymn and prayer the exercises concluded.

CEREMONIES AT ROXBURY.

(THOMAS J. STEVENSON POST No. 26.)

In obedience to the order of the commander-in-chief, Post 26 assembled at their hall, in Boston Highlands, Saturday, at 10.30 o'clock, formed in battalion, and proceeded thence, under command of Post Commander Joel Seaverns, escorted by the Roxbury City Guards, under charge of Comrade I. S. Burrill, who was also detailed as chief marshal, to Forrest Hills Cemetery, for the purpose of decorating with flowers the graves in that beautiful burial-place of those who had fallen in the late war, as a tribute of love for their glorious memories.

The Haverhill Brass Band furnished superior music for the march and general occasion.

The citizens of Roxbury, and especially the ladies, accompanied the march in large numbers, or were formed in the cemetery on the arrival of the post.

The march was from Dudley Hall to Warren street, up Warren to Walnut avenue, and thence to the cemetery, to the soldiers' lot, where the beautiful statue of Milmore is erected, and where the graves of many noble patriots are. Family and friendly affection and public duty had here done much to decorate the last resting-places of the gallant dead and the statue with flowers, wreaths, and living plants—everything in the most liberal and tasteful manner. The exercises here commenced with prayer by Comrade C. W. Hill, followed by singing by a select choir, reading of appropriate texts from the Scriptures, and music.

Dr. Joel Seaverns, the commander of Post 26, then made, substantially, the following introductory remarks:

REMARKS OF POST COMMANDER SEAVERNS.

Comrades: In obedience to the order of our commander-in-chief, and still more in accordance with our own feelings and desires, you are this day assembled to cast flowers upon the graves of those who stood by your sides in the fierce fray and din of arms, and to cherish with tender and sad memories the recollection of their bravery, their sufferings, and their deaths.

Friends, these are no common graves that you this day visit; laurel wreaths are your flowers when cast above *their* prostrate forms; patriot heroes were they; our country's martyrs they lie. One, lying beneath the ground so fitly marked by the helmet with its visor down, gave up his safer position on the staff for the perils of the line, and died saber in hand; there by the gray rocks of Consecration Hill are the myrtle-clad graves of the two Dwights, brothers, noble alike in courage, in filial devotion, and in death; one receiving his death-wound at Antietam, the other slain by guerrillas. Near the main entrance the brave Dreher, of the Twentieth lies, torn from the jaws of death at Ball's Bluff, only to give his life for his adopted country at Fredericksburg. On yonder hill lies Tremlet, saved through all the war to die in almost its last battle. There, too, is Mills, resting calmly beneath a marble sword, brave, talented, and accomplished. Back in a shaded glen of the old forest lies brave Major Park, the original first lieutenant of Company K, Thirty-fifth, saved from death at Antietam, fatally wounded before Gettysburg. Cedar Mountain's bloody conflict sent back to these peaceful groves, where oft as a boy he had strayed, young Williams, with his noble form and his graceful culture; and hard by the Dwights, another captain in the same regiment, wounded to the death at Gettysburg; the brave Grafton, too, who had marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, fell at Averysboro', gallantly facing a superior force. Leading his squadron into action with swinging saber fell one, and by his side his brother has been placed, three years before stricken down by disease. The Weldon Railroad, Chancellorsville, South Mountain, Thoroughfare Gap, Whitehall, back even to Williamsburg and Sudley Church, all are brought to our memories by the grave-stones of departed braves. Not officers alone deserve our notice, for death has leveled all distinction of rank. "Killed in action," or "died of wounds," a stamp of merit higher than any commission, immortalizes sergeant major, color sergeant, corporal, or private, wherever their little mounds are scattered around us, and especially those brave men of Company K, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, who here within this inclosure or elsewhere are laid, and who left the State August 22, 1862, in less than a month to be brought back to it lifeless.

But it is not those alone who in the forefront of battle met a glorious death who deserve the wreath of honor and the garlanded blossoms of spring. Here lie others as brave, as noble, and as true, who, on beds of sickness and pain, gave up those lives which they would gladly have breathed out on the field of glory. Some, the flower of our youth, from

the death-laden pestilence of Newbern; some from the hospitals of the Peninsula; one brave Englishman, Captain John K. Lloyd, who, after fighting nobly, suffered capture, then imprisonment in the oft-told horrors of Libby, and returned home, wan and wasted, to his loved partner, to die in one short week. Near by us is the myrtled grave of one who left Roxbury hale and hearty, became an officer in the Third United States Colored Troops, and died of fever contracted in the swamp-poisoned trenches at Morris Island. Still others there are who, after long and faithful service in the field, returned home with their regiments, but with health and vigor wasted, only to drag out a few weary weeks, perhaps months, and then to join within these woods the gallant and proud company of the dead heroes who formed the advance guard.

I would gladly go further—gladly tell you the tale of all these brave men, did not duty to the orator of the day forbid my further encroaching on his time. These flowers that you to-day drop upon them will soon wither beneath the rays of the meridian sun, but the memories of their brave deeds and noble sacrifices, which the day's ceremonies shall rekindle in your hearts, shall long live green. Guard tenderly these recollections of bravery and of patriotism; let each returning year once more by these touching rites remind you of our sainted exemplars, their worth, their valor, and their deeds.

Comrades, from the bloody field of Antietam, from the ground covered with the dead, arose one from the grave, as it were, shot through and through by many a bullet, who, pallid and enfeebled, was brought sadly back to his home, but has, thank God, recovered, and is to-day here. Comrades and friends, let me present to you the former captain of Company K, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry, the gallant General William S. King, the orator of the day.

Thus introduced, General W. S. King came forward and pronounced the oration, of which here follows a brief sketch:

GENERAL W. S. KING'S ORATION.

General King commenced by asking why these sacred shades, wont to be vocal only with the voices of birds, resounded this day with martial music? and why the lake, accustomed only to mirror sad processions of mourners following the beloved dead to the grave, now reflected the gleam of arms and the flaunt of flags? In answer, after a glowing eulogium of the patriotic dead, who had died

grandly, gloriously, for their country, the orator advanced, as the causes of their assembly, the war and its consequences, giving a brief sketch of the great uprising at the North when Sumter was attacked, and the disaster at the first Bull Run, which event really led to the ultimate abolition of slavery, the cause of all the nation's woes. The trust in Providence, which in defeat imbued the whole army of the North, was eloquently described, as well as the weakness of all opposing forces which left out God. Proceeding, he said:

Permit me to recite to you a brief passage from the experiences of some of your own sons, brothers, or husbands, and each one of my comrades of other commands could relate to you a tale equally touching.

On a lovely Sabbath morning in September, while "the sound of the church-going bell" was calling Christians at home to wait upon God "in places set apart for His worship," a company of Roxbury soldiers, in bivouac upon a hill in Maryland, lifted up their voices and "sang songs of Zion in a strange land," praising the Lord God of Sabaoth. But, instead of sound of Sabbath bell, the air was resonant with the thunder of a fierce cannonade, which announced that a battle had begun. The rattling drum-call summoned the soldiers to their colors; adown the hill they marched, through the green fields, emerging upon a country road. Ambulance after ambulance slowly driving along, dripping blood as they moved, met them on their march. They heard the low moan of the wounded racked by the jolting of the carriage, and looking in, saw them lying helpless, maimed, and bloody.

Onward they marched toward the sound of the guns, and presently filing through a gateway, breasted the rugged face of the South Mountain. Up, up the high hill they toiled, with one hand holding their muskets, and with the other catching at the under-brush to facilitate their ascent. As they neared the point of action, the sad trains of the wounded became more numerous. Here one poor fellow, with both his legs taken off by a cannon-shot, one of them dragging by the mangled cords, is carried to the rear by his comrades. Vain kindness! Death has already set his seal upon that pallid face and fast-glazing eye. At every step they stumble over the mangled dead. Fearful indication of what may be in a few moments the fate of themselves!

Panting and exhausted, they near the disputed summit of the hill and enter the line of fire. A comrade at your side sinks, with slow and sickening motion, to the ground; you stoop to raise him, but he aids you not; you question him, and he answers not; he is insensible, and while you look

upon him, he is dead—dead, without a word, without a groan! An officer of the command, with tears streaming down his cheeks, says, "Captain, oh, look at my boys, they are dying all around me," and, while speaking, throws up both arms with a scream of horror, and falls at your feet, dead. Three balls have struck him simultaneously, and one has penetrated his heart. As you walk along your own line, a round shot carries off the leg of one of your men; he falls to the ground, and holding out the lacerated and bloody stump, cries to you in agonized accents, "Oh, see this!—my God, what shall I do?" Your own heart is bleeding with grief beyond expression; these boys have been intrusted to your care by loving wives and sisters and mothers, with their prayers and their blessings, but you can do nothing for them. You compress the shattered limb to arrest the bleeding, and console the young sufferer as best you can, and turn to aid another. But all around you lie the dying and the dead. The carnage has been fearful!

Faint with hunger, (for we have no rations, and for a week past have known no other food than green corn and green apples) let us go to some hospital in the rear, if perchance there may be found a morsel of food and a cup of water. At every rod, as you walk through the wood where the fighting has been done, one stumbles over some poor wounded soldier, friend or foe, who has been left by his comrades in their retreat or advance. In pitiful accents they call for water to assuage their burning thirst, but seldom say a word about their wounded condition. With the promise of sending speedy assistance you proceed, and arrive at an extemporized hospital. Passing up the short approach you look upon a soldier stretched on an amputating-table immediately before you; you see the shining steel pierce the quivering flesh, you hear the quick, sharp rasping of the saw; a human leg falls upon the ground and is thrown upon a heap of other legs and arms, and the soldier is carried off crippled for life. Scattered through the garden are many other tables, each with its superincumbent sufferer, while the toil-worn surgeons labor through the long hours of the night, compelled to perform their operations "by the struggling moonbeam's misty light and the lanterns dimly burning." Here is a negro hut, there a barn, there a summer-house, but the scene in each is a repetition of the other; everywhere the surgeon's keen blade and sharp-toothed saw, and everywhere the suffering soldier. The greensward of the inclosure is covered with the wounded, who are waiting to take their turn under the terrible knife.

You enter the main building. Step cautiously and gently,

for the floor and passages are covered with the wounded! Everywhere the wounded! You mount the stairs, still every foot of space is given to the wounded. The very piazza, covered with the trailing grapevine, is converted into hospital room for the wounded. A low moan at your feet and a feeble grasp of your clothes arrests your attention. It is a comrade from an adjoining town—from Dorchester; a stripling of scarce eighteen summers, the darling child of only-too-fond parents. He was their only one—their all, and never until now had the chill winds of the world visited him roughly. Reluctantly and with heavy hearts they had yielded to his prayers that he might serve his country. The effects of privation and exposure upon his delicate frame they had indeed dreaded; but oh! they had not dreamed of *this*. You try to cheer him with the hope of going home. "Yes," he faintly murmurs in reply, "yes, I shall go home, and they will see me once; but oh, my poor father! my poor mother! I shall never look upon them in life again." A few days thereafter perchance you lie suffering upon that very floor. You question the attending surgeon after your young friend; he mournfully shakes his head; you ask no more, for you know that he is dead. Alas! alas! for that sad home and those bereaved parents, to whom the gentle boy will return shrouded for the tomb!

You notice a still form upon a cot; his cheek is ashy, his eyes are closed and the dews of death are gathering fast upon his pallid brow. My God! Can this death-stricken form be one who parted from you but a few hours ago with a gay smile on his lip and hope strong in his heart? At the cot-side a ministering angel in woman's shape. She has listened to his last wishes, received for the loved ones at home his messages of love that will survive the grave; and now she lightly places her kind hand upon his cold forehead while she prays for the departing soul. The soft and tender touch recalls him for a brief instant to life and memory; he thinks he recognizes that gentle hand, and, sweetly smiling in her face, he murmurs "Mother!" and another mother, far away, is stricken and childless. The kind nurse softly closes his eyes, kisses his cold lips, that have just pronounced that holy name, and upon his lifeless form falls a tear which should have been his mother's privilege to shed.

[A description of soldiers in bivouac after battle was given, and the oration wound up as follows:]

A city's gratitude has erected this noble monument to commemorate the heroic deeds of the gallant dead, and ex-

press grief for their loss; be it ours now to mark their last resting-place with an humble tribute of affection and respect:

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead,
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst;
For this in the woods was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring flowers, pale flowers!"

After singing of "America" by the audience, accompanied by the band, the battalion separated into sections, when all the graves of the soldiers were visited and decorated in a liberal manner and with solemn ceremony.

In the morning Post Commander Emery, Chaplain Hill, and a detachment of Post 26 visited Mount Auburn Cemetery, and with solemn services paid floral honors to the memory of the gallant General Thomas G. Stephenson, in presence of the family and friends of the deceased.

CEREMONIES AT OXFORD.

(Post No 27.)

The procession was formed in front of the post office, in the following order: Chief marshal, L. B. Corbin; aids, L. L. Lilley, A. F. Rich; De Witt Cornet Band; selectmen and clergymen; Post 27, Grand Army of the Republic; returned soldiers; Water Lily Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars; Home Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars; Sunday-schools; high and other town schools; citizens; and marched to the common in front of North Church, where the following exercises took place:

HYMN.

Lord, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The song of liberty.

Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

Lord of the nation, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

Prayer by Rev. I. E. Davenport; memorial address by Rev. Daniel Wait; music by the band. The procession then entered the cemetery, passing the graves of deceased soldiers, and depositing upon each garlands of flowers and the national flag; then, marching to the North Cemetery, joined the procession from North Oxford, and decorated the graves of soldiers there in the same manner, after which the audience gathered at the south gate of the cemetery.

Address by Rev. W. Shedd; concluding address by Rev. W. W. Belden; hymn, "America;" closing prayer and benediction by Rev. W. H. Brooks, D. D.

CEREMONIES AT WEST BOYLSTON.

(Post No. 28.)

Memorial services were held in West Boylston on Saturday afternoon, May 29. A procession was formed in front of the Baptist Church at 12.30 o'clock, in the following order: Shrewsbury Brass Band; Post 28, Grand Army of the Republic; present and past officers of the town; teachers and pupils of the schools, with banners and appropriate mottoes; Good Templars; Knights of St. Crispin; citizens.

Proceeding to the cemetery in Oakdale, prayer was offered by the chaplain of the post and the graves of the soldiers decorated with flowers. Returning to the Baptist Church, the Scriptures were read and prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Fitts. An excellent address was then delivered by Rev. G. R. Darrow. The singing by a quartette, under the direction of Mr. S. S. Russell, was very appropriate and well executed. The procession was again formed and proceeded to the cemetery on the common. After visiting and strewing with flowers the graves of soldiers there, the Grand Army burial-lot, which the post had prepared at great expenditure of time and money, was consecrated, Rev. J. W. Cross delivering the address.

CEREMONIES AT CAMBRIDGE.

(POSTS 30, 56, AND 57.)

Ceremonies of a very elaborate character took place at Cambridge in honor of the memory of the fallen soldiers of that city. At the hour of 11 o'clock a procession was formed near the city hall in the following order: Platoon of police; chief marshal, Commander R. L. Sawin. Aids: Junior Vice Commander C. O. Brigham, Post 30; Comrade C. H. Titus, Post 30; Commander L. Pope, Post 56; Comrade S. K. Williams, Post 56; Comrade J. F. Capelle, Post 57; Comrade T. J. Langly, Post 57. Brown's Boston Brigade Band, Henry C. Brown, leader, twenty-five pieces; Cambridge Walcott Guards, Captain R. L. B. Fox; Grand Army Battalion, Commander W. H. Cary; W. H. Smart Post 30, Grand Army of the Republic, Senior Vice Commander A. C. Wellington, commanding; Charles E. Beck Post 56, Grand Army of the Republic, Senior Vice Commander J. W. Winckley, commanding; P. Stearns Davis Post 57, Grand Army of the Republic, Senior Vice Commander C. H. Hobbs, commanding; Soldiers' Club, Brighton, President Pratt; returned soldiers and sailors, (not organized,) Captain W. H. Whitney. Second division: Delegation Post 7, of Boston; orator of the day, Rev. Dr. Briggs; disabled soldiers, sailors, and invited guests; Brookline Band; Sons of Temperance; Good Templars; his honor Mayor Saunders and city government. Third division: Chief Engineer George B. Eaton of the Fire Department, and Assistants Casey, Holt, Marven, and Raymond; Cambridge Band, twenty pieces; Cambridge Steamer No. 1, Captain Rollins; Hose Carriage No. 1; Union Steamer No. 2, Captain Cade; Hose Carriage No. 2; Franklin Hook and Ladder Company, with carriage, Captain Tower; Niagara Steamer No. 3, Captain Baker; Hose Carriage No. 3; Hydrant Company No. 4, with carriage, Captain Melcher; Daniel Webster Steamer No. 5, Captain Presby; Hose Carriage No. 5; Hunneman Company No. 7, with carriage, Captain Campbell. Fourth division: Citizens in carriages.

Nearly every person in the procession bore a bouquet or wreath of flowers, and some of the carriages contained quite a mass of these floral offerings. During the march a salute was fired by a section of artillery stationed at the site of the soldiers' monument, near Harvard square. The fire engines and apparatus were finely embellished with flowers and bunting, and the department constituted one of the most attractive features of the parade.

Exercises at the Cambridge cemetery took place in the following order:

Dirge by Brown's band; prayer by Chaplain Muzzey; address by his honor the mayor; original ode, sung by all, tune: "America;" address by Rev. Dr. Briggs; prayer; decoration of soldiers' graves.

His honor the mayor in his address alluded to the ceremonies of the occasion as a sacred and grateful duty on the part both of the survivors of the contests in the field and the citizens at large who were privileged to enjoy the results of the victories the soldiers' valor had achieved. It was not a ceremony peculiar to any State or section of the country, but the offering of a common patriotism, and it served also as a bond of sympathy and union among the patriotic soldiers of all parts of the land. He trusted that it would become a permanent annual observance.

He made a special and appropriate reference to the four hundred and sixty deceased soldiers of Cambridge, and offered his hearty congratulations upon the prospect of the early completion of the structure which the city is about to erect and dedicate to their memory. His honor concluded his remarks by saying:

> I am glad of this public opportunity to acknowledge for my associates and myself your faithful services, for which I feel we must ever remain indebted. The results accomplished by this terrible war—the consciousness of duty faithfully performed to a country saved through your exertions—will ever cheer and reward you. The national gratitude is yours. May we all realize the great privilege of living in full enjoyment of the fruits of this struggle, and transmit the glorious institutions we have received unimpaired to the latest posterity.

Residences along the route of procession in many instances

displayed flags in token of appreciation of the solemnities of the day. The flags on the public buildings were also at half-mast.

CEREMONIES AT WOBURN.

(Post No. 33.)

Saturday was observed in Woburn by the Grand Army of the Republic and its friends as a memorial day of the services of those who fell in defense of their country. At 1 o'clock Post No. 33 assembled at its headquarters, where during the forenoon liberal floral donations had been received, many of which were for the decoration of graves designated by the donors. At 2 o'clock the procession was formed with the Suffolk Band, Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Burbank Post No. 33, Grand Army of the Republic, and Irish Literary Association, under the marshalship of Colonel W. T. Grammer. Proceeding down Main street, the town officers, orators, and disabled soldiers were received at the Bank block. The procession then moved around the common and up Main street to Charles street, and to the western gate of the cemetery. Entering the cemetery, the procession marched directly to the soldiers' lot. Since last Memorial Day a granite monument has been erected, bearing the names of all who lie there, the lot surrounded with a granite curbing, and a neat marble tablet placed at the head of each grave. Arriving at the lot, the band played a dirge. Prayer was then offered by Rev. G. W. Porter, D. D. L. W. Osgood, esq., of Woburn, a member of another post of the Grand Army of the Republic, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF L. W. OSGOOD, ESQ.

Comrades and Friends: Never before in my short and somewhat eventful life have I appeared in public when so many peculiar emotions were struggling for ascendancy in my bosom. Never before against the convictions of my better judgment have I consented to speak, when I felt so confident thet it was my duty to be silent. Never before have I been called upon to stand between the loyal living and the brave

dead, to speak to the living of the valor and the virtues, the greatness and the glory, of the dead. These marble tablets, so numerous here, so countless throughout our land, speak to us in their muteness with an eloquence more forcible than human speech, and in a logic as irresistible as the tablets of Moses. * * * * * * * *

There exists in our land to-day a great organization of loyal soldiers, known as and called the Grand Army of the Republic. And it would seem to have as many missions on earth as there are different individuals to ascribe different motives for its existence. Some urge, and with considerable force, that it is a secret organization, and therefore say that it is an engine of evil; as if, because secret, therefore evil; which is to say that secrets, though they be those pleasant and social secrets of domestic and social life, are seeds of iniquity. Others surmise that it is political in its character, and therefore to be discouraged and shunned, as much as to say, because political, therefore baneful. Considering the source from which this objection springs, I must confess that it is a strange conclusion for politicians to admit. And there are others who allege that it is only a combination of returned soldiers, bound together to prey upon the credulity and charity of any community upon which it may fasten itself. And they say that it merits only their disesteem and reproach; which, by the way, is about all a soldier ever receives from *such*, whether applying individually or through the medium of our noble and matchless organization. But without attempting to answer these wicked aspersions at this time, except by denying them totally, I reply to them all in the beautiful language of our Great Grand Commander, "By their works ye shall know them."

When the wild alarums of war swept across our country, and the electric cry, "To arms!—to arms!" echoed from hamlet to hill-top, there came the call for brave men; and the *brave* men answered it, fired with the true spirit of the patriot, that

> "Whether on the scaffold high,
> Or in the battle's van,
> The noblest place for man to die,
> Is where he dies for man."

I need not allude to the alacrity with which these comrades left their half-finished business and their heart-stricken families, and pushed on to the front. Those scenes are painfully fresh already in your memories. You can still see them, as they were for a few days in camp; you see them as the regiment left; you see here and there all along the line a soldier stepping out for a brief moment to take his children once more in his arms, or to kiss his wife again for the last time;

you see the father's and the husband's unbidden tears brushed away under his soldierly visor, and he turns quickly and is lost in his place in the regiment; you hear the stifled groans of the mother and wife, as almost lifeless with grief she stoops to console her weeping children, but can only say to them, "Gone, gone, gone forever." I need not say to you in how many cases that grief-stricken mother's fears were prophetic.

"They had gone, and forever."

Soon came the news of a terrible battle; the early telegrams were unreliable, except that the conflict was raging. Next came the intelligence that it was disastrous; and, finally, that the battle was over, and the *victory ours*. Then came those wild exhibitions of public joy and thankfulness. The loud-mouthed cannons belched forth their gladness, and the bells, from their thousand towers, rung out their nervous and exultant pæans. *Apparently* the earth was full of gladness, and not an aching heart therein. But ah! who shall ever measure or describe the private grief and anxiety of that terrible night? Tossed on her sleepless couch the anxious wife and mother waits the coming of the day; a day to her still more terrible than the night had been. Before the busy world is scarce astir, she rises and goes forth to cool her bursting temples, and still her frantic heart, and watch the coming of the mail. She watches and waits, and waits and watches; and it seems to her that time had stopped, so slow the hours roll on. By-and-by the mail arrives, and she hurries down to hear from him whom in her troubled dreams she has heard calling upon her for water and help all the long and restive night; she sees the others get their letters and go; she looks on the list and sees none for her; still she hopes the postmaster has overlooked hers, and yet will find one; she lingers, and then she tremblingly asks if there was none for her. The postmaster, through his window, shakes his head. "Are you *sure?*" she asks with bursting heart. "Quite sure, I remember there was none from John, though there were some from the other boys." Each day and mail she seeks the office, but with the same result, until at last, driven to despair, she learns from others that her husband, while leading a forlorn hope, fell, shot through the heart. Then the woes of bitterness rush over and engulf her soul, as she moans out, "Gone, gone, gone forever."

What buoyed those brave fellows up as they did that first great and hardest duty of all, the leaving of their families? The assurance from their friends and townsmen at home that wives and children should be carefully and bountifully provided for until their return; and, if it should so happen that

they did not come back, then that their widows and orphans should never want for anything. This, comrades, was the promise which was made to you, and to all, when you enlisted. But how well this promise was kept, let the beggared and bereaved millions answer. And when the surviving comrades returned, and reminded the people of their broken promises, after the danger was over and the country saved, those very people who were the loudest in promises were the lowest in perfidy. But this unexampled treachery, second only to that which occasioned the rebellion, gave birth to that noble, unselfish, and charitable organization, our Grand Army of the Republic.

But I am proud to say that in the care and provision for soldiers' widows and orphans by those towns which have participated in this ceremony so unanimously to-day, they have not only been dealt with fairly and faithfully, but munificently, and this, too, when the fathers of the towns, the public almoners, have not been men of immense wealth, and must have taxed themselves heavily to bear this additional burden. Nevertheless, they have borne it cheerfully and manfully. Then I say, all hail and long life to those men who fulfill in prosperity those strong promises made in adversity! In their midst the soldiers' widow and orphan shall never want, and his grave shall blossom with perennial flowers.

To-day has been set apart by our grand commander for the performance of that peculiar and periodic office, the decoration of the graves of our fallen comrades with the fresh flowers of spring. The day has been very fitly and beautifully named "Memorial Day," and hereafter, I trust, among our other great public days, as Fast, Thanksgiving, and Independence, Memorial will have its place, but with this peculiar characteristic, that in its design and faithful observance it will combine the elements and features of the other three: fasting, for the loss of the comfort and society of our sons, fathers, husbands, and comrades; thanksgiving, for our great gain and their immortal glory; independence, for the complete triumph of our armies and of the course of freedom throughout the land. Not only that, but for the shock which tyranny got throughout the world. And already the pulses of liberty are quickening, and strengthening, and throbbing for life, and the fires of freedom are kindled and burning in Ireland, Spain, and Cuba. God speed the day when they shall be as free as we!

CEREMONIES AT CHELSEA.

(THEODORE WINTHROP POST No. 35)

The decorative exercises in the cemeteries of Chelsea were carried out according to the programme, and the graves of freedom's dead defenders there received the loads of flags and evergreens and flowers brought by the hands of loving friends and comrades.

The head of the procession was taken by the Chelsea Brass Band in the square a little after 11 o'clock a. m. Theodore Winthrop Post No. 35, Grand Army of the Republic, turned out full ranks, each member bearing bouquets of roses, lilacs, heliotropes, &c., and loose flowers and evergreens. A number of young ladies rode behind in a floral carriage, who furnished the vocal music at the cemeteries. Mayor Forsyth and others taking a prominent part in the ceremonies also rode in an open barouche.

Company H, First Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, Captain Perry, marched behind the carriages with their arms full of flowers and wreaths. The rear was brought up by a few citizens marching in double file.

The first part of the ceremonies took place at Garden Cemetery, where are the graves of about thirty soldiers, eighteen of them being buried in one lot. Around this lot the assemblage gathered for the prayer and address.

After music by the band, the dirge, "Peace to the Brave," was sung by the young ladies.

Rev. J. C. Knowles read an eloquent address. He said:

That in coming to strew those graves with the fairest tokens of grateful remembrance they gave evidence that to-day patriotism is more than a name. He referred to the terrible battle of Ball's Bluff, and paid a tribute of glowing praise to the noble and true-hearted young men who went forth to fight the country's battles. They were standing there to give emphasis to the fact that the men whose graves they decked had saved the nation's life and had not died in vain. And the successes which they died to win would not be lost, for by these tributes to their memories they pledged themselves that every rod of land they died to redeem should be kept forever sacred to freedom.

The floral contributions, which had been furnished in great profusion, were then deposited upon the graves. The detachment of the Grand Army of the Republic marched through the grounds, placing two bouquets, loose flowers, and a small flag upon each grave, while the remainder present placed wreaths and bouquets upon the graves within the inclosure. Then, while the tears were dropping fast from many eyes, the young ladies sang a decoration hymn.

Mayor Forsyth made a brief response, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. H. Cudworth.

A large number of persons was in attendance, though but few ladies ventured to come out.

At the conclusion of the exercises at Garden Cemetery the procession re-formed in the street and marched to the square. There the procession was joined by the Joe Hooker Encampment of East Boston, and proceeded to Woodlawn, where are the graves of some eighty soldiers.

CEREMONIES AT BROOKFIELD.

(Dexter Post No. 38.)

The post assembled at 12 m., in connection with the citizens and schools, and proceeded to carry out the following programme:

The line was formed at 12.30 o'clock in front of the town hall, in the following order, the commander and adjutant directing the march: Brookfield Cornet Band; six little girls, bearing baskets of flowers, in charge of Comrade Weeks, assistant marshal; Dexter Encampment, with returned soldiers and sailors; the several schools, in charge of their respective teachers; citizens in carriages and on foot, in charge of Comrade Bellows, assistant marshal.

At 1 o'clock the procession moved from thence to the cemetery, where the exercises were conducted in the following order: Prayer by Comrade John D. Fiske, chaplain of the post; decorating the graves of eleven soldiers buried here, the post passing the several graves and flowers being placed upon each grave by comrades detailed for that purpose, the

band meanwhile playing appropriate airs; decorating monument dedicated to the memory of those soldiers from the town buried in other places; address by Messrs. Perry and Russell, clergymen of the town; dirge by the band; benediction by Rev. Mr. Russell.

After which the post, accompanied by the band, proceeded to the depot, taking the 3.30 p. m. train for East Brookfield, where they were received by a detachment of returned soldiers and escorted to the cemetery in that town, the schools and citizens following in the procession. On arriving at the cemetery the exercises were conducted in a similar manner to those at Brookfield cemetery.

After the exercises the post returned to the depot, and from thence to Brookfield on the 7 p. m. train, where the ranks were broken and the exercises for the day were closed.

CEREMONIES AT LAWRENCE.

(NEEDHAM POST No. 39.)

The decoration here was arranged to take place on Saturday, but, on account of stormy weather, was postponed until Sunday, May 30. The order of procession was as follows:

Platoon of police, in command of Captain Simon Blakelin; chief marshal, Melvin Beal; marshals: Chase Philbrick, Dr. G. W. Sargent, Dr. David Dana, C. C. Whitney; Lawrence Brass Band, D. W. Osgood, leader.

Military escort: Company K, Sixth Infantry, Captain Smith M. Decker; Company I, Sixth Infantry, Captain C. O. Varnum; Fourth Light Battery, on foot, Captain George S. Merrill; Needham Post No. 39, J. B. Wildes, commander; six companies, commanded severally by L. D. Sargent, J. H. Larrabee, E. A. Fisk, J. S. Tapley, Daniel N. Kiley, and L. F. Duchesney.

Lawrence Fire Department: Russell Drum Corps, eight drums and three fifes; Chief engineer, Luther Ladd; engineers, Albert Emerson, Charles R. Stevens, Edward Caufy, Alonzo Winkley; Pacific Steam Fire Engine Company No. 1, George F. Blood, foreman; Eagle Hose Company No. 1,

W. H. Norton, foreman; Alantic Steam Fire Company No. 2, J. Frank Gilbert, foreman; Tiger Steam Fire Company No. 3, J. S. Roberts, foreman; Essex Steam Fire Company No. 4, Charles H. Giles, foreman; Union Hook and Ladder Company, William M. Hardy, foreman.

Irish Benevolent Society, Patrick Murphy and Thomas Kenney, marshals; Ancient Order of Hibernians, Peter Davy, marshal.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows: Methuen Cornet Band, J. B. Wardwell, leader, Henry Brazier, instructor; Hope Lodge No. 34, of Methuen, Granville E. Foss, marshal; United Brothers Lodge No. 122, Lawrence, J. Harvey Brown, marshal; Monadnock Lodge No. 145, Lawrence, J. W. Weeks, marshal; Knights of St. Crispin, Sir Knight T. C. Smyth, commander; city government; citizens in carriages.

The exercises at the stand were commenced by music from the band. After the music ceased, Commander J. B. Wildes, who presided, addressed the vast assemblage as follows:

Fellow-citizens: The Grand Army of the Republic has assembled to-day, for the second time, to pay a tribute of affection and honor to those of its comrades who died that the nation might live, by strewing with flowers their last resting-places. But it is not the surviving comrades alone who unite in the services of this day. We are all partakers of the benefits resulting from their glorious sacrifices, and it is therefore our duty, as well as our privilege, to thus unite, and year by year gather around their graves and perform this beautiful and touching ceremony. Your presence here to-day, friends, is another proof that you hold in grateful remembrance those who offered up their lives upon the altar of their country; that you have not forgotten the sacrifices they made; that you honor the manhood that was once your defense.

We thank you for your sympathies and your assistance in making preparation for the exercises of this day. We thank those who wove into wreaths and crosses these beautiful flowers for the patriotic graves—woman's hands, the hands that never tired when for the soldier they knit and sewed and rolled the lint, while their tears fell upon their work.

But we expected your sympathies—these are your dead; they went from your homes; they are of your blood; your prayers went up in their behalf when they turned from all

the comforts and endearments of home and set their faces toward the enemy; and when they fell, there was mourning in your streets. But we come not here to mourn. Thoughts of the dead of the great rebellion no longer carry us to the fields of blood or to the horrors of the prison-house. We no longer see them mangled and dying upon the battle-field, or wasting away in the hospitals. All that is connected with them now is beautiful and fragrant, and these bright flowers are fitting emblems of the feelings with which we should ever associate their memories; and while we grace their tombs with beauty and fragrance, may the sweetness of our offering be emblematical of those pure emotions which the circumstances of our gatherings cannot fail to inspire. Here we renew our vows of devotion to our country. Here shall we be rebaptized with the spirit that animated them; here will we pledge again our sacred honor that the blood they shed shall not have been shed in vain.

Hallowing the memory of the dead, we shall be more true to the living, and the disabled comrade, widow, and orphan will find new advocates for their claims, because of the sacred influences of this day. Recognizing the claims of the soldier who died for his country, we shall more truly estimate the worth of the nationality they died to preserve, and be ready, if occasion call, to buckle on the armor in its defense. They in their graves tell us that no country can live without law and liberty and true manhood, and because they saw in the flag the emblems of those great principles which they knew must live, or that the nation must die, they planted themselves by it, and fell beneath its folds, martyrs to liberty. And their voices, speaking to us to-day amid the perfume of these flowers, charging us to be faithful to the principles in defense of which they died, echo the immortal words of their martyred chief, "That this Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, must not perish from the earth." But the dead of the great struggle are not all here. Some are reposing in graves far away, and over the resting-places of many, if marked at all, is written that saddest of words, "Unknown." Their graves we cannot visit to-day, but the wreaths we twine around the monument of the first hero of the war shall be a "crown for the brow" of each of our comrades who gave his life to his country.

"When spring with busy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mound,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy bands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

At the conclusion of the remarks the Peace Jubilee Chorus of Lawrence sung a chorus with fine effect.

An earnest and patriotic prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Packard, (Episcopalian,) after which Rev. J. B. Moore (Unitarian) read appropriate selections of Scripture.

As Rev. D. C. Knowles, (Methodist,) who was to have delivered the address on Saturday, at 6 o'clock on that evening, notified the committee that he should not take part on Sunday, Mr. Moore, who delivered the oration last year, was requested to make a few remarks, which he did, as follows:

Fellow-soldiers and Citizens: Ours is a blessed work to-day. We are met for a holy purpose, a hallowed and a hallowing service. Gathered at the graves of our fellow-comrades, recalling their heroic deeds, perpetuating the memory of their unshrinking devotion and sacrifice, we may the better appreciate the peace of this Sabbath day. In the presence of such sacred memories all unholy thoughts are banished from our minds, all unworthy purposes are forgotten, and we rise once again into that pure atmosphere of patriotism and devotion to duty and to truth which was created by the blood and sacrifice of a four-years' war. It is fitting that we should meet on this Sabbath day, a day that commemorates the resurrection of Christ, for we are come up here to commemorate the resurrection of the nation; the rising of the republic from its death of injustice and oppression, to the new life of justice, progress, and freedom.

We well remember how often, during those four years of suffering and struggle, the peace of Sunday was invaded by the stern necessities of war. Many of those brave comrades who sleep in yonder cemetery laid the wealth of their sacrifice upon a Sunday altar, going down in the gleam of the fight, while the peaceful bells of the churches were calling to prayer. Many, aye, most of our battles were begun or ended on Sunday, the rest of victory consecrating the rest of the Sabbath day. Well, then, may we gather on this day of actual rest and peace, made possible by the heroic devotion of our comrades, and with no sound of battle to disturb our meditations, and with no sight of blood to wound our hearts, lay once again the tribute of our gratitude upon their graves, and rekindle the inspiration of patriotism in our lives.

Fellow-soldiers and citizens, it is the philosophy of history that, in proportion as a nation remembers her benefactors, she becomes worthy of progress and renown. Ancient

monuments mark the gratitude of peoples to their kings. The eras of republics that have risen and fallen may be read in the inscriptions at the graves of their heroes. A nation's gratitude is the nation's salvation, for it perpetuates in the hearts of the people the worth of national integrity and glory. We are showing to the world that our patriot brothers and sons are buried among kings, and these garlands of flowers which we lay upon their graves are the blossoms of their immortality. While, therefore, by this beautiful and holy commemoration, we are perpetuating the memory of those who fell in their country's defense, we are rekindling the fires of our own patriotism, and strengthening again a Union cemented with their blood. Better than armies or fortifications are these graves. Stronger than bayonets or artillery are these memories. There can be no danger for the republic while the sacrifices of her defenders are remembered, and hearts are eager to keep them green.

Fellow-soldiers and citizens, our only danger comes from ourselves. Our swords are beaten into plowshares and our spears into pruning-hooks. The harvests of peace are smiling upon the battle-fields of the rebellion. Our danger lies in forgetfulness: that we should forget the terrible curse that produced the war; that we should forget the terrible cost by which victory was procured, and by compromise or concession undo the work so faithfully done.

Let us, then, renew our vows by these graves of our comrades, and march back to our allegiance, firm in our adherence to the principles of exact justice and freedom; loyal to duty and truth in all our dealings; rising to a higher manhood and a higher Christian character, the sure and certain hope for ourselves and our country.

The services were closed by the chorus, and all present who chose, singing the hymn, "America," accompanied by the band.

Rev. E. G. Chaddock (Free Baptist) was also upon the stand.

At the close the different companies of the post were despatched to place the floral offerings upon the soldiers' graves, designated by small flags, the band playing alternately Keller's "American Hymn," Bond's "Funeral March," and other dirges and national airs at the stand, and a detachment of the battery firing minute-guns during this proceeding.

CEREMONIES AT SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

(Posts No. 40 and No. 58)

ADDRESS OF GENERAL BENJAMIN F. PRATT.

General Benjamin F. Pratt, past commander of Post 40, and chairman of the committee of arrangements for the occasion, was introduced and delivered the following address:

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow-citizens of Weymouth: Your committee, chosen by Posts 40 and 58, Grand Army of the Republic of this town, to make suitable arrangements for the memorial services of this day, have attended to that duty, and in accordance with the arrangements, and with Order No. 21 of General John A. Logan, and of General Order No. 5 of General F. A. Osborne, of the department of Massachusetts, we will now proceed to the several cemeteries in town, and pay a floral tribute to the memory of the fallen heroes of the late war.

While thousands of our countrymen, all over the land, are uniting in the memorial services of this day, we will, in response to the promptings of all our hearts, pay a simple tribute to the memory of our dead. In token of our grateful remembrance of our fallen comrades of Weymouth, who laid down their lives for their country, will we strew our spring flowers upon their graves and around their consecrated monument, which was erected by our generous fellow-citizens to the memory of them all.

A little more than eight years ago, as the echo of Sumter's guns was reverberating over our land, some of these brave men whose graves we shall this day visit had sprung to arms; and when, on the evening of the following day, President Lincoln's proclamation was telegraphed over the wires, calling for volunteers, these men were in the ranks, ready to march to Washington. As year after year of the war rolled on, the calls of an imperiled country ever found the loyal citizens of Weymouth ready to respond; and as the perils of the battle-field and exposure of the service thinned our ranks, men were always ready to take the places of the fallen, and march shoulder to shoulder under the Stars and Stripes until the rebel army had surrendered, and the Southern Confederacy had gone down in ruin, to rise no more forever. Such a noble response as was made not only by our fellow-citizens of Weymouth, but by the whole loyal North, was one of the grandest tides of patriotism the world has ever seen. The men who fought to save our country and crush a slave-hold-

er's rebellion understood the magnitude and far-reaching importance of the work in which they were engaged—the happiness of the human race, the security and continuance of our rights, and the freedom of enslaved millions at the South. Not only to honor the men who cemented with their hearts' blood the superstructure on which rests the noble institutions of our land, but also to show to the world that we too honor the principles and the cause for which they devoted their lives, are we assembled this day.

It is fitting and appropriate that we should assemble at least once a year and commemorate the services and virtues of these men, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude words are too feeble to express. It is becoming in the highest degree that the American people should cover with flowers the graves of a quarter of a million of their fellow-citizens, who laid down their lives for union, for liberty, and for the cause of humanity. By doing this we show the love and respect we bear for them, and thus perpetuate through our own and the lives of our children, to the latest time, the honor they have won, and the privileges we enjoy from them. And I look upon this day as one of the most sacred and impressive anniversaries that our history will know, this day set apart to show the respect of the American people for those who accomplished the work for them of redeeming and saving our land. And the time will come when not only will their names be inscribed on tablets of marble and of granite, but poetry and painting and sculpture will give undying fame to their lives and their work.

Fellow-citizens, this is no time for many words. The men whose memory we commemorate this day were not men of words, but of deeds. With their bayonets and their sabers they shaped the destiny of this land. They endured hardships, and met the fiery storm of war, and poured out their blood, and died that our country might live. Could man do more? They ranged themselves under the folds of the Stars and Stripes, and fought for law, for liberty, and for country, and, fighting, fell to rise no more.

> "They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
> No sound shall awake them to glory again."

And as time rolls on, shall we forget their services? Will true men and comrades ever forget those who were with them in march and in battle, with whom they stood shoulder to shoulder in one of the hardest-fought wars the world has ever known? This friendship of the living will endure, and never until we forget the men who rested with us on the same hard ground, stood in the same line, marched under the same flag,

charged together when death was in every step, closing up as the dying fell, will we throw aside these ties of life and death. And while we visit the graves of those who sleep within their own native town, we would not forget those whose bones repose in distant States, where they breathed out their lives. Though no friendly hand may be near to strew with flowers their unknown graves, yet the flowers and wreath which you place upon this consecrated monument this day will show that they are not forgotten, that each one who gave his life for his country is remembered by us all.

"So sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

Fellow-citizens, the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, as you are aware, is neither political nor military. It is under obligations to no political party, and is subject to no order from any one in military authority. It is an organization of honorably-discharged soldiers and sailors of the late war, for the purpose of preserving and strengthening fraternal feelings among those united to suppress the rebellion; to aid those who fought on land or sea who need assistance; to care for the widows and orphans of the fallen, and to maintain true allegiance to the United States of America. In the Union army there were two classes, officers and enlisted men, and all were subject to the orders of their superiors in rank. In this organization all are comrades, and no one is subject to any rule, regulation, or order except those which every comrade has the right and privilege of voting upon; and commanders of posts have only the usual and customary duties to perform that are incumbent on the principal officers of similar organizations. While it is our duty to remember and care for those whom the fallen have left to our protection, the widow and orphan, and to assist the needy soldier, we would also honor those who fell in defense of our country; and on this day, as we strew our floral tributes of affection on their graves, we would also renew our allegiance to its flag, and, by the graves of the fallen, become truer patriots, more unselfish, and more unflinching in duty. The sacred scenes of this day will cause the Grand Army of the Republic to be truer to its high and noble calling. Hallowing the memory of the dead, it will be more true to the living; and the disabled soldier, the lonely and destitute widow, and the sorrowing orphan, will find advocates for their claims in the sacred influence of this day.

'Then strew the flowers, and though they fade,
O'er each beloved head,
Yet their memory shall remain,
Like their banner, free from stain."

As these memorial anniversaries come and go, as one after another of us follows those who have gone to that bourn whence no traveler returns, and their survivors lay their sweet offerings on the graves of all, shall it not be, when we have passed away, that our children and children's children will do the same.

And if, in the future, the time may come when foes without shall raise their arm against our country, there will be found brave hearts to meet its requirements and sustain its honor, as there have been in the past.

While we remember our fallen comrades, whose blood has moistened the soil of every Southern State, and whose death has forever consecrated those States to freedom and to human rights, we would not forget that the great martyr of war, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, living to see slavery abolished and rebellion brought to a close, was himself the last victim, the last one that fell by a rebel bullet, sealing with his death the great cause of his country.

We would also, on this Memorial Day, thank God that the nation lives—extending from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf, an undivided country; that our great leader in war, the friend of the martyred Lincoln, the gallant soldier who led us on to victory and to peace, is at the head of the nation; that the nation reposes confidence and trust in him to fulfill his promise that liberty and right and justice shall be equal for all over whom the starry banner waves, through the length and breadth of the American republic.

At East Weymouth Cemetery a large company of ladies and gentlemen had assembled, and after prayer by Rev. S. L. Rockwood, and the singing of a quartette, W. R. Emerson, esq., was introduced to the audience as the orator of the day, and made the following beautiful and touching address:

Angel of death! thou who robbest us of our jewels, but canst not take from us the sweetness of their virtues and good name; who ridest upon the whirlwind and delightest in the horrors of the battle-field; this day we do not give to thee; our hearts are not with thee in thy darkness and gloom, not with the buried dust, but with the risen soul.

Angel of peace! with the beautiful white lily in thy hand, and the glimmering star on thy brow, we follow thee this day to the peaceful realms where they sleep, our precious dead, not in humbled pride and defeated strength, but like conquerors, dreaming conquerors' dreams, whose silver cord was loosed, whose golden bowl broken, that thou, bright

angel, mightest return once more, making the whole earth resplendent in the light of thy coming with the blessings of our olden history and a still more advanced civilization, to the grateful hearts of a free and mighty people.

This is not a day of mourning, but of rejoicing; not a day for sackcloth and ashes, but for the beautiful robe and the inspiring song; not a day for the exhibition of an unavailing despair, but for the exercise of a triumphant faith.

If under the turf of the grave the souls of the honored dead were buried alike with their perishing dust, then might we fitly come, bringing our emblems of mourning, branches of cypress and sprigs of rue; filling the sweet air with our lamentations and our eyes with tears, dropping in gloom from the ruins of our broken hearts. But we know, by all our abundant lights of consciousness, nature, and revelation, that the essential part of man, the inspiration of our sympathy and love, does not, cannot, pass into the nothingness of the absolutely dead; and we further know that no prayers, no appeals, no tears, however deep and penitential, can bring back to its house of flesh the parted soul, any more than we can restore to the source of its sweetness the exhaled breath of these lovely flowers, or recall from the vaults of the sunny air the wafted note of the singing bird. Like the breath of the rose and the song of the bird, the soul of man flies upward; and there to-day we find our blessed dead, and not, oh! not in these green mounds beneath our feet.

But, still, is it not a pleasant exercise of our love that we should pay tribute to the ashes that once held the departed spirit? And, can we wholly free from our minds the thought, that somehow the distant soul is reaching out to us, beating up to us, from the pulseless heart of the dead? And so, to-day we bring to these graves something more beautiful than flowers, more precious than words of praise: we bring the best part of ourselves, hearts that have not been betrayed into forgetfulness, nor lessened in the measure of their love, as the rolling years, since the war-storm died, have folded our dead deeper in their bosom.

There is no grave so deep and dark as the grave of forgetfulness and oblivion. Such dark vaults are for those who have done nothing for their fellow-men, and in themselves have forgotten their God. But for men who died for the eternal principles of justice and freedom, God, and their fellow-men, a beam of light from the great white throne strikes down on their graves, and though man may forget, it is a sign in the heavens that God remembers.

That we come here in peace, that we come here at all to-day, is a tribute to them; that we come from happy homes

and busy streets, whose delights and industries they have made possible; as citizens of a republic they have maintained undivided, and under the dear old flag of our fathers, that they have guarded from dishonor or other stain than battle-smoke and their own blood—all these are tributes to our dead.

In their presence how insignificant do our little tributes seem, with even nature's ineffable grace and beauty exhausted in them. Such as they are, we bring them to the sweet work of this day—and did flowers ever work sweeter offices before?—with a love as pure as ever the God of nature expressed for man, in the glistening beads of dew that but this very morn brought down from the skies the colors of heaven to these opening petals and swinging bells.

The mother comes, bringing the little garland she has so tenderly watched, day by day, in the garden at her door, where her dear boy used to play, to lay it among the rest—brave-hearted, childless mother—on her darling's grave. The father comes, bracing his aged heart, wondering at his weakness, and wondering still more what now will bring the vigor of youth to the years of his decline. Fatherless children come, bringing their sweet posies from the pleasant fields where the father's hand had led them in the sunny days gone by. She comes, in weeds of widowhood, from her lonely house to this less lonely spot, where under one sweet flower-robed mound he lies whose bosom locks the secret of her happiest years. The maiden comes with still unwandering heart, and here gives token of a love for the dead she never spoke to the living. The stranger, passing along, plucks the common wayside flowers, now so strangely beautiful, and lays them where, perchance, a long-parted playmate may be laid to rest. Hither you come, brave comrades of the dead, with a depth and quality of love that only a soldier's heart can feel, only a soldier's lips express; and even you, with hearts overrunning their urns with tenderest histories and memories, are powerless to shape in words your great love for your comrades dead. Your lips are as mute as theirs. None but the speech of angels, that no man can see, could speak for you to-day. Your words are in the tears glistening in eyes where late the light of battle shone; your speech is through the flowers in your hands, whose palms are even now tough with grasping the musket-stock or wielding the battle-sword; and never spake tears a diviner language, or uttered flowers a more transcendent speech.

How strange it seems, brave men, that you, who with unblanching eyes have seen death sweeping in grim splendor down the fiery track, and battalion after battalion trampled in the wine-press of war under its crimson feet; and yet to-

day, when the heavens are filled with the splendors of the coming summer, and in all the peaceful air there is no sound, no sight, to vex the sense of man, a thought, a memory, fills your eyes with tears. Ah! well, they are honorable tears; not signs of childish weakness, but manly strength; expressions of the bravest hearts, for they can be conquered by love, but not by the enemy's cannon. It was love, it was sympathy, it was devotion that led you to battle, and the same virtues bring you here to-day. The peace and perpetuity of our beloved country are secure so long as a love so tender, so tried, and so true as yours inspires the national soul.

We come to these graves to-day, all loving souls in the land, with one common sentiment of gratitude, recognizing no superiority of virtue, and in honor no distinction of rank—in the grand army of the dead all are equal—and we deck with flowers no more fondly nor proudly some great commander's dust than his, the poor picket, who fell unnoticed on his lonely beat.

Here lies many a one whose head was white, and whose limbs were weary, but, oh! how his youth came back to him in all its olden glow and bloom at the call of the fife and the beat of the drum. And by him sleeps the beautiful boy, so young that he was still at play in his boyish games when the wild music of war rolled through his soul, that made him in an hour a man, and to-day a hero lying in triumphant state. On his green bed we lay our morning-glory wreath, for he was once the morning-glory of some happy home.

But there are other graves we cannot visit this day, still less cannot forget. For these, the lost, we add a few wreaths more to the chaplets on their comrades' heads. Oh, could we lay on their lost and lonely graves the beautiful lilies and blue-bells of their own dear New England, how they would seem to us to deepen their slumbers and sweeten their dreams under the tangled ferns of the Virginia wildernesses or the strange wild-flowers of the sunny southern fields! But though our longing feet may never lead us to their far-away sepulchers, that no man shall ever know, nature, ever watchful and loving, has not forgotten them. For all that lie in beds of earth, how tenderly has she folded them under her snowy robe or drapery of bloom! For all that lie in ocean's "vast and wandering grave," even down in those dark gulfs her hand has reached, and on the whitened bones of our dead who were lost in the sea she has hung her decoration of mossy wreath and sea-weed, rich with pearl, and into the wave-wrought burial-shroud has woven the tapestry of the beautiful strange flowers blooming in the far-down gardens of the deep.

Can man do more than nature for the dead? Ought he, in love and in intelligence, do less? The lesson of this day, the priceless jewel of the hour, is this: that we should remember, as nature remembers, that love should be with us a law, as it is in her economy, and not a capricious sentiment, as, alas! it too often is in the nature of man. Remember that these dead were our brothers; that they loved us with a love so deep that the bitter chalice of death was a sweet cup to their lips if they so might give us happy days and length of years; that life was sweet to them, and that the sunshine of home and dear ones struck as deep and warm into their souls as into ours, but that life was less than life if its price were a surrender of principle, and love less than love if its price were a surrender of honor; that they loved peace; not peace that might, by dint of moral compromise, be eked out to the end of their brief days, but such a peace as fathers love to make secure to their own children and their children's children; a peace that keeps in trim for instant use the ship of state, with

> "Ports all up, and battle-lanterns lit,
> And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap;"

not such a peace as they poor foolish travelers might feel who, in the caravan's hot march across the Arabian sands, stretch their tired limbs within their tents at noon, regardless of the little dancing cloud of sand that, far down on the low horizon line, gathers its dread forces for the work of death, and in an hour, with its wide desolation curtains all the air, and in one awful blast buries every living thing that dares to sleep and dream unwatched, unsentineled, in that insidious realm.

Such inspirations, such lessons are the decorations that dead hands reach out from every soldier's grave to-day to hang upon our souls. What are the perishing blooms of our garlands worth, in comparison with the grave-given lessons of such a heroism as theirs? Are we living men worthy such a gift from the dead? Let us be heroes, then; heroes transferring to fields of humanity the heroic spirit they illustrated in fields of war; heroes in our charities, remembering that widows and fatherless children need the love and care of the living that are denied to the willing hearts and toiling hands of the dead; heroes, to perpetuate the principles which the dead weighed in the balance against their own lives, and found their lives wanting; heroes, in that sublime faith of patriotism that tore away the veil of cloud that buried our beloved land in night, and looking into the coming years, when the battle-fires were quenched, saw a statelier house

for the children of freedom, whose corner-stone was justice, whose walls were cemented with their blood, and whose pillared dome rested on a rock that was their love, on a foundation that was their graves.

CEREMONIES AT LOWELL.

(B. F. Butler Post No. 42.)

The programme provided that the members of Post 42, Grand Army of the Republic, should assemble in the drill-room, armory building, at 1 o'clock. At 1.30, as a battalion divided into five companies, they filed into the street to take up the line of march. The column was headed by the Lowell Brigade Band, H. D. Brooks, leader. The following is the roster: Colonel, Commander W. O. Fiske; lieutenant colonel, Senior Vice Commander J. F. Huntington; major, Junior Vice Commander C. H. Kimball; adjutant, George H. Richardson; quartermaster, G. A. W. Vinal; surgeon, Walter Burnham; chaplain, Rev. Horace James; sergeant major, A. A. Hanscom; quartermaster sergeant, T. P. Hall. First company: Captain, D. M. Prescott; lieutenants, Albert Pindar, Leonard Brown. Second company: Captain T. O. Allen; lieutenants, C. E. Poor, Harlan P. Goodale. Third company: Captain, Mathew Donovan; lieutenants, J. P. Thompson, I. N. Marshall. Fourth company: Captain, I. B. Pendergast; lieutenants, G. L. Cady, C. B. F. Hoyt. Fifth company: Captain, Josiah A. Sawtell; lieutenants, J. W. Hart, L. B. Manning; standard bearers, Chas. H. Tilton, S. S. Hodgkins.

The uniform of the men was dark clothes, white gloves, military caps, on the front of which, in a gilt wreath, are the letters "G. A. R." The whole number in line was about one hundred and fifty.

The decorations were quite elaborate. A miniature flag of our country was also placed at the head of each grave. So scattered are places of interment that this care made no striking display; but all were impartially visited and all received due recognition. At Monument Square, where rest the remains of Ladd and Whitney, the decorations were pro-

fuse and imposing. A canopy, formed of evergreen chains, surmounted by a gilt eagle, drooped above the monument. It was held by an arm extended from the liberty-pole at a distance of seventy-five feet from the ground. From the apex the chains of evergreen extended to posts (wound with evergreen) standing in a circle of fifty feet diameter around the monument. The fence around the whole inclosure was festooned with evergreen; and the rostrum erected for the speakers and others was also appropriately decorated. The shaft of the monument was finely adorned; a wreath of rich cut flowers encircled it, from the apex to the base, and smaller wreaths, garlands, and bouquets were hung about it near the ground. The statue of Liberty was decorated no less beautifully. The scene was very fine, and the thousands who looked upon it we doubt not were grateful to the skillful hands of the ladies and gentlemen who brought their work to such perfection.

EXERCISES AT MONUMENT SQUARE.

At the city government buildings the various members of that body joined the procession and proceeded to the square. Here fifteen hundred school children had been previously assembled by Mr. Willey. After throwing their bouquets at the foot of the monument, the battalion was massed in front to await the exercises arranged for this place. When the proper arrangements were completed, and the great throng of spectators had become comparatively quiet, a dirge was played by the band. General Fiske then called upon the chaplain, Rev. Mr. James, who offered an earnest, fervent, and appropriate prayer. At the close the children sung a hymn, the band playing an accompaniment. Next in order Hon. J. P. Folsom was introduced, and spoke as follows:

MAYOR FOLSOM'S REMARKS.

Mr. Commander, Officers and Men of the Grand Army of the Republic: By your kind invitation the city council are permitted to participate in the ceremonies of this day, and in their behalf I return to you their sincere thanks for this privilege. Lowell has never been unmindful of her obligations

to the living; and we, as the representatives of her citizens, join with you in paying these sacred honors to the dead.

You have visited the graves of our heroic dead, and paid all possible honors to your fallen comrades. You have strewed their graves with flowers, and now, at the close of this decoration day, are about to listen to fitting eulogies. How beautiful and appropriate have been the ceremonies of this day. The custom of decorating the graves of the departed with flowers is one full of eloquent appeals to the hearts of sorrowing survivors. While they form expressive emblems of the frailty of human life, they are also radiant harbingers of the future.

As we have gone from grave to grave, how has the recollection of your marches and sufferings, of your heroism and devotion, been brought before us, mingled with the remembrance of cruel wrong and lingering starvation and bitter death.

But the presence of death hushes all enmities and heartburnings and revengeful passions, and we join in the ceremonies of this day with holy reverence. May the flowers strewn by you be to us the symbol of remembrance of all the virtues of the heroic dead, and as the revolving year brings the season of verdure and blossoms, may we again visit these graves and pay this annual tribute to the memory of those who, side by side with you, endured every privation, deprived themselves of every comfort, shed their blood, and freely offered up their lives, that we might enjoy the glorious privileges of free domestic institutions:

"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a holy cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth,
The blossoms of your fame is blown;
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years,
Which keep in trust your storied tombs
Behold! your comrades bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms."

Under direction of Mr. Willey, and accompanied by the band, the school children again sang an appropriate piece.

Captain J. F. Huntington was the next speaker introduced. His remarks are reported as follows:

Comrades and Friends: In offering, as we do to-day, a graceful and fitting tribute to the memory of our "unreturning brave," the comrades of the Grand Army act but as the

agents and representatives of a grateful and sympathizing people.

The heart of a nation is stirred to-day, while all over the broad North, from where the great pine-trees of Maine sigh over the graves where lie the once stalwart forms of her noblest children, to the prairies of the far West, where the fair hand of nature profusely spreads with flowers the last resting-places of those by whose death her fertile plains were forever consecrated to freedom, their surviving comrades march in solemn order, bearing their floral offerings to the shrines of heroes.

Nor is the reason of this so hard to discover, when we consider how entirely the heart of the people was in the cause for which so many fought and died. The war of the rebellion was emphatically, and beyond all others recorded in history, a *people's war*. Not only because almost every man, woman, and child felt eager interest in the events and issues of the struggle, but because to an unprecedented extent they took a more or less active part in it. The old grandmother, with trembling fingers knitting socks for the soldiers, while her memory ran back to the days when, in meaner garb, with ruder weapons, but burning with the same patriotism and zeal, the friends of her youth went forth to battle; the younger men and women who in camp and hospital labored without ceasing, who for the sacred cause endured the saddest sight that mortal eye can gaze on—the field over which the fierce tornado of battle has swept; the prattling child, eager to learn to sew that it might work for the soldiers; the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and other noble plans of organized benevolence; all formed the great rear-guard, the strong reserve, the thought of which has often nerved the heart and strengthened the wearied limbs of those who wore the blue, when no other cheering thought was left them.

Nor in this sense alone was it a people's war. It was no less such in the character and composition of its military force, recruited as it was from men from every sphere of life, representing every profession, business, and occupation; organized with more of the democratic element than any other army in the world ever bore, or could bear, without utter ruin and disintegration; but held together not so much by the force of military discipline in its ordinary sense, as by the intelligence, spirit, and devotion of the individual men who composed it. In the recent struggle the people were the soldiers, and the soldiers were the people; and thus it is that the memories of those whose deaths we to-day commemorate are honored and revered, not as mere atoms in a mass, but as individual men, having each a share, small perhaps,

but separate and distinct in the final triumph of the Union arms.

While in the widest sense the rebellion was a people's war, so regarding its battles, labors, and victories, it was especially a soldiers' war. This is neither the time nor place for attempting an analysis of the soldierly qualities of our volunteer troops; but I think it may be truly said of them, that while a European martinet, accustomed to the automaton movements and absolute merging of individuality in the mass that form the end and aim of Continental discipline, would find much to condemn in the finest regiment ever mustered in our great army, yet for genuine fighting qualities, a happy combination of the *elan* of the French with the stubborn bull-dog tenacity of the English, elevated and inspired by a spirit of devotion truly, and I believe peculiarly American, our volunteer soldiers have proved themselves on many a bloody field the equals at least of any named in the annals of recorded valor. A large majority of those who rest beneath the sod where we lay our wreaths to-day are of the men whom I esteem the true heroes of the war; for whom stars and bars were not, and shiny buttons few and far between; who carried the musket and the forty rounds; whose toils, sufferings, and privations you, my friends, can never fully know—the men who through danger and suffering moved steadily forward in the path of duty, though knowing full well that it would never lead them to the

"Height where fame's proud temple shines afar;"

that general orders and votes of thanks would never include the mention of their names; but, impelled only by a sense of honor, loyalty, and courage, worthy of the stock from which they sprang, went to their graves without fearing. Honor, I say, to the rank and file of our volunteer army! History, poetry, and art will take full care of the memory of its generals and commanders. Let there be raised to these of humbler rank "a monument more enduring than brass" in the grateful hearts of the American people.

It is related in the annals of the Virginia campaigns that once, after the troops were formed in readiness for a desperate attack on a strong position of the enemy, and stood waiting the signal to advance, many of the men in the ranks were observed quietly pinning slips of paper on their breasts, on which were written their names and designations. My friends, can you appreciate the full significance of that simple action? They were ready to die, but only wished that their graves should, if marked at all, bear not that inscription, "An unknown soldier." Public fame they knew could not

be theirs; but in the far-off northern home the living and the loved ones might some time know when and where they died for their country. Think you that men like these can be conquered? They are invincible against a universe in arms.

Comrades, we have to-day made an annual pilgrimage to the graves of those who lie about us in consecrated ground, with monumental marble telling of their deeds. But let our hearts go out to the far-off, lonely resting-places we cannot visit in person, "where no tomb shall ever plead remembrance" over the forms of those who were once our faithful comrades—those graves that nature alone will decorate. In the solemn forest, in the tangled swamp, on the bare hill-side, they are scattered. Lovingly and reverently let us remember the lost ones, trusting to meet them in the land of summer,

> ——— "where the foeman cannot come,
> Where the summons never sounded of the trumpet and the drum."

After singing, the last speaker was introduced.

REMARKS OF LIEUTENANT MARDEN.

Comrades: We have just engaged in another of those ceremonies which add so much force to the words of the poet: "It is both sweet and honorable to die for one's country." Scattered beneath the green soil in our midst, consecrated to the burial of our dead, lie the forms of those who once, shoulder to shoulder, and with the touch of elbow, marched with us to the support of a holy cause. It happened to them to fall beneath the deadly bullet, whose blow we escaped; or to encounter the equally deadly blow of disease, which passed us by unharmed, or struck us too lightly to be fatal. And as the scenes through which we passed together were so deeply impressed upon our minds as never to be effaced, so is the memory of those comrades with whom we endured suffering and privation too dear to be lightly forgotten.

And though these memories of camp and field, of battle and of bivouac, and of comrades who shared them with us, are never absent from our memories, still it is fitting, we think, to set apart one day in the year—this day in the lovely springtime, when nature lavishes her sweetest blossoms and her loveliest foliage—to recall anew the hallowed scenes of the past, to refresh our spirit of patriotism by these glorious recollections, and to pay special honor to the dead, by scattering on their graves the flowery garlands which so beautifully embody the spirit of remembrance.

Nor are we alone in this ceremony. Look around you, comrades, on this vast assembly of citizens, who have given

up labor and business and recreation, and have come to participate with us in this duty; see the children who have turned out by thousands to gather the flowers of the field and forest, and with their sweetest songs to consecrate them to the memory of the departed. Here, too, are the women, who, not unmindful of the part they bore in the great struggle, which we now in a measure commemorate, have, with womanly taste and devotion, entwined this monument with the choicest flowers. And with us also are our municipal authorities, the representatives of a city than which none in our country has a brighter record, who have given us of their money and afforded us the eloquence of their chief magistrate in aid of our celebration. Every voice is eloquent in support of the cause for which we have assembled to-day.

I could not help thinking, as we passed up the street and came in sight of this beautiful canopy of evergreen and these bountiful decorations, that of all the places in which, from Maine to California, these ceremonies are now taking place, there is no other spot where it is more fitting that this decoration should be placed. Here, beneath the very sod on which we are now standing, lie buried the first martyrs whose blood hallowed the cause for which they and so many others fell. Here are the first fruits of that great sacrifice for liberty in a struggle which ended so auspiciously. This spot is to-day the cynosure of all eyes throughout the nation wherever our brothers are engaged in this duty, and they cannot be unmindful of the first of those fallen braves whose resting-places they are now assembled to strew with flowers.

But, comrades and friends, the flowers of rhetoric pale before the gorgeous blossoms which grace this beautiful shaft. It is not the time nor the place for much speaking. The simple ceremony we have performed, the songs of the children, and the prayers and tears of the bereaved, whose heart has been touched anew by these proceedings, speak more eloquently than all the highest gifts of oratory could do the feelings with which we have assembled here. I do not know how I can close these brief remarks better than by declaring, in behalf of the organization under whose auspices we are now acting, that we will never be unmindful of the sentiment which is inscribed on the beautiful banner just presented us and of that other banner which adorns this spot. Yes, "We will cherish the memory of our fellow-comrades," the defenders of the country. They fell in the noble cause.

"And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?"

Or, to express the same sentiment in a form better adapted to our own circumstances, where can man die better than facing fearful odds in fighting for a good government and a free country, than which government and country none other ever existed better worth fighting for?

The singing of "America," and the benediction, by Mr. James, concluded the exercises. The soldiers countermarched to Market street, and were dismissed, and the vast throng of spectators at Monument Square soon vanished from sight.

CEREMONIES IN MARLBORO'.

(Lincoln Post, No. 43.)

THE DECORATION.

One year ago the custom was established of decorating with flowers the graves of the brave and heroic dead who gave up their lives in the late war. In most of the cities and towns of the country this beautiful and appropriate service was performed on Saturday, May 29, or the following Sunday. But in Marlboro' it took place on Wednesday, June 2. The day, although quite warm, was pleasant and all that could be desired. About 8 o'clock the people began to gather near the headquarters of the Grand Army in great numbers. By 9 o'clock the different organizations and invited guests had arrived, and the procession was formed in the following order, under the direction of Captain C. F. Morse, the chief marshal of the day, with Captain H. Parsons, B. P. Dart, John Connealy, and W. S. Goss, as assistant marshals; E. C. Whitney and A. M. Page acting as aids to the chief marshal. The line was composed of four divisions, and moved in the following order: First division, under the direction of Captain Parsons, was made up as follows: Chief marshal; aids; Company I, Fifth Massachusetts Regiment Volunteers, forty men; disabled soldiers and sailors and invited guests, in carriages; Worcester Brass Band; Camp Lincoln Post 43, of Grand Army of the Republic, one hundred and ten men; Hudson Brass Band; Reno Post No. 9, Grand Army of the Republic, forty men. Sec-

ond Division, under the direction of E. P. Dart: Hall and Quinby's drum corps; Torrent Engine Company No. 1, fifty-five men; Brown's Brigade Band; Okommakamesit Engine Company No. 2, forty-eight men; Union Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, forty-four men; Feltonville Division Sons of Temperance, of Hudson, twenty-five members; Wakefield Division Sons of Temperance, of Hudson, twenty-five members. Third division, under the direction of John Connealy: Westboro' Brass Band; Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, eighty members; Marlboro' Library and Literary Association, forty-five men. Fourth division, under direction of W. S. Goss, Gilmore's Band; Eureka Lodge of K. G. S. C., two hundred and twenty-five men.

The procession thus formed marched through Main street to the cemetery in the east village, and after a dirge by the band and prayer by Rev. W. W. Colburn the members of the Grand Army broke ranks and strewed flowers upon the graves of their fallen comrades, each grave being designated by a small flag. After this the procession passed up Main street to Pleasant, where it was halted, while two detachments from the Grand Army were detailed to decorate the graves in the Catholic Cemetery and those in the old burying-ground near Williams Pond. The detachment having returned to their places in the line, the procession proceeded down Pleasant street to the new cemetery in the west village, where a dirge was played by the band, prayer offered by Rev. W. A. Start, and the graves decorated by the members of Camp Lincoln, of Marlboro', and Reno Encampment, of Hudson.

This closed the service of decoration. It was solemn and impressive, and could not fail to touch the hearts of all who took part in or witnessed it.

CEREMONIES AT NORTHAMPTON.

(John Sedgwick Post No. 44.)

The second anniversary of the ceremony of decorating the graves of our fallen heroes was observed by the Grand Army

of the Republic on Saturday. The entire day was occupied in the work. The weather in the morning was rainy, but the rain ceased about noon, and the afternoon was comparatively pleasant. The post started from their hall at about 7 o'clock on Saturday morning, twenty-seven members, occupying two omnibuses, the wreaths and flowers being transported in a separate conveyance. Their first stopping-place was the Catholic Cemetery, where are the graves of seven soldiers. At Florence the company was joined by twelve more members of the post and the Haydenville Band. At the Florence Cemetery two graves were decorated. From Florence they proceeded to Leeds, where rest the remains of two of our nation's defenders. At Haydenville they were joined by twenty-four more members from Haydenville, Hatfield, and Williamsburg, and marched in procession from the hotel to the cemetery. Here prayer was offered and a few remarks made by Rev. Mr. Angier, of Haydenville, and the graves of two soldiers were decorated. General Lyman, post commander, offered a few appropriate remarks. At Williamsburg, which was reached about 10.15 o'clock, the procession was again formed at the hotel, and then marched to the cemetery. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Pomfret, a few remarks made by Rev. Mr. Parker, both of Williamsburg, and the graves of nine soldiers decorated, the post commander saying a few touching words. At West Hatfield, the next place visited, the graves of four soldiers were decorated; and at Hatfield, where they arrived at 12.30 o'clock, and where lie buried two soldiers, prayer and remarks were offered by Rev. Mr. Bray, of Hatfield, and a few words said by the post commander. Here they found a touching memento to the dead of Hatfield who fell and were buried upon the battle-field, and whose remains were never brought home. It was a monument of evergreens and flowers, devised and executed with great taste and skill. From the cemetery the post marched to the town hall, where the citizens had prepared a sumptuous repast for the soldiers and the band. It was provided with that liberality which distinguishes the people of Hatfield, and was very acceptable to the weary soldiers, who had been on the move since 7 o'clock in the

morning. A delegation of the post, under the command of Captain Jones, of Hadley, visited the cemetery at Hadley, and decorated the graves of four soldiers buried there. They then crossed the river and joined the full post at Hatfield in time to unite in the services and dinner there. The post arrived at their hall in Northampton at about 2.30 o'clock.

About 3 o'clock the procession marched from the Grand Army of the Republic hall, under escort of the Haydenville band, and, being joined by the selectmen and delegations from the Sabbath-schools, and citizens generally, proceeded to the cemetery. Here the usual ceremonies were performed at each grave. At the first one the order of General Logan, appointing the day for the ceremony, was read by Adjutant Ramsay, and General Lyman, post commander, made the following remarks:

Comrades: As your commander, I have the pleasant duty of speaking and acting for you in this ceremony—a ceremony of deep interest to all of us. None but those who have shared the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life can fully understand and appreciate our feelings to-day. It is no holiday affair with us; our hearts are in it. These soldiers, whose graves we decorate to-day, once stood side by side with us. They were taken; we were spared. It is fitting and proper that we should devote one day of each year to their memory. I know I speak the mind and feeling of every returned soldier present, when I say that we place these flowers upon the graves of our deceased comrades buried here as an earnest token of our affection for them, and with the pledge that we will never forget them; that we will watch over, care for, and protect their unprotected ones. This is a legacy they have left to us, and it is a duty we gladly accept and intend to fulfill. As we decorate the last resting-place of those of our comrades whose remains lie buried here, let us not forget those who are buried where they fell, many of them in unknown graves. We should drop a silent tear for them.

The procession then visited the grave of each soldier buried in the cemetery—about forty in number—at each of which the appropriate decoration ceremonies were performed. At their conclusion, all assembled at the platform, erected at a little distance from the main entrance, where the advertised programme was carried out. The exercises consisted of the singing, by the Choral Union, of an original hymn, written

for the same occasion one year ago by Miss Sarah Thayer; prayer by Rev. Dr. Hall; an address by Rev. C. L. Woodworth, formerly chaplain of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment. The address was an eloquent and earnest tribute to the memory of our noble heroes and patriots who laid down their lives that we might live, and was listened to with unflagging attention by the entire audience.

After the address, "Beautiful River" was sung by the Choral Union, accompanied by the band, the entire audience joining. The benediction was invoked by Rev. Mr. Hunt, and the procession returned to their hall at about 5.30 o'clock.

CEREMONIES AT GLOUCESTER.

(Post No. 45.)

In Gloucester the soldiers' graves at Oak Grove, Riverside, and other cemeteries were visited by detachments of Post 45, Grand Army of the Republic. The procession was quite large and imposing. At the pavilion grounds General B. F. Butler delivered a patriotic oration.

ORATION OF GENERAL BUTLER.

Through all time, in every nation, savage and refined, the memory of the patriotic dead has been fondly cherished. Pyramids were built for tombs of kings; triumphal arches preserved the fame of warrior chiefs. Pillars pierced the heavens to point the victories of nations; the mausoleum was a testimony of the agony of grief of a widowed queen. Thus heretofore, in the history of the world, the tribute of a nation's sorrow has idolized the chieftain alone; monuments have been raised only to the prince and noble, or in commemoration of battles fought for the aggrandizement of power.

To-day the American republic decorates the graves of her private soldiers with emblems of the people's grateful tribute to their most deserving sons; not in sorrow, not in mourning, for these our ceremonies partake more nearly of the gladness of a holy festival. The imperishable marble, the urn and sculptured vase and brazen cenotaph, which in themselves stand as coldly-enduring monuments of grief, are not the chosen tokens of our care and remembrance. In early

spring-time we strew the resting-places of our soldiers with flowers—the most beautiful of the treasures lavished by God's love on earth; flowers fresh as is the gratitude in our hearts to the departed ones for their sacrifices; flowers fragrant as the glory of their brave deeds in the nostrils of nations; flowers perishable, indeed, as their bodies, but, like the immortal part, to be renewed year by year forever. What more fitting decoration, therefore, can we bring to a soldier's grave, save one? We will raise over it the starry flag of the nation, that is hallowed by his blood. To the patriot soldier the banner under which he wars has a high and noble significance. To him it is the symbol of protection, authority, and power. It is the emblem of his country's glorious memories of the past and bright hopes of the future. On its folds he sees emblazoned the great deeds of patriot-heroes who have gone before, written for his reverence, his devotion, his worship. Sacred to his love, endeared to every emotion, he will follow his flag as the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. He will fight that it may be triumphant and honored. He will brave death and wounds that it may not be dishonored; and, dying, he asks no richer shroud than its folds, and desires that he may be borne to the grave by the music, to the sound of which he has followed it in victory, and that his last requiem may be the volleys of his comrades which he has heard in its defense in life. Whosoever honors the soldier's flag warms his friendship; whosoever salutes it kindles his pride; whosoever fires upon it rouses his patriotism; whosoever lowers it shames his manhood; whosoever disgraces it shall meet his merited vengeance.

To, us proudest of nations, has been given this welcome duty to inaugurate this yearly commemoration of the valor of the soldiers of the people. It has been reserved to a republic first, as an epoch in time, to honor, as most precious, her common dead. Well may it be so, for the battles they fought were in defense of the liberties and laws of the common people. To them has arisen a grander, a nobler memorial than ever the pride or pomp of kings or the wealth wrung from a crushed people yet raised to chief or warrior. Free government, the triumphal arch to our heroic dead, spreads from ocean to ocean, spanning a continent, and, like the bow of promise, assures freedom, equality of right, and equality of protection to all men, under laws founded upon the will of the people alone.

For the few moments that are permitted to us, there can be no higher subject of thought, no grander theme of contemplation, no more glorious topic of eulogy, than the fortitude,

courage, constancy, fidelity, and loyalty to the flag of the country of our soldiers in the ranks. First, consider how in the dark hours of the republic, when the officers of the regular Army, educated at the expense of the country, bound by its benefits conferred upon them, by the high honors of their profession, by the rewards in store for their truth and adherence to the flag under which they had been nurtured, resigned their commissions to take command in the armed traitor forces of those in rebellion against their country, that no private soldier in the regular Army was found faithless to his enlistment. What a glorious spectacle do these true soldiers present! While at the distant military posts of the republic many of their officers were rushing headlong into the arms of treason, we saw these nameless heroes struggling through swamps and plodding their weary way over the dusty, hungry plains, to join the ranks of their country, or starving in the prisons of Texas, to which treachery had consigned them for unfaltering devotion to its flag.

Again, when the cry that armed treason assailed the Government went forth over hill-top, valley, and plain, without hope of personal glory save the glorious death of the battle-field, or honor save that which a grateful country now pays to loyalty and courage; without hope of reward, save the reward of well-doing—all over the teeming prairies of the West, and the broken hills of New England, and the fertile fields of the Middle States, the private volunteer rushed to arms with a unanimity only equaled when the highlander answered the summons of the fiery cross of his chieftain to maintain the honor of his family and clan.

Pause we here, for no more instructive or sublime sight shall ever greet mortal vision than the citizen trained solely in the arts of peace, surrounded by all the comforts of civilization, leaving an endeared home, a prattling babe, a loving wife, and fond mother, or, it may be, a helpless and almost dependent father. We see him as he steps forth from his hearthstone and roof-tree to leave all, fired by patriotic devotion to the demands of his country's need. Follow him through the dull, wearisome routine of the camp of instruction; trace him through the perpetual privations of the march; behold him in the hardships of bivouac and storm and rain; behold him, all unused to the horrors of death, as he bares his bosom to the bullet and bayonet of the enemy in the field of mortal strife, or watch him when the fortunes of war doom him to a living death in the murderous prison-pens of Belle Isle and Andersonville—he bears his protracted agonies that his country may live. No better soldier ever suffered for a country; no better men ever made better soldiers.

And why? Because he felt that he was a citizen, nay, a sovereign of a country which was worthy of him, and he strove to be worthy of it. And when, after long years of toil and danger, of agony, of suffering, victory, greater in the magnitude of the efforts to attain it and in the grandeur of its results and in the glory of its achievements than ever before illuminated the pages of history, perched upon its banners, mark the citizen armies of the republic as in myriads they return to their homes, not, as in the olden time, to seize upon and subvert, but to be the hope and best preservers of the liberties of their country in peace as they had been its defenders in war.

Centuries ago the Roman poet sang, "It is sweet and praiseworthy to die for one's country." How much more, then, is the death of these, our brave ones, to be held in honor, fallen in defense of such principles, with such results! Tenderly and carefully this generation has laid away the remains of those who fought the battles of the Revolution. How the gratitude of the nation has clustered around them, with a feeling that too much could not be done to make the old age happy of which the young life was so glorious of those to whose bravery, constancy, and fortitude we owe so much. While we were paying honor to the last of these men of '76, there comes upon the land a crisis in which the maintenance of the principles of liberty was more involved and the safety of the people more imperiled; in which the hopes and expectations of the world in the preservation of government, guided by law, under liberty, were in greater danger than was the opening germ of freedom and right when preserved by the revolutionary struggle. Our fathers fought for themselves, their lands, their altars, their wives, and their children, to prevent even the semblance of a tyrannical government over their country. Our brothers and sons, by whose several graves we now stand, fought not for themselves; not to preserve their own liberties; not to prevent a tyranny over those who were near and dear to them; not for their religion, but to save the outcast and the slave from a master's whip, from the outrage of unrequited labor; to restore him to that manhood of which he had been deprived, and raise him again erect in the image of God from the earth into which he had been crushed.

High, noble, and glorious as was the cause for which our fathers fought, may we not, without lowering the surpassing honor in which we may hold their memories one jot or tittle, well and truly say that the praise of these, their sons and our brothers, is higher, nobler, better still. The men over whose graves the nearer and dearer ones only may weep their loss,

while the nation rejoices in the sacrifice because of what it has won, went forth to battle, not for aggrandizement, not for glory, not for pay, not for power, but simply at the call of duty—that word which expresses every obligation that the American citizen recognizes as the rule of his life. They saw the government which their fathers had founded, the Union of the St .tes, which was an assurance of the perpetuation of liberty to the masses, attacked; the flag which was the emblem of its power assaulted and torn down. They saw an attempt to overthrow the principles on which alone the governments of the world may be regenerated and the peoples disenthralled. They saw an empire to be set up on the ruins of free institutions, the corner-stone of which was slavery. They saw how the willing nations of Europe sprang forward in eager, in sympathetic ardor with that enterprise, giving rights and powers to the confederacy, and by every instrument of their united recognition and aid endeavoring to make so great a wrong eternal. So seeing, these, our comrades, felt it their duty, and therefore their pleasure, to go forth to do battle for the right. Looking over the whole world, they saw no ally, no friend, no sympathetic government save one; and that one, although a despotism, had just emancipated every slave within her border. Undismayed with this so great array against them, with no hope of gain to themselves, with conviction of success only because their fight was part of the eternal conflict which has ever gone on between power and right, but which at the moment seemed about to end in favor of wrong; at the call of duty alone our soldiers laid down their lives a willing sacrifice for the rescue of the down-trodden of the human race.

Saved by their valor, our government has become stronger, better, purer, than ever before existed on earth; powerful enough to maintain itself at home, compel respect abroad; the reflex of whose institutions has already revolutionized two of the nations of the old world, and whose influence has caused an American to be respected as only were the rights of a Roman citizen held sacred when Rome was the mistress of the world. With this so rich a legacy from their deaths our soldiers have bequeathed to us duties of which we should be false to them and false to ourselves if we swerved from the fulfillment. The first duty—indeed, including all others—is, that we shall maintain inviolate the principles of that government which they have preserved; that those laws insuring the rights of all men, which they have established, shall be executed; that the liberty for which they fought shall ripen into that more perfect freedom, that equality of all men before the law, for the glorious consummation of which they

laid down their lives. When we have done this our duty, we shall then in the best form have done full justice to their memories.

The annual return of this occasion, which should henceforth be a holiday, when we gather about these graves to again strew flowers upon them, will be the occasion only of revivifying our own patriotism; of pledging ourselves anew, year by year, to our country, and of teaching our children the cost at which the blessings they enjoy and must transmit to those who come after, have been purchased by their fathers.

There is, it would seem, a peculiar felicity in the choice of this time, at which hereafter a triumphant festival of the republic should be celebrated in the opening spring, when the budding trees and teeming earth give promise of fruition, prosperity, and plenty in the land, and that the seed planted shall increase and bear fruit in most abundant harvest. So shall the seeds of reverence for the laws, devotion to duty, sacrifice to principles, own in the precious blood of those we honor, bring forth their fruit in the preservation of the liberties of the people and the just rights of all men, rendering our country the missionary republic to regenerate the governments of the world.

While we mourn the departed with softened grief, because of the great work which they have wrought, we may not forget the wrongs which filled so many of these graves, which have now become the very altars of liberty. While we swear our children upon them to eternal fealty to free institutions, equal rights, equal powers, and equal laws for all men, we may not, as did the Carthagenian, swear his infant son to eternal hatred of Rome, yet we do remember that government whose ready aid and perfidious alliance to rebellion in behalf of slavery cost us so much and so many who lie buried here. We will teach our children here by these green mounds which cover their father's ashes to enforce the lesson, the story of the hatred of that monarchy of republican institutions which sought to strangle free government at its birth, hiring Hessian subsidies and savage warriors to fight the battles of tyranny against our fathers in the war for independence—that government which then failed to make slavery and despotism the rule on land, even against an infant republic, yet vaunting herself mistress of the seas, and through impressment and search in after years tried but failed to make the ocean and those who go down to the sea in ships her subjects. Let us tell our children too—and call the spirits of the gallant dead who hover around us to bear us witness and impress the lesson—teaching the story

how when slavery, her legacy to us as a nation, had caused treason and rebellion to raise their parricidal hands against the nation's life, and by its fiendish spirit to arm brother against brother, England, jealous of our prosperity in rivalry of her commercial greatness, and in hatred of our freedom, when she could do so with safety to herself, when she hoped we were in a death-grapple with each other, let loose her pirate steamers to destroy our ships, as she had sent out barbarous Indians in revolutionary times to burn the dwellings of our mothers and scalp them and their little ones.

Hereafter, when the Gloucester boy shall say to his father, "Where are the fishing vessels that you once had as the dependence of your old age?" the man shall answer: "Boy, do you remember the smoke you saw from the Eastern Point when a child? That was your father's vessel, burned by pirates sent out from British ports by British builders, who were cheered for so doing by the British parliament." The boy will say: "What shall be demanded for so great wrong?" and the old man shall write the single word—"REPARATION."

And so shall remembrance of the injuries be kept alive in the hearts of the people.

But more and more do these sins of England become a part of this occasion, because there is not a child whose basket is heavy with blossoms, to place with pious care upon the green turf of his father's grave, who does not know that his or his comrade's sire lost his life in a war encouraged, aided, and prolonged by hatred of England to the institutions of his country, and her endeavor to destroy the republic.

In death our soldiers, therefore, shall serve their country as in life; for in their bright example, as the best hope of the nation, they still live. They have snatched from death the victory, and saved thereby their country. To them, and to us for them, death brings no terrors.

"Come to the bridal chamber, death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible!
* * * * * *
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

CEREMONIES AT NEWBURYPORT.

(A. W. Bartlett Post No. 49.)

Saturday, May 29, was observed here as Memorial Day, under an order from General Logan, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, the services being conducted under the auspices of Post 49.

The exercises commenced by the celebration of High Mass, in memory of the Catholic soldiers, at St. Mary's Church, by Rev. Henry Lennon, at 8 o'clock.

At 9.30 o'clock a detachment of soldiers and sailors, under Captain Dame, post commander, went in barges, accompanied by the Rowley Band, to Belleville Cemetery, and proceeded to place upon each grave, previously designated by a flag, a bouquet of flowers and an evergreen cross and wreath, which had been prepared by the ladies at City Hall. A prayer was offered by Rev. E. M. Wright and a dirge played by the band.

At 10.30 o'clock the services commenced at the Old Burying-ground, conducted by Rev. D. P. Pike.

At 11.30 o'clock they were held at Oldtown, by Rev. J. R. Thurston.

At 2 o'clock the Cushing Guards and City Cadets formed on State street and proceeded to Market Hall, where the veteran soldiers and sailors were assembled, and escorted them to the City Hall. The services at the hall consisted of a dirge by the band; prayer by Rev. Dr. Spalding, chaplain of the late Forty-eighth Regiment; choral by the choir. Then followed the addresses by Captain F. D. Burnham and Major Ben. Perley Poore.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN BURNHAM.

Captain Burnham said: It was impossible to decorate in person the graves of all our comrades, but as we stood by these graves on the hill-side, we should stand in memory by the last resting-place of those who slept under the moaning pines of Virginia, amid the crags and gorges of Lookout Mountain, and where the great river whirls its turbid waters past Vicksburg Heights and Port Hudson plains, sleeping where they fighting fell. It was fitting that we, the returned soldiers, should perform these ceremonies, for we knew bet-

ter than others the cost of the sacrifice laid on the nation's altar. We had shared with them the dangers of war, toils on the weary march, kept with them the lonely watch and vigil, and when they fell in the wild din of the battle, we had laid them away in their unknown, but not unhonored graves. And as the revolving years carried us farther from the scenes of action, as yielded as we must yield to party bias and passion, it was fitting that we should gather above our comrades' graves, and forget the present in the memory of the past, and rekindle our love to our common country, and renew the promises we had made to keep sacred the memory of our comrades, and cherish and protect the wives and little ones they had left behind. With these he had tender words of sympathy, he could understand their sorrow. The lessons these mothers had taught to their children, prattling by their knees, was nobly obeyed in the nation's dark hour, and now, like the Roman mother, they could exclaim, "I have lost a son, but my country has gained a hero."

He would have those who hold in charge the soldier's orphan teach them that the country was doubly precious by the baptism of their father's blood; he would have them carry the children to the side of these graves, and there tell them the story of the rebellion and its fall, and by its lesson learn them to always love and uphold the principles of liberty and law; and when they gave their father's sword into their keeping, charge them never to draw it except in the cause of justice and right, and never sheathe it in disgrace and dishonor; better death upon the field of battle than life as an unworthy citizen.

When Sparta commemorated her dead at Thermopylæ, she raised a monument bearing this inscription: "Go, stranger, and tell it in Lacedæmonia that we died in obedience to her laws!" A most fitting epitaph for a patriot's grave! No greater sacrifice could the nation ask, no nobler offering could the subject bring, than to yield his life at the call of his country. This was the sacrifice our soldiers made; and if we raise no storied marble telling of their deeds, the beautiful fabric of civil government and civil law was a more fitting monument than towering minaret and swelling dome; and as we stood by their graves he asked in their name no higher tribute than to say in our hearts, "We will honor their memory, for they died in obedience to our laws."

ADDRESS OF MAJOR POORE.

We have assembled, my friends, to honor those who died that the republic might live. Nor is it only here on the

banks of our beautiful Merrimac that loyal hands decorate with flowers the graves of fallen heroes, and loyal hearts scatter affection's incense over their ashes. The gallant dead sleep their last sleep in squads, in platoons, or in companies in almost every burial-ground of the loyal North; while the Federal Government, with pious care, and at a cost of a million of dollars thus well spent, has gathered the remains of those who fell at the South into hundreds of national cemeteries, where they repose in brigades or in divisions. All—at the North and at the South—bivouac in the cold, cold ground, until the archangel's trumpet shall sound the final reveille.

Few, if any, of the graves of these war-martyrs will be neglected to-day. Men have ceased their labors or paused in their professional pursuits to offer their homage to the fallen brave; and that gentler sex, which had its representative "last at the cross and earliest at the grave" of our Holy Saviour, strew floral types of a glorious resurrection, while their devoted "hearts like muffled drums are beating."

Those true-hearted mothers, and wives, and daughters, and sisters, and sweethearts, who so unselfishly encouraged their loved ones to enlist and to go forth from their homes under the "old flag;" who wrote letters beaming with affection and with encouragement, which cheered many a march and enlivened many a comfortless camping-ground; whose hands scraped lint and made bandages, and secured for the United States Army and Navy hospitals such luxuries as no other army and navy hospitals ever had before; who went themselves, when necessary, to the front, to tenderly nurse the sick and the wounded, and to comfort the dying with hopes of heaven; and some of those too, who—alas that it was so!—found themselves, "when this cruel war was o'er and Johnny came marching home," bereaved, and dependent upon the charities of a cold and heartless world—all these noble women have had work to gladly do this day. Care for the Union soldier while he was in the field, and respect for the Union soldier's grave after his Great Captain had mustered him out; these are "women's rights" which the most egotistical, selfish man cannot deny. As the Roman matron, pointing to her children, proudly said, "These are my jewels," so the loyal women of our land stand to-day beside the graves of our departed comrades and exclaim, "In these caskets are the treasures of our hearts."

Of the many public demonstrations to-day none can equal in solemnity that at the National Cemetery at Arlington, near Washington city, and nothing could have prevented my witnessing it, except a summons from this, my beloved birth-

place. The Arlington estate is enthroned upon an eminence on the Virginia bank of the Potomac, and it commands an unequaled panoramic view of our metropolis, with its matchless Capitol and other Federal buildings. The estate came by inheritance to Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, whose widow became Washington's wife, and it was in turn bequeathed by her to her grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted child of that great and good man, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Mr. Custis, who died a dozen years or so ago, was a noble type of the old Virginia gentleman, and it was my fortune during the latter years of his life to often enjoy his hospitality. I used then to meet at Arlington an officer in the United States Army to whom Mr. Custis had given the hand of his only daughter, accompanied by Arlington as a dower. Mr. Custis also gave this officer the sword received by him as a legacy from Washington, accompanied with that hero's solemn injunction that "It was never to be drawn except in the defense of his country." The officer who became the custodian of this sword, the husband of Mary Custis, and the possessor of Arlington, was Robert E. Lee.

Alas that the arguments of politicians, when our civil war was commenced, persuaded Robert E. Lee to turn his back upon his nation and upon his home, and to unsheath his sword with parricidal hand. The Federal Government, thus "deserted in its hour of need by him its former bounty fed," reached out its strong arm, and confiscated the traitor's homestead, to make it a resting-place for the Union dead. His conduct cannot be defended. The names of those whose mortal remains now occupy Arlington are written upon the rolls of fame in brilliant characters, while their heroic actions

"Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

They were emphatically the defenders of the capital, and had it not been for them and their comrades, the rebel government would have occupied Washington city, while foreign powers would have recognized the officers of the Confederate States as having *de facto* supplanted those of the United States. On the disastrous plains of Manassas, at Ball's Bluff, at Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, at Antietam, and at Gettysburg, as well as immediately north of the metropolis, did those who now slumber at Arlington fight bravely in defense of the city founded by Washington, which bears his name. There they rest, beneath the star-spangled banner, now radiant with the blaze of victory, and their blood cries to Heaven for justice to their surviving comrades, who aided them in defending the capital, and, above

all, justice to their widows, their children, their mothers, and their sisters. Politicians prate eloquently of the national gratitude as already having been prodigious! But what politician would march into a hell-fire of shot and shell, again and again, and consider his account squared by a bounty of a few hundred dollars, or that, if he fell, it would be generous to give his destitute widow the paltry pittance of eight dollars a month, with an additional two dollars a month for each minor child left fatherless.

In passing through the streets of the city of the dead at Arlington, one sees inscriptions denoting the former homes of those who now sleep their last sleep side by side. The lumbermen of Maine, the farmers of New Hampshire, the mechanics and fishermen of Massachusetts, and the calico-printers of Rhode Island, who fought shoulder to shoulder, and died as they fought, and were buried as they died, rest with the men of the Empire and the Keystone States, with the stalwart sons of the great West, and with their colored comrades of the South. The graves of several thousands are each inscribed; there are many others simply marked "Unknown;" and in one huge receptacle—a Golgotha, or place of skulls—are fragments of humanity gleaned from the battle-fields of Virginia.

To-day the good, the great, the gifted, and the gay have gone forth from Washington city on a pious pilgrimage to this national shrine, to honor the fallen brave. Eloquent eulogy will chronicle their heroism; a gifted poet will chant their praises; fair hands will scatter floral tributes to their worth; the surrounding groves will echo with the national airs; and "Liberty's bright flag will be displayed" with the roar of artillery. Never has a nation thus honored its defenders, and it is right that they should be thus honored. The unmarked grave of a Union soldier, with nothing but the few drops of the morning dew to gild it, is more glorious than the proud mausoleum of a despotic conqueror. A redeemed nation "swells the funeral cry, and triumph weeps above the brave."

How different was the aspect of affairs at Washington in the spring of 1861. One could then see from the unfinished dome of the Capitol the rebel flags waving defiantly over Alexandria; and that which the heroic Ellsworth cut down afterwards was for weeks plainly visible from the council chamber of President Lincoln at the White House. Clerks in the different departments of the Government wore secession badges at their desks as impudently as their wives and daughters did in the streets; and some of the very public men who were afterwards self-styled champions of the Union

and organizers of victory then submissively deprecated the employment of the national militia for the national defense. Others openly left to join the military, the civil, or the piratical (I cannot call it naval) service of the blossoming rebellion, with confident boasts that they should soon be back in Washington again.

Then came the bloody 19th of April, when the pavements of Baltimore were stained with the crimson life-tide of Massachusetts soldiers. Never shall I forget that afternoon at Washington. It had been telegraphed from Baltimore that the Yankees had not behaved in a soldier-like manner, and the white silk color which was then carried by all of our militia infantry regiments, was described as a flag of truce, from beneath which the "invaders fired upon citizens," until it became necessary to return the fire. The rebels at Washington were jubilant over this news, while loyal men looked grave. A few sons of the old Bay State were at the depot to receive and care for the wounded of the sixth who had accompanied it, while the remainder of that regiment was marched to the Capitol and quartered in its marble halls. During the next five days all mail and telegraphic communication with the loyal North was cut off, while the Southerners went and came as they pleased. Then was it that their opportunity was lost, and their indecision lost them the capital. At last the besieged Unionists heard news, brought by a brave Yankee through a hostile country, which was as welcome to our ears as were the strains of the Scotch bagpipe to the garrison at Lucknow. The Massachusetts Eighth, nearly all Essex County men, and headed by Benjamin F. Butler, had landed at Annapolis, and were opening the road to Washington. Then loyal hearts breathed freely again, and loyal lips whistled Yankee Doodle. The safety of the capital was insured.

The men of Essex, in thus hastening to the relief of the besieged capital, nobly sustained their time-honored martial reputation. As early as 1642 the armed men of Ipswich, Rowley, and Newbury responded promptly to a call from the authorities at Boston to disarm an Indian chief named Passaconamy, who lived near the Merrimac River. Essex County troops fought bravely in the subsequent King Philip's war; and a monument at Sudbury marks the spot where seven-and-twenty of them were killed in action, "fighting for the defense of their country." In 1690 the two Essex County regiments furnished a quota of two hundred and twenty men for the war waged by the colonists against the French and Indians at the Northeast; and thenceforward, until after the peace was declared between Great Britain and France in 1763, the

county was always gloriously represented in the field, her sons distinguishing themselves at Louisburg, at Ticonderoga, at Crown Point, and at Quebec. During the revolutionary war the result of this colonial training was displayed from the first resistance to King George's soldiers at the north bridge, near Salem, until peace was finally won at Yorktown, and Essex County men were always at the front. And in the unpopular war of 1812, or in the campaigns against Indians who had to be chastised by the strong arm of martial power, or when the Stars and Stripes were hoisted in triumph over the Halls of the Montezumas, never did the men of Essex fail to answer any call for duty. They did not furnish many leaders, but their number of men was always present and accounted for.

The Essex County men of '61 were not degenerate sons of such noble sires, and they, in their day and generation, responded with alacrity when Abraham Lincoln ordered the long-roll to be beaten. They went to the front under the command of a citizen of Middlesex County, but when he claimed for them the honor of being "the advance guard of freedom," and shared with them the perils of the Annapolis and Baltimore campaigns, they naturalized him, and General B. F. Butler has since been regarded by them as an Essex County man.

The Eighth Regiment, be it remembered, received the rare compliment of an autograph letter of thanks from President Lincoln, and the House of Representatives subsequently passed a resolution complimenting it upon "the energy and patriotism which it had displayed in surmounting obstacles, upon sea and land, which traitors had interposed to impede its progress to the national capital." Said that old conservative journal, the National Intelligencer, on the morning after the Eighth had arrived at Washington and was quartered in the rotunda of the Capitol: "We doubt whether any other single regiment in the country could furnish such a ready contingent to reconstruct a steam engine, lay a rail track, or bend the sails of a man-of-war."

Prominent among those officers of the Eighth to whom Essex County, the Commonwealth, and the nation will ever owe a debt of gratitude for the alacrity with which they mustered their respective commands and took the field, was Captain A. W. Bartlett, whose name is borne by the post of the Grand Army of the Republic in this city. From the day in which he marched to the depot, in a storm of snow and rain, at the head of four officers and sixteen privates, to that awful moment when he fell amid a storm of "leaden rain and iron hail," mortally wounded, his war record is unsullied. It was

my good fortune to be associated with him during a brief term of military service, but it was long enough to command from me love and respect for him. He was, indeed, "an officer and a gentleman," exacting obedience from those under his command, yet ever treating them with that courtesy which civilians, when "clothed in a little brief authority," are apt to forget.

Could the dead experience the emotion of gratification over what transpires around their graves, the fallen braves of the Union army must be gratified to-day by the marks of respect and of love shown to their memories. But it cannot be lost sight of on such an occasion as this, that the great laboring interest of Massachusetts, which supplied the rank and file of its regiments, squadrons, and batteries, was not and is not appreciated by the capitalist, who sought to monopolize for their relatives the commissions during the war, as they seek now to monopolize for them lucrative civil positions in these "piping times of peace."

The war through which the nation has so gloriously passed was, we are told by some, waged for the preservation of the Union, while others assert that it was for the extinction of human slavery.

These declarations are equally true, yet the Union would never have been endangered had it not have been for slavery, neither would slavery have been so cherished had in not been so profitable. Political power was desired by the South; but the chief end of political power is plundering a public treasury for the enrichment of political dependents. Southern capital, so increased by the increase and labor of slaves, wished to extend and to perpetuate it by the formation of a new confederacy, with slavery as its corner-stone.

And southern capital would have triumphed had it not been met and vanquished by northern labor. It was the mechanics, the manufacturers, the farmers, and the sea-faring men of the North, used to toil, who rallied under the Stars and Stripes, and defeated the rebellion. Labor confronted capital, and history shows that when these great elements of society conflict, labor always triumphs.

Northern capital claimed and obtained a large share of the original commissions, on the ground that it furnished the "sinews of war." It so happened, however, that labor would win promotion from the ranks by sheer merit, while the protegés of the capitalists were not always covered with glory.

I heard of a representative Massachusettsman, somewhat eminent in politics and in letters, who, when there was at one time during the war a call for more men, took his two

grown-up sons to the office of the provost marshal of his district (as Abraham went into the mountains) to offer them up as a sacrifice upon the national altar. Entering the room, he advanced to the provost marshal, flanked by his two sons, and after having made a few patriotic remarks, he drew his wallet and paid the commutation fee for each. This was an offering of capital, while labor was offering its youth, its manhood, its strength, and its life-blood.

Capital furnished funds for the paymasters and for the purchase of arms, equipments, uniforms, and quartermasters' stores. But capital made money on every contract, and was so well remunerated in bonds, that it is rare to find a man who was worth his thousands in 1861 who is not worth his tens or his hundreds of thousands now in 1869. Yet there are capitalists, thus enriched by the valor of labor, who now sneer at organizations formed by mechanics and by soldiers for mutual protection. Capital invested in banks, or in manufactures, or in railroads can be protected by acts of incorporation, yet when labor asks a similar privilege for a class of mechanics who made excellent soldiers, we are gravely told that it must not be. Let me not be understood as seeking to array labor against capital, but I would have labor assert its rights. I would not repudiate one jot of the bargains which were made for the Treasury with capital, in order to obtain funds in the nation's hour of need, but I claim that those whose wealth is thus virtually exempt from taxation should not attempt to snub the small tax-payer. Neither should the men who carried the muskets or handled the great guns be ignored for the sake of capital's protegés, of whom it may too often be said, as they rotate from one office into another,

> "For power and for place, they hold their ready dishes,
> Just seven principles have they, five loaves and two small fishes."

Comrades of A. W. Bartlett Post No. 49, let me congratulate you upon the successful organization and increase of our order, which, unlike the military associations of the Old World, embraces the men as well as the officers. It is pleasant, now that the silver tones of the trumpet of peace are heard in the land, for those who were in the Union army for the suppression of the rebellion to recall the untold trials, privations, and disasters of their campaigns, mingled with the brighter scenes of martial life. Let your devotion to your country, your weary marches, cheerless bivouacs, hard-fought fields, sad hours in hospitals, and insults from overbearing superior officers, only exist in recollection. But rejoice that "the glorious ensign of the republic," for whose triumph all

these were endured, waves in glory, "now known and honored throughout the earth, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured," bearing for its motto, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

After Major Poore's address the following hymn, written by Captain Luther Dame, was sung:

Again we come with bud and bloom,
To deck the fallen soldiers' tomb,
And hallow, by the tears we shed,
The mounds above our cherished dead.

They left their northern homes to die
Beneath a burning southern sky,
And long shall faithful comrades tell,
How bravely there they fought and fell.

No more upon their ears shall fall
The reveille or bugle-call,
Or random gun at day's decline,
Be heard along their picket line.

The evening winds will sob and sigh,
In sweet, sad cadence, where they lie,
And o'er them, in the spring-tide air,
The trees will seem to whisper prayer.

Our noble dead! each honored name,
Shall live upon the scroll of fame,
And ever shall their record be
The brightest page of history.

The exercises closed with a benediction by Rev. Dr. Spalding.

On the platform was a cenotaph, decked with flowers and draped with crape, with the inscription, "In memory of our fallen comrades." Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, the attendance was large, and all the exercises were interesting and impressive.

At the conclusion of the services, a procession was formed on Green street, in the following order: Band; escort; Cushing Guards and City Cadets; soldiers and sailors; and the city government.

The procession moved down Green and Merrimac and up State street to the Oak-Hill Cemetery, where the decorative services were performed by Rev. J. C. White. The procession then proceeded to the New Hill, where the services were conducted by the Rev. Joseph May, and thence to Brown's square, where it was dismissed.

A detachment of the post was sent to the graves of Cap-

tain C. E. Cross, at Curson's mill; Preston Newhall, at Turkey Hill; and Elbridge Graves, in Salisbury.

The graves of ninety-eight soldiers were visited.

In the evening an address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Spalding, in City Hall, in aid of the charity fund of the post, on the subject of Newburyport in the rebellion.

ADDRESS BY SAMUEL J. SPALDING, D. D.

When the French, in their gradual advancement down the coast, bought the Scottish plantation near Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia, about the year 1630, the government of Massachusetts Bay took the alarm, and called together for consultation, in Boston, the assistants, the ministers, the captains, and all the chief men of the colony, that they might advise what was fit to be done for the public safety in such an emergency. Nor was this an unfounded alarm. If you draw a straight line from the extreme point of Cape Sable to the extreme point of Cape Cod, the distance passed over is only about two hundred and fifty miles, though the shore line between these two points, if we include the islands, is nearly three thousand miles. That of Maine alone is two thousand four hundred and eighty-six miles. A colony of a rival nation, speaking a different language, and believing in an adverse religion, and even fanatical in its grand schemes of conquests, situated within a day's sail of Boston harbor, was a most serious and threatening matter to the infant settlement of Massachusetts Bay. The intervening coast was almost an unbroken wilderness. A few trading-posts had been opened, but even the permanent settlements at Monhegan and Saco had no organized government, so that the coast was literally clear to any enterprising people, come from whatever quarter they would. The action of the government of Massachusetts Bay was prompt, unanimous, and effective. They decided to preoccupy as much of the coast as possible by their own colonists. They had at that time no settlement further east than Salem. In the first place, they determined that the settlers of this new coast should be men of the right stamp, and so, September 7, 1630, all persons were forbidden by the general court to plant within the limits of their patent without leave. A warrant was forthwith issued commanding all persons who had planted there immediately to come away.

This related particularly to Agawam, now Ipswich, but it also showed the intent of the government with reference to the whole coast within their jurisdiction, extending at that time nearly down to Piscataqua River. In less than six years

the colony of Massachusetts had a line of well-established settlements along their whole coast eastward, reaching from Boston harbor to the southern boundary of the patent of Mason and Gorges, in New Hampshire. Ipswich was settled in 1634, Hampton in 1638, Rowley and Gloucester in 1639, and Salisbury in 1640. The settlers in these localities were picked men. In no part of New England was there a more intelligent, enterprising, enduring population than on this shore. Such was the stock of old Essex. It was put in here at a critical time. As early as 1604 the French had acquired a thorough knowledge of the coast from Cape Sable to Cape Cod, and now they had doubled Cape Sable and were advantageously situated to occupy the whole country; and, had they once gained a footing here, there could have been no New England, and none of the splendid results of our New England life, culture, civilization and enterprise. But the providence of God gave to the descendants of the English Puritans these lands; and most nobly have they wrought out a new nationality and a new epoch in the world's history. Having such an origin, we should naturally expect much from them, and the history of Massachusetts has clearly shown that from no portion of the State has the commonwealth or the nation received more earnest and faithful support than from the people of old Essex.

The quota of "Old Newbury," of which Newburyport was then a part, in King Philip's war, 1675 and 1676, was more than sixty men, and this constituted more than a fourth of all who were over sixteen years of age. Of all the men in the colony, one in twenty perished in the field, and of the families, one in every twenty was houseless.

In the deposition of the tyrannical Andros, in 1689, men went from Newbury to assist in imprisoning the royal governor, and they took this action more than a month before the people knew of the flight of James and the accession of William and Mary.

Yet our fathers had their faults as well as we. Of our quota furnished in the Indian war of 1704 and 1705, Colonel N. Saltonstall, then in command of the troops in the rendezvous at Haverhill, writes a letter, which shows that our ancestors understood all the tricks of enlistments as thoroughly as the authorities of Boston and New York.

The letter is dated at Haverhill, July 17, 1705, and addressed to Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Noyes:

"I received your return of the twenty men the Governor commanded me to call for, and when the persons (which I can't call men) appeared, even a considerable number of them, to be boys or children, and not fit for service; blind in part,

and deaf, and cross-handed, I stopped till I waited on the Governor, the 12th instant, and upon liberty to speak with him, I, with the major, have taken the best care we can to keep the men and children sent hither for the present, till I may have the opportunity to tell you the queen likes it not to be served in this manner. But one in special, Nicholas by name, is blind, and deaf, and small, and not fit to be continued, and, therefore, to be short, I sent Nicholas home to you, and do expect that you will send some able man in his place, if you have an able man in Newbury. The other dimunitives are sent out to garrison at present, or else you had met with them to return to you for the like exchange.

"My heart, if it speaks, is full. I wait a suitable time to tell you what I have to say on her majesty's behalf. To take boys for originally pressed men, and they hired too, I know not the regularity of it. I shall be glad to see you, and intend to do it at Haverhill or Newbury, or some middle place, as you will desire, if I am able to attend, to see what is right and what is our duty for us to do.

"Your very humble servant,

"NATHANIEL SALTONSTALL."

Again the colonel writes, August 4, 1705:

"One Smith came this day with two of his sons in order to get release for John Danford. I wonder how you concern yourself so much about this man, to get Danford home, and disregard your default, and have not yet sent a good man for that pitiful, insufficient sick man, Nicholas, whom I sent off the 16th of July last to you to send a better hand and he to return in two days' time to me, but he is not yet come, nor the other for him. Pray consider what lies at your door, and do not deal so unhandsomely with your patient friend and humble servant. N. SALTONSTALL."

But this was exceptional. The men of Old Newbury, who served the colony from time to time in the wars with the Indians and the Indians and the French united, were, for the most part, among the ablest of the citizens. With slight intermissions these struggles continued for twenty years, ending in 1725. This discipline, though severe, was wholesome and productive of great good. It inured the people to hardships, compelled them to be self-reliant, and through their scouts made them acquainted with the entire country.

In June, 1774, war was proclaimed in Boston by England against France. In the short struggle which ensued, the men of Old Newbury bore a most memorable part. They manned privateers, they went into the army, and one of them, Major Moses Titcomb, had a most honorable mention. A

large number of the Newbury soldiers were present at the siege and reduction of Louisburg. In 1748 peace came, and Louisburg was restored to the French. In a few years the war re-commenced, and the whole work had to be gone over and over again. This time it was done effectually, for in 1760 the whole of Canada passed into the hands of the English. There are men now living who knew the heroes of these old French wars, and these heroes were numerous in this city. When the great struggle of the Revolution came, there was the same order, the same patriotism, and the same self-sacrifice, which seems to have passed down from the original settlers through all their generations.

I do not need to tarry to speak of the causes by which the late terrible civil war was brought on. The premonitions of it were, to some of our public men, and especially to the late lamented Governor of the Commonwealth, John A. Andrew, clear and unmistakable. It was because of his decided convictions in regard to the impending storm that the military of the State was prepared in some good measure to meet the demands made upon it by the national Government. Nor need I go over in detail the events which followed the election of Abraham Lincoln in November, 1860. For a long time there had been crimination and recrimination on the part of the two sections North and South, but neither seriously apprehended the fearful struggle that was impending. A few men in both sections, however, saw more clearly than the masses, and began at once to make preparations for the inevitable conflict. Governor Andrew explicitly stated that he saw no way out of the fearful peril but through war. He was chosen Governor of this Commonwealth in the general election of November, 1860, and was inaugurated the 5th of January, 1861. South Carolina had already passed an ordinance of secession, December 20, 1860. On January 2, three days before the inauguration of John A. Andrew, Forts Pulaski and Jackson, and the United States Arsenal at Savannah were seized by Georgia troops; the United States Arsenal at Fayetteville by North Carolina. Similar action was taken about the same time by Alabama, South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. The excitement each day grew deeper and fiercer, and the chasm opened wider and wider.

Almost the first action taken by Governor Andrew was to put the volunteer militia of the State, then numbering about five thousand six hundred, in an effective condition. Colonel F. J. Coffin, Joshua Hale, and George Goodwin were that year our representatives in the general court. Colonel E. F. Stone was senator of this district. In concurrence with the

recommendations of the Governor and Adjutant General Schouler, measures were promptly adopted by the legislature to meet the probable issue. Two thousand military overcoats, two thousand knapsacks, two thousand haversacks, and two hundred thousand ball-cartridges, suited to the new rifled musket, and one thousand pairs of army blankets, were contracted for before March 21, as appears from a report made to the house of representatives by Colonel Coffin, from the committee on the militia.

The decisive event to which all eyes were now turned was the inauguration of President Lincoln, on the 4th of March, 1861. How to transfer the reins of government from Mr. Buchanan and his cabinet to Mr. Lincoln and his new cabinet was a most serious and a most difficult problem. Time was everything. If the appeal to arms could only be put off until the new President was fairly inaugurated, the gain to the cause of the Union would be incalculable. The rebel leaders saw this, and endeavored by all possible means to hasten the crisis. But they failed. Virginia still hesitated and lingered, and so the opportune moment passed, and Abraham Lincoln, by all the forms of law, was actual President of the United States. Jefferson Davis nearly a month before had been inaugurated President of the Provisional Government of the Confederacy by a convention of the seceding States, at Montgomery, Alabama. And it now seems to us amazing that when the rebel leaders dared to do so much, they did not dare to do a little more. For nearly a month after the inauguration of President Lincoln matters seemed to have come to a stand-still. But this could not continue long. To delay was for the rebellion both failure and disgrace. And so South Carolina, the self-constituted leader in the initiation of the conflict, made the next move. There was a small force under Major Anderson in the quarters of Fort Sumter, and the old flag was flying over them. They were short of provisions, and vessels sent to their relief had been refused entrance to the harbor and fired upon.

April 11 a demand was made upon Major Anderson for the surrender of the fort to the authorities of South Carolina. To this demand Major Anderson replied, that his "sense of honor and his obligations to his Government would prevent him from doing so." At 1 o'clock, April 12, a second demand was made. To which he replied that he was short of provisions, and if not relieved by the 15th of April he would evacuate. At 4.30 o'clock the bombardment commenced. It was continued that day and the following night at intervals of twenty minutes. April 13, at daylight, the attack was opened in force, and pressed until five minutes to

1 p. m., when the garrison capitulated, and went out of the fort with the honors of war. There was not the loss of a single life on either side, and yet the event was the great hinge on which the most terrible civil conflict ever known in the world's history actually turned.

The news of the fall of Sumter startled the whole North with patriotic determination. Before that event the North was divided, distracted; but this made it essentially a unity. The fort was surrendered on Saturday; no official action was taken the next day, it being the Sabbath. But on Monday, April 15, the President called for seventy-five thousand troops to suppress insurrection. A requisition was made on Massachusetts for two full regiments. The Third, Fourth, Sixth and Eighth were ordered to muster forthwith on Boston common. And the reason for ordering four, when two only were called for by the Secretary of War, was, that from the four two might be obtained filled to the maximum number.

The order came by telegraph to Captain Albert W. Bartlett, of the Cushing Guards, about 3.30 o'clock p. m., on Monday. It was taken directly to his store by Mr. Brown. Captain Bartlett sent at once for a carriage, and before supper he had served a summons upon his entire command for a meeting that evening in the armory. His purpose was to leave at 8 the next morning, but, as many wished for a later hour, he deferred it to twelve. More than fifty men pledged themselves to go with him the next day.

During the night a storm of rain and sleet had set in, falling piteously. At the appointed hour they left their armory for the depot. The following is the correct roll of the officers and men who went to Boston by that train:

Officers: Captain, A. W. Bartlett; lieutenants, George Barker, Gamaliel Hodges, George Creasey. Privates: Samuel Baxter, Thomas E. Marshall, Nathan R. Giles, Stephen H. Goodwin, Sanford W. Grant, Charles P. Morrison, Richard A. Vanmoll, Thomas E. Lang, Joseph R. Barlow, William H. Dodge, Joseph L. Johnson, Horace W. Bartlett, Richard S. Dodge, Joseph A. Shaw, John L. Perley, Nathan Collins. Twenty officers and men.

Few will forget that dark, rainy, dismal morning, when those twenty men, with all the decision and firmness of the true soldier, left our peaceful community on their errand of duty. Never, in all the subsequent years of the war, did we see more prompt and obedient loyalty than in that little band of men. With less preparation than is required for a common journey, followed by weeping friends to the station, they turned their backs on loving homes to brave the perilous fortunes of war.

This was our first contribution to the war, and we may take an honest pride in the decision and promptness of those men who were ready to leave all, and peril all, in the service of their country. The Eighth Regiment did not leave Boston until 4 p. m. Thursday, April 18. The whole number of men then in the Cushing Guard was eighty—five officers and seventy-five men. Of these, sixty-two were of Newburyport and eighteen from other localities. General Butler accompanied this regiment as commander of the Massachusetts brigade. Of the details of their three months' campaign I have no time here to speak. Suffice it to say, that they performed their service promptly and nobly. This same company afterward served nine months in North Carolina and one hundred days in Indiana.

Hardly had the footfall of the departing men of the Cushing Guard died away, when another organization was started for men who would enlist for the war. The second company formed was that known as the National Guard. A subscription paper was started by C. H. Coffin, for the purpose of aiding those who enlisted, and also of aiding their families. This paper was first put in circulation about 10 o'clock Thursday, April 18. More than fifty men were enrolled that day. The subscriptions upon that paper amounted to $6,000, and comprised the names of men of both political parties and of all religious communions. The enrollment of the requisite number of men was soon completed, and the command given to Captain James P. L. Westcott. They offered their services to the State, but could not be accepted.

The President, on the 3d of May, issued his call for volunteers to serve for three years. When the order of the Secretary of War was received, May 4, there were in Massachusetts upwards of ten thousand men organized into companies. The Governor wrote and telegraphed to Washington again and again, beseeching the Secretary of War to accept the services of men willing to serve their country. No answer came until May 22, when, as a special favor, Massachusetts was allowed to furnish six regiments of three years' men. The regiments selected to complete this requisition were the First, Second, Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh, and within four weeks they were all sent forward. The National Guard, finding no opening at home, joined the Fortieth Regiment of New York Volunteers, and made a noble record for themselves and the city they represented. There were in this company fifty-four men from Newburyport.

They were connected with the Army of the Potomac from the beginning to the end of the war, and participated in all

the great battles fought by that patiently-enduring, long-suffering, and at last gloriously-triumphant army.

The next company which had its origin in this city was the City Grays, who for the first part of their period of service were under the command of Captain David F. Brown. They were connected with the Seventeeth Regiment, which was essentially an Essex regiment, as eight of its ten companies were raised in this county. It left the State August 23, 1861, and was for several months stationed at Baltimore. In the spring of 1862 it went to North Carolina, and that was its future field of service. There were ninety-eight men and officers belonging to Newburyport who at different times enlisted in this regiment.

The next command raised in this city was the McClellan Guard. This company left Newburyport in the autumn of 1861, under the command of Captain Luther Dame. They were assigned to the Eleventh Regiment, then in the field, and so their company organization was broken that they might recruit the companies then existing. Of course the men of that regiment share in the glories of that regiment, and they are very few indeed who can place upon their flag a greater number or more important battle-fields than the old Eleventh Massachusetts. It left the State June 27, 1861, and its organization as a regiment ceased June 12, 1864.

The Eleventh took part in the following engagements: First Bull Run, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Bristol Station, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Kelley's Ford, Locust Grove, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Strawberry Plains, Deep Bottom, Poplar-Spring Church, Boydton Road: twenty-five battles.

There were forty-one officers and men from Newburyport who served in this regiment.

The next company which was raised in this city was Company B, of the Thirty-fifth Regiment, under command of Captain A. W. Bartlett. This regiment was mustered into the service of the United States August 21, 1862, and left the State the next day, August 22, 1862, and was mustered out June 9, 1865. Few regiments of the State did service in so many parts widely separated, and fought in so many important battles as this. It was at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Jackson, Campbell Station, siege of Knoxville, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Weldon Railroad, South Mountain, Vicksburg, Poplar-Spring Church, Hatcher's Run, Fort Sedgwick, Fort Mahone, Petersburg: sixteen battles.

Officers and men from Newburyport in this regiment, one hundred and thirty-eight.

The next was Company A, Forty-eighth Regiment, under command of Captain C. M. Woodward. This regiment left the State under command of Colonel E. F. Sone, December 27, 1862; arrived at New Orleans February 1, 1863; went to Baton Rouge, and, with the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, Twenty-first Maine, and Forty-ninth Massachusetts, formed the First Brigade of the First Division, under command of Major General Augur. It was enlisted for nine months' service, and yet a large number of the men served more than a year. This regiment was in the battles of Plain's Store, first and second assaults on Port Hudson, and at Donaldsonville.

The City Cadets were organized September 1, 1863. They were called into the service of the United States in May, 1864, and were stationed for three months on Winter Island, in Salem harbor.

I have noticed very briefly the company organizations which were formed in Newburyport and went into the service. But these by no means constitute half our quota. Newburyport had representatives, more or less, in eight of the sixteen batteries; in thirty-three (the Fourteenth became First Heavy Artillery, and the Forty-first became Third Cavalry) of the sixty-two regiments of infantry; in all of the five regiments of cavalry, in all of the four regiments of heavy artillery, and in the twenty-ninth unattached company of heavy artillery, in the third and twenty-fifth unattached companies of infantry, in the corps of engineers, and in the first unattached company of sharp-shooters. Newburyport furnished fifty-three commissioned officers, and here I would remark, that this includes only such officers as served in the quota of Newburyport. There were others, and ten of them well known, who had commissions as serving for other towns and States, and hence not included in this list of fifty-three. In this list were two colonels, two brevet majors, one chaplain, sixteen captains, twenty first lieutenants, and twelve second lieutenants.

The number of calls made for men by the President of the United States was fifteen: three in 1861, four in 1862, three in 1863, and five in 1864. The last two of 1861 and the first two of 1862 run into each other, and so with the last two of 1863 and the first of 1864.

April 15, 1861	75,000	for three months.
May and July, 1861	582,748	for three years.
May and June, 1862	———	for three months.
July 2, 1862	300,000	for three years.
August 4, 1862	300,000	for nine months.

June 15, 1863		100,000 for six months.
Draft.	July, 1863	——— for three years.
	October 17, 1863	300,000 for three years.
	February 1, 1864	200,000 for three years.
March 14, 1864		200,000 for three years.
April 23, 1864		85,000 for one hundred days.
July 18, 1864		500,000 for one, two, and three years.
December 19, 1864		300,000 for one, two, and three years.

The whole number of men credited to Newburyport as serving in the late war was one thousand three hundred and forty-three; and at the termination of the war, when recruiting was stopped, Newburyport had a surplus over all calls of seventy men. It should be remembered that these figures do not show the exact number of men furnished. No attention was given to credits until 1862, and the first calls of the President were made through the appropriate military authorities of each State. By a law passed March 3, 1863, provisions were made for the appointment of provost marshals and the enrolling of the entire population between the ages of twenty and forty-five. Under orders from the Provost Marshal General this enrollment of the people was carried into effect, and constituted the basis of all requisitions for men. In the transfer of this work from the State to the national authorities there were necessarily some discrepancies. Names credited at the State House to a city or town were not always allowed at the provost marshal's office. And it is undoubtedly true that in this way Newburyport has lost the credit of some men who actually belonged to her; but, whether known to us or not, no name is ever lost out of the great roll of service kept in the registry of heaven. In whatever way the estimate be made, the quota of Newburyport is more than full. And to this number of one thousand three hundred and forty-three men furnished to the army must be added two hundred and forty-two naval credits, making a total of one thousand five hundred and eighty-five men which this city sent into the war; and I am informed by Joseph G. Gerrish, esq., that there was no time during the war when Newburyport was not ahead of its calls.

Next to the soldiers, the women of Newburyport did a most important work. You perhaps noticed that when the Cushing Guards first went into the service, April 16, 1861, only twenty men marched from the armory to the depot, whereas more than fifty men were pledged the night before. The reason of this change, I have been told, was the earnest remonstrance of mothers, wives, and daughters. It is not improbable. To have the resources of the family suddenly cut off, and the children left wholly to the support and care of the wife and mother, was a fearful change in many house-

holds. The pay of soldiers was then small; there was no prospective State aid.

But be the reason the true one or not, it is certain that never after that did they withhold any sacrifice for the good of the country. Immediately on the departure of our soldiers for the South, efforts were commenced by our ladies to secure articles for their better comfort. Little sewing circles and knitting circles were formed in different parts of the city. A very successful one was in operation in the south part of the city, under the direction of Mrs. Samuel Pettengill. In May, 1861, the Misses Aubin and some friends were busy in making articles for the soldiers. Rev. Dr. Elliott, of St. Louis, Missouri, sent on an appeal for New-England-knit socks. This was in September, 1861. A knitting circle was formed October 3, 1861, to meet this call; and on October 15 two hundred pairs of socks and fifty blankets were sent as the response of Newburyport to the call of Dr. Elliott.

Parish sewing circles turned their activity to the aid of the soldiers, and so, from Chain Bridge to the Oldtown Church, our women were busy in the preparation of articles for the boys in the army. Almost every day a parcel went off by express to a squad or company. The work of the ladies continued in this unorganized manner until August, 1862, when Miss Carrie E. Perkins, now Mrs. Dodge, of Toledo, Ohio, called upon the Misses Davis, and suggested the formation of a society to take this whole matter of aiding the soldiers in charge. The suggestion was responded to with the proposition to go about the business at once. A horse and carriage were taken, and the whole afternoon spent in visiting different persons and enlisting their interest and co-operation. They everywhere met a cordial reception. Returning their horse to the stable, they were told that there was no charge for work done in the service of the soldiers, and invited to come as often as they needed a carriage for such purposes, and they should have it on the same terms.

On Tuesday, August 16, 1862, a public meeting of the ladies was called at the city hall, and the Soldiers' Relief Association was formed, and Mrs. John C. March was elected president. No organization in this city ever went forward with more harmony, efficiency, popularity, and usefulness than this.

This society collected in cash during the three years of its existence	$12,714 21
It expended	11,428 56
Leaving a balance in its treasury of	1,285 65
Which, together with materials sold	309 40
Give as a total in the treasury October 1, 1865	1,595 05

The whole number of boxes sent by this society to the aid of the soldiers, from August 14, 1862, to July 28, 1865, was 159, containing 3,222 cotton shirts, 1,589 flannel shirts, 2,522 pairs woolen socks, 781 pairs drawers, 286 dressing-gowns, 2,700 bandages, 5,258 handkerchiefs, 3,100 towels, 562 pairs slippers, 1.666 comfort bags, 1,120 packages farina and maizena, 1,859 boxes condensed milk, cocoa, and broma, 238 pounds tea and sugar, 2,031 bottles wine, 287 bottles cologne.

Such an inventory of articles sent gives but a slight idea of the aid actually afforded, unless one has seen what a literal necessary of life is a change of garments, or even a handkerchief, to a sick and wounded soldier.

It is estimated that the total amount of money and articles appropriated for the soldiers must have been about $30,000.

At the close of the war, as you will notice, this society had in its treasury about $1,500. This sum has been steadily diminishing under the drafts made upon it for the aid of sick and disabled soldiers and their families. This society is now distributing its charities to some fifty children of soldiers.

Next to the ladies the city government and the men of business in the community carried forward a most important work.

The mayor elected for 1861 was Moses Davenport; the aldermen were—Isaac Hale, jr., Nathaniel Pierce, George J. George, Joseph A. Frothingham, William H. Huse, George W. Jackman. On the decease of Mr. Davenport, George W. Jackman, jr., was elected mayor, and Winthrop O. Evans was elected alderman for ward six. Mr. Jackman filled the office of mayor for 1861 and 1862; Isaac H. Boardman for 1863; and Mr. Jackman again for 1864 and 1865. All that could be done to further the interest of the soldiers and their families and all that could be done to secure men for the national armies was done during all these years. It is a remarkable fact that though the men composing the government of the city in 1861, '62, '63, '64 and '65 were of different political affinities, they were a unity in regard to the demands made on them by the State and national authorities. Both gentlemen who served as our mayors during this eventful period have told me that they were in no way hindered by distracting councils. And the men of means in the city did not withhold their contributions from the cause. The war debt of the city ran up to more than $123,000, and yet all bore the increasing taxation uncomplainingly, and many of our citizens gave nobly to sustain the Government. Several of them who were past forty-five put substitutes into the service. I know of one man connected with the city government who paid more than $1,000 out of his own pocket.

But there is another side to this history, which, if it were possible, I would pass over in silence. Much as we all have done and sacrificed, there are those who have done vastly more. I have a record of one hundred and four who went out from us, and never returned. I do not think it is a complete record. It is our roll of honor, and comprises only those who served in the quota of Newburyport. But there were others, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, who served the good cause in the quotas of other States, and came home to die. It is impossible I fear for this city ever to gather up the precious history of all its heroes. The record is too long even for a recital. And yet I cannot forbear speaking of one or two whom it was my good fortune to know well.

There was Captain A. W. Bartlett, the quiet, reticent man of business, yet the brave, prompt, commanding, and honored soldier. And there was Captain Goodwin A. Stone. I knew him first as a pupil in our schools, then as a student in Dummer Academy, then in college. He was scholarly, refined, brave, cool in action, and full of patriotism. He had a brother in the quota of Maine, like him in all that was pure, manly, and patriotic. They now sleep side by side in our cemetery. To trace him is to take but progressive steps in growth, manliness, and honor: the man was but the complement of the boy Nicholas F. Peabody, a private in Company A, Forty-eighth Regiment. He was severely wounded in the first assault on Port Hudson. I saw him when brought into our field hospital after that eventful day. He was one of the youngest of our members; but when volunteers were called for to join the assaulting column, he was among the first to give in his name. I saw him once after he was taken to Baton Rouge, and he spoke freely of the past, but had no regrets for his decision, either to enter the army or to join his comrades in the most perilous duties.

There is still one great duty, my friends, which, as citizens of Newburyport, we owe to our soldiers and to ourselves. As yet they have neither a monument nor a memorial. A few hundred dollars would give them both. It is our first duty, I know, to care for our sick, disabled, and unfortunate comrades and their families. But we can do all this, and the other too. The leaves of history are now greatly scattered. Let them be brought together, that our children's children may know the part which this city has borne in the great redemptive war of the republic.

CEREMONIES AT SOUTHBRIDGE.

(Posts Nos. 55 and 57.)

The ceremonies of the day were conducted under the auspices of Post 55, Grand Army of the Republic, of this town, and were throughout most successful and satisfactory. By common consent the manufacturers stopped their mills, none of the public schools were kept open, and merchants and traders suspended business and closed their stores, so as to allow all to participate in the beautiful and touching ceremony of decoration.

Order of Procession.—Chief marshal; Worcester Brass Band; Post 55, Grand Army of the Republic; Post 57, of Spencer; relatives and friends of deceased soldiers and sailors; clergymen; soldiers, sailors, and marines; Melville Engine Company No. 6; Tiger Engine Company No. 7; public schools; citizens on foot; citizens in carriages.

At the cemetery the column filed in and massed around Father Baret, pastor of St. Peter's Church, who delivered a brief and fitting address in English, a Latin chant was sung, and the decorating committee then proceeded to strew with flowers the graves of their six comrades, while the band performed a dirge. The procession then re-formed and retraced its steps to Main street, and after a brief halt proceeded to the Center Cemetery. Passing up the principal avenue, it filed to the left and massed on the eastern side, where the initiatory services were held. Rev. B. F. Bronson, of the Baptist Church, delivered an eloquent and appropriate address.

He remarked upon the fitness of this decoration service, in which common experience enabled all to unite so cordially—upon the number of Southbridge soldiers and the character of their services and sufferings; glanced at the course of events from Sumter invested to Sumter restored; called up one of the two Southbridge men who were in Sumter at the first bombardment. He alluded to the absurdity and suicidal character of the secession theory, and showed what occasion the country has to honor those who settled that question in the only way consistent with any true idea of national existence. He reassured the friends of deceased soldiers of the continued sympathy of their fellow-citizens, and paid a tribute to the

valor and patriotism of the living soldiers present. He closed by reminding the assembly of the obligation of special gratitude to Him who is the Lord God of Hosts, who uses assembled armies as His own battle-axe and weapon of war.

Rev. Austin Dodge, pastor of the Union Church, Globe Village, offered prayer. The words of Rev. Mr. Dodge in reference to the departed dead and the consolation their noble deeds afforded were extremely touching and appropriate. The band performed a dirge, and the decorating committee, composed of members of the post, taking the many beautiful floral tributes which the hand of affection had prepared, proceeded to visit each comrade's grave and deposit the offerings upon it. Nineteen graves were thus visited, in one of which rested the remains of one of the post, and the choicest flowers, combined with the most exquisite taste of arrangement, were deposited above the remains of each hero. Every soldier's grave was designated by having a small United States flag placed at its head. The decorating exercises being concluded, the people passed out from the cemetery, the citizens dispersing to their several homes.

CEREMONIES AT LEOMINSTER.

(C. H. Stevens Post No 53.)

This post observed Saturday, the 29th, with due ceremony. At 1.30 p. m. a procession was formed, as follows: Leominster Band; Post No. 53, Grand Army of the Republic; members of the Jubilee Glee Club; Monoosnock Division No. 62, Sons of Temperance; citizens.

The procession marched to the new cemetery, and there formed in line, while Adjutant Campbell read Order No. 21 from the grand commander-in-chief, John A. Logan; also Order No. 5, from the State grand commander, F. A. Osborne. The company then divided in two sections, each having a certain part of the cemetery to decorate, the graves being distinguished by a small American flag, the band in the meantime playing appropriate airs. They then formed again in

procession, marched to the monument in the center of the town, placing bouquets in wreaths of evergreen which had been previously placed there—the monument having been handsomely decorated with American flags and evergreens in the morning—and proceeded to the church, where the order of exercises was as follows:

Voluntary, organ; singing by the Jubilee Glee Club; reading of Scripture, Rev. J. Peterson; prayer, Rev. W. J. Batt; hymn, "America;" address, Rev. E. A. Horton; prayer, Rev. T. C. Russell; singing, "See the Conquering Hero Comes;" benediction, Rev. W. J. Batt.

Rev. Mr. Horton's subject was "Our battle-fields and their lessons."

He said it was time that the unjust maxim that "republics are ungrateful" was buried. To-day people leave their homes, their workshops, and come to pay their respects to the memory of our departed soldiers; to-day brings to mind the first and last gun, the first and last blood of the war; to-day every patriot soul who died for his country is remembered.

There were two million six hundred and eighty-eight thousand five hundred and twenty-three men enlisted in the loyal army; of these fifty-six thousand fell dead in battle, thirty-five thousand died from wounds in the hospital, one hundred and eighty-four thousand from other causes. So many bodies given to mother earth; so many souls gone to God!

The reputation of the dead did not depend upon what was said of them to-day by different orators.

The first lesson of the battle-field was a refutation of the charge that we were so selfish, so absorbed in money-making, that we did not care for principle or country. The speaker referred to the dying soldier who, when dying, called his captain, and told him that "He thought he heard the roll-call from heaven."

The second lesson was, that it was not necessary that all should be able to drill like so many machines, but that the war was fought and carried through by men of little experience as soldiers; but there was intelligence, hence the success; the soldier loved his home, his wife and children and friends more so than ever before; never was an army composed of so much intelligence, and never was there so much money raised or so much done to alleviate the deprivations and cares of the soldiers. $14,000,000 was raised, and the Sanitary and Christian Commissions did wonders; Vander-

bilt gave a million, and a noble army of women as nurses were ever ready with their assistance.

Another lesson: That there were three ways to test the soldier. First, *courage*. Reference was made to "Lookout Mountain," "Missionary Ridge," and "Wagner," where, out of one thousand five hundred who entered, only one hundred came back. (The speaker was on one of the monitors in the harbor at the time and saw the fight.) Another test was *purpose*. They had a purpose, because ideas were behind. He spoke of General Butler at New Orleans as having a purpose. Another test was *persistency*. It was that which conquered at Gettysburg. The speaker referred to the soldier from this place (Colonel George Joslin) at Gettysburg who, tired from incessant fighting, when called upon seized the flag, and rushed forward and turned the tide of battle; and to Hooker, whose order was "fight! fight!! fight!!!" Another lesson was, that the battle-field knit us together. We know no color or creed, education or birth. The soldiers were united for one object, viz: peace—a peace which brings with it liberty and freedom.

CEREMONIES AT BARRE.

(Post No. 50)

Decoration Day was observed in Barre under the auspices of Post No. 50, Grand Army of the Republic, Commander J. R. Brown presiding, and Lieutenant P. H. Babbitt acting as marshal. The inclemency of the weather made necessary the holding of the services in the Unitarian Church, instead of in the park, as at first planned; but the procession marched to the soldiers' monument, which was beautifully decorated, and details from the post, accompanied by friends of the dead, visited all the cemeteries in town with tributes of flowers. In the church music was furnished by the choirs and the brass band of the town, and short addresses were made by Edwin Woods, esq., and Rev. F. T. George, of Barre, and by Mr. George B. Woods, of Boston, who gave some reminiscences of his and of the Barre officers and soldiers with whom he had served in the field in Virginia and Maryland. The attendance of the townspeople was very large.

CEREMONIES AT STERLING.

(Post No. 59.)

ADDRESS BY MR. BATES.

Gentlemen of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies and Gentlemen: When asked by those who had the matter in charge to say something upon this occasion, I felt that I should have been much better satisfied had some other person been selected to speak the fitting word to be spoken upon this Memorial Day. But feeling also within my heart of hearts that I could never refuse, when asked to do so, to speak a word in memory of our fallen heroes, the immortal ones whose names are indelibly traced upon our country's roll of honor, I consented. And be that feeling my apology for appearing before you at this time. I do not come here to pronounce any mournful panegyric over the soldier lads who sleep now because they fell struck by some deadly war missile, or by a deadlier foe, disease.

I mistake the spirit of this commemoration custom if anything of the kind was or is intended. If I know what this service means, it means that the loyal hearts of these United States would fain gather, inspired with a deep and true religious spirit, to place flowers upon the green soil above the dust of those who fell martyred for their country's honor, so that the blossoms and the fragrance shall symbolize the sweetness of the memory which cradles all the dear lives in its keeping which were freely pledged for a nation's safety, and which, when called for, were yielded without a murmur to protect, if it might be, a nation's life. To me, then, it seems fitting that free America should set apart a day, consecrate a day, from out the days of every year, and let it be an anniversary day, a day to be given to a service of commemoration of our soldier dead. And if it should happen a few times in a century to fall on Sunday, as it does this year, then let it be observed upon Sunday; for, to my thinking, save the duties we owe to the living, we have none greater than the duty we owe of grateful remembrance of our patriot sons and brothers, who fell fighting the battles of the Lord when they fell fighting for a nation's rights against a nation's wrongs.

And here, let me say, did I feel that this service was one whit less religious in its character than the services we this day hold in our churches, I would not be here to join in it. The service is one altogether worthy of our holy religion, and God will smile upon it and bless it. And you and I,

and every man and woman in the land who joins in the observance of this memorial rite, will gather from it new inspiration and new strength, which shall make all better men and women.

It is not the mere fact that thousands of our so much loved brave northern men are dead, and their ashes are resting within the soil of hill and valley throughout the North and the South, that leads us to strew their graves with flowers, and ornament their tombstones with the fairest and sweetest blossoms which we can gather. It is not merely that we miss from our homes the cherished forms of fathers, sons, and brothers, or the radiant faces of brave and manly lovers, that we thus garland so many of the green sods in our churchyards with the most beauteous bloom we can select. It is not merely the fact that we miss so many brave, manly lives from out the family circle, the social circle, and the citizenship of our country, that we assemble to perform this service in memory of the dear departed. Beside all these reasons, which naturally lead us to cherish the memory of our dead dear ones, there is yet a better and a holier reason, which calls us together to-day to participate in a service rightly named a soldier's memorial. It is this: The thousands of heroic lives whose noble memories we memorialize to-day went out from earth while engaged in the service of God, by a lofty consecration to the service of humanity. God, country, and humankind, these were dearer to them than individual life, and so, with manly devotion and Christian zeal, they pledged all for the protection of the flag they loved so well, and thus with their blood redeemed a land which else might have gone down the shadowy valley of national decay. These sons and brothers, these fathers and husbands, were our kindred, our darling ones. They were God's children, engaged in God's work, and though they fell and the thirsty soil drank their blood, who in this audience has so little faith as to doubt that God's care rewarded them at last, and shall continue to reward them for all the toil, struggle, and suffering borne, for all the sacrifice made?

I remember to have heard a popular preacher say, that when a man came to die, and as he passed to the other side and presented himself before the golden gates of the New Jerusalem, the question would be asked by those who guarded the passage in, "What have you done that you should enter here?" And if the answer could be given, "I have saved a soul," the gates would fly open upon their golden hinges, and he should be welcomed to the blessedness of the heavenly city. To save a soul is to make it better, purer, truer. It is to save it from the black, dreary ruin of igno-

rance and imbecility in any time. It is to give it a broader scope, a newer vitality, and a more complete fullness. Such was the work the "boys in blue" helped to do, and died doing. They worked to save their country from the ruin which treason had planted. They gave their blood, their life for this redemption; and while sun, moon, and stars shall shine over the blood-bought salvation accomplished, while hearts shall throb with loyalty, and souls be stirred with patriot love, just so long shall their memories remain fresh and green, and true and noble men shall name them disciples of the Christ of God, who lived and died before them a martyr for principles of right and truth. A patriot soldier's love for country has in itself God's password to a home of rest and peace in the bosom of infinite love. It is not love merely for the broad echo which struck from ocean to ocean and gulf to bay; it is not love merely for the institution rooted deep in the soil, but rather a love for the brotherhood and sisterhood of human lives which are developed and blessed by the noble institutions which flourish over all this land. The sacrifice you made was a great one, oh mothers, when you gave your boys to freedom. * * * * * *

I am glad that we have a service in commemoration of our soldier dead. I am glad that we strew their graves with flowers. I wish it were possible for us to place a fair and fragrant blossom upon each spot of earth where a single drop of loyal blood stained the surface and was filtered through its underlying depths. I have no statement to make to-day regarding what I consider the causes which led to the conflict in which your dear ones fell. This is neither the time nor the place to make them. But that they fell doing their duty to God, and man, and country, I have the strongest kind of faith. And so you do well to gather, and by this service manifest that you appreciate the heroism and the manhood which bled and died for principles of right, and truth, and justice. And so, friends, I ask you, when you place your floral tributes upon the graves of departed worth, to remember the fact, that the soldiers who sleep now fell in a struggle of defense of christian civilization. Liberty and manhood were all they knew worth living for, and to them these high trusts were worth dying for: living, they were faithful; and, dying, they but received an honorable discharge from one service and entered upon the duties of another—God's service all the while.

I know it is not like men and women to put out of their thoughts all of sadness when memory brings back so vividly the joyous faces and loving hearts which were a part of their lives once upon a time, and which now are dust and ashes,

mingling with the soil upon which we tread. Mothers do not soon forget and cease to love the memories of their boys. A father's affection for brave and manly sons knows no oblivion. A sister's trustful sympathy is true forever.

But the sadness which patriot fathers and loyal mothers and true and noble sisters feel over the memories of their soldier dead is not gloom—is not regret. It is rather a meditative, thoughtful, earnest yearning for a near and holy communion with the manhood loved so well in those other days, before civil war cast its black cloud over a nation's hopes.

It is not gloom; oh no, it is rather a meditative appreciation of the grandeur and worth of what was defended at so great a cost. Scatter your flowers, then, upon soldiers' graves, so shall you manifest your recognition of the sublimity there is in life, when faithful to its possibilities of manhood. I would that the blossoms with which you garland their tombstones might be never-fading and perpetually fragrant. I would that mankind should forever tread the sod beneath which they sleep with reverent feet. The earth in which they rest is holy ground. This loyalty in life forever consecrates the soil in which this dust mingles.

In a word, then, when you shall have finished your work of decoration and go to your homes, let the lesson of faithfulness which the roll of honor indicates be the lesson you cherish. Let it be the lesson you teach your children, and though they and you may never be called upon to sacrifice as others have before you, still the lesson demands as well your heed, for civilization has a mountain yet to climb, and your hand and mine shall help it up the steeps, and then, as onward and upward it goes, the blooming loveliness it shall reach shall be more fragrant and beautiful than are the buds and blossoms you this day scatter.

CEREMONIES AT WHITINSVILLE.

(Jesse L. Reno Post No. 60.)

The exercises of Memorial Day were observed in this village by Post 60, Grand Army of the Republic, in which the schools and citizens generally participated.

At 2.30 p. m. an elegant regulation flag was presented to the members of the post by Mrs. Scott, assisted by Mrs. Batcheler, in behalf of the ladies of Whitinsville and Lin-

wood. Thirty-seven ladies, representing the States, dressed in white, and adorned with flowers and the national colors, arranged in a semi-circle on the steps of the Congregational Church, formed a beautiful background for the speakers. On their right, arranged in six divisions, were the schools, carrying wreaths of evergreens and flowers, and on the left were the citizens. In front were the soldiers, numbering upward of seventy, in charge of Senior Vice Commander White; Comrades Linton and Lawton, acting lieutenants; Lieutenant Nelson V. Stanton, adjutant to the commandant, R. R. Clarke; Captain Samuel Fletcher, officer of the day.

After the ceremonies of a dress parade, the flag was presented by Mrs. Captain Scott, with a short address, to which Commander R. R. Clarke, on receiving the flag, replied.

The company then saluted the flag, and the adjutant read a special order detailing Comrade Casey as color-bearer, in consideration of his bravery in saving the colors of his regiment in the field and from the evidence of his having borne a good record on the rolls.

After prayer by the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Adams, and a memorial hymn sung by the Coral Union, under the direction of Mr. B. L. M. Smith, Lieutenant A. A. White spoke as follows:

Fellow-citizens and Comrades: It is with many misgivings and much reluctance that I attempt to give utterance to the thoughts which come crowding up from a full heart as I look upon the scene before me. I would this task had been assigned to one of better gifts and more eloquent lips than mine; for I feel that the day we celebrate and the events we commemorate are fraught with interests of the most profound moment to us all.

There is not a man, woman, or child throughout this broad domain of ours who has not a personal interest in the sad yet glorious events in which so many of our fallen braves sacrificed their precious lives, and in which thousands of living comrades have endured the toil and braved the dangers of camp and field that they might secure and preserve to this nation the liberty, union, and peace she now enjoys, and transmit to her posterity a future which seems now to be opening up before us of prosperity, grandeur, and glory unparalleled in the history of the world.

My citizen friends, do you fully realize the true import of

these demonstrations and the full meaning of these memorial services? Do any of us begin to comprehend the magnitude of the achievements of the grand army of our republic, thousands of whose graves will be moistened to-day with tears of loved ones, and remembered with the tribute of affection and esteem by brave comrades and honored by a grateful people?

Permit me for a moment to impress this thought upon your minds: What has this mighty army of the living and the dead accomplished? Let the eye glance over the map of this vast heritage of ours, whose boundaries are the rising and the setting sun, the tropics and the polar seas, possessing every variety of soil and climate, with its lofty mountain ranges, in whose bowels are mines of untold wealth and richness, as yet all undeveloped; its mighty rivers, which traverse the whole land like so many arteries of life; its broad prairies and majestic forests; its healthful hills and fertile vales, rich in every resource on the land and in the sea. Its vast avenues of travel and transportation, surpassing the world in its facilities for trade and commerce, with a rapidity of growth and a degree of prosperity which are the wonder and envy of the world. Behold this mighty land of ours in all her gigantic proportions, and then remember that against this fair heritage, transmitted to us by the sacrifices and sufferings, and sealed to us in the blood of our ancestors, traitor hands were raised to destroy. A mighty rebellion was organized, and with the control of the army and navy, and the reins of government in their hands, it bid fair for a time to succeed in its work of desolation, disintegration, and destruction.

Had that rebellion succeeded, what would our land have been to-day? What would have become of our nationality? Where would be our credit? Severed, divided into petty factions, filled with internal discord and internecine war, our light as a nation would have gone out in darkness and our name would have become a hissing and a by-word among the nations of the earth. But, thanks to the God of Battles, this gigantic rebellion did not succeed, and why? The law-abiding freemen of the North were slow to believe that the threats of treason would culminate in bloody strife; but when the first gun of Sumter reverberated through the land, its echoes had scarcely died away when from hill-top and valley, on mountain and in the glen, in village and hamlet, the clarion notes of war were sounded. The sluggish blood was quickened, the heart of freemen was fired, and men of every rank and station rushed to arms. The seventy-five thousand went forth, and again and again the call was

renewed, "Three hundred thousand more," and as often the prompt response was given, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

The struggle was fierce and long. Three hundred thousand brave men laid down their lives, and blood and treasure were poured out without stint. But not in vain was this sacrifice. The God of Nations crowned our efforts with success. Victory perched upon our standard, and to-day we are one great mighty nation; one, on the broad principle of universal freedom, as never before. The foul stain of slavery is wiped from our national escutcheon, and the simple yet grand principle laid down by the lamented Lincoln, that "Every man has the right to be the equal of every other man if he can," is to be not only the letter, but the spirit of our Constitution and of all our institutions?

My friends, I cannot dwell upon the dangers arrested, or the great and glorious blessings secured, through this terrible struggle. But shall we not all be alive to an appreciation of their grand achievements.

We celebrate with pomp the anniversary which gave us birth as a nation; we honor and reverence the memory of those who gave us our liberty and Union. Shall the memory of those be less sacred who, through a mighty struggle and far greater sacrifices, have not only preserved that Union, but given to our fair land a much larger liberty, universal freedom, and equal rights?

No. I know a sense of gratitude is thrilling the hearts of the friends of these fallen ones and of their comrades, who gather to-day in the cities of the dead throughout our land, as the perfume of flowers, the tribute of a grateful people, shall rise as sweet incense heavenward from every soldier's grave, wherever it may be found.

Comrades, this day is one of peculiar interest to us. Soldiers alone can understand a soldier's emotions. Our experience is all our own. To-day, as we gather around the graves of our fallen comrades, memory brings back to us the scenes and experiences of the past. We recall the weary march, the midnight watch, the summer's heat and winter's blast, the scorching sun and drenching rain, the thunder of artillery and the roll of musketry, the battle-cry and bayonet charge, the thinning of our ranks, suppressed groans of the wounded, and the last farewell of dying comrades. And while these memories crowd upon us at the graves of our fallen comrades, we are reminded of what our liberties have cost. Shall we not join hands with firmer grasp, and pledge anew our lives to defend our country's cause, and demand in peace that freedom for which we fought in war?

Our hearts are filled with gratitude while we realize in the scene before us that our comrades and our labors are not forgotten. And to-day we acknowledge with grateful emotions the expression of a grateful people, in the beautiful gift we to-day receive; and as we shall proudly bear the dear old flag in our veteran ranks, it will be doubly dear, coming as it does from the fair ones whose hearts and hands were ever with their country's cause, and whose tenderest sympathies and earnest prayers followed the brave wherever they bore the glorious old flag of our Union.

And now, children, a word to you, and I have done. This day is yours, not ours, to perpetuate. These fathers and mothers, these soldiers, will soon be gone. This organization before you, the Grand Army of the Republic, is unlike any other. All others may be perpetuated, and their numbers may be increased. This can exist but for a generation, and when one dies the vacancy can never be filled, so one by one this Grand Army of the Republic will fade away, till not a post or a sentinel remains, till the last comrade shall have gone to answer at the roll-call of the Grand Commander on high. To you, children, will be committed the honor of perpetuating their memory and their deeds. They will have gone, but their works remain; our glorious heritage remains. This dear old flag remains; its honor is committed to your keeping.

"And every patriot's dust will claim
Affection's tenderest tears,
And blazoned on the scroll of fame
Shall shine each martyred soldier's name.

Rev. Mr. Adams then spoke as follows:

Fellow-citizens: This day is one of deep interest to us as soldiers, and it gives us cheer to have by your presence here to-day the assurance that it is one of interest to you also. It is a day of deep interest to us on account of the memory it revives. We remember when going into the battle that there were being borne from the field of deadly conflict the mangled remains of our fallen comrades, with their blood dripping through the stretchers upon which they were borne, while on we pressed, resolved on "victory or death!" thus securing to posterity, not only for a generation, but we trust for *all time, liberty and freedom.*

We come here to-day upon our annual visit to the resting-place of these our fallen comrades, and, while here, we are reminded of the lonely, sad hours which some of them passed while in the hospital, surrounded by comrades wounded and dying. Neither can we forget that there are here to-day

men who put their hands deep down in their pockets to furnish the Christian and Sanitary Commissions with the necessary means for carrying on their work of love. We do not forget the cheer which the articles furnished by these commissions diffused in those halls of suffering and death. How the countenance of a poor wounded comrade would light up, as one of these angels of mercy presented him with some article designed to meet his wants and alleviate his sufferings: it might be no more than a pair of slippers for his worn and weary feet, in which might be found a note, stating that these were from little Mary or Flora, and hoping they would fit and feel comfortable, giving also the post-office address of the donor, and requesting a line as to how they suited, &c. It was equal to a letter from home.

I will not speak long lest I weary you; but before closing I wish to allude to a pleasing coincidence during the presentation of this beautiful flag. Just as our commander was receiving the flag from the hands of the committee the thick dark clouds, which had hid the sun from us all day, parted, and a flood of sunlight came streaming down upon the dear old flag; and if I ever felt at any one time more than another to thank Heaven that I was a soldier, it was then when God thus smiled. I thought of the time when we were struggling for possession of the South Side Railroad. It was on the 6th of April, 1865. When the enemy's lines finally broke, there ran out in front of our advancing column one of our brave standard-bearers, with the old flag clutched firmly in his hands, and planted it on the railroad bridge, while rebels still lingered beneath it. It was then that there went up to God sincere thanks and the most thrilling cheers, waking the echoes of the hills for miles around, giving new life to the worn and weary "boys in blue." Boys, let us give three cheers for the old flag. Now, hip! hip, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! [Cheers.] May the "heavens be rolled together as a scroll" before its blue field shall be torn out by traitor's hands; and the "stars of heaven fall as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs" before a "star of its glory grow dim."

"Long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Comrades, while we are here to-day to strew flowers on the graves of these sleeping ones, it is sweet to remember that flowers are falling upon thousands of graves all over this broad continent like the leaves of autumn at the voice of the Almighty.

Then followed the beautiful ceremony of strewing with flowers the graves of our departed heroes. The soldiers and

schools being arranged in seven divisions, corresponding to the number of graves, the procession moved through the cemetery, and pausing at each soldier's grave, the division to which it was assigned first planted upon it a cross trimmed with evergreens and white flowers, a sacred emblem of the purity and immortality of voluntary self-sacrifice, then covered it with their floral offerings.

CEREMONIES AT WEBSTER.

(Nathaniel Lyon Post No. 61.)

Memorial services passed off successfully on Saturday, and the weather was quite favorable, although with appearances of rain. The procession formed in front of the headquarters of Post No. 61, under the marshalship of Mr. Horace S. Briggs, with Messrs. A. H. Wetherbee and S. B. Childs as aids. Prayer was offered by Rev. D. M. Bean. The procession, composed of Webster Brass Band, Nathaniel Lyon Post No. 61, Grand Army of the Republic, under Commander E. P. Morton; speakers of the day in a carriage; Lilium Aqua Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, under A. H. Davis, Worthy Chief Templar; the schools, with their teachers and school committee; and citizens in carriages, moved up Main street. As the procession passed the south village, minute guns from a field-piece on the hill spoke the importance of the occasion. Arriving at the North Cemetery, the graves were decorated, while a dirge was played by the band. A patriotic and feeling address was then delivered by the Rev. James Quan.

At its close the line was re-formed, and the procession moved to the East Cemetery. Here the same interesting services of decoration took place, and an able and touching oration was pronounced by Rev. George J. Sanger, chaplain of the post. The hymn, "America," was sung by the audience assembled, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. D. M. Bean. The procession then returned, and after a rest in front of headquarters the post and citizens, in carriages, visited the grave of Sergeant William H. Palmer, in a yard near Perryville,

and the grave of Lieutenant Frank S. Corbin, in a yard near O. F. Chase & Co.'s mill. These they decorated, and over the remains of the honored dead, as before, they sung the hymn, and prayer and a few remarks were offered by Rev. G. J. Sanger.

CEREMONIES AT CLINTON.

(Post No. 64.)

Saturday afternoon, 29th, was devoted to the ceremonies incident to the decoration of the graves of those of our deceased soldiers whose remains rest in our own cemeteries. The mills closed at noon, all business on the street was suspended until 5 o'clock, and a large concourse assembled to witness the impressive exercises of the occasion.

The procession formed on the common at 2 o'clock, Captain Alonzo S. Davidson, commander of Post 64, Grand Army of the Republic, acting as chief marshal, assisted by Lieutenants William T. Freeman, Charles Frazer, and William J. Coulter, aids.

The following is the order of procession: Clinton Brass Band; Post 64, Department of Massachusetts, Grand Army of the Republic; three disabled soldiers, in carriage; clergymen of the town, in carriage; fire engineers; Torrent Engine Company No. 1; Hook and Ladder Company; Cataract Engine Company No. 2; Young Men's Christian Association; citizens.

Upon arriving at the cemetery the procession proceeded to the southwesterly part of the grounds, where a platform had been erected, which was occupied by the band, while the post, laden with wreaths and bouquets, visited the soldiers' graves in the cemetery, which, with uncovered heads, they crowned with flowers.

The post having accomplished their mission, returned to the vicinity of the platform, and the large assembly was called to order by Post Commander Davidson, who invited Rev. J. W. Lewis to offer prayer.

Rev. C. M. Bowers was then introduced and delivered the following address:

Under the different calls of the Government for soldiers to suppress the rebellion Clinton furnished over three hundred men. The census of 1860 gave us a population of three thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, and four hundred and sixty-seven as the number of voters. Had the same ratio of supply existed in all the towns and cities of the North, the country would have had during the war more than two million men.

In the annals of the great conflict, our town, the smallest in territory in the county, has an honorable place. Almost every department of industry among us—mercantile, mechanical, and manufacturing—was represented in the sacrifices and glories of the war. Upon all the battle-fields of the land our fellow-citizens stood shoulder to shoulder with the patriots of every section and State, and tasted with them the experiences of battle, from bloody Gettysburg to distant Port Hudson.

Of the more than three hundred men furnished during the struggle, seventy-four were enlisted into the Fifteenth Regiment, nineteen into the Twenty-first, forty into the Twenty-fifth, fifteen into the Thirty-fourth, thirty-four into the Thirty-sixth, thirty into the Fifty-third, and others distributed in smaller numbers in various other regiments, while fifty or more joined different regiments or companies of cavalry or artillery, and a very few entered the naval service.

At the opening of the war a volunteer company existed in the town called the "Clinton Light Guard," Henry Bowman, captain. In February, 1861, the company voted, with but one dissenting voice, to hold themselves "in readiness for all demands that might be made upon them by the government." May 2 it was further voted, "That Captain Bowman be instructed to report to the commander-in-chief, Governor Andrew, the company not only ready, but anxious to be ordered into immediate service." This patriotic offer was soon responded to by the Governor, and the company was notified to be in readiness to march at any moment. Some of us remember that most sober, anxious Sabbath, when intelligence came suddenly at noon that our soldiers would be called away in less than twenty-four hours. When, in the suspension of worship in the afternoon, the opening of vestries as sewing-rooms, the gathering of wives, mothers, and sisters, with busy needles, to prepare a proper outfit for the men, the apparent necessity of only hurried farewells, the signs of high resolve, and the surrender of all claims but those of country, gave us our first home lessons of the nature of war. Some delay, however, prevented the hasty separation, and another Sabbath furnished opportunity for union

service in the Orthodox house, when the ministers of the town gave parting counsel to the soldiers, and a copy of the New Testament was presented to each one. Sadly do we remember to-day that the chief part in the duties of that occasion was performed by one whose voice is still in death. I refer to the earnest, talented, and large-hearted clergyman, a former pastor of the Unitarian Church, Rev. J. M. Heard.

These heroic men who, by their self-sacrificing services and noble deaths, have aided in the salvation of the country, have left us lessons of great value. They have taught us the doctrine of true manliness. In this virtue they are no dwarfs, but they expanded themselves into the proportions of a grand and generous unselfishness. Manliness is manly doing for some great and noble end. No end could be more worthy than that for which they died, and their dying is ennobled in the grandeur of the work accomplished.

They have taught us the doctrine of true patriotism. Patriotism is not, as with demagogues and politicians, what one may get through party from the country, but what one may do for its safety and prosperity. It does not consist in sounding eulogy over the greatness and glory of the land so much as in patient, heroic consecration of life and blood to preserve it. The most eloquent testimony to our free institutions is a soldier's grave; the loftiest oration upon its worth, the giving up self as a sacrifice. The speech of many is nothing but words; *their* speech is deeds—sacred, immortal deeds.

They have taught us the value of nationality. But for the suffering and perils of years of war, we had been to-day a divided people. The southern section of the country would have been as a foreign land, with alien interests, and fostering the jealousies and animosities of another government. The Union once severed, we should have been left without positive cohesion in the remaining States. A mere feeble form of confederation would have been the only bond, and that soon again dissolved in the conflict of supposed interests between West and East, State and State. We should finally have been broken into separate clusters of States, without harmony or power. Now, however, like a grand mountain range, where the different peaks rise into different altitudes, with specific names, and yet all make part of the same great chain, so our country, with its united States, is one and indivisible. The reward of their works is the Union now and forever.

Noble men! no prouder work could be associated with their memory. The things for which we may be remembered, if remembered at all, are infinitely below the achieve-

ment for which they are crowned with imperishable honor. May these patriotic dead ever have the freshest place in our gratitude and reverence. Over their graves we can sing,

"How dulcet is the concord of good deeds,
How rich the melodies of sacred aims."

Rev. De Witt S. Clark then made a brief address, of which this is an abstract:

REVEREND MR. CLARK'S ADDRESS.

Members of the Grand Army, Ladies and Citizens: The silence of the hour and scene are more eloquent than the words of any living man. We have come to this place to-day to hear the dead heroes speak, and have brought with us tributes of regard—flowers—symbols of affection and frailty.

I seem to hear a voice above these graves, a mingled sound, half whispering, half breathing, which speaks to us now and says: "Remember our self denial and imitate." The loved ones who here rest in their unbroken silence cherished their friends as we cherish ours; they went daily to the performance of their tasks as we go to ours; they roamed over hills and through these valleys as we do; but they left all these friends, duties, and homes; and these mounds to-day mark their self denials. Noble souls, whose grandest honor was the surrender of life for their country's weal. The black oarsman who exposed himself to instant death to save his companions, exclaiming "Somebody must die, and it may as well be me as any," teaches us a lesson from which we may all learn. Every one of these graves, every soldier's monument erected, every headstone and every slab, teach too sadly the grand fact of the soldier's noble self denial. To-day we learn their lesson, and no true American can hesitate, should the exigency arrive, to follow in the footsteps they trod. This voice, hovering above these graves to-day, also says to us, "Love this land as you never loved it before." As for centuries the motto was legible on the rocky cliffs of Thermopylæ, "We lie here in obedience to Sparta;" so the motto taught us by these slabs and by the waving grass above these soldiers' graves reads to all, "We lie here in obedience to our country." These soldiers were obedient sons, and when our motherland was endangered, they obeyed, and the multitudes who sleep all over this land, with the thousands of loved ones spared to us, assure our hearts that our national integrity must not and cannot be destroyed; and whenever this Memorial Day returns, it is our duty and sad pleasure to gather around these soldiers' graves, and here learn to love

that for which they died; and to-day they join with us, as we anew pledge our faith in and our love to this land, which is

"Among the nations bright beyond compare,
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare."

Rev. I. F. Waterhouse was then introduced and spoke substantially as follows:

MR. WATERHOUSE'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Soldiers: I stand before you to-day a comparative stranger. I look into many strange faces, but while here with you on this occasion I feel that I know you nevertheless, for the grand struggle of the past introduced to each other the inhabitants of this land in a manner which will always unite their hearts while they gather as they do to-day.

It is a pleasure to me to unite with you in these memorial services. This is not the first time I have spoken in the interest of the soldier; this is not the first time my heart has throbbed for my country, as I stood in the midst of her defenders; throughout the war my voice was not silent, and although I was not privileged to enter the service, I did what I could as a minister of the Gospel to further the interests of our common cause. It is therefore with pleasure that I join with you to-day in laying the wreath and the flower on the graves of our departed soldiers.

For that purpose do we thus gather on this occasion. We come to bring to remembrance afresh the lives passed away, and while we recently listened to the biography of those who have died, I felt that no grander purpose could be had than the honoring of those who were willing to leave the endearments of home to aid in checking the tide of battle lest it should flow to our hearthstones. The purpose is good, and may this service last so long as our country shall last!

Why are we here to-day? It was a great mistake of our Government that at its commencement human slavery was allowed. There was where the seed was planted which brought forth the rebellion; that was the cause which eventually resulted in bringing the serried ranks of mighty armies to meet on the field of battle.

A noble result followed the war; many a man was twice

the man after the struggle he was before. [The speaker here cited numerous instances as illustrating his argument.]

Many obligations rest upon us who enjoy the benefits secured by that terrible conflict. We should place bright flowers on these last resting-places of the dead; we should carefully watch their graves, and occasionally come here to think of those who have gone and the sacrifices they made for us. We also owe a debt of gratitude to the heroes who survived the shock of battle. To the politician I would say, "Be careful how you maneuver; these soldiers have the hearts of the people, who will see to it that their valor is practically appreciated."

The speaker closed with a relation of experiences in the hospitals during the war, and pledged his continued interest in the welfare of the soldier.

The audience then united in singing "America," and after the benediction the procession re-formed and marched to the common, where ranks were broken and the members of the various organizations returned to their respective homes.

The post, however, with the band and a few citizens, then went by carriages to the Catholic Cemetery, in the south part of the town, where three or four graves were duly decorated.

CEREMONIES AT WARREN.

(Clara A. Barton Post No. 65.)

The day was observed by a procession formed of the citizens and schools, which, uniting with the post, marched around the liberty pole, on which hung the American flag at half-mast; then to the cemetery, where they had singing and prayer by the chaplain. The post then formed and decorated the graves of seven soldiers. An able address was delivered by Comrade Dr. Calvin Cotter. The Rev. John L. Locke then spoke a few words of cheer to the cause, and deposited a wreath at his feet, in memory of those buried in unknown graves. Then the procession re-formed and marched back around the liberty pole. While passing under the flag, the comrades removed their caps in honor of the dear old banner they had so nobly defended. The post then marched to their headquarters and broke ranks.

CEREMONIES AT NATICK.

(Post No. 63.)

In the procession were returned soldiers and sailors, Victor Eliot No. 2 and Union Fire-engine Companies, town officers, and citizens generally. The exercises occurred on the common, where remarks were made by Captain Alexander Blaney, Professor Loomis, and Honorable Henry Wilson. The singing was by children of the public schools. Dell-Park Cemetery was then visited, and afterwards the cemeteries in Felchville and South Natick.

CEREMONIES IN DORCHESTER.

(Benjamin Stone, Jr., Post No. 68.)

The pleasurable duty of decorating the graves of the fallen heroes in Dorchester and the adjoining town of Milton was performed by Benjamin Stone, jr., Post 68, and the citizens generally united in observing the occasion as a holiday.

Details were made from the post to visit the five burial-grounds, and some fifteen comrades performed the service at each, and every grave was most liberally strewn with floral offerings.

The detachments to visit the cemeteries at Dorchester, Lower Mills, and Milton, united, and were accompanied by the Dorchester Cornet Band, Philip Sawyer, leader, and appropriate music was performed in each burial-place, while prayer and brief addresses by several clergymen, and singing by the children of the Sunday and town schools, added to the interest of the occasion.

The Codman and Catholic Cemeteries, as well as the North Burial-ground, were visited in the forenoon, and not only were flowers furnished by the post, but by very many of the relatives and friends.

At 2.30 o'clock the members of the post, under command of Colonel Charles B. Fox, assembled at their headquarters at Harrison Square, and, under escort of Company I,

First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, Captain Paget, with thirty-eight guns, headed by the Dorchester Cornet Band, marched to the soldiers' monument, on Meeting-house Hill, where the formal services were to take place. Here some thousand persons had collected, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, and on the steps of the church facing the monument a large body of children from the public schools were assembled to perform the vocal music, under the direction of Mr. H. Wilde. The monument had been most profusely and tastefully decorated prior to the arrival of the procession, many ladies volunteering their assistance in this work, and very soon after the military had formed around the obelisk the exercises commenced.

First the band played a dirge, when prayer was offered by Post Chaplain Charles H. Daniels, and this was followed by a song by the choir of children.

Commander Charles B. Fox then made the following address:

Comrades and Friends: It has been thought fitting by your committee that the commander of the post should speak a few words appropriate to the occasion to-day, and I have not felt at liberty to decline the duty assigned me.

The war for the Union had for us no great anniversary. Among its tremendous battles no single victory could claim observance as the crowning triumph, and this, perhaps, was best. Not by the rejoicing of a victorious over a defeated army, composed, however bad their motives and their cause, of countrymen and brothers, should the return of peace to a reunited people be commemorated. Not the death of the foe, but the life of the nation, was the end for which we fought.

And yet our fallen comrades and their cause are most worthy of remembrance, not only in our hearts and homes, but with public honors by the great republic they died to save. What tribute could we offer equal to the greatness of the events we would commemorate?

For many years the beautiful custom had prevailed in Catholic countries of strewing with flowers, upon the festival of "All Souls," the graves of kindred and friends. There were those of our order who thought such a tribute to our departed would possess a peculiar and touching beauty, and would meet that want of a memorial service which we all had felt.

By a circular from the commander-in-chief, therefore, all posts of the Grand Army were requested to unite on the 30th of May last in the floral decoration of the soldiers' graves throughout the Union, and ever after to regard the observance of the day as a sacred and solemn duty.

It needed but a word. All over our broad land, in cemeteries rich with the adornments of nature and of art; in lonely graveyards, and where the hospital and battle-field had gathered in their countless dead; on costly monuments and on lowly graves, wreaths were hung and blossoms scattered, consecrating the day to the memory of our fallen comrades and their holy cause, faithfully and tenderly to be observed until the last survivor of the grand army, with snowy locks and feeble step, returns to lay upon some comrade's grave one last wreath of *immortelles* ere the reveille of the eternal morning wake him to join that reunited army in the land of the hereafter.

Our solemn festival has returned with the renewing year, and for the first time as an organization it is the privilege of this encampment to unite in its observance, and in the freshness of the morning hours we have scattered buds and blossoms on each soldier's grave. In the glory of their youth and the strength of their manhood they freely gave their lives for the land they loved, and to-day the turf beneath which their bodies rest is bright with flowers, telling to all how green their memory lives within our hearts.

But not always was it the sad privilege of kindred and friends to lay with tender hands in consecrated ground all that was mortal of the honored and the loved. From many beds of sickness and of pain; from prison-pens where tortured nature yielded to despair; from bloody fields strewn with the wrecks of war, whence many a soul ascended, lifeless forms were laid to rest by foemen and by strangers, far from their northern homes, and o'er their nameless graves no friendly hand can scatter flowers to-day.

But those who sleep in unknown graves have their memorial here. Here, inscribed on tablets hewn from the rocks that guard our storm-beat coast, behold the roll of honor of our town. Here we assemble to unite in tribute to the memory of all, and wreathe this shaft with garlands, twined by gentle hands, for all who heard the call of duty and were faithful unto death.

Yet while with saddened hearts we mourn our loss, we would not weep for them. Their lives were given cheerfully. Our homes are vacant, but their viewless presence is ever near to comfort and to bless. Let children voices join to honor them, and our united hymn of grateful praise as-

cend from every voice for our beloved land their valor saved.

Comrades, in honoring our departed we claim no honor for ourselves. Our hearts are filled with gratitude that we were privileged to aid the nation in her hour of need. Happy in peaceful homes, our land at peace, past trials are to us as visions of the night. But bound by our common service in no common tie, while life remains that tie will bind us still. Comrades, around our fallen comrades' graves we cannot meet as strangers.

Their work is finished here—ours is but begun. The wounded and the suffering call for aid. The widow and the fatherless are left a sacred legacy to us and to the nation, and our country saved from ruin demands our constant care and that of every true and loyal man, that traitors gain not in the council the cause lost in the field.

Comrades gone before, we own these sacred trusts. As we commemorate your early but your glorious fate, we gather strength to meet them as we ought. We feel your presence—spirit-forms are bending toward us. Eyes we cannot see watch over us, and voices all unheard by mortal ears speak to our hearts to-day.

Our army marches on. Yours was the post of honor in advance. Slowly but surely moves the long array. As one by one pass the picket at the gates of death, our lessening ranks will mark the flight of time till the last veteran totters from the field. But while our rescued nation knows a history or a name, the memory of your noble deaths shall never pass away.

At the conclusion of the address an ode was sung by the children, and then "America" by the whole congregation, when the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Rowe, of the Baptist Church, and the exercises at the monument closed.

The column was then re-formed and marched to the grave of Captain Benjamin Stone, jr., in the North Cemetery, where the band played a dirge and each member of the post deposited a bunch of flowers on the last resting-place of that brave officer.

CEREMONIES AT HOLYOKE.

(Kilpatrick Post No. 71.)

The appeal made by the Kilpatrick Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, of Holyoke, to the grateful patriot-

ism and tender sympathies of the citizens, met with a generous and fitting response on the occasion of the memorial ceremonies in honor of their deceased comrades, on Sunday, May 30. Regardless alike of the pouring rain and the unpropitious state of the roads, a vast concourse of people assembled near the park at the hour announced for the formation of the procession. Under the direction of Acting Commander Clark, marshal of the day, assisted by Messrs. D. E. Kingsbury, W. S. Loomis, and C. H. Hatfield, the organization was effected, in accordance with the programme, at 2 o'clock. The procession, lead by the Armory Band of Springfield, took up the line of march for the cemetery, in the following order:

First division, under the command of Chief Marshal E. P. Clark: Kilpatrick Post 71, Grand Army of the Republic; ex-soldiers and sailors not members of the post; orators of the day; Mount Tom Lodge, F. A. M. Second division, under command of Marshal D. E. Kingsbury: Holyoke Drum Corps; O'Neill Guards; O'Neill Circle, F. B. Third division, under command of Marshal W. S. Loomis: Mount Tom Hose Company; Wyoming Lodge, I. O. G. T.; Mechanics' No. 2; German Benevolent Society; citizens in carriages; citizens on foot.

It is estimated that nearly three thousand people were assembled, and that nearly two thousand made up the procession or accompanied it to the cemetery.

Arrived at the Forestdale Cemetery the several organizations were massed in a square on the unoccupied portion of the grounds, and the services were opened with prayer by Rev. I. B. Bigelow, followed by a brief and earnest address by Rev. Dr. E. W. Peet. The speaker was deeply in sympathy with the occasion, and a heart full of memories of his own son, also numbered among the "fallen comrades," gave his utterance a depth and tenderness that appealed to all hearts, and moved many to tears. Dr. Peet said:

Fellow-citizens and Friends: There are occasions when words are almost out of place, when emotions forbid utterance; occasions in themselves so full of tender and impressive associations that it is dangerous to attempt to improve them. Then, if "speech is silver, but silence is golden," is not

this such an occasion? He must be bold indeed who would try to guide your feelings; who would assume to give direction to the sacred impulses which now move your hearts. You are here, not with the weapons of war in your hands, but with the symbols of an affection always renewing itself; with garlands of perfect beauty; with the emblems of the unfailing compassions of our common Father and God; and which, coming as they do from the late wintry bosom of nature in fragrance and freshness, tell us again of "the resurrection and the life."

You need not answer the question of a cold, unpatriotic heart; even if such a heart exists, certainly there is not one among us here. In such matters there is no room for discussion. The father receiving a son from the field of conflict is not called upon to say why he falls upon his neck and imprints warm kisses upon his cheek, nor need the mother tell why she presses him so long to her beating heart. So our humanity has vented its love from the beginning until now, and will do so the end of the world. Of this the Bible and human history is full. Thus it is that to our dead soldiers' graves, to the last resting-places of those whose now crumbling hands did so much to save the falling temple of our Union and liberties, you come with offerings of rarest beauty, offerings outvieing all the works of art, transcending all the efforts of human skill, even in the palaces of kings, for "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." What do you say thereby? What do your hearts say? What your tearful eyes? What will you say as long as you live? As you lay reverently these fair but fading emblems on the soldier's grave you say, "All of beauty is of right yours; all of perfection you merit at our hands; all of the most tender and fragrant memories you shall have in our hearts."

Some years since a member of Congress from Ohio returned home, and hearing that the schoolmaster of his boyhood was dead, he made a pilgrimage to his grave. He found it covered with nettles and weeds. He threw off his coat and went to work, and covered it with fresh green sods. Don't tell me it did the dead no good. It did the congressman good. He could not help it any more than we can help doing what we are doing to-day. He had a human heart, and this humane, holy deed was truly eloquent, and not outdone by the eloquence of his best days in legislative halls.

Last month I visited a soldier's grave one thousand five hundred miles from here, the grave of a dear son, of the Forty-seventh Regiment of Iowa. Some kind hand, I know not whose, had recently put everything in perfect order. The

grass was cleanly swept, the evergreens were budding into life, and on the sacred grave of a most noble youth were the faded garlands of the past summer and autumn. Should I not have been less than human had I hesitated a single moment in coming here to-day?

Believe me, we may find divine sanction in the Word of Life for this holy act itself, and for every impulse that now fills your hearts. My fellow-citizens and brethren, cultivate these emotions. They seem delicate, scarcely perceptible, but they constitute a nation's power. Tenderness and bravery are twin virtues. The sacred ties renewed and strengthened to-day over these graves are better than impregnable monitors or frowning "munitions of rocks." God's blessing be with us and our country.

Mr. E. P. Jackson then read a poetical tribute written for the occasion.

The assemblage was then addressed by Geo. C. Ewing, esq.:

We meet here on this interesting and solemn occasion with mingled feelings of joy and sadness, to decorate the graves of our Union soldiers with fresh spring flowers. Not many years since ambitious and designing politicians at the South conspired to overthrow and destroy our free institutions, and we are joyful because through the self-sacrificing efforts and indomitable courage of these young men, who left home and all that was dear to them to stem and stay the onrushing tide of treason and rebellion, our free and glorious institutions have been preserved, the integrity and stability of the Union maintained, and the honor of our national flag vindicated, so that now it waves in all its inspiring beauty from the highest pinnacle of every State in the Union. But mingled with our joy is the plaintive voice of sorrow. We are standing among the graves of the dead, and we mourn the loss of these loved ones who bathed the earth with the warm current of their youthful blood. We come here to-day to pay our tribute of gratitude and love to the memory of these young men, who laid down their lives on the altar of their country. But it is said that this tender tribute of gratitude is not commendable on the Lord's day; *that it is wrong* to decorate these graves on the Sabbath. Is it wrong? Is the sanctity of God's holy day desecrated by strewing bright and beautiful flowers over the resting-place of these departed heroes, by lifting up our voices and our hearts in thankfulness for their heroic deeds? No! no! Far otherwise, for the spirit of Christian love prompts our actions and inspires our words; the feelings and the sentiments we now cherish

are among the noblest and holiest that can possibly animate the human heart. The services and sacrifices of these brave Union soldiers have been of priceless value to our civil, social, and political institutions, and their memory shall be warmly and gratefully cherished so long as the earth bears a flower or the sea rolls a wave.

At the close of the address and during the next hour the most beautiful ceremony of the day—the decoration of the graves—ensued, a few fitting words being pronounced over each grave by the Rev. Messrs. Peet and Bigelow. The band meanwhile discoursed appropriate and impressive music.

CEREMONIES AT STOUGHTON.

(Post No. 72.)

At 8 o'clock on Saturday, May 29, the post assembled at its encampment, where it was organized into a battalion of two companies, respectively under the command of C. M. Packard, senior vice commander, and Henry A. Monk, junior vice commander. The battalion paraded under the post commander, Rev. A. St. John Chambre.

At 8.15 o'clock carriages were taken, and the post proceeded to the cemetery at North Stoughton. The battalion line being formed, the commander invoked the benediction of Almighty God upon the solemn and impressive occasion, after which the graves of deceased comrades there buried were lavishly strewn with flowers and a small American flag placed at the head of each.

From North Stoughton the post proceeded to East Stoughton. At this place it was joined by the Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church, the minister, Rev. Charles Smith, the Good Templars' Glee Club, and a large number of citizens. The line of march was then taken to the cemetery, where a short, but happily concise and well-rendered address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Smith, which was followed by an earnest prayer by the same gentleman. The glee club also sung a very touching piece, entitled "Let the Dead and Beau-

tiful Rest." The graves were then decorated with the flowers so prodigally provided.

The post returned to the centre village, and was dismissed at 12 m., to assemble again at 1 p. m.

The battalion line was again formed at 1 p. m. The post was now formed into three companies, the color company under the command of H. C. Waugh, officer of the day. Company I, Third Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, Captain J. F. McGonacle, acted as escort. In the procession were the Stoughton Lodge No. 72, I. O. O. F.; Atlantic Engine Company No. 2; the children of the public schools, and a very large body of citizens. Marching direct to Evergreen Cemetery, under the chief marshalship of Mr. George W. Hayden, the procession was closed in mass in front of the receiving-tomb, when a most patriotic and eloquent address was delivered by the orator of the day, Hon. E. C. Monk, and a fervent prayer offered by the chaplain of the day, Rev. Thomas Wilson, of the Orthodox Congregational Church. Detachments from the post, attended by the school children and citizens generally, then visited the graves of the comrades, strewing them with the choice flowers so generously contributed for that purpose, and planting the national colors at their heads.

Leaving this cemetery, the procession moved to the Roman Catholic Burial-ground, where the heroic dead were honored as elsewhere. After which a detachment from the post, under the junior vice commander, proceeded in carriages to Dry Pond, to visit the graves of comrades in that place. In all twenty-nine graves were decorated.

CEREMONIES AT ABINGTON AND EAST ABINGTON.

(Posts Nos. 73 and 74.)

This post assembled at their headquarters at an early hour and marched to Hatherly Hall, where they received a beautiful banner from the ladies of Center and North Abington. They then took up the line of march through North Abington, and thence to the residence of Mr. Albert Chamberlin, where they received an abundant supply of lemonade, the

wounded and disabled being served first. They then proceeded to the cemetery and performed the touching ceremonies of decorating the soldiers' graves.

A beautiful arch had been erected to the memory of the unreturned. Thither all repaired, and after twining around it their floral offerings, prayer was offered by the chaplain of the post. An original hymn, composed for the occasion, was then sung, a brief address was delivered by the Universalist clergyman, and the post repaired to Island Grove.

After partaking of a bountiful repast, the post marched out to meet Post 74, of East Abington, which was accompanied by the Hingham Band. They then marched to the speakers' stand, where an able address was delivered by Major General Underwood.

Post 74, of East Abington, turned out in good season, marched through the principal streets to all the cemeteries in the village, covering each fallen hero's grave with their fragrant offerings.

After partaking of a collation at their headquarters, they marched to Island Grove.

CEREMONIES AT STONEHAM.

(J. P. Gould Post No. 75.)

Chief marshal, W. H. Young; aids, B. F. Richardson, jr., F. M. Sweetser, True L. Norris, and Nathaniel F. Foster; all of whom, with the commander, appeared in the post uniform, on horseback.

The procession met in the public square at 1 o'clock p. m., and was formed as follows: Stoneham Brass Band; Post 75, Grand Army of the Republic, in uniform; selectmen; Post 4, Grand Army of the Republic, delegation; veterans of 1812, with disabled comrades, in carriages; committee of young ladies appointed to decorate the graves; Society of the Daughters of St. Crispin; Society of Good Templars, Crystal Gem Lodge; Columbia Lodge of Odd Fellows; Children's Progressive Lyceum; Knights of St. Crispin;

Kearsage and Atlanta Base Ball Clubs; children of the public schools; citizens.

The procession moved at 2 p. m. to the Old Cemetery, where three soldiers lie buried, halted, and these graves were decorated, while the band played a dirge. The procession then marched to Lindenwood Cemetery, where the bodies of thirty comrades rest, and was formed in two lines by the chief marshal. The post then broke ranks, and half an hour was occupied in decorating the soldiers' graves. Every grave had been previously marked by a small national flag, on each of which was printed the soldier's name and regiment. The band played several pieces of solemn music during the time thus occupied.

Commander W. S. Brown then called the assembly to order, and prayer was offered by Chaplain M. M. Parkhurst. Short addresses suitable to the occasion were then delivered by the commander, Chaplain Parkhurst, and Junior Vice Commander Fairchild; two hymns were sung, and the services closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Byington.

The procession was re-formed, marched to the square, and dismissed. Afterwards the post held a dress parade in front of the town hall, and partook of a collation with invited guests.

The day was generally observed as a holiday throughout the town. Stores were closed, flags hung at half-mast, and large quantities of flowers were contributed by organizations and private citizens.

CEREMONIES AT PLYMOUTH.

(Post No. 76.)

The ceremonies were participated in by Post 76, Grand Army of the Republic, the Standish Guards, Company M, Third Regiment, children of the public schools, and citizens generally. Burial Hill and Oak Grove Cemeteries were visited and the graves of soldiers decorated. At the Unitarian Church a fine oration was delivered by Dr. George B. Loring, of Salem. All the manufactories suspended work, the stores

were closed, flags hoisted at half-mast, and the citizens joined cordially with the post in commemoration of the gallant dead.

CEREMONIES AT HOLDEN.

(Post No. 77.)

This post celebrated Memorial Day, May 29, by services in the church and the decoration of soldiers' graves in both the cemeteries of the town. The memorial address was delivered by Major T. E. Hall, and Rev. Mr. Kinney, Rev. Dr. Paine, F. M. Stowell, J. H. Gleason, and S. R. Armington took part in the services.

CEREMONIES AT SOUTH ABINGTON.

(David A. Russell Post No. 78.)

The ceremonies of the day were commenced by sending a detachment of four comrades to "Northville," to decorate the grave of William H. Brown; another detachment was sent to High street, to decorate the graves of John B. Hutchinson and Rufus Robbins.

At 1 o'clock p. m. the various organizations of South Abington assembled at their places of rendezvous, and formed their ranks at 1.30 p. m. preparatory to being arranged in the column. The order of the procession and line of march were under the direction of the officer of the day, Captain Dan Packard. The order of arrangement was as follows:

Joppa Brass Band, Comrade William A. Bowles, leader; Post 78, Grand Army of the Republic, numbering sixty-six comrades, dressed in dark clothes, white gloves, and wearing the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, under the command of Colonel F. P. Harlow, post commander; a carriage drawn by two horses, beautifully decorated with flags, and containing twenty-five young ladies dressed in white, carrying the wreaths and bouquets prepared by the ladies of the place for the decoration of the soldiers' graves; the chil-

dren of the Sabbath-schools connected with the Baptist and Congregational Churches, each scholar carrying a small flag; about fifty members of the Order of Good Templars, wearing the badge of the order; about one hundred of the Knights of St. Crispin, wearing the badge of their order; the citizens of South Abington and vicinity, under the direction of Major Marcus Reed. This column, together with those accompanying it in carriages, numbered at least one thousand persons.

At a few minutes past 2 o'clock the procession moved from Washington street, in front of the headquarters of the post, through School, Beulah, and Temple streets, to Washington, thence through Washington street to Mount Zion Cemetery, where the column was formed in a large hollow square, with the children upon the inside, and a prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Ober.

At the close of this exercise the graves of the soldiers, previously designated by placing a small flag at the head, were decorated by the post. This ceremony was performed by a detachment of six comrades for each grave. Each detachment was marched to the grave and arranged, with one comrade having a wreath at the head, another with a bouquet at the foot, and two on each side of the grave, with single flowers. At the command of "Uncover," each comrade removed his hat, and there at the grave, kneeling upon the left knee, deposited the decorations, the color-bearer at the same time drooping the colors.

In this manner the graves of nine deceased soldiers were decorated.

After the ceremonies at Mount Zion Cemetery were finished, the column moved through Washington and Essex streets to Coldbrook Cemetery, where the following exercises were observed: Address by Rev. Mr. Wilson, of South Abington; Memorial Hymn, sung by the children of the Sabbath-schools, under the direction of Mr. H. M. Soule; "America," sung by the children, accompanied by the band; address by Rev. Mr. Ober, of South Abington; decoration of the graves of twenty soldiers, conducted in the same manner as at the other cemetery.

After the decoration of the graves, the remaining flowers were deposited upon a lot set apart for the purpose of honoring those (thirteen in number) who did not return.

CEREMONIES AT NORTH ADAMS.

(Post No. 79.)

Order of Procession.—Dr. H. J. Millard, post surgeon, marshal; Comrade C. H. Hubbard, officer of the guard, with guard; Wheeler's Brass Band and the Drum Corps; William McKay, post commander, and Rev. Miles Sanford, post chaplain; Post 79, Department of Massachusetts, Grand Army of the Republic; Hoosac Valley Lodge, I. O. of G. T., in charge of M. L. Manchester, W. C. T.; Young Catholic Friends' Society, in charge of H. Rowan; Lafayette Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, in charge of Robert Howard, W. M.; citizens generally, in carriages and on foot.

The procession then proceeded to the North Adams Cemetery, and formed around the soldiers' lot, where the following ceremonies took place: Singing by children of the public schools; prayer by Rev. R. R. Meredith, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; singing; address by Rev. Miles Sanford, post chaplain; singing of the hymn, by Comrade Bourne, commencing

"Blest are the martyred dead who lie
In holy graves for freedom won,
Whose storied deeds shall never die,
While coming years their circles run."

Benediction by Rev. R. R. Meredith. The post battalion was then divided into squads, each under command of a sub-officer, which repaired to the graves of the several soldiers and sailors, and strewed them with flowers. The band, while this was taking place, played several dirges, whose moving strains touched every heart. The graves of twenty-eight soldiers were visited.

CEREMONIES AT SOUTH HADLEY.

(Post No. 80.)

May 29 was duly observed by the people of South Hadley as Decoration Day. Post No. 80 had charge of the ceremony, Rev. J. M. Greene was chaplain, and Dr. C. B. Smith, surgeon. The soldiers of Granby came over in full ranks and joined heartily in the patriotic service, and their fine appearance and polite assistance was much appreciated. The procession formed at the chapel, the relatives of deceased soldiers having the post of honor, and all, under the command of Captain Charles L. Moody, marched to the Old Grave-yard, where repose three of the sons of liberty. After visiting the graves and strewing upon them garlands of flowers, the soldiers formed around an arch of evergreen, made by the young ladies, in commemoration of the soldiers that repose elsewhere, and here the chaplain invoked the Divine blessing, the choir sang appropriate words, and the address was given.

A large concourse of citizens attended, although the weather was threatening. Officer of the Day William Smith marshaled the music, and the veteran drum majors, White and Richardson, assisted by several young men, composed the band.

CEREMONIES AT MARBLEHEAD.

(Post No. 82.)

ORATION BY E. E. WILLIAMSON.

Mr. Commander and Friends: On this beautiful spring day, when we are about to hail the first rays of a summer's sun, when the green foliage is beginning to appear, the flowers to exhale their fragrance, the trees to burst forth in beauty, we have assembled on this second occasion of strewing the graves of our soldiers with flowers, and are soon to visit the peaceful chamber of the dead, to perform a solemn, yet a most delightful duty.

All nature seems to lend its aid in making this a day of mingled sorrow and exultation. The noblest feelings of our

hearts prompt us to honor the dead. Affection's hand scatters in profusion the garlands which have been gathered upon your hill-sides and in your valleys upon the mounds of those who will never again respond to the reveille or march to battle. They have fought the good fight, and great is their reward.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

In this grand sentiment of our nature, of honoring the memory of those who have perished in the cause of their country, all tribes and conditions of men agree. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the educated and the ignorant, vie with each other in paying tributes of respect to their dead. And I believe that while we are gathered near this holy ground, to bestow these tokens of love, the spirits of those whose earthly bodies are mingled with the dust are hovering about us, imparting their benedictions upon our offering. The desire to be remembered is inherent in our being. Mankind crave immortality. The mounds upon the distant prairies of the West, and those of the more remote regions of Mexico: the well-tombs of Peru, where the bodies of the descendants of the sun were preserved; the pyramids of Egypt; the mausoleums; the sarcophagi of mediæval times; the cemeteries, monuments, and tablets of latter days, attest the desire to perpetuate the memory of those who have been great in war and statesmanship, art and literature, or renowned for deeds of charity and of philanthropy.

It is well that we are here to-day. What deeds are there in the annals of history more memorable than those we commemorate by this act of generous respect? What cause was there ever identified with the human race nobler than theirs, or whose patriotism was purer? In an hour of national calamity, when the existence of the republic was endangered, they left the workshop, the farm, and all the peaceful avocation and associations of home, to uphold that freedom which is characteristic of our people and institutions.

"Forget not all their sufferings,
Their sorrows and their prayers,
This hard-won heritage is ours,
The perils all were theirs."

The flowers which you are to softly lay upon the grassy sepulchers of the fallen brave will fade and decay, the monumental shafts which have been reared will crumble as time rolls on, but the great work in the cause of liberty, the deeds of heroism upon the gory fields, can never be erased or forgotten. And so long as good government is revered; so long as the spirit of Christian civilization causes the heart to pulsate, or the English language is known to the tongues of men, so long will their record remain as green as the emerald of Ireland in the hearts of their countrymen. The north wind's blast and the cold rain-drops cannot cause their memory to fade. It is written in living characters upon the tablets of our hearts, there to remain till the final end of all things. Yet we may not mourn for them; rather that they should pity us.

Could the Greeks mourn for those who fell at Marathon in turning back the advancing tide of barbarism from eastern civilization? Could the heroes of Luetzen be mourned for when religious liberty had been established in Germany? Could the Swiss mourn for those who perished in the pass of Morgate, in the fourteenth century, when the Austrian hosts, who were endeavoring to quench their liberties, were hurled back by a few patriots with slaughter? Could our ancestors mourn for those who fell at Yorktown, when Washington received the sword of Lord Cornwallis? Could friends of English liberty mourn for those who fell at Worcester, and Naseby, and Dunbar, and Marston Moor, that the despotism of Charles I might cease?

Napoleon Bonaparte was greater in death, when, after that long slumber in a barren isle in mid-ocean, his remains were carried in triumph and with homage to that land he so much loved, than he was when he scaled the Alpine heights, or thundered at the gates of Moscow. Dead soldiers and sailors! you are greater to-day than you were when, with glistening bayonets, you heroically charged upon the deadly foe, or faced the guns of the rebel privateers. Where is thy victory, boasting grave? You were as faithful as was the devoted servant of the first Napoleon, who through storm and sunshine sat upon the rocks of St. Helena, guarding the grave of his great commander, until his dust was transported with a nation's pomp to the bosom of France. In the words of an ancient orator, "It becomes us to honor the dead, and to lament the living."

> "One glorious hour of crowded life
> Is worth an age without a name."

But, slumbering heroes, you are not alone in the heroism

and victory of death. He who guided the destinies of the nation through the struggle is with you. His dust hallows and enriches the prairies of the West. That kind and affectionate husband and father, that devoted patriot, that great statesman, that honored and good President, whose inflexible determination to save the life of the nation which had elevated him to its chief magistracy can be likened to none but your own, sleeps as quietly at his home in Springfield in the far West, as you do in Marblehead in the East; and at this hour some gentle hand may be spreading wreaths upon his mound. Like you, he has left family and kindred behind.

He who was anxiously watching you when you were with Sheridan in the Valley; with Banks at Cedar Mountain and Front Royal; with Burnside on the Rappahannock; with Meade at Gettysburg, when the fate of the country trembled in the balance; with Thomas at Chattanooga, and Chickamauga, and Nashville; with Hooker when he fought above the clouds on Lookout; with Sherman in his march to the sea; in the hour of danger, upon the ocean, when Farragut lashed himself to the mast; and with Grant at Vicksburg, and Donelson, and Appomattox, is now with you watching as from celestial abodes, rejoicing as you rejoice in the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant," rejoicing that the glorious and fraternal union of States has not been broken, and that the cords of friendship, which were so near being sundered, are now being strengthened under the administration of the general who survives them; and that the words he has so lately uttered, "Let us have peace," are as sincerely re-echoed and cherished as are those of the lamented President, with which he closed his second inaugural address, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

The great results which were achieved by our soldiers and sailors can hardly be calculated or appreciated. As an incident of the strife, four millions of human beings became free. Those whom God in his mysterious providence has caused to come into being with a darker color than our own were ushered into the broad sunlight of American freedom. The institution which had been the "bone of contention" between the various sections of our country for nearly two hundred and fifty years, which had neutralized the Declaration of Independence which Jefferson drew with his own hand, which had culminated in the rebellion, perished by its own act.

The Dred Scott decision and the fugitive slave laws vanished with the barbarous code.

Horace Mann, who once occupied the position which was made vacant by the death of that illustrious man John Quincy Adams, said on one occasion, in a letter to a friend, "Is Massachusetts any more worth living in than it was? Is there to be a time when I can speak of it without blushing?" But to-day Massachusetts, and the whole of the American republic, from the borders of Maine to the Pacific slopes, and from the lakes to the gulf, stand upon the immutable and everlasting principles of equal and exact justice. The days of unrequited labor are numbered with the past. Fugitive slave laws are only remembered as relics of that barbarism which John Wesley pronounced "the sum of all villainies," and whose knowledge of its blighting effects was matured by his travels in Georgia and the Carolinas.

If Horace Mann could speak to us at this hour, he would say that Massachusetts is worth living in; that the nation has entered on a new era of enlightenment, because efforts were made to establish a confederacy whose corner-stone should be slavery; and because the heroism of the soldiers and sailors, at whose graves we bow on this day of consecration, fought and bled that the wicked scheme might not be consummated. Not only does the American continent feel the quickening power of this great achievement, but the Old World, the land of Wilberforce, of Father Mathew, and Schiller, of Lafayette, and those great minds which lightened and alleviated the despotism of other days, have received an impetus, the beneficence of which will be as lasting as the world itself.

By their endeavors all sections of our common country have been made acquainted with the peculiarities and necessities of each other; and the herculean task of belting the continent with rails of steel, which was commenced while they were fighting our battles, has lately been completed, joining the Pacific to the Atlantic in indissoluble bonds.

But I am admonished that, upon an occasion like this, when words are so utterly inadequate, I should hasten to close.

The beautiful ceremony of to-day will never be blotted from your memory. Marblehead, among the first in the war, will be among the last to cherish its memories and lessons.

The national Government, which owes its existence to the heroic dead, whose memory is to-day honored throughout the land, pauses in the vastness of its routine to witness and participate in the imposing decorations.

"Here shall the child of after years be led
With his wreath-offering, silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead."

From these commemorating services can be drawn a rare lesson to the living. The influences of this observance by the Grand Army of the Republic can hardly be realized. In a quiet, but potent manner, the American people are called upon to renew their fidelity and loyalty to the tri-colored ensign of the republic, which would have been one of the mementoes of the past, trailing in the dust, with its stripes erased and polluted, and the stars and bars, emblems of a broken Union, would have floated from the dome of the Capitol at Washington but for these great deeds. The index of civilization would have been turned back upon the world's dial. Liberty would have mourned, as she looked upon America in its deplorable condition. The slaves would still be groping in the darkness of ignorance. They who were the pioneers of our armies, directing them in the paths of safety and victory, when all around were false and deceiving, would have been destined to a servitude more galling and debasing than that for which rebellion was instigated. But "fear not him who can only destroy the body; rather fear Him who can destroy both the soul and the body."

Reverse the victories of war, and you would not have been allowed to bedeck these graves with nature's rarest flowers. Memorial halls, monuments, and cenotaphs would not have been erected throughout the land to commemorate these noble deeds. The flag of the Confederacy, which waved in the ocean breeze for a few brief months, on the battlements of Sumter, would now be defiantly flaunting from Faneuil Hall, with that famous rebel calling his roll as he predicted.

But in the midst of these triumphs and solemnities let us not fail to recognize the hand of the God of Battles, which guides and directs the destinies of both men and nations. *He* will preserve justice from violence. *He* will make up the final record of good and evil. As was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Judging for ourselves what is right, "as God gives us to see the right," let us not forget the teachings of the past, but again pledge undying fealty to that "liberty and union" which Daniel Webster, whose mortal remains slumber beneath the soil once trod by our Pilgrim fathers, prayed, with the speech of almost supernatural eloquence, might be "now and forever, one and inseparable."

CEREMONIES AT HANOVER.

(Post No. 83.)

Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather on the 29th, a part of the ceremonies was omitted.

At 10 o'clock Post No. 83, Grand Army of the Republic, bearing flowers and wreaths, fell into line in front of the town hall. They then proceeded, under command of Commander George B. Oldham, and followed by a large concourse of citizens, to the cemetery, where they decorated the graves of twenty-one soldiers, each grave or tablet having been previously marked by an American flag.

Near the entrance was placed a large flag bearing the names of thirteen soldiers who died in the service and were buried elsewhere.

Beneath this flag was deposited a large wreath, inclosing a cross and numerous smaller wreaths. The procession proceeded to the hall, where the closing exercises took place as follows:

Song by the quartette club, "O'er Graves of the Loved Ones Strew Beautiful Flowers;" remarks by Rev. E. A. Perry, Chaplain of Post No. 83; remarks by Rev. Andrew Read; remarks by Commander George B. Oldham; prayer by chaplain; hymn by the quartette club; Benediction.

At the services in the hall the following poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. L. A. Reed, was read by the Rev. A. Reed:

We leave our cares and toils to-day,
  Our floral offerings bring,
And strew them where our brave ones lie
  So deeply slumbering.

No sound of murderous cannon's roar,
  No clank of bondsman's chain,
Disturbs our land from shore to shore—
  They perished not in vain.

They perish not; within our hearts
  Their memory never dies;
The perfume of their noble deeds
  Is wafted to the skies.

And sure as spring-time brings the bloom,
  The sunshine, and the showers,
We'll lay upon the soldier's tomb
  Our offering of flowers.

O'er those who in the southland sleep,
Far from our tender care,
Our God his loving watch will keep,
His hand strew flowers there.

The assembly was then dismissed for an hour.

At 1 o'clock the post proceeded to Assinippi, and at 2 p. m. the procession, consisting of the post and the people of the vicinity, was formed, and proceeded to the burial-ground in that village, where the graves of twelve soldiers were appropriately decorated.

The procession was then halted near the entrance, and after a hymn by the quartette club, prayer was offered by the chaplain and the procession dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT HOPKINTON.

At an early hour in the day flowers and evergreens, tastefully arranged into bouquets and wreaths, were carried in great abundance to the Grand Army headquarters.

At 9.30 o'clock the Grand Army, accompanied by the Hopkinton Cornet Band and citizens, took up the line of march for the cemetery in Woodville, deputations having been sent to such burial-places as could not be visited by the whole body. On arriving at Woodville they were received by the citizens and schools, who proceeded with them to the cemetery. Here impressive silence reigned, broken only by the regular booming of the minute-gun and the tolling-bell. The citizens and the schools broke ranks, and the proper officers proceeded to deck with flowers the resting-places of the heroic dead. The line was then re-formed on the south side of the cemetery, where prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hambleton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, followed by a touching address by Rev. J. O. Peck, of Worcester, and music by the band.

The procession then moved to Hayden Row, where like ceremonies were performed. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. O. Peck, followed by the singing of a decoration hymn, and an address by Rev. Mr. Marvine, of Wellesley. On their return to the center, the Grand Army and the band partook

of a collation provided for them in the hall. A procession was then formed on the common, numbering more than one thousand people, and comprising the Grand Army of the Republic; the wives, widows and immediate friends of soldiers; the order of Knights of St Crispin, two hundred or more in number; the schools and citizens. The procession proceeded first to the Catholic burial-place in Mt. Auburn street, and next to the cemetery adjoining. After decorating the graves, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Marvine, at the close of which the procession returned to the common. Here the exercises were opened by an address by Colonel Wood, of Woodville, who was followed by Rev. Mr. Peck, L. H. Wakefield, esq., and Rev. Mr. Marvine. A sweet and tender piece of music, "Beautiful Flowers," was also sung by the quartette club.

CEREMONIES AT EAST BRIDGEWATER.

In accordance with a vote of the East Bridgewater Monumental Association, held some two weeks since, the graves of the soldiers were decorated on Saturday p. m., 29th instant. A meeting was held at the town hall, at 2.30 o'clock p. m., with the following exercises:

Chant by the choir; prayer by Rev. Mr. Martin; hymn by the choir; address by W. H. Osborne, esq., member of Post 15, Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Great events in the history of nations have led to the setting apart of the days on which those events have occurred as seasons of public rejoicing or sorrow; but as the instincts of our nature tend to create in us a desire to obliterate from memory all recollection of great calamities, whether they be of a public or private character, we are too often, I think, for our own good, found to be utterly unmindful of the trials and sufferings of those whose steadfastness to duty has accomplished the great moral and political reforms of the world, the blessings of which we are left quietly to enjoy.

Although this beautiful and fitting ceremony in which we are about to engage had its origin with the soldiers of the country, and is to-day conducted under the auspices of the various army and navy organizations, where such organizations exist, it is nevertheless one that challenges the respect,

and will doubtless receive the cordial approval, of every patriotic man and woman in the land.

There being no society of soldiers or sailors now existing in this town, the Monumental Association, at a special meeting called for that purpose, cheerfully assumed this pious work, and you are assembled here to-day in obedience to their invitation, to aid them in decorating the graves of those of our citizens who fell victims to wicked rebellion, and whose remains lie interred within the limits of our town.

Before doing so you will permit me to review, as briefly as possible, some of the incidents connected with their service in the field, and, incidentally though necessarily, to advert to the part performed by our town in the great war of the rebellion.

The military history of East Bridgewater during the late war, though none of its soldiers rose to high rank, is one that no citizen has cause to regard with feelings other than those of pride and satisfaction.

I think it is not too much to say, that no town in our honored commonwealth responded with more alacrity and genuine loyalty to the demands made upon it by the general Government during this trying period.

Small in area and thinly populated, it could not vie with many of the more thickly-settled and wealthy communities in the State in their devotion to the good cause, but it was by no means tardy in its recognition of the claims of the Government upon it for both moral and material support.

It has the honor of having sent to the field some of the first three-years' troops, under the call of President Lincoln for seventy five thousand volunteers, issued in April, 1861; it was represented in nearly every section of our army, in some of the most notable scenes and many of the most sanguinary battles of the war. It participated, in the persons of its three-months' volunteers, in saving to the Government Fortress Monroe, one of the most important military stations on the southern coast, in the destruction of the dry-docks and arsenals at Gosport Navy Yard, Virginia, aided in the rescuing from the hands of the enemy that noble sloop-of-war the Cumberland, now and forever famous in the annals of naval warfare, and afterwards, on that memorable occasion known as the great naval engagement of Hampton Roads, fought in the person of one of its citizens under the gallant and intrepid Morris in defending her from the assault of that iron monster the Merrimac, which threatened to destroy our fleets and blockade our ports.

In the disastrous campaign of the Peninsula, in the eventful and unfortunate siege of Richmond, and in nearly all the

battles of the retreat, it was faithfully represented. At Antietam, and in many if not all the minor engagements of that campaign, our soldiers fought side by side with the other soldiers of the republic.

They were under the gallant Sheridan at Winchester and Cedar Creek, were under Grant at Vicksburg, and Meade at Gettysburg, and shared in the glories of that glorious day, the Fourth of July, 1863, the events of which, though not decisive, revived the sinking hopes of patriots everywhere.

Others of our soldiers participated in the marches and battles under the burning sun of Louisiana, toiled in the trenches before Port Hudson, and, after many days of patient waiting and hard fighting, were rewarded by the surrender of the hostile army.

They suffered the hardships and endured the privations under Burnside, in his Tennessee campaign, aided in the brave and successful defense of Knoxville, and went shoeless, half-clad, and half-fed, at the most inclement season of the year, in the dreary encampment at Blaine's Cross-Roads, the Valley Forge of the rebellion.

They were at Chattanooga, and once at least under the fiery Hooker, "on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the defiance of the skies." Upon the sea, as well as upon the land, they strove to maintain the honor of our flag and the supremacy of the Government, taking part in several of the most famous naval battles known in the history of this or any other nation.

The closing scenes of the war found them still at their posts of duty, contributing by their bravery to the final overthrow of the rebellion, the object of their long-cherished though long-delayed hopes.

But all who went out from us in the vigor of manhood did not return as they went; some have come back to us mere wrecks of their former selves, with maimed limbs and shattered constitutions; and some who went out from us rejoicing in their strength, with all the prospects of a future life bright before them, have not returned at all. Antietam, Winchester, the Wilderness, Coal Harbor, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, Belle Isle, aye, Andersonville too, claimed them for their victims, and many hearts have been made sad and many hearths made desolate.

Of those who went from this town and of whose service a record has been preserved, forty-six are known to have died in the service. Of this number eighteen were killed in battle or died of wounds received in battle, twenty-eight perished of disease contracted in the service and in the line of their duty as soldiers, and two died of starvation and neglect in

that horrid prison-pen at Andersonville, Georgia; one is reported to have been murdered in Washington, six have died since returning home of sickness, the seeds of which in the majority if not in all the instances were laid in the service. Of those who died in the service only six, to my knowledge, lie buried within the precincts of the town, and on this day of the commemoration of their deeds it will be left to other and I sincerely trust not less patriotic hands to strew with flowers the graves of many of these our townsmen who sleep in southern soil.

It would seem most fitting on an occasion like this that I should mention by name each one of these brave men who met death in the service of their country. I am sorry to say, however, that although great pains have been taken by myself and others to complete a perfect roll of the dead, we have not as yet been able to do so, and for fear of passing in silence any one of this number, even in so brief a recital of their history as this must needs be, I have been compelled to refrain from mentioning names and paying a deserved tribute to them individually.

I have, therefore, found it necessary to speak of them collectively, and have endeavored, in my poor manner, to bestow upon them all the praise they so richly merit, deeply regretting that this patriotic duty could not have been confided to the charge of some one more competent to discharge it than myself. But they need no eulogiums at my hands; the world knows the history of their deeds by heart; their feats of war are as familiar to us as household words. No language, however rich, could portray in colors sufficiently glowing the unselfish devotion to right, the pure sense of duty, that pervaded the breasts of these men; no voice can utter in tones sufficiently solemn and impressive the story of their bitter death, the privation and want, the hardships and fatigue, that attended their service in the field.

Those whose lot it was to participate in these scenes of strife and bloodshed, who have stood over the couches of dying companions, have witnessed them as they wasted and pined on beds of sickness, received from them their last messages of affection to loved ones in far-off homes, and afterward aided in committing their poor bodies to now, it may be, unknown graves, can alone conceive of the costly and fearful nature of the sacrifice they made. Those whose fortune it was to engage in the excitement and peril of battle, and at its close have gone mournfully over the field searching for the bodies of lost comrades, and have at last found them, torn and mangled, discolored, scarcely recognizable, or perhaps have seen them with their life-blood slowly ebbing away, can

most vividly realize the cruel and destructive nature of the war in which these our friends engaged.

The last act in the observance of these ceremonies is a simple one in itself, but it is far from being meaningless. We seek to manifest our gratitude and regard towards those who died for us, by strewing their graves with the fresh flowers of spring. Flowers are the emblems of purity. We employ them in the expression of both our joy and grief, our reverence and our love. As employed by us on this occasion, they lose none of their natural significance. They express our joys that through the efforts and sacrifices of these men, and the efforts and sacrifices of their comrades the nation not only still lives, but has had "a new birth under freedom;" our grief at their loss and bitter death; our reverence for the purity of their motives and the sublimity of their example; and our love for their many private virtues and personal worth.

As we approach their graves, let us do so with reverent footsteps, and with hearts fully consecrated to the holy principles for which they fought and for which they died.

DEPARTMENT OF MICHIGAN.

CEREMONIES AT ADRIAN.

The day appointed by Post Woodbury, for the observance of the memorial services, was Sunday, May 30, but, owing to the inclemency of the weather, they were postponed till Monday, May 31.

The "assembly" was sounded at 3.30 p. m., in front of the post headquarters, and simultaneously with its sounding the places of business were generally closed, as if by common consent. Shortly after 4 p. m. the procession was formed, under the direction of Captain Rogers, commandant of Post Woodbury, Grand Army of the Republic, assisted by his Adjutant, Major Simpson, and Messrs. Baker, Bowen, and Westerman, as aids. The following was the order of procession: Band; mayor and common council of the city; clergy of the city, orator, chaplain, and department commander; choir; girls, dressed in white, in carriages; wagon, loaded with flowers; Knight Templars; Post Woodbury, Grand Army of the Republic; German Workingmen's Benevolent Association; Masonic Fraternity: Odd Fellows; citizens.

The procession moved to the excellent music of the band to the cemetery. Arrived, the procession moved through to the square, where the exercises opened by singing a hymn by the choir; prayer by Post Chaplain Hadley followed, which was succeeded by singing by the choir.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORATION BY CAPTAIN J. H. FEE.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and Friends: Again we have assembled in these grounds, consecrated to the dead, to pay tribute to the memory of those who laid down their lives during the peril of the nation, and of those who, after coming back to home and loved ones, have passed from our midst. We have not come here through mere

curiosity to see what may be done, but each one, I trust, actuated by a deep, grateful love for the memory of not only the dead heroes whose remains have been gathered in these beautiful grounds, but of the thousands of others who fell in the conflict, and a desire to give some tangible evidence of that love and gratitude.

These ceremonies which we have met to observe, in themselves beautiful and touchingly impressive, are most to be prized for the influence they exert upon the hearts and purposes of those who may take part in them. By our presence here we say that the cause in which these dead heroes died is one dear to us, and that while we thus strew the early flowers of spring-time over their resting places, we will keep green in our memories the noble work they did, and consecrate ourselves anew to the maintenance of the principles for the perpetuity of which they gave their lives. If there were no higher motive to influence us, gratitude to those who fell while fighting to assure the supremacy of that flag so beloved by the friends of liberty the world over, ought to be strong enough to make us regard their resting-places as sacred, to be religiously guarded against all desecration.

All that we can do or say cannot affect our dead comrades. Their lives have been glorified. History will embalm their deeds, and the people of the future will point with pride to what these heroes did, while the words of others will have been forgotten as not worthy of record. But so long as the people of the United States shall prize as they should the value of the services of our patriot dead, certainly so long as there shall be a member of the Grand Army left, thus long will tribute be paid to the memory of those whose lives made up the price paid for the salvation of all that is worth preserving in our form of goverment. * * *

But it is not to the dead alone that we owe gratitude.

" * * * To those who, crippled, pine,
Let us give hope of happier days.
Let homes, for all those sad wrecks of war,
Through all the land with speed arise;
They cry from every gaping scar,
'Let not one brother's tomb debar
The wounded living from your eyes.'"

These "sad wrecks of war" meet us in every avenue of society. Empty sleeves and crutches are painfully common sights. These cripples are left among us, as it were, to test the sincerity of our patriotic professions. To pay homage to the dead requires little or no sacrifice; but to do justice to the living implies the liberal expenditure of the means that, in Providence, have been placed at our disposal. Words are well, so far as they go, but if they are not backed up by gen-

erous deeds, they do but little credit to him who utters them. It is fitting on this occasion, when we have come together to express our feelings for the dead, that we should look into our own lives, and see whether we are doing what we ought to do for the living. There is no class of men who better deserve our regard and care than these cripples, who came out of the flame of battle maimed for life. They fought, not for themselves alone, but for you and for me, and because they thus fought, you and I owe them a debt, not only of gratitude, but of a more tangible form; a debt which in its honest payment will give them food to eat, clothes to wear, and for those who have not home and friends, a home to live in. Not all the maimed need this care and provision for their wants; but there is many a poor crippled soldier who has no friend to whom he can go, save the people whom he so fairly served; and, if that people heeds not his appeals, he must be indeed forsaken. There are institutions now springing up whose sole purpose is to seek out and gather in these "battle wrecks." There are at least three such now in successful operation, and if they be not sufficient to meet the demands made upon them, I have faith to believe that yet more ample provision will be made.

There are yet two other classes to whom the loyal people of the nation owe a duty that they cannot, will not, be so ungrateful as to neglect. These are the widows and orphans of those who laid down their lives on the altar of their country. In many and many an instance the families of dead soldiers were left in want. They could secure only the commonest necessities of life by the hardest toil and closest economy when all were in health: but when sickness came, God alone knows the silent and uncomplaining suffering from cold and hunger that has been endured by these bereaved ones. Because they made no sign of their distress, those outside have thoughtlessly paid no heed to them, or, if they were forced to see the misery, they had no mode of relief to suggest other than the "poor-house;" and because a soldier's widow has refused to allow her children to be gathered in with common paupers, she has been called proud. Well, she has cause to be proud; for as the widow of a brave man who fell fighting for liberty she is better entitled to the praise and esteem of men worthy of freedom than the proudest queen. * * *

Among the ancient people it was the custom immediately after a victorious battle to rear a trophy, which was but a heap made up of casting together the arms and spoils captured from the enemy. These trophies were regarded as sacred, and no one dared to tear them down; and when through time they decayed and crumbled, no one was permitted to re-

build them. Plutarch, in speaking of this, ascribes a praiseworthy motive to the people observing this custom, for, says he, "To reinstate and set up again the monuments of ancient differences with enemies, which time has conveniently demolished, has something odious in it, and seems to argue a desire to perpetuate enmity." The trophies that we set up on our victorious battle-fields are fast crumbling, but many good men are questioning whether we ought to rebuild them. To rebuild is to perpetuate enmity, which, as Plutarch says, "has something odious in it." Rather let our trophies crumble down into forgetfulness, if thus our people may be brought into unity and harmony. This implies no sacrifice of principle or worthy purpose, but simply the exercise of a broad charity, which, while it carries buckler and shield for defense of the nation, has a warm hand for those who yield willing obedience to the laws of the land.

When enmity shall have given way to friendship, when trust shall have taken the place of distrust, when we shall become indeed one people, then will our nation make such advancement as the most sanguine has not dreamed of. When we shall enter upon the fruition of the work so nobly begun by the men for whom the spring has to-day given up its earliest buds and flowers, let us not forget that what we enjoy are blessings won by them and passed into our keeping as a sacred legacy, which it is our duty to preserve and keep intact so long as we have the capacity to appreciate or a memory to cherish their sacrifices.

During his address the speaker presented the subject of erecting a monument to the departed soldiers, stating that the national Government had donated to the city a splendid shaft of white marble for that purpose. A subscription was raised sufficient to build a pedestal, carve the names, and set up and complete the monument.

At the close of the oration a hymn was sung, and this was succeeded by the ceremony of decorating the graves.

CEREMONIES AT ANN ARBOR.

Saturday, May 29, 1869, was observed by the citizens of Ann Arbor, and the business houses were generally closed. It was a day befitting the occasion. It did not rain, but the face of the sun was hid from view by a veil of clouds.

The opening exercises were held in the court-house square,

commencing at 9 o'clock a. m. First, vocal music, "My Country," which the audience joined in singing; second, prayer by Rev. Mr. Gillespie—an eloquent, appropriate, and patriotic invocation for our common country, and a devout expression of gratitude and thankfulness for the salvation of free institutions and a good government; third, an address by President E. O. Haven, of Michigan University, who spoke, in substance, as follows:

ADDRESS OF E. O. HAVEN.

We are assembled, not to reopen the wounds of our late contest, though I wonder not at the tears in many an eye started by the pathetic song just sung so eloquently, nor can we fail to feel that this is a solemn occasion. We are participating in what may claim to be almost a national celebration. From Maine to Oregon, from Michigan to Florida—yes, even in the South—flowers will be strewn over the graves of the heroes who gave up their lives for their country. In olden times this custom prevailed, it prevails still in Europe; but there were never so many people participating at once in this ceremony as to-day. We would not revive the agony of the past struggle, but we cannot, we will not, forget the heroes that died for us.

There comes a time in the life of every person when the buoyancy of childhood is exchanged for the stability and earnestness of manhood. It may be some tremendous misfortune, the treachery of a friend, or the advent of some responsibility, that revolutionizes and improves our life. So is it with nations. Every nation, to improve its metal, must be tried as by fire. Now, America was a gay and thoughtless child a few years ago, compared with her present sobriety, and steady, noble character.

The old revolutionary war was fearful, but it had been almost forgotten. The war of 1812 was a mere fight at sea; the Mexican affair was an adventure, participated in by a few; but our late struggle was an awful contest for existence. There were times when the best and strongest feared that death would be the issue; but the Arbiter of Nations, the God of Battles, did not so decide. He has declared, America shall live.

I shall not discuss the contest. I shall utter no words of censure. It was first a war of ideas and words, and finally a war of physical strength and military science. Now, let us have peace. Now, as God has decided that as this great world-nation is one in geography and one in language,

(though speaking many,) it shall be one in government, and have one flag, let us repel and discourage differences, and seek to be truly one. Every part of the nation contributed to the result. From our own city many enlisted, and many lost their lives in the contest. Their names, though not yet chiseled in marble or wrought in brass, shall never perish. They shall yet be inscribed on memorials as imperishable as anything human. They are written in the memories of grateful friends.

These flowers are beautiful. They are representatives of the divine wisdom and love. They are created only to please. They are perishable, but they perpetually return. So our emotions are fleeting, but the fountain of emotion and thought is imperishable. Let these flowers, then, be placed over the mortal remains of our heroes. And while we pay to them our highest tribute of respect and love, let us not forget the many who sleep far away from us in unknown graves. Perhaps some stranger-hands to-day will ornament their graves. If not, the angels know where they are. God has not forgotten them. We will not forget them.

Fallen heroes, are you with us to-day? Then, all hail! Full well ye know your labors were not in vain, and you have your reward. Your country lives because you died for it, and you have earned immortal honor. Your memory is a benediction. Exult, then, in your immortality, while we in our earthly life take the best emblems of heaven we have, the blossoms of God's beauty, and spread them over the spots where your bodies repose—faint emblems of our undying love. You have not died in vain. Your country is saved; other countries shall imitate it, and the world shall yet be a family of republics!

At the close of the address there was singing by the quartette, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Gillespie.

After the exercises in the square, the procession was formed in the following order: Officers of the day; mayor and officers of the city government; band, with muffled drums; national colors draped; Porter Zouaves, with arms reversed; soldiers with bouquets; Masons and Odd Fellows; fire department officers; Celtic Literary Society; citizens on foot and in carriages.

The Porter Zouaves made a fine appearance, under the command of Captain Porter. They have the air and bearing of men who have seen actual service, smelt gunpowder, and

heard bullets whistle. The band also in the morning gave some excellent music.

In the above order the procession moved to Forest Hill Cemetery, where, upon its arrival, the ceremony of strewing the graves with flowers was commenced.

CEREMONIES AT BATTLE CREEK.

Decoration services were observed at Battle Creek on Sunday, May 30, 1869.

In the forenoon the Rev. Mr. Wishard, at the Congregational and Presbyterian Church, preached an able sermon, suitable to the day, from the text, Acts xxii, 28: "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." The discourse set forth the cost of our national liberties, with some very practical hints in regard to the best method of preserving them.

Notwithstanding the storm which prevailed on that day, quite a large number of citizens assembled at the Methodist Episcopal Church at 2 o'clock p. m., and proceeded thence to the cemetery, for the purpose of decorating with flowers the graves of our deceased soldiers, and witnessing the exercises which were to be observed in commemoration of the brave men buried there who had given their lives in the service of their country.

Upon arriving at the stand Dr. S. French, late surgeon of the Twentieth Michigan Infantry, who presided and read the names of those whose remains had been deposited in the cemetery, called the assembly to order. An appropriate prayer was offered by Chaplain L. W. Earl. Here follow a few extracts from the

ORATION OF HON. CHARLES S. MAY

On this last Christian Sabbath of the spring, the nation, by the hands of their living comrades, lays its floral offering on the graves of its dead. No day is too sacred for such a beautiful and impressive service—a service most fit and appropriate also, for these flowers are emblems of resurrection and immortality.

It is a service which answers to a universal sentiment felt

in all lands and times. National gratitude for national and patriotic labors and sacrifices has found expression in the highest forms of human speech and the noblest creations of human art. Poetry and eloquence have combined to do honor to those who died for liberty and country. When the Athenians would honor the dead who fell in disastrous battle for the republic, they chose Demosthenes, the prince of orators, to pronounce the oration over their sacred ashes, and that majestic eulogy still kindles the emulation of orators and fires the heart of patriotism.

We owe this tribute to the dead. We cannot forget their great service to us and the nation. That service was undertaken in full view of all its perils and dangers, but these young men did not stop to count the cost. Fired by an ardent and noble patriotism, they went forth to battle and to death, and have won the crown of martyrdom.

While sharing the common sentiment, and paying the common honor to the great host who fell, our immediate tribute to-day is to the dead of this city and its vicinity. Their names, and their honorable titles, won in the war, have just been read in your hearing. Many of these men I knew; some were among my most valued personal friends. I would not be invidious in such a presence, but I recall among these latter the names of Rhines, of Byington, of Mason, of Barnes, and Knight, and Galpin; many others equally worthy you knew and honored.

How shall I speak of the great and memorable results and fruits of the sacrifice which these men made for their country? A Union restored, a land redeemed and regenerated, liberty perpetuated—these are some of them. And not among the least of the results of the war is that great and immortal example of patriotism which is left for the glory of our country and the emulation of all our posterity. I sometimes think that this is the richest fruit of the struggle, and that it outweighs in solid value the more material results which we seem first to appreciate. For is it not such riches that give to nations their highest glory and strength?

Greater, and more to be valued, is this splendid example of patriotism than even our re-cemented bands of Union; than the strength of our army on the land, and our navy on the sea; than all our commerce, or all our vast material resources and wealth. It was patriotism that nerved the arms of these our heroes; love of country, that same lofty sentiment that inspired Leonidas and the three hundred, when they made that immortal sacrifice in the pass of Thermopylæ; that lent wings of fire to the eloquence of Demosthenes, matchless and unrivaled still in all the ages; that centuries

later gave courage to the Swiss patriot Winkelreid, when he cried, "Make way for liberty!" and gathered the Austrian spears in his bosom; that has inspired and cheered a noble army of heroes and martyrs who, in many lands and in all ages, on field and scaffold, have laid down their lives that their country might live!

We owe this service to ourselves. We should be unworthy of the political liberty purchased by these sacrifices and the glorious land enriched by such blood, if we did not cherish in our heart of hearts the memory of these brave men. We are exalted when we exalt and honor public virtue and devotion like this. Nations are lifted up by services and sentiments of gratitude and honor for their benefactors.

In these dead are planted the noble germs of future patriots and martyrs, who will defend this country, as they so signally and successfully defended it, if ever occasion should come again.

I cannot put in the poor forms of speech the feelings of these fathers who stand to-day with us over the graves of their sons. But this I can say to them: Fathers, you should be proud and thankful that God gave you such sons. Death will soon come to us all. A few more years of toil and care and vicissitude, and all this throng of the living, standing here above these graves of the dead, shall mingle their dust with those who have gone before. And is it not a consolation to these friends, is it not a real felicity to the departed, that for a few years of common life these heroic young men were able to write their names on the immortal roll, and share the enduring fame of the defenders of country and the martyrs of liberty?

In the midst of peace and prosperity, at the opening dawn of a new career for our country, we strew these flowers upon the graves of our heroes. Let it be a service that shall never be forgotten, as the unfolding years of the new time roll on; let it hereafter be one of the sacred days of the republic. This is now a land of liberty and law. Following swiftly after our victories in war, which restored the Union and consolidated our nationality, are our recent great victories of peace. The Atlantic and the Pacific are now joined together, and the great oceans themselves are no longer barriers to our progress. And above these great material triumphs the genius of our new civilization points with majestic wand to the still more glorious prospects and achievements of the future, when on this noble continent, the most splendid theater of action God ever gave to nation or people, a hundred millions of free and enlightened Americans shall work out the dream of the fathers of the republic, and

illustrate the noblest conception of national power and civilization.

Sleep on, noble dead! the nation shall not forget you. It is your sacrifices and blood that make possible the realization of hopes so magnificent.

CEREMONIES AT BERRIEN SPRINGS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN H. A. FORD.

Friends of the soldier dead: It is a beautiful custom of the Irish people in their native isle to turn from the ways of business or of pleasure and join for a time, however brief, the passing funeral procession. Whether he whom the mourning follow be friend or stranger, rich or poor, high or lowly-born, it matters not; the tribute of respect is thought due and is paid to the sacred ashes of the dead. With something of this spirit do we gather here to-day. We have left the wonted duties and blessed repose of these hallowed hours. We have moved again to the slow, sad music of the funeral march; we have come to populate with tearful life this habitation of the lifeless, the home appointed for all living; to crown with wreaths and chaplets and garlands these tombs by the hill-side, where sweetly rest the feet that will tread no more the flowery meads of earth; to speak the words of praise above lips that are silent and ears that are dulled forever to the sounds of time.

We do honor this day to no common dust. In the throng of sleepers here are some whose memory we shall not willingly let die. They are the warrior dead; they are the martyrs of a noble cause; the offerings of a nation's love and devotion to a grand principle; the dear sacrifices laid upon the altar of liberty and country: the slain of the great rebellion. Here in the ranks of death has been mustered your quota of the watchful guards of the rights of man and the unity of the nation, who died at their posts with their armor on. In this tranquil solitude, after their toils, their vigils, their dangers, and their conflicts, they restfully slumber. "Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." * * * * * *

Now and here, as perhaps never before, we may realize the truth of the classic line—made more classic for us by Warren than by Horace—

"Sweet and fitting it is for one's country to die."

Our eyes range over a tract thickly underlaid with the re-

mains of mortality. Death is the common lot. None escape. "It is appointed unto men once to die." But indeed

> "By few is glory's wreath attained;
> Though death or soon or late awaiteth all;
> To fight in freedom's cause is something gained,
> And nothing lost—to *fall*."

In the life of these our heroes gone there was especial merit; in their death, especial grandeur; in their memory, there is claim for especial honor. Eight years ago this day they were with you and of you—strong, stalwart, full of ruddy life, already enjoying or standing upon the threshold of vigorous, hopeful, useful, manhood. To them, as to you, life was sweet, and home was dear. Just as pleasant to them were the sights and sounds and vocations of peace. These smiling fields, that fair and rich plateau, these circling woods, yon picturesque river vale, these billowy hills, all spread away as beautiful to them as to us to-day. Just as blue were the heavens that bent above them; just as soft the late spring days. But the call of country came, and they heard. The tools of husbandry and trade were dropped. The dearest ties of earth were sundered. Their most precious interests, in part, were sacrified. Taking their lives in their hands, they went forth to do battle for God, for man, for fatherland. They went in a spirit not unlike that which animated the chivalrous Lasalle and his brave companions, the missionaries of Jesus, as they sailed with their strange company up yonder stream two hundred years ago, to advance the banner of civilization and plant the standard of the cross in these trackless wilds. With a valor and devotion to the safety of the State like that of Curtius in the old Roman story, they threw themselves, full-armed, into the chasm that threatened to ingulf the republic. They went to engage in no gigantic riot, no monstrous prize-fight, no strife of factions, no civil war in the old sense of "two opposing forces in the state contending in an irregular and violent way for the mastery, neither seeking to destroy the nation, but each, on the contrary, protesting their superior devotion to the preservation of the national life;" but they went to quell a rebellion against the principle of free government, to engage in a struggle for the nation's life, to put down a long-dominant oligarchy, that was anti-national to the core. They went to suffer and to die that the nation might live. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

Need I further follow the story of these unreturning brave? Alas! it is but too fresh in your memory. Their toils, their privations, their sufferings, their death—are not these written

as with a pen of iron upon your very heart of hearts forever? Let this record suffice—they did their duty, and here, "after life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

A contest arduous and fierce as that through which they passed was likely to cost us the bravest and best. Never more true was the thought of Sophocles—

"War takes the noblest ever."

He who kept his feet most faithfully on the dragging march; who performed most punctually his details, however laborious, in the camp and field; who most freely exposed himself on picket and in the severer lines of duty, was most open to the encroachments of disease, and most liable to fall an early victim to his fidelity. He who was prominent "on the perilous edge of battle, where it raged," was the readiest mark for the rifle's deadly aim. He who was boldest in the dangerous but important duty of the scout, the spy, the forager, was the likeliest to be made a captive, and to be ruthlessly shot down, or borne away to the scaffold, or, little better, to those awful prison-pens from which so few returned. Truly, you may reckon the slumbering warriors here as of your bravest and your best, and worthiest of your honor. There were among you better men, perchance, in their daily lives. I know not how that may be. This I feel, that their faithful service and noble death have atoned for many an error, if such they made. Their self-sacrificing patriotism, like charity, has mantled a multitude of sins—at least in our memories, if not in the view of the Eternal Judge. "Death," says Bacon, "openeth the good fame and extinguisheth envy." We shall recall, if we may not fully adopt, the generous sentiment of the old historian: "It is a debt of justice to pay superior honors to men who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valor; for by their bravery they obliterated the evil of their former lives, and the blessings which they conferred on the state were greater than the injuries which they had inflicted on private individuals."

Comrades of the Grand Army, it has been our fortune to live and bear part in the second of the heroic periods of American history. For us, too, have been hunger and privation, heart-sickness and home-sickness, the weary march, the camp and bivouac, the front of battle, the headlong charge, the desperate defense, the prison and the hospital—the "austere glory of suffering," as did they who fought in the first war for the independence of the republic. As we stand in this peaceful spot on this holy day in the garb of the citizen, we recall the Sabbaths of toil and blood. We

are again in the dust of the marching columns, in the rifle-pits, the trenches, on the skirmish line, at the cannon's mouth, on the terrible raid. We behold again the fated land as the garden of Eden before us, and behind a desolate wilderness. We hear once more the shriek of deadly missiles, the groan of the dying, the gay voices of the camp, the thrilling notes that sound reveille or tattoo, the advance or charge. We see the brilliant lines of the parade or drill, and the ranks that form in "battle's magnificently stern array." We feel again the flush of the bivouac-fire upon our cheeks, and see its light reflected from the manly faces that surround it. We know, as others cannot, for what and how these our fallen brothers suffered, fought, and fell. The teachings of their lives are fully ours. By the beating and the burning of our hearts we feel their spirits with us to-day. Above their sacred dust let us breathe an oath like that of Demosthenes: "By those who met the peril at Marathon!—by those who formed the battle-line at Platæa!—by those who conquered in the sea-fight at Salamis!—by the men of Artemisium!—by the others, so many and so brave, who now rest in our public sepulchers!" or, better, an oath like Lincoln's, "registered in heaven," that, so far as in us lies, the integrity of the Union and the rights of man shall forever be maintained. When the call of country comes again we shall be ready. If the clouds that begin to lower above our land and the perfidious isle beyond the sea should break in storm upon our heads, they shall find us at our posts of duty. With our comrades celebrating like obsequies yesterday, this day, and to-morrow, across the continent, we shall take care that the republic receives no detriment. "Blessed be the Lord our strength, which teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight!"

Heaven grant, though, that war may not come again to this fair land! Earth has no loathlier sight than a battle-field. "Next to defeat," said Wellington, "the saddest thing is a victory." But let us take the truth to heart anew, my comrades, that while man lives and the earth endures, the heroic age of moral conflict is never past. Upon us still press the foes of man, of country, and of God. To us are yet committed great trusts, high duties—motives for noble deeds. Be vigilant, be brave, be true!

"On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell for ages—tell for God!"

CEREMONIES AT BUCHANAN.

The decoration of the soldiers' graves in Oak Ridge Cemetery and the "Old Village Burying-ground" of Buchanan took place on Sunday, May 30, 1869. The ceremonies were solemn and imposing; the only unpleasant feature of the occasion being the stormy condition of the weather. However, the soldier boys, being used to all kinds of weather, heeded not the pelting rain, and sallied forth from their armory at 2 o'clock p. m. in uniform, accompanied by the B. C. Band, and proceeded to the Oak Grove Cemetery. From this time on to the close, the ceremonies were of the most impressive and solemn nature. The music by the band (a mournful dirge) seemed to prepare all for the work before them, and, as it were, solemnized every heart, as they proceeded on their noble errand of true soldierly patriotism. The scene, upon arriving at the grave-yard, was one also that will long remain in the memories of those present, at least of those interested.

Upon arriving at the cemetery, a hollow square was formed by the soldiers, and the services opened with prayer by Elder J. R. Berry, and reading of the Scriptures by the chaplain of the post. Post Commander B. E. Binns addressed the comrades in a brief and appropriate manner.

ADDRESS OF REV. J. R. BERRY.

Officers and Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic: In memory of the dead, in behalf of friends, and in the name of our once blood-stained and distorted, but now happy and peaceful country, I greet you at the graves of your fallen comrades.

Your mission to this place at this hour is one of deep significance. The past, the present, and the future of our country all combine to add interest to the occasion, and it is in every way characteristic of a humane and Christian people.

In demonstration of respect for the dead the American people are pre-eminent. Confessedly, there is no nation of the earth that pay more attention to, or hold in greater regard, their dead than the American people. Great care is taken in the selection and location of our cemeteries, and every effort made to make them places of beauty and attrac-

tion. Costly tombstones and marble monuments mark the resting-places of the dead; and in many instances memoirs, obituaries, and sometimes whole volumes, are written concerning the lives and deaths of the departed. This is well; it is right; it is but characteristic of our social, intellectual, and religious culture.

Your visit to-day to the graves of fallen soldiers of the grand army of the republic is one peculiar to itself; it has no parallel in history. Memory, faithful to her trust, reproduces the terrible and unnatural war through which we have passed. A thousand thoughts press themselves upon us, and come welling up for utterance. As we stand here to-day, we think of the long family quarrel and bitter strife of words that preceded the firing of the first shot upon that almost defenseless fort, the echo of which summoned a million of men to arms, and sent State dashing on State in fierce collision, drenched the land in fraternal blood, and unsettled the civilized world. The flag of our country was insulted—fire flashed in every eye, and blood flowed quick in every vein. This was followed by the shrill notes of the bugle-call to arms, mingled with groans, and heart-throbs, and farewells at home; hunger, cold, and long, weary marches over unbeaten roads, through poison swamps, and all the hardships and dangers incident to army life, that make up the peculiar history of the war, that must forever remain unwritten. * * *

I believe, if we may judge of the future by the past, that we have a great destiny—a great future. The war-cloud has lifted, and the future smiles. Now, if we would be true to ourselves, true to humanity, and true to God, we must not forget the price we paid, and the mercy of God in preserving for us an undivided country, with its civil, political, and religious liberties. I fear there is danger in this direction. If we shall become intoxicated with our national glory and the great achievements in science that we are making, and forget God, humanity, God may yet disown us, and our sun, which now shines so brightly, may set in an endless night. As a preventive of this, I regard a proper observance of the pleasing, and at the same time painful, duty and task you have assembled to perform. The grave is a fit place for meditation. To-day we may think of the past and contemplate the future. The occasion suggests sadness and mourning—a grief not unmingled with hope and joy, based upon a full belief that your comrades suffered and died to preserve and perpetuate freedom, civilization, and Christianity. All honor, then, to the noble sons and fathers whose lives were freely given as the price of our liberties. Here come, friends and soldiers, and weave your chaplets of flowers, and bring your

evergreen sprigs, and strew the beauties of nature upon the graves of your fallen comrades. You can well afford to do this; they fought to win a crown that you live to wear. The flowers you bring are a fit emblem, not of war, strife, and bloodshed, but of the peace and union they fought to secure. The flowers will soon fade and die, and are also emblematical of the glory of man and the warrior's ambition. But your evergreen sprigs speak of man's immortality and the fame of the true warrior. For,

> "When all the blandishments of life are gone,
> The coward sinks to death, the brave live on!"

At the close of these remarks the soldiers proceeded, with open ranks, to the soldiers' graves, and placed wreaths upon them, each man depositing his portion of flowers. This simple yet touching tribute seemed beautiful, and yet mournful; and as they marched from grave to grave, the band discoursing its sad and mournful dirge, every eye watched their footsteps; and it seemed but yesterday that those brave sons and fathers, who so nobly served their country in the hour of peril and darkness, were laid away.

From this place they proceeded to the Old Cemetery, where they were addressed by the Hon. E. M. Plimpton, a member of the post, who spoke briefly and in an appropriate manner. At the close of his address the same sad and pensive music filled the air—the same slow, measured tread of the soldiers, as they marched from grave to grave, depositing their garlands on the last resting-places of their dead comrades. Some, as the soldiers marched away, lingered, perhaps to drop a tear on the grave of a loved one, and gathering from the tokens left by them a small testimonial, wended their way, sorrowing, but with this recollection: *they were true to their country.*

One feature that added greatly to the occasion was the appearance presented by the soldiers in their neat and tasteful uniforms, which added greatly to the interest of the ceremonies.

CEREMONIES AT CHARLOTTE.

The members of Post Clark, Charlotte, Michigan, performed the beautiful ceremony of strewing the graves of

soldiers with flowers on Sunday, May 30. Notwithstanding the rain, a number of citizens accompanied the procession to the cemetery. Each grave was visited, and each hero was remembered with tributes of affection and gratitude. They then adjourned to Sampson Hall, where the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. B. F. Bradford, which was followed by an appropriate address, of which the following is an extract:

ADDRESS OF EDWARD W. BARBER.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic: Let me say to you that you cannot pay a lovelier tribute to the memory of your departed comrades than by meeting annually to strew flowers over their graves. A more beautiful memorial service could not have been devised. The tie that binds you to your comrades has been rendered sacred by their death. Let the years be many before you neglect this appropriate custom. I envy you the right you have acquired to pay them this tribute—so simple, so beautiful, so affecting. Without pomp or display—without music, if need be, save the requiem chanted by the sighing trees as they bend above your dead companions—we bid you come each year and revive your love of country and of liberty, as you cast upon their ashes the violet, the rose, the lily, and all the wealth of spring's choicest treasures. Willingly we heard your summons to join in the public ceremonies to-day. But words are incapable of a pathos so sweet as the incense of the flowers you have brought to deck the graves of our soldier dead.

As long as you shall keep up these services, you will not be alone in observing them. You were not alone to-day as you assembled around the graves. It may be that from the bending heavens your comrades, though invisible to mortal eyes, filled your minds with generous thoughts and your hearts with holy emotions. But, however this may be with you, as now, the wife will come again and again to place a cross of flowers over a husband's grave. With you, as now, will come the aged father, and the tear will follow down the furrow time has plowed upon his cheek, as he calls to mind the image of the soldier-boy sleeping at his feet. With you, as now, will come the mother, tenderly cherishing the memory of her son, as she places a flowery emblem of her affection upon the spot where he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, her motherly grief consoled by the thought that he died a hero. With you, as now, will come brothers and sisters and loving friends, each bearing some blossomed token

of affection to the city of the dead. And with you, as now, will come the orphaned ones, seeking their father's grave, yet proud in their sorrow to know that he died for his country.

But, some one might ask, why keep up these sad observances? Why keep alive the remembrance of the terrible conflict which required so many precious lives before the demon of war could be stayed? Because, I answer, of the lesson it teaches us, *that the pathway of justice is the only pathway of peace!* Because it teaches us that national crimes cannot escape punishment; and when a national evil becomes so glaring and defiant that only the red plowshare can uproot it, then war comes, springing from the hydra-headed evil itself, to scourge or to destroy.

Aye! we need to be reminded, while pursuing the ambitions of the hour, or reaching out our hands graspingly for gain, that these men died for their country, and in dying gave all they had to its cause. We need to be reminded, as the dread lesson written in blood does remind us, that in order to have peace and preserve it, we must, in our national capacity, respect, protect, and defend the rights and liberties of the poorest man and the humblest, as well as of the richest and the proudest. And, above all, we need to be reminded that no nation can tolerate any form of slavery or oppression with impunity, and hope to escape the avenging hand of retributive justice.

Remembering all these things, and governing our acts as citizens accordingly, we shall do well. And we cannot forget them, if we come with each recurring year to refresh our memories by the side of the flower-strewn graves of our soldier dead.

Then when we ask ourselves the question, Why did these men die? the answer will come unbidden, Because the hour for the final conflict between freedom and slavery—irreconcilable here as everywhere—upon this continent had come, and, whether knowing it or not, every soldier, sleeping his last sleep or among the living to-day, was an instrument in the hands of an overruling Providence to wipe out the guilty stain of a nation's sin.

Beautiful as are the tributes this day paid, a better service than is found in flowers, dirge, or oration shall we render their memories by emulating the spirit and carrying on the work they so nobly commenced. Our fathers, by their heroic deeds, gave existence to our nation. Their sons and descendants, with an equal valor, have defended the principles they established, and have given freedom to every person within the national limits. And now the great duty de-

volving upon us is to persevere until the last battle in behalf of equal rights and equal laws for all shall be fought and won, and equal privileges under the law be irreversibly secured as the birthright of every American citizen. Let the ceremonies of this day be perpetuated until that glad time shall come.

A country that is worth dying for as men have died for this, a country that is worth suffering for as men have suffered for this, is worth preserving by a rigid adherence on the part of every citizen to the great idea of personal liberty, wherever it rests. This preserved, its peace is rendered secure and its prosperity certain. God grant that in the future there may be given no occasion for a repetition of scenes like this.

War brings blighted fields, desolated homes, and saddened hearts. Peace brings nobler trophies, in ripened harvests, happy firesides, and joyous hearts. The grandest triumphs of the people of this country are not to be found in the cannon they have invented, in the monitors they have built, in the dread machinery they have produced for destroying human life. Not to these things do we point with the proudest enthusiasm, as the great achievements of American civilization. Our greatest, noblest, and proudest triumphs have been won while following the white-robed angel of peace. Here the inventive genius of man is as free as the institutions under which he lives; and we point with the greatest delight to the wonderful achievements it has wrought; to the steamer, which laughs defiance at wind and tide, as it rides the ocean's breast; to the tamed lightning, which, by means of the telegraph, ministers to the necessities and aids the enterprise of man; to the coil of wire which rests upon the ocean's bed, and makes the Old World and the New feel the same electric touch, and furnishes a new guarantee for peace; to the iron rails that stretch across the continent, so that, passing through the golden gate of California, we are nearer the ancient civilizations of the East than are the monarchies of Europe—enabling the Occident and the Orient to shake hands across the broad sea that should ever remain Pacific; to the school-houses that are dotted over every township; to the church spires that point heavenward from every city and hamlet as the emblems of our Christian civilization.

Such are the triumphs of peace. Said I not well, then, that they are higher, nobler, and grander than all the battle-fields of the world? Oh, then, for the future, in the language of the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the republic, "Let us have peace."

CEREMONIES AT COLDWATER.

The ceremonies which took place here on Saturday, May 29, under the direction of Post No. 34, Grand Army of the Republic, Captain J. H. McGowan commanding, were attended by several thousand of the people of Coldwater and vicinity. Although the rain fell in torrents, over two hundred conveyances formed in the procession, which, together with the large number on foot, including the Masonic fraternity, the Good Templars, and Grand Army of the Republic, moved to Oak Grove Cemetery, where the exercises were to have taken place. Near the entrance to the grounds a large cenotaph had been erected in memory of the deceased soldiers buried elsewhere. Owing to the drenching rain, Commander McGowan announced that the oration and addresses would be deferred until the afternoon.

The committee of little girls, one hundred and fifty in number, dressed in white, with red belts and blue sashes, then visited the grave of each soldier, and scattered flowers and wreaths upon their resting-places, Commander McGowan announcing the name and age of each and the command to which he belonged, the Cornet Band playing a dirge meantime, when the procession broke up, and all sought shelter from the still falling rain.

The rain ceasing about 3 o'clock, it was decided to have the addresses in the court-house yard, and a large crowd assembled and listened to the following

ORATION OF CAPTAIN G. H. TURNER.

Worthy Commander, Fellow-soldiers and Citizens: In the peculiar fitness of things it seems that some more eloquent tribute than mine, graced by maturer years and the added weight of riper experience, should solemnize the mournful duty that we render this day to our honored dead.

But the silent sleepers need no word-painting or pen-pictures to eulogize their actions in our struggle for national existence. The eloquent silence about these little mounds is plainly suggestive of that devotion to duty, that self-sacrificing spirit, that patriotic enthusiasm that characterized our loyal soldiery.

Roll back but a few years the resistless course of time, and how the scene changes! Peace, with the seductive security of continued prosperity, showered blessings upon us as a nation. Our fields teemed with an abundant harvest, our barns were bursting with plenty, our rivers were dotted with the white sails of commerce, and no nation so distant or so powerful but did reverence to the Stars and Stripes. Like the everlasting mountains, that resist the external war of elements, and only crumble by the internal throes of that gigantic Titan imprisoned in their bosom, so we stood, unapproached by external foes, but nourished a deadly upas in our own breast. The shadows of this poisonous tree had so gradually stolen upon us, that by very familiarity we had overlooked its fatality, when, lo! the cry comes from Washington that sacrilegious hands are tugging at the heart of the nation, and strong arms and brave hearts must help in this hour of need, or we perish. This appeal came individually to every loyal heart, and most glorious was the response. Soon we saw the streets of our city, whose quiet had only been disturbed by the peaceful ways of trade, resounding to the marching squadron, or shaken by the reverberating echoes of our artillery. Grim-visaged war usurped the field where agriculture brought her yearly tribute in ripened grain and luscious fruits. Flora, Ceres, Pallas, fled at the approach of Mars. Ah! those were days that compressed years of anxiety in moments of time. How indelibly the scene is impressed upon the mind and heart that transpired when the first company, under the patriot hero Captain Eb. Butterworth, mustered at the depot for departure. The joyous laugh of infancy was checked by the saddened countenances of older people, and the more matured in years, that realized the situation, felt the awful responsibility of the hour, while old age, with faltering steps, came with trembling lips to utter God-speed. And, when the last words had to be spoken, and the last lingering clasp of affection loosened, how impenetrably dark seemed the cloud that hung over us, whose somber folds were only pierced by that divine light which the angel of mercy flung down through the gloom. How we listened for the familiar voice, or strained the ear to catch the distant footfall, and how unconsciously the eyes wandered in the direction they departed. Something had gone out of our lives, and though hope unrolled the silver lining of the cloud to our view, anxiety laid bare each dread possibility. Yet for four long years these partings were transpiring in our midst, partings whose sundered cords should not be reunited this side of eternity, until a wail of anguish ascended to Heaven in piteous accents: How long, oh! Lord, how long! * * * *

It is not necessary for me to designate by name the heroes that sleep here around us. Their eulogy is blazoned as bright as the flashes of their musketry in the scarred and jagged sides of Mission Ridge and the frowning battlements of Lookout Mountain. Time will not dim its lustre, and like a coronet of gems set above the world will be to our children's children the sacred emblem of national glory. They have chronicled their deeds on the fields of Antietam and Gettysburg, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico. Their history is written in the hearts of their countrymen, and though marble piles shall rise in commemoration of their deeds, let the story of their life and death descend as national history from generation to generation, and still live in future ages, when the marble tablets shall be crumbled into dust.

Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er;
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of toil and nights of waking.

In commemorating these dead, do not let us forget the nameless graves scooped from the blood-stained field of battle, or hollowed by the wayside too hastily to admit a comrade to mark his last resting-place save in memory. May nature, in sympathy with her darling dead, rear sweet spring flowers over those graves, whose blossoms, though born to blush unseen, shall not waste their sweetness on the desert air. And those marines who sleep beneath the waters they so heroically defended, let the full share of honor be meted to them. Though watching with sleepless fidelity the long line of our coast, or sending broadside upon broadside into the very teeth of the rebel forts, they never, for a single instant, disgraced the flag that floated at the mast-head, but gave to our fleet her proud eminence among the navies of the world.

The grave of every hero before us, covered by the green mantle that mother earth folds so lovingly around them, has a corresponding grave in some heart, where the flowers of memory bloom, nourished by that fountain of affection whose waters spring from eternal hope. The sable habiliments of mourning speak of these deeds a language that cannot be mistaken, and we come to-day to render tributary honors to those who have gone before; to extend the hand of mutual sympathy; to mingle our tears with yours, for your sorrows are our sorrows. The eloquent interpretation of the silence of the sepulcher tells plainer than words. They were found in the line of their duty *at the front.* We who have lived to enjoy their labors, whatever else occurs to us, will keep for them a place in our memories *at the front.* They have passed

beyond the reach of mortal aid and sympathy, but they have left behind them a legacy which it should be a pleasurable duty for us to preserve in every possible way. We can show our devotion to the dead by doing our duty to the living. The orphan, the widow, and the afflicted should be our special care. We owe them a debt of gratitude which we can never repay; but we can in a measure relieve their necessities, not only with words of condolence, but by striving in a pecuniary way to lighten their burdens of life. Let them not feel they are recipients of charity, for we are their debtors, and we should be profoundly thankful that so small a remuneration on our part can be placed in the balance against the sublime contribution they have made. Let the consecrated places of our honored dead be held in reverential awe and profound regard, as the sacred abodes of the nation's defenders; for in that great day, when the sky shall pass away as a scroll, the fountains of the deep be broken up, and the graves give up their dead, the marble cerements of Notre Dame or the sculptured sarcophagi of the ancient Pyramids will yield no more sublime example of patriotism than the quiet and unostentatious graves around us. Let fragrant flowers rest over each loyal heart—emblems of peace, purity, and love—and when the snow-white flag of Jesus shall be the universal banner of the world, their fragrance shall rise as incense to the angel of mercy, who will send greeting to us, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

ADDRESS OF REV. W. C. PORTER.

Fellow-Citizens: I but speak the language of your own hearts when I say, beautifully appropriate have been the ceremonies of this hour, as with reverent hearts the hands of youth and beauty have strewed the offerings of peace above the sacrifices of war. Beautiful the ceremony certainly is, as in this quiet "city of the dead" old and young unite in doing honor to the memory of those who gave their *all* to the cause which they and we regarded as the cause of their country and of humanity, and above their graves strew chaplets and garlands of those spring blossoms with which the loving Father of all hides the ravages of winter. Over the ravages of winter, the channels worn by the torrents, and the seams cut by the ice, God sows the graceful grasses and the modest violet. Convulsions and catastrophes, wounds, diseases, and death, are one side of the picture presented by all we know of life. But somehow we gain the impression that this is not normal; for no sooner do we grow sad at the sight of disaster than we are cheered again by the sights and

sounds of ministering love. Surely the ceremony is appropriate, for we but imitate, as I have suggested, that which God does in nature, and our scattered flowers are but a feeble imitation in our cemetery of what he is doing throughout the earth. Does God plant flowers on the soldier's grave? Pardon me if I answer from experience, and relate an incident that can never be forgotten while memory lasts. About one year after the battle of Chancellorsville, while on our march to that terrible conflict known in history as the battle of the Wilderness, we bivouacked on the old battle-field, and anxious once more to see particular spots, fraught with a terrible, a tragic interest, I sought that part of the field where the tide of battle had rolled and surged with the most deadly violence. There were still to be seen, scattered all around, sad relics of the fight, while here and there unsightly mounds told of the haste in which friends or the carelessness with which foes had hidden away the remains of men once fired with heroic ardor and patriotic devotion. How vividly the whole scene was recalled! Again I heard the sharp rattle of the rifles and the heavy roar of artillery, the shrill call of the bugle, and the shouts of the combatants; all that fierce, wild uproar which marks the progress of the battle!

As the shades of night gathered above me, and I was reminded that it was time to return to my regiment, I longed to bear with me some memento which in after days should speak of that terrible conflict. What should it be? Around me lay broken weapons, pieces of swords and muskets, and equipments marked "U. S." and "C. S." What should I choose? All were repugnant, for each spoke of human suffering and death; so I stooped and gathered from the earth which lightly covered the soldier, sleeping unconscious of wounds and death, a white and blue violet, emblems of God's love, who thus watched over the ashes of the dead, though away in the tangled woodlands of the South, far from the homes of kindred and childhood, when weary watchers had waited for their coming until hearts had grown sick and hopes died away. When eyes that had grown dim with weeping could let fall no tear-drops upon the rude mound, God was watching over the sleeper's dust, and had planted the timid violet, while kind nature had dropped upon the ground her fruitful showers and her pearly dews, and I, a former comrade, in the gathering darkness and the solemn hush of that summer eve, stooped, and, not without emotion, gathered the violets from the soldier's grave. * * * * *

We all know the proud boast of England's poet, which became the watchword of the nation:

> "Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep;
> Her march is on the mountain-wave, her home is on the deep."

But have we not a prouder boast? Do not we say, with a pride words cannot adequately express, that the bulwarks and defenses of our country are found, neither in towers of stone nor ships of oak or iron, but in the love of the millions of her brave sons whose best energies are given to her prosperity in peace, and who, when her life is jeopardized, stand forth a living wall, stronger than adamant, and stem any fate to turn aside the dagger aimed at her breast, though the point may pierce their own hearts. Sad and presageful will be the day, if it shall ever dawn, when America cannot point in proud confidence to her sons and say: "These are *my* defenders; bucklered with these brave hearts and strong arms, I stand secure!" And so it is befitting, it is appropriate, that by every proper demonstration we should do honor to the memory of the dead, that we may thereby increase the love and devotion of the living. To-day, all over our broad land, the people will gather about the graves of our fallen heroes, as at altars of sacrifice to rekindle the flame of patriotism, which God grant may never be extinguished. Here we have strewed our offering of sweet flowers above the graves of those whom we proudly name "our defenders." Spirits of the departed, if from your spheres of being you look upon our actions, be pleased to accept this deed as no hollow form, but the true index of our faithful remembrance. Here we renew our vows of faithful service, even unto death for the institutions you loved, the country for which you died. But I cannot, I would not forget that I stand before you as a minister of the "gospel of peace," whose daily prayer ascends to the Father of all, for the dawning of that better age when "the nations shall learn war no more," in the full faith, that, however long delayed, the promised day will come when "the might with the right and the truth shall be," and all questions between nations, no less than between individuals, shall be settled on the principles of equity, in the spirit of love. But it is evident that day has not yet dawned, the spirit of wrong and injustice is not yet cast out, and too much of a selfish disregard for justice rules in the councils of the nations. Already there are ominous portents, strange whisperings are abroad, and there is a dread of impending evil in many hearts which has not and perhaps cannot shape itself in words; but while we may not anticipate the future, here, beside the graves of those who died to preserve the unity of our nation, do I not speak the common sentiment when I say, that should any hand be raised in wrath against the land we love, we will rally as of yore to the defense, and maintain her honor or die in the endeavor? We have no lust for war, no thirst for slaughter; from its dire form we

shrink with loathing as from the enemy of our race; but to a people there are greater calamities than war, to a man there are evils more terrible than death. And so, while we have consecrated ourselves to the cause of our country, let us lift up our hearts in all sincerity to Him who rules in the councils of nations and of men, and humbly pray for guidance, for protection, and for peace.

APOSTROPHE, BY DR. J. H. BEACH.

Rest ye, heroes! in the firmament of glory
We can trace each spirit star:
The distant years shall hear the story
Of your sacrifice in war.

Rest ye, heroes! let our gifts of choicest flowers
Show our reverence for your dust,
Whilst in heaven's elysian bowers
Your eternal spirits rest.

Rest ye, heroes! what although our humble effort
Naught of good to you imparts—
These faint tributes to your merit
Strengthen virtue in *our* hearts.

Rest ye, heroes! lo, we bring our simple offering
Stript of every marring thorn,
Thus we come, of naught remembering
But those virtues which adorn.

Rest ye, heroes! for, by you our flag exalted,
Gains the homage of the earth;
But for you, its fame departed,
It had been forever curs'd.

Rest ye, heroes! zephyrs o'er this broad domain
Bear the fragrance of our token,
Whilst, united, all your country shouts your fame,
And praises for its bands unbroken.

At the close of these exercises the audience was dismissed with a benediction by Rev. G. P. Schetky. On Sunday, May 30, appropriate sermons were preached by Revs. W. C. Porter, G. P. Schetky, E. Cooley, and A. W. Curtis.

The neighboring villages of Quincy, Union City, and Bronson also observed the day by appropriate ceremonies.

CEREMONIES AT DETROIT.

As the 30th of May, the day fixed for the ceremony of decorating the graves of the soldiers of the republic, fell this year on Sunday, the memorial services were held in De-

troit, as in many other places, on Saturday, May 29. This was the second observance of the day in Detroit, and the unanimity with which the people joined in the observance shows that the ceremony has a significance which is generally appreciated and approved. The weather was not very propitious. The sky was murky and threatening, and the ground was soaked with the rains of the preceding day, yet the ceremony was performed in Elmwood Cemetery in the presence of at least ten thousand people.

Long before the hour for the formation of the procession, the streets were lined with people and the hum of business ceased. Stores were closed, and flags were displayed at half-mast.

Order of Procession: Metropolitan police; chief marshal, James E. Pittman; assistant marshals, Borgman, Duffield, Hull, Pittman, and Lum. First division: Assistant Marshals LaPoint and Leadbeater; First United States Infantry Band; First Regiment United States Infantry; Company G, Fourth United States Artillery; officers and crew of United States Revenue Steamer Fessenden; Detroit Light Guard; Scott Guard; Sherman Zouaves; officers, soldiers, and sailors of the late war; disabled soldiers and sailors in carriages. Second division: Assistant Marshals Tillman, Vernor, and Parker; committee of arrangements; president of the day; orators of the day; the officiating clergy; Major General John Pope, United States Army, commanding Department of the Lakes, and staff; Brevet Major General Buchanan, United States Army, commanding post, and staff; officers of the Army, Navy, and revenue; Governor of the State and military staff; officers of the State military department; State Military Board; Senators and Representatives in Congress and United States Ministers; officers of the United States courts; civil officers of the United States; judges of the supreme and other State courts; his honor the mayor; the president, the common council, and city officers; members of the board of police commissioners; members of the board of fire commissioners; superintendent of the House of Correction; the clergy of Detroit; members of the board of education; members of the Detroit Board of Trade. Third division: Assistant Marshals E. J. Garfield and J. B.

R. Gravier; Knights Templar Band; the Order of Knights Templar; Lafayette Benevolent Association. Fourth division: Assistant Marshal Allen; Detroit Light Guard Band; German Workingmen's Aid Society; Cigar Makers' Union. Fifth division: Assistant Marshal G. A. Sheley.

Shortly after 2 o'clock p. m. the whole body began to move, the signal being given by the firing of a gun from the United States steamer Fessenden, Captain Knapp commanding, which lay off the foot of Woodward avenue, and which fired minute-guns while the procession was moving.

The entrance to Elmwood was beautifully and appropriately decorated. It was surmounted by a broad arch, flanked by two smaller ones. The whole was draped with the national colors, and wreathed with evergreens, and bore the inscription, "Honor the Dead," with the date. A spacious platform, capable of holding several hundred persons, had been erected in the ravine near the fountains and the stone bridge. The sides of the hills which rose adjacent formed an amphitheater, from which the thousands assembled could see and hear what was going forward. The platform was decked with evergreens and flags, and upon it were seated those who took part in the exercises, the orator and poet, many veteran and crippled soldiers, distinguished officers of the United States, State and city governments, clergymen, members of the board of trade, and others.

Exercises at the Stand.—Prayer by Chaplain W. G. R. Mellen; music by the choir; memorial ode by D. Bethune Duffield; memorial hymn, by the choir; oration by President E. B. Fairfield; anthem by the choir; benediction.

THE SERVICES.

General Mark Flanigan presided, and briefly introduced the exercises, after which an impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. W. R. G. Mellen, pastor of the Unitarian Church of this city.

The following chant, written for the occasion by D. B. Duffield, was then sung by a quartette, accompanied by an organ:

How holy is this place!
'Tis sacred as the very house of God,
And as the gate of Heaven.

Here rests the heroes' dust,
That hallows into liberty this sod,
For which their lives were given.

Ever tread lightly here,
Where sleep in honor all our soldier dead,
From life in glory riven.

How holy is this place!
'Tis sacred as the very house of God!
Yea! as the gate of Heaven.

THE DIRGE.

The poet of the day, D. Bethune Duffield, was then introduced, and recited in a clear and pleasant voice the dirge written by himself:

Bring garlands, rosy garlands,
And strew these grassy graves!
For heroes here are sleeping,
Where liberty stands weeping
For the bravest of her braves.

Bring flowers, fragrant flowers,
From off spring's dewy breast,
For those who, thro' the battle,
Pass'd down 'mid war's wild rattle,
To the soldier's glorious rest.

Bring amaranthine flowers,
From fame's far-shining crest,
For martys here lie crowded,
In the nation's flag enshrouded,
With its glory on each breast.

Bring music, plaintive music,
And pour it on the air;
But check, oh! check the bugle's cry,
And hush the snare-drum's wild reply,
Thro' these quiet aisles of prayer.

Bring tears and sobbing bosoms,
And press them on each grave,
For widow'd wives and mothers
Bewail these soldier brothers,
And a hallowed memory crave.

Bring laurel-woven garlands,
And crown these mounds of love,
For the sword is now laid by;
The conqueror passed on high,
To his welcome far above.

Bring our country's peerless banner,
And dip it to the grave;
That the spirits here who sleep,
Once more in joy may leap,
To the flag they died to save!

After the reading of the dirge, the whole audience joined in singing, to the tune of "America," a chorus appropriate for the occasion. The orator of the day, the Hon. E. B. Fairfield, of Hillsdale, was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

ORATION OF PRESIDENT E. B. FAIRFIELD.

Soldiers of the Republic: I greet you to-day as the nation's defenders, as the honored survivors of a great war waged for the preservation of our glorious fatherland. You meet, not on the bloody field any more, to be stirred by sound of drum and fife to deeds of noble daring, which eloquence and song shall forever embalm in the hearts of your grateful countrymen; but you come to stand by the last resting-place of the fallen braves, to remember their deeds of heroic patriotism, and to bestrew their graves with tears and with flowers. It is a mournful yet delightful office which you perform this hour in memory of your comrades who stood with you in the thickest of the fight, but fell ere the shout of final victory had burst on the air.

Men die, but their deeds live after them. The lips of these sleeping heroes are dumb, but their works do follow them, and speak for them more eloquently than any poor words of the living can possibly do. Yet on such an occasion as this, it is meet that we should pay them the best tribute we may, by recalling to mind those deeds which speak their own praise, and which only need a simple rehearsal to stir our hearts to gratitude as we walk softly and lovingly among their tombs to-day.

And, first of all, these men died for their country. Whatever there is of patriotic self-sacrifice, whatever there is of honor and glory in such a death, belongs to them. "Tell our countrymen that we lie here in obedience to our country's laws and our country's call," might be the appropriate epitaph of every one of them. And if the old poet has it right when he says:

> "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,"
> (Sweet and glorious is it for one's country to die,)

the death of these men had in it no element of bitterness. He lives too long who outlives his country's life. A man without a country is most emphatically and sadly a stranger on the earth.

These heroes fought and fell for their altars and their firesides. Whatever is dear in the word "fatherland" had been assailed by the fratricidal hands that were raised to smite down

the banner that floats to-day from lake to gulf, and from sea to sea. They came to its rescue; they wrapped its proud folds around them; sanctified it anew with their precious blood, and left it behind them glorified as never before.

"Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation.
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

But, more than this, they gave themselves a sacrifice to the cause of constitutional government in our own land not only, but in the whole world beside.

That was the cause that was on trial before the nation, and for the righteous verdict in the case these men shed their blood. For the advancement and ultimate triumph of well-ordered civil government by the people and for the people, they gave up their lives, a willing yet costly sacrifice.

Our country owes them a debt of gratitude and honor which she will never be able fully to pay. A part of that heavy debt is ours. For us these men bared their breasts to the shock of battle. They stood between us and the foe, receiving in their own bosoms the deadly shafts that were aimed at their country's life. They died in war, that we might live in peace.

The Union was assailed; and in this Union rested our best hopes as a nation. If its strong bonds were broken, there remained for us only the dissevered fragments of a once glorious republic. The doctrine of one great national sovereignty is the doctrine of peace and power; the doctrine of thirty-four petty sovereignties that of weakness and war. With one strong government for the protection of the loyal and the true, and for the punishment of all who rebel and betray, we are at peace among ourselves, and competent to conquer a peace with all mankind.

One flag means dignity, stability, and harmony; forty flags mean littleness, fragility, discord, and blood. The hands that in yonder cemetery lie folded in death bore up the one flag of our common Union, and bore it until it floated again from every battlement and from every ship's deck.

If there is anything of which we as Americans might justly be proud, it is of the theory of the American representative republic, which gives to us one strong central government for the common defense and the general welfare, a government demanding respect at home and abroad, while smaller matters of local legislation are left to the respective States. Over the doorway of our proud temple might well be inscribed the first words, so full of significance, which are found written in the fundamental law:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." In defense of this our heroes fell. Absolutism had heretofore boasted of its strength, its efficiency, and its permanency. It had taunted popular government with weakness and insecurity. "Do these feeble fanatics fortify themselves?" "Even that which they build, if a fox go up he shall break down the wall." Monarchies were strong, republics were weak. This was their boast and their jeer. But it is no longer. The successful overthrow of the great rebellion has taught the crowned heads of the world that "we the people" can make the ablest and mightiest government that earth ever saw; that no government beneath the sun has within itself greater capacity for self-preservation than has been displayed by the American republic. Our stone wall has not fallen, though a thousand jackals have gone up over it. We have rebuilt the wall that had been thrown down; have recovered the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish, and set up the doors upon the gates. One-half of the people have wrought in the work, whilst the other half of them have held the spear and the shield. With one hand they builded and with the other fought, and at the end of the appointed days, though somewhat more than ninety, the whole wall was joined together unto the half thereof with more completeness and symmetry than ever before, and as the monarchies beyond the sea witnessed the great achievement, they were much cast down in their own eyes.

From the day that Johnson and Lee surrendered to Sherman and Grant, Europe knew this was the stablest power on the face of the earth. The proof of this is not to be questioned; it is mathematical demonstration itself; the proof of figures that cannot well deceive us. There is no more delicate and sensitive test of such questions than is furnished by the gold thermometer. And following hard after the conquest of the rebellion came the assassination of the Chief Magistrate, an event which in any monarchy in Europe would have been marked by a most sudden and rapid fall of their public stocks in the markets of the world. But what of American bonds in London and Paris, Frankfort and Vienna? They scarcely depreciated a penny to the pound!

Henceforward it will not be questioned that an intelligent people are competent to govern themselves and to maintain a national integrity despite rebellion at home and neutrality proclamations away from home.

It has been demonstrated that a large standing army is not necessary to the exigencies of popular government. When the time comes which calls for men and money, they shall not be wanting. Hosts of the bravest will rush to their country's defense in the hour of its peril. At the tap of the drum, hundreds in every town will spring to their feet, and, shouting, "Here am I, send me," will seize their guns and fly with alacrity to the scene of deadly strife.

A government whose bulwarks are made strong by the willing hearts and ready hands of its own loving sons, rejoicing ever to do and to die in its defense—such government may mock at its foes. The elements of power and endurance are in it. Talk of imperialism, of a royal household, and of a blooded and titled aristocracy on American soil! Such plants will never thrive here. One blast of a sweeping nor'-wester would wither them to their roots' ends. Whoever would amuse himself by the culture of such exotics must nurture them carefully in the hot-bed of his own fevered brain, and shut them out from the sunlight of American intelligence and the bracing air of this free North. They would never bear transplanting—with only the sickliest growth in the nursery of these wild fanatics even; outside of that, they would encounter instant blasting and mildew. Liberty's strong tree flourishes here. It is indigenous to American soil. It thrives on the rocks of New England, and on the mountain tops of Pennsylvania and Tennessee. The winds which sweep across the northern lakes fan its lungs into the largeness of a vigorous life, so that even its leaves are for the healing of the nations. It grows luxuriantly by the side of still waters in Michigan, and strikes its roots deep into the broad prairies of the Mississippi valley. This is its home; but imperialism is at best a miserable house-plant, and, thank Heaven, found in but few houses at that.

For no such wretched end did our heroes die. In their last will and testament, sealed with their blood, they have bequeathed to us, as their dying legacy, a Union stronger, nobler, freer than ever. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." By the gift of these men, and such as these, we have henceforth a more homogeneous country and a grander and higher civilization.

The freedom-loving of all the nations stand to-day on the graves of our fallen heroes to do them the homage of grateful tears for the bright hopes that they have brought to desponding hearts, that yet there is a good time coming, when the blessing of constitutional government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall be enjoyed wherever the sun shines over the face of the broad earth.

Still more: it was in the interest of justice and freedom that these men fought and fell. It is much that they stood for their country's defense against the assaults of rebel hordes, who lifted their murderous hands to destroy the best government that the world had ever seen. But these men did even better than that. The traitorous hands that were raised to pluck down the flag had wrought in the base work of building a government whose corner-stone was to be the absolutest despotism known to man. Rebellion has sometimes been in the line of justice; sometimes in the line of human advancement and freedom. But this, for the overthrow of which these men gave up their lives, was in no such line. They had undertaken to move back the pointer on the dial of the world's progress more than fifteen degrees. Their march was backwards to barbarism. But the Divine voice had uttered itself from on high: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!" And though it was through the Red Sea, the voice must be obeyed. Reform only recedes when, in God's book of doom, a nation's destiny is sealed; only when the handwriting appears on the wall: "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*—God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Thou art weighed in the scales, and found wanting. Thy power is broken, and given to others."

These men wrought better than they thought. The stone which the builders rejected is become the head-stone of the corner; and it fell to their honored hands and yours to lift it to its place on the summit, where it catches the first beams of the morning, reflects back again to the last departing ray of the evening, and attracts the gaze of every beholder.

There is no other word quite so glorious in human speech as that word liberty; no other sentiment quite so inspiring to human hearts as that expressed by its silvery notes·

"Go, let the cage, with grates of gold
And pearly roof, the eagle hold;
Let dainty viand be his fare,
And give the captive tenderest care
But say, in luxury's limits pent,
Find you the king of birds content?
No! Oft he'll sound the startling shriek,
And dash the grates with angry beak.
Precarious freedom's far more dear
Than all the prison's pampering cheer.
He longs to see his eyrie's seat—
Lone cliff on ocean's lonely shore,
Whose bare old tops the tempests beat,
Around whose base the billows roar,
Or rise through tempest-shrouded air,
All thick and dark, with wild winds swelling,
To brave the lightning's lurid glare,
Or talk with thunders in their dwelling."

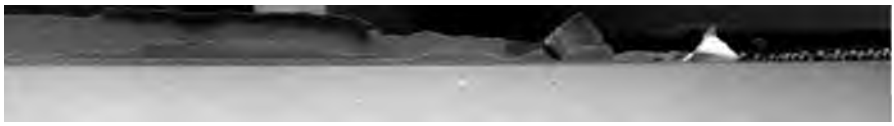
Such is that proud bird whom we have appointed to hold in his beak the streamer which symbolizes to the world our American independence. He flies high; his sharp eyes sees afar. Now he plants himself on the mountain summit; now he leaves behind him the murky cloud, and bathes in the serener light above. Let our loved America be ever as free as this bird of the mountains, which we have chosen as our national emblem.

No need of any more of that humiliation! That stinging taunt of jealous despots is forever at an end. No more shall they be permitted to mock when our fear cometh. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Slavery did it, and died in the unholy war which she had so audaciously begun. We are not of the mourners to drop a single tear over the grave of this enchanting sorceress. Liberty is the heaven-robed virgin whose hand we kiss; and she lives!—lives in perennial youth and beauty—lives to wear the robes of a true royalty, and with such a queenly grace that all the hosts of the struggling shout with enrapturing ecstacy, "*Viva Liberte! Viva l'America!*" Before her gracious scepter all bow with a ready homage, rejoicing that now her domain has extended, so that she reigns without a rival where the Ohio and the Mississippi sweep their majestic waters; reigns along the shores of the Tennessee and the Alabama, the Potomac and the Savannah, equally as by the banks of the Connecticut and the Hudson, the Penobscot and the Alleghany. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." But to these palsied hands, over whose resting-place you drop your flowers to-day, it was given to do the last carving upon this beautiful gate of our liberty's proud temple.

You come with no revenge in your hearts, even toward those whom you met on the field of blood. To the penitent among them you may say, as Joseph to his brethren, "Be not angry with yourselves; ye indeed meant it for evil, but God meant it for good." To those who would still plot to do again the evil of the past, in view of their powerlessness and madness, you may utter the Divine prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"

My task for the hour is a brief one. It is soon done. A delightsome task it is to rehearse the parts which our brave boys were called to act in the great drama of our nation's life. When our tree of liberty had begun to wither, and dead and dying branches presented to us on every side their unsightly forms, these were the men to water its roots with their blood, until it should revive into greenness and beauty and symmetry again.

A legend has come to us of the early days of our revolu-



tionary history, of a plot to blow up an arsenal situated in the midst of a New England village. The enemy had in the early night laid a train of powder to a distance of two miles away. This train was discovered by a brave patriot upon the very instant of its explosion, with only time to throw himself across the track of the line of fire. To think it was to do it. The flashing flame was arrested by his body; the plot had failed; a thousand lives were saved, though he had died to save them. Such is the acknowedgment which we make to-day of the uncanceled debt which we who live owe to those whose memories we honor by the sweet flowers which we scatter above them.

And scarcely less beautiful than the gorgeous flowers is the bright banner which their living hands bore, and which yours carry still. That banner I greet to-day! All hail to the nation's flag! Behold it!

"When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
* * * *

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given:
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

At the conclusion of the address, which was received with that homage which deep feeling pays to eloquence under such circumstances, the final ode, written by E. P. Nowell, was sung by the audience to the tune of "Old Hundred."

The benediction was then pronounced by Chaplain Seage, and the procession re-formed, for the purpose of marching in the avenues adjacent to the plots of ground laid out for the dead soldiers.

There are seventy-three buried in one spot, and there are also about forty graves of soldiers in various parts of Elm-

wood. As the procession moved the band struck up a solemn dirge. Four detachments, each composed of four boys and eight girls, then moved from the stand in various courses, and scattered the bouquets of flowers on the graves.

One gentleman and lady came from Chicago to see the grave of their son properly decorated; an old lady, more than sixty years of age, came over one hundred miles to see the grave of her son decorated; and many others came from a distance to attend the ceremonies, and all were much pleased at witnessing the loving care of the memory of their sons and brothers exhibited by their former comrades.

SERVICES OF MAY 30.

On Sunday, the 30th, appropriate memorial sermons were preached in nearly all the Protestant churches of the city. The Germans decided to observe this day by appropriate ceremonies, on the ground that, being the 30th of May, the day set apart as Memorial Day, it was proper that it should be observed. The weather, however, interfered materially with their programme. So far as relates to the procession and oration, the programme was carried out. The company assembled at 1 o'clock, at Turner Hall, on Sherman street, near Russell, and the procession started at 2. Lucker's Band was in the advance, followed by the various societies in the order named, to wit: Freie Turner Society, Concordia Society, members of German Workingmen's Aid Society, Social Turn Verein Society. The procession was under charge of the officers respectively of the several organizations, and was conducted in fine order. Next followed the oration, by Mr. L. Klemm, professor in the German-American Seminary on Lafayette street. It was a fine effort, embodying a graphic view of the war from its first inception, the difficulties experienced by the Government at the outset, the sacrifices of the patriot heroes who rallied to the vindication of the national sovereignty and unity, and closed with an eloquent tribute to the memory of those who laid down their lives for their country. After the oration the choir of the Concordia Society sang the popular and spirited German song, "Fahneneid," or the "Oath to the Colors," which closed the exercises.

CEREMONIES AT GIRARD.

Saturday afternoon, May 29, 1869, at the appointed hour, the people assembled at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Girard, and, under the direction of the marshal, proceeded to the cemetery, on the west prairie, where several of the soldiers are buried. Prayer, singing, and decorating the graves completed the ceremonies there; then the procession moved to the other cemetery, and, after marching to each grave and depositing flowers, they marched to the orchard belonging to J. C. Corbus, esq., where they had appropriate singing and an oration by Dr. Clizbe, in which he did credit not only to himself, but to the soldiers who lost their lives for their country, and are now sleeping where their graves will be annually decorated with the choicest flowers. Rev. Mr. Ware then paid a fine tribute to the memory of those soldiers who fell and were buried far from home and friends.

The decorating committee consisted of twelve young ladies, and the ceremonies were conducted without any attempt at show or splendor. The length of the procession gave evidence of the interest taken by the people of Girard on this memorial occasion.

At a meeting of the citizens, held for the purpose of making arrangements for the memorial service, the question of erecting a monument to the memory of our deceased soldiers arose, and the meeting proceeded to organize what is known as the Girard Soldiers' Monument Association.

They are determined to raise funds and erect a monument before the next anniversary, on which will be inscribed the name, rank, company, and regiment of every soldier from Girard who died, whether buried there or elsewhere. There are thirty-four in all; twelve are buried there, and the rest are sleeping where they fell, on southern soil.

CEREMONIES AT GRAND RAPIDS.

On Sunday, May 30, 1869, for the first time in Grand Rapids, the beautiful rite of strewing with flowers the graves of

those who lost their lives in the military service of the nation was generally observed, as recommended by the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The general exercises of the day in the Fulton-street Cemetery were hardly concluded when a pouring rain scattered the grand assembly of people.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

The people on the west side of the river, where the cemetery is situated, had held meetings and made ample arrangements for the beautiful rite in which they were to engage. The soldiers' committee, consisting of Colonel T. Foote, Adjutant E. O. Stevens, Captain J. W. Williamson, Captain Alexander Milmine, Lieutenant A. Yates, Captain E. F. Covell, and Captain James Robinson met at Engine House No. 3, at 1 o'clock p. m., and, accompanied by about twenty other soldiers, marched to the cemetery, a distance of about two miles, quite a procession of citizens in carriages going with them. Arrived there, they found and covered with flowers the graves of seven soldiers. After this was done, a hymn was sung by Mr. H. G. Porter, Mr. Shattuck, and Mr. Stephens, and then Rev. W. B. Sutherland led in a beautiful and appropriate prayer. At the conclusion of the prayer another hymn was sung by the trio of singers. The gathering was quite large, notwithstanding the very inauspicious character of the weather, and flowers were there in superabundance.

OAK HILL CEMETERY.

The soldiers' committee met at the National Hotel at 2 o'clock p. m., and proceeded in carriages to the cemetery.

An abundance of beautiful flowers had been generously provided by the ladies, and every head-board was decorated with a wreath or bouquet, and the graves nearly covered with their floral offerings. A brisk shower commenced just as the committee arrived at the cemetery, and, as it showed no signs of immediate abatement, after waiting for a few minutes, the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, in a brief but most eloquent address, spoke of the occasion of the gathering and the purpose it ought to serve in stimulating patriotism. As he com-

menced speaking, the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and the rain poured down harder than at any other time during the day. But he kept on, and the little band around him, most of whom had faced the leaden shower of rebel bullets and endured years of exposure to sun and storm in campaigns against the rebellion, were electrified by his words—earnest, heartfelt, Christian words, worthy of the assembly, the man, his sacred office, and the solemn occasion. He alluded to the day, the holy Sabbath, on which Christ our Redeemer rose from the dead, and said it was fitting on this day to visit the graves of those to whom we owe so much, and strew them with flowers, for, as Christ rose from the dead, we believe that for them also is a glorious immortality, and if the spirits above are permitted to view what is done upon earth, we might hope that they were looking down from heaven approvingly upon the action and our motives. He said that the most potent agency to preserve national harmony was the fostering of a spirit of devotion to the flag of our country, and cherishing with love and gratitude the memory of its defenders, who gave their lives that the nation might live. After the conclusion of his speech he led in a short and appropriate prayer, after which the committee placed the flowers on the graves. Sixty-five graves were decorated, and the head-boards of a large number of them bore the words "U. S. Soldiers, unknown." The record of these graves is said to be in existence somewhere, so that all of them may be identified. Some lady, the committee could not ascertain who, had provided many beautiful wreaths and crosses "For the graves of the unknown soldiers," and they were placed accordingly.

There were two fine grave-stones, and at the grave of George J. S. Chesebro a beautiful monument. Four graves of unknown soldiers were found in "potter's field," and left bright with tokens of remembrance.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain, a number of ladies were present in carriages.

CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

The committee appointed by the soldiers, headed by Captain Coffinberry, chairman, proceeded to the Catholic Ceme-

tery, at 3 o'clock p. m., and met but few ladies and gentlemen, owing to the unpropitious state of the weather.

The ceremonies were commenced by a short speech by Captain Coffinberry, followed by Colonel N. A. Reed, Jr. Then the graves were fully decorated with flowers, during which ceremony all were uncovered, while Captain Coffinberry pronounced the formula over the grave.

After this sad ceremony had been performed all came together in a central position, where Lieutenant Adolph Campau read the hymn written by J. D. Dillenback for the day, and Colonel N. A. Reed, Jr., read the following decoration hymn by Samuel Burnham:

They rest from the conflict, their labor is ended,
Their battles are fought, and their victories gained;
Their spirits heroic to God have ascended,
Their memory is left us with honor unstained.

Beneath the green sod their bodies are sleeping,
Above them in beauty the dewy grass waves;
While comrades this day are sacredly keeping
And strewing with flowers their glorious graves.

We know that our flowers will wither and perish,
Our flags, too, will droop in the still summer air;
But deep in our hearts their memory we'll cherish,
With love that the passing years no'er will impair.

To us is the weeping, while theirs is the glory;
From danger and duty they ne'er turned aside;
Heroic their deeds and immortal their story—
They fought for their country, and conquering, died.

No longer they listen the tramp of the legions
That steadily marched to the field of the dead;
From East and from West, and from far distant regions,
Resistless in numbers and firm in their tread.

No angel of death o'er the battle-field bending,
With skeleton finger is pointing his prey;
Our God heard the prayers of the nation ascending,
And turned our dark midnight of horror to day.

O, God of our fathers! O, God of our nation!
Their faith was unwavering, their trust was in Thee;
Thou gav'st them the victory, to our land gave salvation,
And smiled once again on the home of the free.

Yes, honor and glory for them are eternal,
The nation they ransomed their memory will keep;
Fame's flowers immortal will bloom ever vernal
O'er the graves where our heroes in glory now sleep.

The exercises concluded by Lieutenant Adolph Campau leading in prayer, according to the usages of the church—

Five Peters, Five Aves, Lord's Prayer, Hail Mary, and the Requiem.

GENERAL EXERCISES AT FULTON-STREET CEMETERY.

The general and concluding exercises of the day took place at this cemetery at 5 o'clock p. m. A procession of soldiers, under command of General W. P. Innes, preceded by the Valley City Brass Band discoursing solemn music, marched from Luce's Hall, where they made their rendezvous and were supplied with flowers, to the cemetery, and formed in a hollow square, surrounding the grave of Rev. Dr. Francis H. Cuming, who was chaplain of the Third Michigan Infantry, and the thousands of people present gathered around them as thickly as they could stand. Inside the square were the clergy, the quartette club, and the speaker.

The following order of exercises was observed: Dirge, Valley City Brass Band; prayer, Rev. J. P. Tustin, D. D.; hymn, "The Evergreen Shore;" address by Colonel George Gray, Sixth Michigan Cavalry.

The speaker stepped to the center of the square and stood silent for a minute or two, as though overpowered by emotion. Then he began his discourse by describing the sacred ties of loving memory that bind us to the dead. The honor that we pay the memory of our own departed friends is not a duty, but the simple dictate of nature. Toward those whose graves we now cover with flowers those emotions are heightened by the knowledge that their lives were given for us. He spoke of the Sabbath morning in April, 1861, when the telegraph flashed over the land the news that traitors had fired on the flag of our country in Charleston bay, and of the glorious uprising of loyal men who left their business, their homes, and friends, and sprang to the defense of the Union at the first call. He pictured their noble deeds, and the fate that befel so many of them on the battle-field, in hospitals, or, perchance, after they came home, to die in the arms of their friends. In whatever way they died it was for their country.

The address closed with a sublime appeal to the patriotism of our citizens to maintain unimpaired the dear-bought liberties we enjoy.

An original hymn, written for the occasion by one of the

soldiers present, was read by Rev. A. J. Eldred, and sung by the audience present, led by the quartette club.

Benediction, Rev. J. Morgan Smith.

At the close of the services, the soldiers started to march to all the graves previously marked with small flags, but, when two had been visited, the rain made it advisable to separate, and send a detail to each grave, which was accordingly done. The number of graves, as ascertained by the committee, was twenty-three.

CEREMONIES AT HASTINGS.

Sunday, May 30, being the day set apart for paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the great struggle for freedom in the war of the rebellion, a due observance of the occasion was had by the citizens of Hastings.

The exercises were commenced by an appropriate prayer by the Rev. A. P. Moors, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after which an excellent and touching address was delivered by the Rev. T. L. Pillsbery, late chaplain of the Twenty-first Michigan Infantry.

The speaker held his audience in breathless silence while he discoursed upon the occasion that had brought us together, pointing out the benefits resulting to us as a nation by the self-sacrificing spirit that bore our starry flag from victory to victory, and traced the hand of Providence in the great struggle that crowned our arms with the success that insures us a permanent and abiding peace. In concluding, the speaker paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the fallen brave who had laid their lives a sacrifice on their country's altar.

The brass band, stationed in the middle of the grounds, then played a suitable dirge, while scores of children strewed beautiful bouquets and wreaths of wild flowers over the graves of the noble dead, each grave being designated by small American flags floating at the head of the mound.

"Old Hundred" was then played by the band, and the audience was dismissed with the benediction.

CEREMONIES AT HILLSDALE.

The ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves took place in Hillsdale on Saturday, May 29. The procession formed at 9 o'clock a. m., in the court-house yard, under the direction of General C. J. Dickerson, marshal of the day, assisted by Captain William H. Tallman, and marched to the Old Cemetery, to do honor to the soldiers buried there. On approaching the cemetery the Hillsdale City Band struck up a funeral dirge. After the graves had been decorated a piece of music was sung by the choir, which was followed by a touching and pathetic supplication to the Divine Father, by Rev. Mr. Parker, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after which another piece of music was discoursed by the choir. The procession then marched back to the court-house, the band in the meantime rendering music appropriate to the occasion.

After resting for a few minutes, the procession was reformed and took up its line of march for Oak Grove Cemetery, in which a much larger number of soldiers are buried than in the Old Cemetery, the procession being half or three-fourths of a mile in length. The approach here was the same as before, the band playing a funeral dirge. After the several graves had been decorated, a piece of music entitled "Decoration Day," composed expressly for the occasion, was sung by the choir, which was followed by an impressive prayer by Rev. R. Dunn. The prayer was followed with music by the choir, at the close of which Captain Albert Dickerman, orator of the day, took the stand, and commenced speaking in a very clear and eloquent manner, but, a thunder storm coming on, he was obliged to desist, after speaking but a few moments, and the crowd of participants, in order to get out of the rain, took the quickest and most expeditious course to get back into the city.

CEREMONIES AT LANSING.

The ceremonies in Lansing, which were held under the direction of Post Greene, Grand Army of the Republic,

Comrade E. H. Porter, senior vice and acting commander, were peculiarly appropriate, and were largely attended, not only by residents of the city, but by people from neighboring towns; some who had been soldiers, and had stood bravely under the fire of shot and shell, coming more than twenty miles to join in the ceremonies. Long before noon the city was filled with strangers, and just before the hour of twelve a national salute gave notice to all that the exercises would not be postponed, as had been previously decided upon, owing to the storm of several days' duration.

The procession formed at 3 o'clock p. m., headed by the Reform School Band, who were dressed in a new and tasty uniform. Fifteen ladies had been selected to distribute the flowers, many of whom were wives, sisters, or daughters of those who gave their lives for their country during the rebellion. These ladies headed the wagons in line, and were followed by not less than two hundred carriages and double teams. The band, on foot, was followed by the members of Post Greene, Grand Army of the Republic, and other soldiers; and the firemen of the city, over one hundred strong, in uniform, and bearing the national banner, were also in line. Several hundred citizens on foot closed the procession, which made a fine and imposing appearance. On reaching the cemetery, several hundred people were already upon the ground, and the whole number present could not have been less than two thousand.

A beautiful cenotaph had been erected upon the hill on the western side of the cemetery, which was tastefully entwined with evergreens, flowers, and the national flag. Upon the base of this cenotaph were the names of many soldiers who enlisted in Lansing, and fell in the field, or died in hospital, or the prison-pens of the South, and whose bodies lie unnoticed and unknown, far from home and friends.

Upon the four sides of the base of the monument were the following inscriptions:

"We died that our country might live."

"Remember our children."

"Honor to our absent ones."

"Died in battle."

Immediately upon the arrival of the procession at the cemetery, after an appropriate prayer by the Rev. W. H. Perrine, the decoration of the graves took place, under the direction of E. H. Porter, commandant of the post. Over sixty veteran soldiers, many of them scarred and disabled, joined in this token of grateful remembrance. Upon each tombstone was hung an evergreen wreath by the young ladies, who first scattered flowers upon the tomb, and then each soldier added his flower tribute. At each grave thus decorated (thirteen in all) was a tablet, giving name of the deceased and the battles in which he was engaged and other known particulars.

The following poem was contributed for the occasion:

COMMEMORATION DAY—MAY, 1869.

BY MISS HARRIET SMEAD.

A golden sky, a world of beauty,
Bright with blossoms and green with leaves,
We wandering 'mid its marvelous mazes,
Binding the blossoms in beautiful sheaves.

Deftly twining them into garlands,
Weaving them into rare bouquets;
Frail blossoms, pure as the prayers of cherubs,
With an incense sweeter than songs of praise.

Over the hills, with the sun descending,
Slowly we go to the home of the dead;
The angel of peace, above us bending,
Parteth the willow wherever we tread.

Over the hills to the silent city,
God he knoweth our hearts are true;
Around the graves of our heroes kneeling,
Heaven above and their dust below.

Our fallen soldiers, we kneel around them,
With reverent fingers we deck their tombs;
Drop by drop was their life-blood given,
To save unto us our precious homes.

Our country's honor, our country's banner,
Safe they bore through the blazing lines;
For them doth liberty sing high anthems,
And their graves are a grateful nation's shrines.

For them the heavens have heard our wailings,
For them the day beheld our tears;
Theirs be the shrines for votive garlands
Forevermore through the coming years

In the temple of freedom, before its altar,
We kneel together side by side;
Yet well we know the temple had fallen,
Except for those grand lives crucified.

Then sacred this day to Columbia's martyrs,
Make lovely the graves of the noble slain;
May freemen never their heritage barter,
Nor freedom's altar with treason stain.

EXERCISES AT THE STAND.

At the conclusion of the decoration of the graves the assembly congregated on the hill-side sloping to the eastward from the base of the cenotaph and forming a natural amphitheater, at the foot of which, in the center, was the speakers' stand. The exercises here were opened by an impressive and appropriate prayer by Rev. George H. Hickox, after which the choir of young men, under the lead and direction of Prof. Hintz, sang a beautiful ode.

ORATION BY COMRADE I. M. CRAVATH.

Comrades and Friends: We are assembled to-day to honor, by appropriate ceremonies, the memory of the nation's dead. The Romans were wont to place statues of their dead heroes in the porches and passage-ways of their dwellings, so that, day by day, when they went out and when they came in, when they sat down and when they rose up, marble forms might speak to them, in mute but impressive language, of the names and deeds of those whom they would have in perpetual remembrance.

By such memorial services as we witness on this occasion the soldiers of the republic would perpetuate the remembrance of their fallen comrades; bound to them as they are by the recollections of common dangers and achievements, by friendships "born in peril, nourished by hardships, baptized in blood," and by the brotherhood of the cause and country which they laid down their lives to uphold.

The pillars of a nation's power rest on the graves of its defenders. As "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," so the bodies of brave men, sown thick in the furrows of war, are the seed from which springs national existence. In a land like ours, where the "common consent" must "provide for the common defense," the patriotism of the people is the rock of the nation's strength. Without this, her domain, however broad, would be defenseless, and her resources, however great, would be only the tempting prey of the spoiler.

The test of patriotism is the readiness with which a people respond to the call of their country in her hour of danger,

their endurance of trials and sacrifices in her behalf, and the bravery with which they meet and beat back her foes, on land and sea, in the trenches and "the imminent deadly breach."

The patriotism exhibited by the American people during the gigantic struggle which closed four years ago has filled the world with wonder. Monarchists, profoundly convinced that the result of the great rebellion would be the dismemberment of the great republic, watched with grim satisfaction the humiliation which they supposed awaited the last great experiment of the people in the science of government, that study deemed only a fit occupation for kings.

While praise is due in no stinted measure to all classes of the loyal people of this country, to those who poured their wealth into the nation's treasury, to those who gave their husbands, brothers, and sons to their country's service, and proved in ten thousand ways their patriotic devotion, yet her citizen soldiers are the crowning glory of the republic.

While the cloud of war grew dark in the southern sky, sending forth the muttering thunder of the coming storm; while traitors in high places plotted treason, betraying our counsels, bankrupting our credit, surrendering to the enemy our handful of an army, and scattering our fleet to the four quarters of the earth, our citizen soldiers, busy with the avocations of peaceful life, calmly waited the hour when their country called them to the rescue. When that call came, how the mighty multitude rose up and swept on like ocean waves, white with the fury of the storm; how their patriotism kindled at the disgraceful rout at Bull Run, survived the murder at Ball's Bluff, the disastrous defeats of the Peninsular campaign, and the bloody carnage at Chickamauga; how they stemmed the tide of rebel victories, and rolled back defeat on the foe at Antietam, at Shiloh, at Stone River, at Winchester, and at Gettysburg; how they carried our "star-spangled banner" from the Wilderness to Richmond, from Atlanta to the sea, from Donelson to Vicksburg; how they bore it up the heights of Mission Ridge, made luminous for all time by the luster of their deeds of valor, and higher still, till from the lofty crest of Lookout Mountain it floated out above the clouds into the serene sunshine of heaven—all these, and more, are matters of history. To-day the flag of our country floats over a land undivided, a Union saved, a government vindicated, a people free. As it waves above us in the calm atmosphere of peace, it seems transfigured by the mighty deeds that shed upon it unfading glory, and clothe it with an influence that shall one day loose the bands of despotism in other lands than ours, and open the gates of

power throughout the world to the triumphant march of human freedom.

Death is but an accident in the career of the brave. They die that the nation may live; but while the nation lives they shall live also; live with their names inscribed on her roll of honor: live with their deeds recorded on the pages of her history; live in the heroism inspired by their example; live in the blessings purchased by their death.

But every soldier who acted well his part, who faced the enemy with unflinching firmness, who presented his body as a shield to protect his home, his kindred, and his country, is justly entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen, whether he be standing among the living or sleeping with the dead. They braved a common danger, they faced a common foe; but the one was taken and the other left. They who sleep beneath these grassy mounds have been gathered by the reaper of the harvest into the nation's garner, while yonder stand the sheaves that remain.

Comrades, you who have proved your bravery on many battle-fields; you who have shed your blood to save your country, and mingled your flesh with the dust of the fallen; you who stand with one foot among the living and the other among the dead; you who have laid down your arms never to take them up again, yours be the post of honor among men, so long as gratitude shall dwell in the hearts of your countrymen, and you wear the badge of honorable scars.

But the scenes that surround us, and the ceremonies that we have witnessed, remind me that we are gathered here not to eulogize the living, but to pay such tribute as we may to the memory of the fallen.

We stand within the confines of the city of the dead—that buried city whose grass-grown roofs and marble spires rise to view to mark the resting-places of the departed, whose streets are trod by forms unseen by mortals, and whose gates are closed day and night, because the dwellers therein, like Rome when the temple of Janus was shut, are forever at peace with the world.

Peace be your portion, oh, departed spirits of the nation's dead! God grant that in the hour of your mortal agony, when the fainting spirit let go its hold on the crumbling clay, you were permitted to drink of that fountain of living water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst; and thus, clothed with the vigor of eternal youth, you pitched your white tents in the grand encampment of the blessed, forever beyond the reach of "the noise of battle and the alarm of war."

How quiet are the dwellings of our fallen comrades! How calm is their long repose!

> "They sleep their last sleep,
> They have fought their last battle,
> No sound can awake them to glory again."

And yet, as we repeat their names, as the recollections with which they are associated throng upon us, how their well-remembered features come back to us again, and their familiar voices sound once more in our ears! As we summon them at the roll-call of memory, the passionless dust of the sleepers stirs with awakening life; their graves open, and they come forth, clad not in the habiliments of the tomb, but in garments of living flesh. From distant battle-fields they come with hurrying feet, and take their accustomed places among us. The sea gives up its dead, and the dark shadow that rests on an unknown fate yields up the forms of the "missing." Once more they stand before their country's altar and swear allegiance to her cause. Once more they mingle in the scenes of the camp, of dress-parade, of battalion drill, and march side by side with us to the field of bloody strife. Again the battle is set. Here stand the Union lines; yonder the ranks of rebel soldiery. Steadily the contending hosts feel their way toward each other beneath a canopy of smoke that thickens above them into a cloud lurid with lightning and dense with the leaden, iron hail of the storm. Now the rebels charge with fiendish yell on the ranks of the "boys in blue," who meet the shock unmoved, and beat them back as the rock beats back the waves of the turbulent sea. Now the Union lines advance, and the foe are driven before that serried front of bristling bayonets as the chaff of the threshing-floor is driven before the whirlwind. While through all these shifting scenes, and filling the pauses between, the zip of rifle and musket-balls, the bursting of bombs, the shriek of careering shells, and the thunder of earth-shaking cannon, make strange music to unaccustomed ears, and, mingling their voices together in one sublime chorus, send forth on the wings of the wind the awful, mighty roar of battle.

The scene changes. Cold on the "field of the dead" lie the thickly-strewed bodies of the slain, their half-shut, sightless eyes full of unconscious wonder at the spirit's untimely flight; or among the wounded, piled like stranded drifts on the shore of the red sea of war; or in comfortless hospitals, where they were consumed by the hot breath of fever or poisoned by pestilence engendered by half-buried corpses; or in horrid prison-pens, where they died of slow starvation

and agonies unutterable, with no friendly hand to smooth their hard earth-pillow, and lead their shelterless souls down their rugged path into the dark valley. As we recount these scenes of hardship, suffering, and death through which they passed, the very air above us seems damp with death-dew and murky with measureless, brooding horrors. Though while life remained their hearts pined most of all and with indescribable longing for a sight of the loved ones they were never to look upon with mortal vision, and of homes whither their feet were never more to return, yet, through every changing event their fortitude changed not, and lights up even the gloom of their untimely fate with star-like, imperishable glory. For this, let their graves be strewed with flowers on each returning year, so long as the tree of liberty which they watered with their blood, and which stretches out its sheltering arms in blessings on our country, shall grow in majesty, in greatness, and in the perfection of beauty.

How vast the multitude of the nation's dead! exceeded in number in the history of the world only by the host Darius mustered on the plain of Arbela or Xerxes marched across the Hellespont, and for which Michigan furnished an army corps of twenty thousand men! Were this vast throng of the departed, this grand army of the republic, to pass by day's marches along our streets, we could, for nearly six successive days, were our eyes but opened to behold the sight, see that long line of shadowy forms march on with steady steps and streaming banners to the bivouac of the dead.

But these were only part of the price paid for the purchase and preservation of our liberties. What sorrow sits clothed in sackcloth in homes whose light has gone out forever! Where sons and brothers have been given up one by one to feed the bloody sacrifice of war; where husbands and fathers went forth with the "unreturning brave," leaving wives desolate and children fatherless!

Here we pause. Before grief like this it becomes us to stand with silent lips and uncovered heads. We leave the stricken ones to the tender mercy of Him who "sticketh closer than a brother, who is the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God," and the stay and the staff of those whose earthly hopes lie buried in the graves of their children.

Thus we have a glimpse of the price that was paid for the purchase of our free institutions: a price that cannot be counted in gold nor weighed in diamonds. How precious, then, should they be to us, the heirs of so priceless a heritage! With what vigilance should we guard them from peril and corruption! How clean should be the hands that are permitted to handle the ark of the covenant of our liberties!

How great and pure should be the men to whose keeping we intrust "the peace and the good name and the happiness of a people whose salvation was cheap even at the price that was paid!" If there be money-changers found in our national temple—men who buy and sell the places of public trust like stocks on 'change, and the people like cattle in the market-place—let them be driven out under the lash of public scorn, and their places filled by men worthy to minister at such an altar!

Americans! Be true to yourselves, to your country, and to God, and prove yourselves worthy of the exalted privileges vouchsafed to you as a people! By the signal blessings bestowed on this fair land of ours; by the terrible judgments poured out in wrath upon us for our national sins; from the sepulchers of buried nations; from the wrecks that float on the dead sea of the past, to mark the spot where great ships went down, freighted with treasures of peoples that were but are not; in history, in His providence, and in His sacred word, God speaks to you with a trinity of voices, saying: "Righteousness exalteth a nation." "But if they will not obey, I will utterly pluck up and destroy that nation, saith the Lord."

Let us remember that to live a noble, spotless life is better than to die a glorious death; that national sins are but the aggregate of individual sins; and that there is One who marks with sleepless eyes the deeds of men, and who will "bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

> "So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust"

in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, and healed of every infirmity, cleansed of every stain, and purified of every sin, white-robed immortals shall strew flowers of fadeless beauty along your march to that city where your glorified feet shall keep time to the song of the redeemed; that city where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;" that city which hath "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it," for the Lord God Almighty is "the temple of it," "and the Lamb is the light thereof."

The oration was followed by music from the band, another ode from the choir, and a closing prayer by Rev. J. Straub,

after which the procession re-formed and returned to the city. The veteran "boys in blue" here gave three cheers for the band, three for the ladies, and three for the firemen of Lansing, and the large crowd dispersed.

On Sunday, May 30, able and effective sermons were preached by Rev. George H. Hickox, pastor of the First Baptist Church; by Rev. Stewart Sheldon, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church; and by Rev. J. Straub, pastor of the First Universalist Church.

In the neighboring village of Okemos, suitable ceremonies were observed on the morning of the 29th, Elder A. Rolfe and Captain T. F. Powers participating in the exercises.

CEREMONIES AT LAPEER.

The observances were held in Lapeer the 29th of May, under the direction of Post Turrill, Grand Army of the Republic, Maynard Butts commanding. The procession formed at 1 o'clock p. m., at post headquarters, headed by the Cornet Band, marched to the Union School-house, and escorted a delegation of young ladies to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where an excellent address was delivered by Rev. A. R. Bartlett. At the close of the services at the church the procession re-formed, and, headed by the clergymen and accompanied by the citizens and the booming of a cannon firing minute-guns, marched to the cemetery, where the ceremony of strewing the graves with flowers was duly performed by groups of young ladies—one group for each grave; the comrades halting, opening their ranks at each grave for the group to pass through, perform the ceremony, and return to the rear.

The procession was over one-fourth of a mile in length, and everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner to all.

CEREMONIES AT MARSHALL.

The decoration occurred in Marshall on Saturday, May 29, with great success. The day was pleasant, and at a very

early hour people from the country began to fill State street, and their number constantly increased until the moving of the procession, which was organized at 10.30 a. m., and passed up State street to the cemetery in the following order: Marshall Cornet Band; escort, Marshall Commandery; officers and speaker; the ladies' committee on decoration; the common council; the fire department; Blue Lodge and Royal Arch Masons of the city; Masonic delegations from Bellevue and Tekonsha; Peninsular Lodge, I. O. of O. F.; German Benevolent Society; citizens on foot and in carriages.

The display was the finest ever seen in the city. The civic societies generously responded to the invitation, over three hundred Masons being in the procession.

The programme at the cemetery was as follows: Music—dirge; prayer, by the chaplain; music; oration, by Captain J. C. Burrows; music; benediction, by Rev. Mr. St. John.

During the dirge the graves of the soldiers who sleep in the City Cemetery were decorated. The number of mounds thus the objects of patriotic regard is twenty-six.

In order to recall the services of those soldiers who died in the South and rest far from their northern homes, a cenotaph was erected, decked with evergreens and flags, on which were displayed the following inscriptions:

"To the memory of our patriot dead, who sleep in distant fields."

"Our land is glory's still, and theirs."

"The path of duty is the way to glory."

"Bright be the place of their souls."

"On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead!

The hopes, the fears, the blood, the tears
That marked the bitter strife,
Are now all crowned with victory
That saved the nation's life."

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall mar one ray of glory's light
That gilds their sacred tomb."

"The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man."

The tasteful oration of Captain J. C. Burrows was the subject of much commendation. Very properly brief, it guided the minds of the hearers very naturally to the gallant services of the patriotic dead, and by which they, though dead, still speak to us. We do well to guard their memory and lavish such floral gifts upon their graves: let us guard their tombs with a jealous care, and prove ourselves proper heritors of their bravery and patriotism. A shaft should be reared whose sides should enumerate their deeds and preach of their sacrifices for liberty.

Upon the conclusion of the address the procession reorganized and proceeded to the Catholic Cemetery, where are the graves of Dennis Cronin, of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, and James Brady, of the Navy. Having laid flowers upon the graves of these brave Irishmen, the procession returned to the court-house, and was dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT MONROE.

The services occurred in Monroe on Sunday, May 30. Nearly two thousand persons were present at the ceremonies in Woodland Cemetery. The eulogy was delivered by Hon. Edwin Willits, and a poem suitable to the occasion was recited by Hon. E. G. Morton. Taking into consideration the decidedly unpleasant state of the weather, the celebration may be set down as an entire success.

CEREMONIES AT OLIVET.

The ceremonies at Olivet took place on May 30, under the direction of the citizen-soldiers of the place, there being no post of the Grand Army of the Republic established there. Although very rainy, a large audience was in attendance at the church. Soldiers and friends of deceased soldiers occupied the central pews.

Two beautiful shields, draped in black, hung back of the

desk, surrounded by the national colors. On one of these was inscribed,

"Our fallen heroes;"

on the other,

"Frank Hosford, our ministering angel.'

in memory of the loved and patriotic daughter of "Father Hosford," who died while caring for our soldiers on Lookout Mountain. The exercises, presided over by S. A. Andrus, were introduced by an appropriate voluntary by the choir, who also sang, during the exercises, the two hymns written by William Oland Bourne. President Morrison read passages of Scripture and offered prayer. Rev. H. O. Ladd then delivered a very interesting address from the words, "So then, death worketh in us, but life in you." (II Cor., iv, 12.) The speaker proceeded to show in what ways the death of our heroes had given life to us as a nation, politically, socially, and morally. Instances of heroic death were narrated that brought back vividly the cost of our nation's life. His tribute to the memory of Miss Hosford and of the four soldiers who lie in our cemetery was beautiful and touching.

After the address the audience, preceded by the band, repaired to the cemetery, over the entrance to which was an arch of evergreens encircling

"In memoriam."

The soldiers and friends of the deceased then strewed the already-decorated graves with flowers, an appropriate dirge by the band adding solemnity to the scene. All then joined in singing "Shall we Gather at the River?" when the benediction was pronounced.

CEREMONIES AT OVID.

The ceremonies at this place were observed May 30, 1869, under the direction of Post No. 13, E. Nelson Fitch, senior vice and acting commander, and in which the citizens of Ovid and vicinity united, under the command of W. C. Bennett, esq. After a sermon appropriate to the occasion, delivered in Metropolitan Hall by Rev. H. A. Rose, at 3 o'clock p. m. the procession, headed by the Brass Band, marched to

the village cemetery, and the graves of our deceased comrades were strewn with flowers by a committee of children selected for the purpose. A short address was delivered by Acting Commander E. N. Fitch, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. John Martin, when the procession returned to the village. This is the second observance of the day by Post No. 13. Though the day was wet and dreary, the crowded hall and the long line of citizens marching in the procession attested their sympathy with the occasion.

CEREMONIES AT PONTIAC.

Owing to the unfavorable weather, the ceremonies were postponed from May 29 to June 4, when the weather proved still more unfavorable. Notwithstanding the rain, a goodly number of citizens, in the order designated in the programme and headed by the Pontiac Silver Cornet Band, marched up Saginaw street to Clinton Hall, where the further observances of the day were carried out. The hall was nearly filled with a patriotic assemblage, who, in the spirit of meekness, did homage to the brave patriots who died in defense of our country's flag.

The services were opened with prayer by the Rev. W. H. McGiffert, followed by the choir singing a memorial hymn.

The oration, by Rev. W. H. Sheir, was able and well received, and contained an eloquent eulogy on the departed brave. He commenced by recalling to mind the great sacrifice that was offered upon the altar of our common country, the great struggle through which our nation has passed, costing the lives of three hundred and fifty thousand Union soldiers and two hundred and fifty thousand more who have been maimed and ruined. He said Michigan's contribution to the army was ninety thousand seven hundred and forty-seven; one thousand four hundred and fifty-three colored troops. Oakland County sent of this number three thousand seven hundred and eighteen. Our final triumph, the joy felt by the Union people throughout the country, their manifestations, and then the dark pall which rested

upon us in the death of Abraham Lincoln, were most graphically depicted. He then read the roll of the dead.

He stated there were twenty-seven soldiers, ranking from a major general down to a private, in our cemetery, and out of that number he knew of but one who had nothing to mark his resting-place, and that one was Major General I. B. Richardson, or, as he was more familiarly known in the army, "Fighting Dick." The general was a graduate of West Point, and fought under General Scott in all the important battles of the Mexican war, and as soon as the rebellion broke out was one of the first to offer his services to his country. He fought bravely in the Army of the Potomac up to the time he was killed. But though he had gained such a national reputation as a patriot and a fighting general, (being one of the first-made major generals,) a stranger desirous of visiting his grave could not find it in our cemetery without the aid of a guide, as it remains up to this time wholly unmarked.

When he told of the reverence our brave boys had for the old flag, how they toiled and suffered for it, tears were brought to the eyes of many who best knew the truth he was uttering.

The ceremonies were closed with singing by the choir and the benediction by Rev. W. H. McGiffert. Arrangements had been so perfected that, had the day been pleasant, the ceremony would have been exceedingly impressive. As it was, the procession, consisting of the Band, Knights Templar, Odd Fellows, Good Templars, in their various uniforms, the steam fire-engine and hose-cart, the former drawn by horses and the latter drawn by the members of the company, beautifully decorated with bouquets of flowers and draped with the American flag, together with the Methodist Episcopal Church Sabbath-school with banners, on which were inscribed the mottoes, "Honor to our brave defenders," "God is our refuge and strength," presented a very creditable appearance.

CEREMONIES AT SCHOOLCRAFT.

The exercises at Schoolcraft occurred on Sunday, May 30. A procession was formed at 2.30 p. m., in the following order,

under the direction of the marshal: Officer of the day, J. T. Cobb, esq.; Schoolcraft Silver Cornet Band; speaker and chaplain; eight misses dressed in white, each bearing a wreath and vase of flowers, with which to decorate the graves (eight in number) of the deceased soldiers; soldiers; citizens.

The procession then marched, slowly and in good order, from the church to the cemetery, under the sweet, inspiring, and elevating music of the band. Entering through the gate, under a flag gracefully festooned and ornamented with flowers, it proceeded to a stand erected in one corner of the grounds, from which the exercises took place in the following order: A fervent and appropriate prayer by the chaplain, Rev. N. Rice; singing by the glee club; music by the band; address and reading of the ode prepared for the occasion by Hon. E. L. Brown; singing the ode, to music arranged by Jonas Allen, esq., with introduction and interlude by the band; marching of the procession to each grave, preceded by the band while playing a solemn and impressive dirge composed for the occasion by Professor Dresskell, and followed by the girls with wreaths and flowers.

Each one, as she approached a soldier's grave, placed a wreath at the head and a bouquet of flowers at the feet of the sleeping hero, and then falling in the rear of her sisters as they passed, in this way making the whole circuit, until all were decorated by their delicate hands. An arch of evergreens erected at the head of each grave, with a cross of the same suspended in the center and decorated also with flowers, had been previously arranged by the good taste of the ladies of the committee. The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. N. Rice. All present appeared to realize the importance of the hour, and no other occasion could have induced so large an audience, and especially ladies, to remain during the exercises in an unceasing rain.

The following is an extract from the address of Hon. E. L. Brown:

Not like the nations of old do we celebrate the victory, with captives chained to the chariot-wheels of the victor, in long and mournful procession, to meet the taunts and insults of an excited and exulting populace; but while we, the victors, as mourners rather, come with hearts at once sad

and exultant, to crown with flowers and undying laurel the brows of those

> "Whose wounds for us this long-wish'd rest obtained,
> And peace and freedom for their country gained;"

they who had scorned, defied, and assaulted the government of their country are restored to its kindly and protecting care, to the homes and the rights they had forfeited, and to the quiet pursuits of the arts of peace, in a community of rights, civil and political, where all under its banner learn to respect its power, to honor its justice, and to love its beneficence.

There now sleep in this cemetery, over whose graves we come to perform this sadly-pleasing ceremony, eight of those who went out from among us to do battle for their country's right and honor, slain in battle by the accidents and exposures of war, or miserably perished in consequence of the most barbarous treatment in captivity.

Beside these of our fellow-citizens who fell in the great rebellion and are buried here, there are some who, from this immediate neighborhood, followed their country's flag and fell gloriously, their bodies remaining in the far South, on the field of their glory.

At so great a cost to every village and hamlet throughout all the Northern States was the honor and authority and unity of the nation sustained and defended. Let the youth who mark the honors justly conferred upon the victims learn to emulate their examples.

CEREMONIES AT STURGIS.

The soldiers of Sturgis performed the customary rites on Sunday, May 30, under the direction of General William L. Stoughton. After the ceremonies at the cemetery, a large assembly met at Union Hall, where the following exercises were held: Singing a patriotic song by the ladies; prayer by Rev. Mr. Temple; singing by the young ladies; oration by Mr. J. R. Davies; benediction by Rev. Mr. Brown.

CEREMONIES AT TECUMSEH.

Sermons were preached on Memorial Day in the Universalist, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches, respectively, by

Rev. J. M. H. Smith, Rev. W. J. Stoutenberg, and Rev. L. H. Dean. After morning services were over in the different churches, as the clouds seemed to be breaking away, the procession formed in line and proceeded to the cemetery.

Here the programme as published was carried out, although it began to rain soon after arriving at the ground. After the ceremonies at the stand, which were, music by the band and an address by Mr. Boyd, the assembly, headed by the little girls with wreaths, and surviving soldiers bearing bouquets, repaired to the soldiers' graves to decorate them.

CEREMONIES AT THREE RIVERS.

At 2 o'clock p. m. May 30, the comrades of Prutzman Post No. 44, Grand Army of the Republic, assembled at their headquarters in Prutzman's Hall. After listening to the reading of orders, they were formed and marched to Kelsey's Hall, preceded by the Three Rivers Cornet Band. The comrades wore white gloves and had crape on the left arm; the three senior officers wore red crape across the right shoulder, with a knot of white and blue ribbon at the breast; the post surgeon and assistant surgeon general wore green sashes; the other officers wore blue scarfs, with a knot of white and red ribbon; the other comrades white scarfs, with knot of red and blue ribbon. In the ranks were carried the battle-worn and tattered standards of the Eleventh Michigan Volunteers, donated by General Stoughton for the occasion. The post presented a fine appearance, their soldierly bearing and measured tread recalling the days and awakening the spirit of 1861. Kelsey's Hall, tastefully decorated with wreaths, crosses, and bouquets, was crowded to its utmost capacity by the citizens. At 3 p. m. the sound of the gavel called the assemblage to order, and throughout the services the most profound silence prevailed, all seeming deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

The exercises were opened by an ode written for the occasion; this was followed by a prayer by Rev. W. H. Pierce; next came a dirge by the band; then the address by Comrade W. H. H. Wilcox. After the address, the audience join-

ed in singing the hymn "My Country, 'tis of Thee;" prayer was then offered by Rev. J. A. Ranney, and benediction invoked by Rev. Mr. Goodall. At the close of these services the procession was re-formed, and marched to Riverside Cemetery in the following order: Post commander and officer of the day; Cornet Band; escort of honor, consisting of twelve comrades, with reversed arms, commanded by the post adjutant; post chaplain and clergy; comrades of Post No. 44, bearing flowers; soldiers and sailors of the late war; citizens and others, on foot and in carriages.

Arriving at the cemetery, the procession found hundreds of citizens waiting there to unite in the decoration of the soldiers' graves. The graves, ten in number, were marked by small flags—the national colors—surmounted by a streamer of crape. The comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic were marched around the cemetery, halting at each of the graves above mentioned and strewing them with flowers. After all the graves had been thus decorated, the post was formed upon the soldier's monumental lot in a hollow square, in the center of which was erected a mound of flowers in honor of those dead comrades whose remains repose on southern soil. The ceremonies were concluded by the escort firing three volleys of musketry as a salute of honor. The post then returned to its headquarters and was dismissed. From sunrise until sunset the national colors were flying at half-mast from the post headquarters. In the morning sermons appropriate to the day were delivered by the clergy of the village.

CEREMONIES AT WAYNE.

Memorial Day was duly observed in Wayne on Sunday, May 30. At 11 o'clock a. m. a very able and patriotic address was made in the Methodist Church by Rev. J. W. McIlwain, the chaplain of the day, and soon thereafter, although the rain came down in torrents nearly all day, a long procession of several hundred formed, under the marshalship of Captain Albert Wilford.

At the tolling of the church bells the procession moved to

the cemetery, where the exercises consisted of singing, prayer, decorating the graves by returned soldiers, and hoisting the national flag at half-mast, to remain up till sunset.

It is but just that a few facts in connection with this matter be made known to the public. It might be supposed that if friends and comrades desired to visit the sacred graves of fallen heroes, even on Sunday, they could do so in peace, and those who did not wish to could stay away in peace. But no sooner were the notices out than there was violent opposition to the whole movement on the part of some who have more notoriety than wisdom or piety. One well-known lawyer (?) here declared that he "would give twenty-five dollars to decorate a rebel's grave, and would like to erect a monument to J. Wilkes Booth, as large as the depot wood-piles, *composed of the skulls of Union soldiers.*" Following in the wake of such expressions was the action of the common council, which declined to be present on the occasion, and members of which, with others, took vigilant pains to circulate reports around the country that the chaplain and orator's names had been used without their consent, that the affair had been postponed, and endeavored to persuade the chaplain, singers, and others to abandon the movement, as the leaders in the affair were only using them to give respectability to a training-day pow-wow. But, notwithstanding all these obstacles and the severe storm, a very large concourse showed by their presence their approval of the occasion, while the ceremonies were very solemn, affecting, and impressive.

After the ceremonies at the cemetery, all the war-worn veterans repaired to their place of rendezvous and ventilated their pent-up feelings by voting unanimously the following:

"*Resolved*, That our heart-felt thanks are due to all who have in any way assisted on this occasion, but that we must express our deepest indignation at the course pursued by some members of the common council, and others, in misrepresenting and embarrassing the movement, and that body especially merits the severest censure for their conduct in this matter."

DEPARTMENT OF MINNESOTA.

CEREMONIES AT WINONA.

(Post No. 4.)

The exercises attendant upon the floral tribute to the fallen brave took place in Winona on May 29, under the auspices of Post No. 4. The procession formed on Second street at 2 o'clock p. m., preceded by Osten's Band, which was followed by a floral car having the Stars and Stripes with crape at either side, and bearing bouquets and wreaths of flowers to be placed upon the graves. Next the national flag draped in mourning, followed by the soldiers of the post, with the following officers: General J. W. Sprague, grand commander of the department of Minnesota; O. B. Gould, adjutant general of the department of Minnesota and post adjutant; Rev. William McKinley, chaplain of the department and post; J. B. McGaughey, post commander; and Edward Coy, senior vice commander, who was also the color-bearer on this occasion. The procession marched down Second street, thence across to Broadway, and up to the public square, where carriages were in waiting to convey the soldiers and citizens to Woodlawn Cemetery; arriving at the entrance of which they reformed and marched with slow and solemn music to the south part of the cemetery, where the oration was given.

The exercises here were introduced by prayer by the Rev. Joseph M. McNulty, followed by a song by the choir, after which the oration was delivered by the Rev. William McKinley, who spoke as follows:

Soldiers and Fellow-citizens: The natural instincts of mankind have always prompted them to honor the memory of the departed brave. The graves of the heroic dead have everywhere been held sacred. Art has adorned them with

the most beautiful monuments, and genius has over them given utterance to those profound sentiments of gratitude and veneration which men cherish for those whose dust they contain. Hero-worship, in some form, is as old and almost as universal as humanity. The demi-gods of the ancient nations were heroes illustrious for their valor, prowess, and patriotism, and who for these qualities were after death deified by an admiring and grateful posterity. The saint-worship of more modern times is another form of the same thing; for the saint is a hero of another and a nobler type, in whom moral heroism and endurance have taken the place of the physical strength and courage which characterized the heroes and demi-gods of pagan antiquity.

America has no saints. The Puritan ideas which prevail in our civilization have banished the saints from our calendar and their festivals from our social and religious life.

In this we are partly right and partly wrong: right in abandoning idolatrous and superstitious homage to the dead, and wrong in ignoring the principle which underlies it; for hero-worship and saint-worship are but perverted forms of an enduring and ennobling principle of our common humanity. They have their root in that deep and imperishable instinct of our nature which makes us feel that death cannot entirely and eternally separate us from those we love; that, though vanished from our sight, they are neither lost to God nor lost to us; that somewhere, on some unseen shore, they still live and still retain those qualities which have won for them a love which death cannot destroy.

> "Our buried friends, can we forget?
> And must the grave forever sever?
> They linger in our memories yet,
> And in our hearts they live forever."

In those countries in which the saints are more honored than in our own, they have a custom which, in one of its aspects at least, is worthy of our admiration. As there are not days enough in the year to give one to every saint, there is one day set apart in honor of them all, so that none of them may fail to receive some share of the homage due them. This is democratic and just. It commends itself to our love of fair play and impartiality. For it is not always the saints most renowned that are most worthy of honor, nor is it always the heroes whose names are most trumpeted by fame that have the highest claims upon the gratitude of mankind.

This day may without impropriety be called our American All-Saints' day, for we have no better saints than those whose memory we have come here to honor. Nor do I deem it any

perversion of terms to speak of them as saints; for a saint, stripped of all superstitious fancies, is simply a good man, who has lived not for himself alone, but for God and the good of his fellow-men. And these men whom the nation honors to-day were many of them saints indeed—good men and true, who gave all they had to give for the cause of God and truth and humanity; and all of them were heroes of a higher type than those who were worshiped as such in the earlier and darker ages of the world.

The altar, it is said, sanctifies the gift. The cause for which a man suffers imparts its sanctity to the sufferer. He who dies in battle for the rights and liberties of men must share forever in the glory of the cause for which he shed his blood. The martyrs of all ages are illustrious, not so much by virtue of their personal position and merits as from the fact that the great cause for which they sacrificed themselves has reflected upon them its own imperishable luster and glory. And if any cause can confer honor upon its defenders and martyrs, surely the cause for which these men suffered is such a one. No selfish craving for personal aggrandizement, no revengeful passion, no lust of power or spoils or martial fame sent these men to war.

But in this age, which to many seems so mercenary and so mean, they left their friends and families and all the comforts and refinements, and even luxuries, of American homes, to march, with blistering feet, beneath a burning sun, to battle; to bivouac amid the deadly malaria of southern swamps; to starve and rot in southern prisons; to waste away with fever in camp and hospital; to become familiar with hunger and cold and weariness and want, disease and wounds and death, in their most fearful forms, that "the government of the people, for the people, and by the people, should not perish from among men."

It is in harmony, therefore, with the genius of our republican institutions and with our innate sense of justice that we honor them to-day all alike. While we give all due honor to the historic and illustrious names of Lyon, Baker, Kearney, Wadsworth, and McPherson, we do not forget that among those whose names no historic page will mention, who marched in the ranks and fought and fell without recognition in the fiery front of battle, or who perished from famine in some prison-pen, or whose blood fever drank in some gloomy hospital—that among these there were as true heroes and patriots as any whose names are blazoned upon the loftiest tablets of historic fame. Many of them sleep in unknown graves, but their record is on high, and the true hearts of the nation will to-day do them honor.

It is not necessary to-day, comrades, that I should say anything to send your thoughts back amid the mournful memories of the war—to those dark days when your bayonets propped the imperiled republic on the hills of Antietam and the heights of Gettysburg, or made a path for liberty over the ramparts of Vicksburg, Atlanta, and Richmond. The weary march, the lonely hours of the midnight watch, the gloomy days spent in hospital or in prison, the morning call to battle, and the deadly fray, in which your comrades fell upon the right and on the left—such memories as these will come to-day unbidden, and I need not and will not dwell upon them.

Let us thank God that, great as was the sacrifice of the war, the benefits it has brought to us are commensurate in greatness. We have a country, one and undivided. We are a nation, and no longer a confederacy of semi-hostile States, bound together by a constitutional rope of sand which any member of the confederacy might break at pleasure. We have a government strong enough to protect all, but not strong enough to oppress any. We have liberty guarded by law, and law made beneficent by liberty. The war has made us a more homogeneous people. There is nothing that binds us together so strongly as common suffering in a common cause. Every permanent political structure has to be cemented with blood.

Our adopted citizens from other lands have been more thoroughly Americanized in sentiment and feeling by the few years of the war than they could have been by a long life-time of peace.

The gallant German, always true to liberty, the brave and generous Irishman, the sturdy Scandinavian, and the various other nationalities who have fought by the side of our white and our black Americans for the integrity and liberties of this land, are by this fact forever identified with its destinies. They are no longer strangers and foreigners, but are, by this baptism of blood, cemented into one body, and consecrated citizens of America forever.

What Curran said of the British constitution may now with truth be said of our own. "It matters not in what land the man may have been born; an Indian or an African sun may have shone upon him; no matter in what disastrous battles his liberties may have been cloven down, or with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the first moment he sets his foot upon the sacred soil of Britain the altar and the god sink together in the dust. The soul walks abroad in its own majesty, the mind swells beyond the measure of the chains that enthralled him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible might of universal emancipation." That we can honestly say

all this of our country to-day is alone ample compensation for all that the war has cost us.

Let those who hanker after the pomp and vanities of royal courts, whose vitiated tastes crave the leeks and onions and flesh-pots of Egypt, talk, as some of them now do, of establishing imperialism upon American soil. Liberty can afford to have any cause, however absurd, advocated. But let those degenerate Americans who so passionately long for the stars and spangles and garters, the paraphernalia of courts and the livery of slaves, let them prepare to die in disappointment or emigrate to some foreign shore, where they will be allowed to hide themselves from the contempt of mankind under the shadow of the rotten dynasties and aristocracies which they profess so much to admire.

Revolutions do not retrograde. The index-finger on the dial-plate of destiny will not go back to accommodate such spurious sentiment, or gratify the vanity of a race of sycophants unworthy of their country and their age.

No American commander or President will attempt to play the part of a Cæsar or a Napoleon while so many hundreds of thousands of veterans survive as to-day are gathered all over this land to decorate the graves of their comrades and kindred whose blood was shed in the great war for union and liberty.

But the dark clouds of war have passed away, and to-day the sun of peace shines brightly all over the land. And amid these peaceful scenes and solemnities it is fitting that our thoughts should be of peace rather than of war.

Let us, therefore, to-day, at the graves of our patriotic dead, bury all the animosities enkindled by the war, and, in the language of our martyr President, "with charity toward all, and malice toward none, pursue the right as God gives us to see the right." Let us remember that "men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters; that liberty can only be maintained by virtue, and that virtue must be based upon intelligence."

Let us go from these solemnities carrying with us such memories and purposes as shall make us in the future better men and better citizens.

And may we so live and die, that when we are gone our memories may be as green and fragrant as the flowers which we strew to-day upon the graves of our heroic dead.

Another song by the choir, and the order was then given to "fall in." Flowers were distributed to the comrades of the post, and the procession, with solemn dirges by the band, marched to the graves of the departed soldiers, visiting each

grave separately. As they neared a grave they were commanded to halt, and, with heads uncovered, receive from the chaplain the name of the comrade whose grave they were visiting. The colors were advanced over the grave, and the comrades in open order marched by, strewing flowers as they passed. The same order was observed until all the graves were visited; and the scene, as the procession wound in and out among the trees and avenues of this "city of the dead," was very solemn and impressive. Returning to the entrance of the cemetery, "America" was sung by the choir and others present, and a concluding prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Manton.

CEREMONIES AT MINNEAPOLIS.

In Minneapolis Sunday, May 30, was not less regarded than in the East. A large concourse of citizens met at the cemetery, and at 3.30 p. m. formed in procession and, proceeding to the graves of the soldiers, decorated them with flowers and other emblems of affection and love, after which ceremony the Rev. F. A. Conwell, chaplain of the old First Minnesota, read a few appropriate verses from the Scriptures, and offered some cheering words of comment upon the day and scene, closing with a prayer.

Captain J. C. Whitney followed with some well-timed remarks upon the occasion that had called the people together, recounting a scene or two which he himself had passed through in the company of some of those upon whose graves flowers had just been strewn.

From there the citizens proceeded to the St. Anthony Cemetery. Here Mrs. General Morgan and family, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, were present at the decoration of the grave of General Morgan, formerly colonel of the First Minnesota. At the close of which ceremony Captain J. C. Whitney offered a beautiful prayer of thanks for past and present blessings. The friends then proceeded to decorate the graves of the soldiers buried there, and finally, at 6.30 p. m., returned to Minneapolis.

CEREMONIES AT ST. CHARLES.

In the afternoon of Saturday, May 29, the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic marched from their headquarters in St. Charles, with colors draped in mourning, under escort of the band, through the principal streets to Hillside Cemetery, where a large concourse had assembled. There all formed around the graves of the fallen comrades, and were led in prayer by their chaplain. Several appropriate songs and national hymns were then sung by the choir.

Brief and appropriate addresses were then delivered by Rev. B. Blain and Rev. H. M. Day, in which references were made to thrilling scenes on the field and by the fireside during the dark days of our republic, and grateful elogiums were paid to those whose resting-places were decorated with wreaths and bouquets of flowers.

In this cemetery are the graves of five soldiers.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI.

CEREMONIES AT ST. LOUIS.

Proceedings on Sunday, May 30, 1869.

BELLEFONTAINE.

At an early hour in the morning General Tom. Curly, Colonel John McFall, and Major Dennis O'Conner, of the special committee appointed by the meeting in the city council chamber on Thursday evening, visited Bellefontaine Cemetery, and decorated the graves of five gallant men who there sleep their last sleep.

CALVARY.

The same committee visited Calvary Cemetery and placed flowers upon the graves of five more.

PICKER'S GRAVEYARD.

Several surviving comrades of the brave deceased also visited Picker's Graveyard, decorating the graves of four comrades.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

Arriving at Jefferson Barracks, a minute-gun fired a salute, and the excursionists disembarked.

Colonel P. C. Haines, commandant at the barracks, had made every preparation within his power to render the occasion worthy of itself. Company E of the Engineer Corps, under the command of Lieutenant Quinn, was drawn up in line upon the barracks ground, and at the head of this company Captain Christian Boehm's Silver Cornet Band took position. In the rear of the engineers came Simpson Bat-

tery, Captain Fuchs commanding, in their nice uniforms, the large concourse of people falling in as the procession moved to solemn music to the platform erected for the speakers inside the cemetery grounds, about a quarter of a mile from and south of the barracks proper.

The National Cemetery embraces about twenty acres of ground, and takes in the old Jefferson Barracks Cemetery, established within the barracks about forty-five years ago. It is situated upon rising ground, and is a fitting resting-place for the nation's heroes. Shortly after the close of the war it was made a national cemetery, and the Government has had it improved and beautified.

Since the war the soldiers previously buried in the Wesleyan and other cemeteries have been transferred to the National Cemetery and properly classified, so far as it was possible to do so. Each State has its allotted plat, and each man has a neatly-painted head-board at the head of his grave, with his name, company, and regiment painted upon it. All these data had been preserved, and were found of record at the time of the disinterment. There are ten thousand soldiers' graves in the cemetery.

The exercises were inaugurated by Colonel R. J. Rombauer, chairman of the committee of arrangements, who called upon the Rev. Dr. Langley to offer prayer. Dr. Langley not being present, prayer was dispensed with, and the German Orphans' Singing Society, F. Partenheimer leader, sang in German a piece appropriate to the occasion.

The band then played a mournful dirge, after which the president stated that ex-Governor Fletcher had been expected to deliver an oration, but had been unavoidably detained. In his absence he would call upon Major W. S. Pope to address them. Major Pope spoke as follows:

Fellow-citizens: It is but just to myself to say that I have been only called upon to speak a few words since I came upon this stand, in the absence of those who were regularly appointed to address you upon this occasion. Under these circumstances, therefore, you will not expect an elaborate oration from me. Indeed, I doubt very much whether even an appointed orator should have many words to say on an occasion of this kind. We came here, each one of us, with

an oration in his heart—a heart full of patriotism, full of the noblest sentiments that ever inspired and ever will inspire any human heart; that sentiment which, through all the long ages of the past, has possessed the hearts and controlled the minds of the citizens of all nations, in view of the noble deaths of those who have laid down life and happiness and all that makes life dear voluntarily for the good and the glory of their native land. Greece and Rome and other ancient empires gave us examples of the people going out to beautify and adorn the graves of those who have died for the benefit of the living, and to-day not only the thousands on these grounds, but tens of thousands all over this great and glorious country, are out under heaven's arch for the same purpose, with the same sentiment in their hearts. No sentiments could possibly be more perfectly in harmony, in more perfect unity, than that which inspires the breasts of the American people to-day in honor of the memory of their dead comrades who lie in the graveyards. When the first gun was fired on Sumter you all remember the feeling which went throughout the length and breadth of this great land; and, though the roar of the battle has ceased, though the clang of arms is heard no more in our midst, though we are no more called upon to leave our homes and friends and business, and every interest besides that of our country, and go again to the battle-field, yet we do not forget our dead comrades. Thank God, I see to-day the exemplification of the noble sentiment which actuates our fellow-citizens.

We do not forget our friends who have died. They were our brothers, our fathers, husbands. Here they lie. Did they not value life as much as we? Did not they love friends as well as we? Did not their hearts feel as deeply as do our hearts? Yes, truly, and we may, perhaps, say even they are nobler far than we, because they made the sacrifice. We, many of us, were their comrades on the field of battle; yet God in his wisdom or inscrutable providence spared us. Thank God, their remains are in our midst. We are glad that they do not strew the forests and plains of a land far away from us; but even those who died on the battle-field of the Wilderness and are lying there are not forgotten. Their memory is being honored as that of all the noble men who fell. My friends, this same spirit will animate us in the future. It may be, in the providence of the All-wise, that this nation may again be called upon to support not only its pride, but its honor, on the field. This demonstration simply says to us that our America—these United States—shall be preserved. If they should ever again be imperiled, here is our blood; here are the legions to-day. This outpouring here of people

from every land is another guarantee that the United States are founded forever, never to be broken up by any power. [Cheers.] If that power which was brought to bear in our midst, which was the most terrible that any nation can ever experience, an internal warfare, aided as it was by foreign powers—if that was not able to shake and destroy us, no other power ever will be able. My friends, we are glad that we are Americans; and when I say Americans, I mean every man who has to-day declared his intention to become an American citizen, come from what land he may; from any part of the world; when he comes here and abjures his allegiance to all foreign powers, he is then an American citizen. And I say this demonstration of American citizens to-day, of all births and of all climes, inspired by the great spirit which this country alone can inspire, is one of which we cannot but be proud.

We stand here in our pride to-day and glory—aye, glory—that we have had the experience that we have had, the trial that we have passed through, that furnace and crucible which alone can thoroughly and perfectly, to the satisfaction of every man, try any nation—internal warfare. We have tried it, and we glory to-day that the experience was successful in maintaining the government, and therefore we feel that for ourselves and our children, and our children's children forever, these United States are to be one and indivisible—a free republican government. [Cheers.] What is the opposition of England and of France and of Spain, and of all of them combined, if they chose? America will be equal to the work of thrusting back and overpowering them, and able eventually to control the national interests and policies not of this country only, but that influence which is to go abroad and control other powers and other climes. The same spirit which inspires you to-day, my fellow-citizens, has gone with the wind with our triumph: it flew all over the world, and the populace in England, in France, in Ireland, and in every other country where despotism prevailed felt the power of it—have felt that here in America is a demonstration of what they have longed for. We see the influence, the effect upon these governments to-day of the will and determination of the people not to be overridden and depressed as they hitherto have been, but to assert the power and the glory of free government, and it will be asserted in the future. And I do not know but that within our lives we shall see the influence of republicanism spread over all the world.

But I will not detain you, fellow-citizens. We now go to the most pleasant task on this occasion: we go to strew our

flowers over these green graves, and as we do so let us remember that God in His wisdom and in His mercy has spared us to live, not for ourselves alone, but for our country. These are our examples. These graves say to us, "Should your country ever demand your service, go and do as we have done," [cheers,] and you will do so. I take leave of you by saying, that I know in my heart our country is safe, and that this occasion will bless each one of us, and we shall be made nobler and better men by having come here and strewn flowers over these precious graves. The memories of these spirits will go with us, live with us, and be a crown of glory to ourselves and to our children in all time to come. [Applause.]

At the conclusion of Major Pope's remarks the band again performed a solemn air, the glee club sung a patriotic song, and Rev. Dr. J. G. Eberhardt was introduced, who spoke in German.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. J. G. EBERHARDT.

[Translation.]

We decorate the graves of our loved ones, we erect monuments over their resting-places, and adorn them with blossoms and flowers; we refresh the remembrance of them in our hearts, and recall what they have been for us, and what they have done for us. We have gathered to-day in great crowds to perform a holy work of love, and to crown these graves with the beautiful gifts of spring—the graves of our loved ones, who here rest in great numbers, side by side, after the fulfillment of a grand destiny. Are we not right to do this? Most assuredly. These graves belong to us. They belong to the nation. They are properly transferred to its keeping. There may be some here present who have more peculiar claims to them, for those who rest here were their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons. When in later days these claims can be no more recognized, the more it will be the duty of the nation still to decorate and adorn them. These are the graves of the emperors of the American people. The number is large. They can be found all over our great country, but wherever they may be to-day, thousands upon thousands of grateful citizens will meet at the holy resting-places to beautify them with garlands, and to nourish the germs of patriotism by word and deed; and as to-day, so as often as spring returns, and the fragrant month of May offers its beautiful gifts, this service shall be repeated to all coming time. Those who have fought well should be crowned

with laurels, and we all are witnesses that these dead have fought well. Shall I lead you to the bloody battle-fields where the noble heroes of the Stars and Stripes fell by thousands upon thousands, or would you gaze upon the wounded and the sick on battle-fields or in hospitals and churches, piled high in bloody garments, as brought from the scenes of conflict, to die of their wounds, of debility, of hunger and of want? Glory to all of them! They died as heroes. Though their eyes were closed to earthly visions, they still saw the victory. They fought well, and deserved to be crowned. Their brows are forever adorned with garlands of honor. Their memory is blessed forever. Their names are for all future generations emblazoned forever with imperishable letters upon the hearts of the people. They died as victors even in defeat. They could not enter into the coming results of glorious victory, nor even know the ultimate results of battles in which they perished. But on this very account we should the higher honor their services and with the deeper regard cherish their memory.

And for what were these precious sacrifices required and their lives given? It is scarcely necessary to answer this question. The horrible conflict was produced by the old shame and curse of slavery, which was perpetuated year after year in the history of the United States Government. This horrible enormity is still present in memory—slavery, the burning wound upon our body politic for many long years. And as in course of time, by progressive civilization and its accompanying humanity, the principle daily grew weaker, while the number of its defenders grew smaller and the hosts of its opponents greater, guided by the great thought of human rights, then the genius of this inhuman institution, led on by egotism and blindness, appealed to the sword. By treason against the general Government they strove to make that great evil perpetual. They tried to erect an empire of their own on such a basis. The mighty Union, the shield of liberty, the asylum of all the oppressed, it was their purpose to divide, and thereby diminish its might, its prominence, its power, and its prosperity. The question which the progress of time would have settled without violence they would settle by the sword. And they did solve that question. When at last open rebellion broke out, and the first gun caused the hearts of all true citizens to tremble with shame at the outrageous acts of their misguided brethren, it filled them also with an intensity of interest for the final result. The Executive of the nation, who had assumed the reins of government with a mild, but wise and firm control, did not hesitate at the responsibilities of the solution. He believed in the strength of

the people and in the power of moral principle. Even in the days of adversity and almost hopeless darkness, he trusted in the future of a united people; he confidently trusted for victory, and therefore he achieved victory. We therefore remember his grave, for he also was the nation's sacrifice. We prize his memory with deep devotion; we honor the preserver of the Union as we do the founder of the Union and our liberties. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln! Their twin images shall live in our hearts forever!

Shall we select other illustrious names from the period referred to? It would be impossible in a brief and hasty address to do so. They are written upon the pages of history, and engraven indelibly upon the present and future generations. And those hundreds of thousands, with youthful brows adorned with laurel, who found the death of heroes in the first onset of battle, they have fought well. They stood like true sentinels; they never wavered from disaffection, from weariness, nor hunger, nor in murderous battle. Their enthusiasm knew no cessation; their confidence remained unshaken amid all the vicissitudes of war. The belief in the triumph of right and humanity was a religious conviction. The devotion of the people during those years of horrible war, to sacrifice property, health, and life, was not a fleeting impulse, but a deep conviction that was a religious exaltation.

Therefore not a mere *Te Deum* to-day. No empty joy and song and music; no words of mere boasting, which evaporate as the sound dies away; but our hearts shall become stronger, our moral feelings be elevated, and in our sentiments we will practice the sacrificing spirit of our fallen comrades, and, in nourishing them, teach them to the generation growing up about us. Thus, if the time of necessity shall again come, and it shall be again necessary to take up arms for the country and its holy blessings, the old patriotism and loyalty shall again approve itself, and new warriors shall be there to fight well and be crowned with immortality.

Almighty Ruler of the world! We pray to thee: make us worthy of those whose bloody shadows rise before us to-day; give us strength to bear what is laid upon us, to keep what they have acquired for us, to finish what they have commenced. Make us united and strong. Elevate us above all hatred and deceit. Send us men to rule us in whom we can confide. Send us heroes who know how to die. Give us the courage of that belief which never despairs. Protect our people; bless our fatherland: Amen.

At the conclusion of Dr. Eberhardt's address the Orpheus

Society gave another song, and this part of the day's proceedings terminated.

After the speaking was ended, the band, playing a melancholy dirge for the dead, led the way up to the top of the cemetery hill, when the decoration commenced in earnest, though very many graves had already been visited and decked with different kinds of flowers. The graves of Missouri soldiers were, as might be expected, most profusely ornamented, though it is fair to say that none were neglected, and the Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, indeed all departments, received more or less attention.

CEREMONIES AT JEFFERSON CITY.

(Bloomer Post No. 5.)

The decoration of the graves of soldiers buried in the National Cemetery of Jefferson City took place on the 29th of May. As was arranged, minute-guns were fired at noon, while the procession of Bloomer Post No. 5, the German Turners, ladies and school children, headed by the Jefferson City Silver Band, marched to the National Cemetery, where the Attorney General of the State of Missouri, H. B. Johnson; Secretary of State Francis Rodman, and Governor Joseph W. McClurg delivered proper addresses. Flowers, of which a large supply had been furnished by the citizens, were strewn on all the graves.

CEREMONIES AT FILLMORE.

(Post No. 4.)

On the 30th day of May this post met at its rooms, together with a goodly number of the citizens of the vicinity, and commemorated the death of their fallen brothers by appropriate ceremonies. Four are buried in the village cemetery, whose graves were strewn with wreaths and flowers.

CEREMONIES AT SPRINGFIELD.

Saturday, the 29th of May, was determined upon as the time for the ceremonies at the National Cemetery near Springfield. About 12 o'clock m. the members of the post, accompanied by a large number of citizens, were formed in procession and moved to the cemetery. The procession was led by the band, and was under the direction of Colonel J. W. Lisenbey as chief marshal, and Colonel F. S. Jones and Captain W. H. Kreshner, as assistants. The best order prevailed, and the long line of carriages, wagons, and horsemen moved slowly away to the cemetery, where the solemn exercises of the day were to take place.

At the grounds the exercises were opened with an appropriate and eloquent prayer by Rev. Mr. Greenman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was followed by the

ADDRESS BY H. E. HAVENS.

A little more than eight years have elapsed since rebellion against the national authority assumed threatening proportions. Then the future was dark and uncertain. Gloom and doubt overspread the land. The most sanguine patriots, seeing the approaching danger, feared for the safety of the republic. The chief executive of the nation, in the performance of his official duty, called for volunteers to aid in protecting the Government from the conspiracy against it. Then the mighty armies of the Union began to gather. The fife and drum sounded in every village and street, and words of patriotic eloquence warned the people of their danger and aroused them to action. From quiet, happy homes all over the loyal States—from the rocky hills of New England and the fertile prairies of the West—came the gallant, undisciplined volunteers, who were destined to become the veteran soldiers of the republic—the victorious champions of government and law. They came to the number of thousands, inspired with patriotic enthusiasm and eager to meet their country's foes. How vividly we remember the mustering of the companies and regiments, the gleaming of the bayonets, and the majestic tread of the troops as their unbroken columns moved away to the front, followed by the cheers and God-speeds of thousands of their admiring countrymen, who assembled everywhere in crowds to witness their departure.

Then there were sad partings in every house. Wives, with aching hearts and streaming eyes, bade adieu to those who were dearer than life; and fathers and mothers, proud of their brave young sons, yielded them up with heavy sorrow and gloomy anticipations. Sisters and brothers, happy in each others' affections, spoke their sad farewells in words made tremulous with emotions of grief. And many parted never more to meet.

To face the dangers of the field and camp, the gallant volunteers went forth full of hope and patriotic enthusiasm, and followed by the prayers of a nation of loyal people. But three hundred thousand who thus went forth never returned. Upon fields of battle, on the banks of lonely streams, on mountain tops, and in quiet valleys—wherever duty called—there they fell and were rudely buried. No wife, nor mother, nor sister, was there to minister to their dying wants, or comfort them in the hour of death. In vain they longed for the comforting presence of the dear ones at home, who were all unconscious of the suffering and anguish that they alone could soothe.

Oh, it must afford infinite consolation, "amidst death's gathering gloom," to be surrounded and cared for by those who love us, and to gaze for the last time, as sight fades away and darkness comes over us, upon the familiar features of those we most cherish. But this consolation is denied to the soldier who dies for his country. He falls, perhaps, in the conflict of battle, and dies unattended even by his comrades, who press on to the inexorable duties of the hour. No hand binds his bleeding wounds, and not a drop of water relieves his feverish thirst. Alone, amidst a silence disturbed only by the moans of the wounded and dying, thinking dreamily of the wife and little ones in the home far away, and wondering whether, alone in a cold and careless world, there will be any to think of and care for them, he yields himself into the arms of death.

Amidst the exigencies of war the fate of the soldier who dies for his country may seem to be passed over as a matter of little importance or concern; but there are sad hearts when the story of his death reaches the old home. And how the nation has wept over the three hundred thousand of her brave sons whose memory we honor to-day! When we can comprehend the boundless affection of the devoted wife, and measure the ocean depth of a mother's love, we may then number the tears that have been shed around the firesides desolated by this terrible bereavement.

We stand to-day in the awful presence of fourteen hundred graves, in which sleep the dead who fell in our own beautiful

southwest Missouri. Nearly all of the Western States are represented here. The one most largely represented is our own; the next, glorious young Iowa. Kansas, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Arkansas, and perhaps other States, are also represented. But nearly one-half of these dead can be distinguished only as United States soldiers. Neither their names nor their States nor the organizations to which they belonged will ever be identified; and bereaved friends will search in vain for graves which, if they could be discovered and known, would be to them the most sacred places on earth. * * * * * * * * * * *

There never could have been a rebellion but for the unfortunate circumstance that occasioned a sectional division. The people may divide in their opinions, but so long as the opposing parties are mingled together, and not confined each to a particular section, there can be no serious animosities, no secession, no disunion, no civil war. It would be difficult now to point to any cause that could by any reasonable possibility produce sectional divisions in the future. On the contrary, the tendencies are all to Union—to a genuine union of hearts as well as States. Old issues are passing away, and new interests, common alike to the North and the South, are rapidly developing, out of which union, concord, and fraternal feeling are sure to come. The people will no longer be strangers. The impassable barrier of slavery no longer separates them, and in its stead railroads and telegraphs are speedily coming, making the extremes of the North and South, and of the East and West, near neighbors and familiar friends. The day is not distant when from ocean to ocean all our territory shall be peopled; when a population of two hundred millions, constituting one great family, bound together by common and indivisible interests, speaking one language and worshiping one God, shall share in harmony the blessings of our matchless government and beneficent institutions. Then our wealth and power and glory will be unequaled. Such is the early destiny of the republic.

Can we, fellow-citizens, contemplate these almost unexampled blessings, and the fearful dangers which so lately threatened us, without being profoundly impressed with the magnitude of the debt we owe to those whose life-blood purchased the one and saved us from the infliction of the other? It is beyond our power to pay this debt; we cannot compensate the dead for the lives they gave us. But we may partially discharge the obligations resting upon us by fidelity to the trust they have committed to our care. The Union they died to save, established upon the broad foundation of freedom and impartial justice, is ours to preserve and transmit to the

generation that follows us. The trust is a most precious one, and as we guard it, so shall the sincerity of our professions to-day be measured. Remembering what it is, and what it has cost, it cannot be that we shall ever falter in our duty. We cannot be false to these dead, nor to our fathers, who poured out their blood on the battle-fields of the Revolution in vindication of the inalienable rights of man.

Tyrants, in all ages, have sought to exalt and glorify themselves by trampling out the rights of the people, and subjecting them to the merciless sway of despotic will. But the cause of liberty, though crushed and almost hopeless through centuries, has always lived and struggled, with whatever of strength it could command, against the foes that have been arrayed against it; and the graves of its victims are scattered in mournful array along the pathway of nations. The bravest and best men of all times have perished in the struggles against tyranny and despotism, and free government has never secured even a feeble existence, save at a most fearful cost.

The experiment of republican government in our own country is similar to that of all others. Here, however, liberty has won her grandest triumphs. Here freedom is enthroned securely, and is the unchallenged boon of every inhabitant. But we contemplate the cost of the victory with mournful and pitying hearts. To secure it the patriots of the Revolution died; to secure it the hosts who fell in the struggle against the rebellion were sacrificed; to secure it every household has been bereft of its best beloved, and multitudes of widows and orphans and maimed and crippled men have been scattered over the land.

And now here, in this solemn presence, remembering the sacrifices of these dead; remembering the struggles of the living; remembering the tears and sufferings and heart-breaks of the widows and orphans; contemplating our obligations to the past and our responsibility to the future, we sacredly promise that through no act of ours shall it ever be said that these dead have died in vain, and, gazing upon the old flag as it waves over their graves to-day, in the sincerity of our hearts we ask that as we love it so may our God love us.

Dr. J. E. Tefft, who was also to have delivered an address, having at a late hour found it impossible to be present, the committee invited Colonel W. E. Gilmore to fill his place, which he did by delivering a brief address, full of eloquent and appropriate thoughts.

The decoration of the graves with flowers next took place, which was performed almost exclusively by the ladies, gentlemen occupying positions in the streets which separate the various divisions of the cemetery. The band was stationed on the large central mound, and discoursed music suitable and appropriate to such an hour. The supply of flowers was abundant, and each one of the fourteen hundred graves received from fair hands the floral tribute that evidenced the grateful remembrance of the comrades and loyal countrymen of the dead who sleep within them. The ceremony was impressive and affecting.

When the decoration of the graves had been completed the crowd again assembled around the stand, where, after the singing of the doxology,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," &c.

the benediction was pronounced by Rev. George Kline, of the Baptist Church.

Throughout the exercises were interspersed with appropriate music.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

CEREMONIES AT CONCORD.

(E. E. STURTEVANT POST No. 2.)

Early in the morning the commander, Major George T. Carter, and a committee of this post visited the cemeteries and marked the graves to be visited with small flags, while others busied themselves with arranging bouquets and decorating Eagle Hall.

The ladies responded well to the invitation of the post for flowers, and the display in Memorial Hall was a very fine one, there being elegant bouquets of cultivated and wild flowers for every grave.

Eagle Hall was simply decorated. Around the balcony was festooned black and white cloth, while in the center of the hall, in rear of the platform, and underneath the American eagle, hung D. A. Clough's splendid portrait of Major E. E. Sturtevant, painted for the citizens of Concord. This was draped with American flags, and underneath it was the motto,

"New Hampshire's first volunteer,"

and over all these read:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!"

Outside and above this was draped black and white cloth, with wreaths of flowers on gas-brackets, and a cross above the picture.

It was emphatically fitting that this portrait should be present, for it was of the first person in New Hampshire who volunteered his services in the late war, and the first who took out recruiting papers in the State, and recruited more men than any other individual in it. His name is indissolubly connected with the First and Fifth Regiments New Hamp-

shire Volunteers, and the post has honored itself in taking his name. The desk was draped with American flags and black and white cloth.

While the audience was assembling at Eagle Hall, the Concord Brigade Band discoursed some excellent music. At precisely 2 o'clock, with the playing of "Star-spangled Banner," the post entered the hall, bearing with them a large supply of bouquets and a draped banner, with a wreath of flowers surmounting the staff. The members generally wore mourning badges, and many of them small bouquets in the breasts of their coats. The city government soon after entered, and were seated in the rear of the post, excepting the mayor and president of the common council, who took seats upon the platform. The gallery was filled at an early hour. During this interval the band played "Prayer" and "The Chapel," by Kreutzer.

Mayor Stevens called the meeting to order about 2.30 o'clock, and said, as a representative of the city government he was glad to be present on this occasion, in order to identify it with a ceremony so fitting in the commemoration of the memory of those who had laid down their lives for the country.

Prayer was offered by Rev. J. F. Lovering, chaplain of the post.

The ode, "How Sleep the Brave who Sink to Rest," was sung by a choir and the audience, under the direction of Professor B. B. Davis, Professor J. H. Morey presiding at the organ.

Rev. E. A. Sanborn, the orator of the day, was then introduced, and delivered an eloquent oration, occupying about half an hour, which was most attentively listened to.

The choir and audience then joined in singing the decoration ode, written by Samuel Burnham—

They rest from the conflict, their labor is ended,
Their battles are fought and their victories gained;
Their spirits heroic to God have ascended,
Their memory is left us with honor sustained.

The exercises at the hall closed with music by the band.

The procession then formed in the following order, under the direction of Colonel J. E. Larkin, as chief marshal, and

William H. Buntin and Howard F. Hill as assistant marshals: Brigade Band; primary, intermediate, grammar, and high schools; board of education; citizens; city government; State officials; chaplain and orator of the day; Post No. 2, Grand Army of the Republic.

At 3.20 o'clock the procession marched up Main street to Franklin, up Franklin to State, up State to the Old Cemetery, when the ranks opened, and the post passed into the cemetery, and visited the graves, decorating them profusely with flowers.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies in the Old Cemetery the post marched up State street to the New Cemetery, and visited the graves there, including sixteen nameless ones, and deposited flowers upon each of them.

The following ode was then sung, to the tune of Pleyel's Hymn:

Flowers we bring to deck each grave,
Where repose the nation's brave;
For their valor, it is meet
They should have such offerings sweet.

The exercises closed with a prayer by Rev. S. L. Blake.

CEREMONIES AT KEENE.

(John Sedgwick Post No. 4.)

In accordance with the general order from headquarters, the graves of soldiers and sailors in Keene and vicinity were decorated with flowers on Saturday afternoon, May 29, under the auspices of this post, assisted by other organizations and citizens generally.

A procession was formed at 2 o'clock p. m., near the headquarters of the post, under the direction of Chief Marshal Babbitt, consisting of the following organizations, headed by the Keene Brass Band, T. W. Allen, leader: Encampment Grand Army; floral carriage, drawn by four black horses; soldiers and sailors not members; orator and guests in carriages; disabled soldiers in carriages; Masonic Lodges; Knight Templars; Odd Fellows; Fenians; board of engineers; Neptune Engine Company; Deluge Engine Company;

Niagara Engine and Hose Company; Good Templars; citizens on foot; citizens in carriages. The encampment turned out between fifty and sixty members, nearly all dressed in dark suits with white gloves; each member wore upon his left arm a piece of black crape, and upon the left lappel of his coat the badge of the encampment, consisting of a black rosette with white ribbon attached, on which was printed the name of the encampment. The floral car was a large and splendid affair, entirely covered with beautiful flowers, wreaths of evergreen, and national flags; in the center was a white monument, appropriately decorated, and having on its sides the names of soldiers and sailors who were buried away from home. The Army and Navy were represented in the car by a soldier, in full uniform, resting on his musket, and a sailor, in appropriate costume, standing near an anchor; the Masonic Lodges appeared in full regalia; the Knight Templars, with full ranks, in their beautiful uniforms, and wearing side arms; the Odd-Fellows' Lodge and Encampment in full regalia; the Fenians in citizens dress, with a green-silk flag; the entire Fire Department in uniforms of blue and scarlet; the Good Templars in regalia. The procession was accompanied by a crowd of citizens on foot and in carriages.

The route of the procession was up Middle street to Central Square, where a large stand had been erected. The procession marched inside the inclosure, and the following was the order of exercises: Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Dinsmore; original hymn, by six male voices; introductory remarks as follows, by Captain Carter, the post commander:

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: One year ago to-day our organization inaugurated the ceremony of strewing with flowers the graves of our fallen comrades and companions in arms. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever the Grand Army of the Republic was represented by an organization, the day was observed with appropriate ceremonies. The loyal people of the country, those whose sympathies were with the soldier during those dark years of rebellion, responded promptly and cheerfully to our call for assistance; and for that assistance and encouragement, which enabled us to observe the day in a becoming manner, we desire to express our grateful acknowledgments.

Our success upon that occasion and the pleasant associations connected with it have prompted us, on this the first anniversary of "Memorial Day," to again appeal to you to unite with us in doing honor to the memory of our fallen comrades.

Your presence here to-day in such numbers assures us that you still take an interest in the objects we have in view in this commemorative service, and that the sacrifices made by our comrades, even the sacrifice of life itself, are appreciated.

You sent your fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers forth from among you at their country's call; you followed them with your thoughts and prayers, fondly hoping for, yet scarce expecting the safe return of all. How anxiously you watched for tidings of the absent; with what pride and satisfaction you learned of their deeds of valor and heroism; with what anguish of their fall.

Many have returned from the struggle with health impaired; some maimed and crippled for life; others sleep their last sleep in yonder cemetery; while others still lie buried where they fell, without even a mound of earth to mark the spot. But though so buried they are not forgotten; the memory of their services is cherished. And although the granite column and marble shaft may be raised by individuals and communities to commemorate their valiant deeds, yet no monument can be so lasting as that tribute of love and affection erected in every loyal heart to the memory of those who rest in their unknown graves.

It is peculiarly fitting that the Grand Army of the Republic should inaugurate and perpetuate the observance of this day, for who so well as we can understand the hardships, sufferings, and privations, and the full extent of the sacrifices made by those whose memory we have this day assembled to honor.

And while we do honor to the day and the dead, let us, as we gather around the graves of our comrades, pledge ourselves anew to maintain those principles in defense of which they gave their life-blood.

Comrades and friends, it is not my purpose to detain you. Others are prepared to address you upon topics appropriate to the hour far more acceptably than it is possible for me to do, and I yield to them. But first allow me, in behalf of my command, to return to you all, as individuals and organizations, our warmest thanks for your presence and the interest you have manifested in the exercises of the day.

At the close of Captain Carter's remarks the band played a dirge, and Rev. W. S. Karr proceeded to deliver an oration.

Mr. Karr's address, although short, was very appropriate, and was exceedingly happy in thought and expression.

An original hymn, tune of "Old Hundred," was sung by the assembled crowd. At the close of the exercises in the park, the procession was re-formed and marched directly to the cemetery on Beaver street. Upon arriving there, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Barstow, of Keene, and the post proceeded to decorate the graves, twenty-nine in number. The Old Cemetery was then visited and the graves decorated, after which the procession marched to Central Square, and the different organizations were escorted to their several headquarters by the encampment. Detachments from the post also visited the different cemeteries in the outskirts of the village and decorated the graves of their fallen comrades.

CEREMONIES AT SWANZEY.

A detachment from Post No. 4, consisting of Comrades D. K. Healy and O. C. Tolman, proceeded to West Swanzey on Saturday, to carry out in that vicinity the order relative to Memorial Day. At the hour designated, 9 o'clock a. m., the comrades found, much to their regret, that hardly a movement had been made by the villagers, owing probably to the unfavorable weather, to observe the day, while a few women who lived a long distance from the village braved the weather to lay their heart offerings on the graves of the heroic dead. A few of the people assembled at the ringing of the church bell, and, proceeding to the cemetery, performed the sad rites of decoration. After a prayer by Rev. D. S. Hawley and a few remarks by Comrade Healey, the detachment then proceeded to Swanzey, where, at 10.30 a. m., with the assistance of a goodly number of citizens who had assembled to pay their tribute of respect and love to the sleeping heroes, their graves were tastefully decorated with flowers. A drenching rain beginning to fall, the citizens repaired to the church, where appropriate services were held. A prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Cutler, the national hymn, "America," was sung by the choir; remarks were made by

Comrade Healey and Rev. Mr. Cutler; "Old Hundred" was sung by the congregation, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Cutler.

CEREMONIES AT PETERBORO'.

(Post No. 6.)

On Sunday, May 30, according to order, this post met at its hall, at 12 o'clock m., and the procession, headed by the band, formed and marched to the Unitarian Church, where the exercises consisted of prayer by Rev. George Dustan, singing by the choir, reading by Rev. F. P. Hamblett, and an oration by Rev. C. B. Ferry.

Soldiers and Fellow-citizens: The object which has brought us together this afternoon is one that appeals powerfully to the loftiest sentiments and the tenderest memories and affections of the human heart. We are assembled here irrespective of the differences, theological or political, which divide us, to express, by tokens at once the most beautiful and fitting, our grateful appreciation of the services of those, our kindred, our friends, and comrades who in the hour of her peril manfully gave their lives to their country. Gathered for a brief time in this place, the house of prayer and praise, where the benediction of Heaven has often been invoked on the soldier and the soldier's cause, and where the presence of the Most High, the God of Battles, has in many a dark hour been sought with extremest urgency of spirit—gathered here for a little space, that we may collect our thoughts and commune with our hearts before proceeding with the special service of the day—we are soon to go forth to the graves of our fallen heroes who lie buried yonder, and strew them flowers, in commemoration of that greatest love and devotion which any man can show, which caused them to lay down their lives for their brethren. I deem it to be a most beautiful and fitting tribute to the memory of the honored dead. Long may the custom be observed in this town and throughout the country. When we understand the full meaning of it, when we take in the vast import of the simple service we are about to engage in, we find it to be not a mere holiday pastime, attended with the usual vulgar accompaniments of excitement and noise, but a holiday offering of the purest kind; an offering that shall evoke the deepest emotions of the heart;

that shall unite us in sympathy with all the good and great who are now wearing the martyr's crown; that shall be the means of a more entire consecration of soul to the grandest principles and objects of life; that shall make us all better and truer: more serious in our thoughts, more self-sacrificing in our lives.

For, friends, why is this day, now become a national day, set apart for this purpose? What, precisely and broadly, means this act of commemoration? Why do we bring flowers to decorate the graves of those who have fallen in our recent great struggle for national existence? What is the instinct, the motive, the principle, which underlies this service, and which moves us to do this thing, in itself so simple? Is it merely that it is a beautiful thing to do? Partly that, for it is a beautiful thing to do; but not wholly nor chiefly that. Is it, then, the desire to keep alive the memory of those who were thus, under the most painful circumstances, cut off from among us in the midst of their high hopes? Not altogether, for others, not soldiers, have been taken away in the midst of their usefulness, and we do not think of thus honoring them. Neither is it simply because these brothers of ours, the memory of whom we would keep fresh and sacred in our hearts, have nobly done their duty in coming to the nation's defense in her direful need, and have given their blood a free-will offering for her preservation; not that simply, but this: they have helped, by the gift of their lives—in other words, by the gift of themselves—to solve one of the knottiest questions that has vexed and troubled the age in which we live and the nations of which ours is the chief moral and social battle-ground. They have contributed not good wishes merely, nor fine words merely, nor needful money merely, but deeds; yes, their own life-blood, to the cause of republicanism and of human rights; and not only for this time, but for all times; not only for this land, but for other lands across the seas; not only for you and me, but for all men everywhere. * *

But, friends, it seems to be, as I have already intimated, the destiny of America to settle many important questions, that must be settled before mankind can realize the prayer of Jesus, that the kingdom of heaven might come on the earth. One great problem found its solution in the war that has taken from us so many valued lives. Other problems press upon us, demanding of us courage, virtue, self-sacrifice, trust in God. Shall we be equal to the emergencies as they arise? This nation, we may be sure, is not done with the task which God has assigned her; has not yet been thoroughly purged of her dross; has not yet entirely realized *for all* the idea and spirit of the golden rule. And as that great

law, the law of perfect equality, the law of love, is, thank Heaven, the foundation of our national structure, we may reasonably expect that not one jot or tittle of the law will fail until all of it be fulfilled. Now, what we need is manifestly the loyalty, the fidelity, the courage, the *principle*, which will make our lives and our deaths a worthy contribution to the national honor and prosperity, such as theirs were whose self-sacrifice we commemorate this day. Let us, as we stand around those graves this afternoon, dedicate ourselves, if we have not done it before, and rededicate ourselves if we have, to the service of God, of our country, and of our fellow-men. May the spirit of those men who laid down their lives for their country enter into us, and render us fit to live and fit to die in these great days, which they have helped to make great. Standing beside their graves, may we resolve, newly resolve, that we will conquer every foe that menaces our manhood, that we will be true soldiers in the great battle of life, and that nothing shall stand between us and God, between us and our duty, between us and our truest and best selves. And may all the influences of the place and the hour and the tender act in which we shall engage have power to move our souls as they have never been moved before, as with a mighty rushing wind, so that we shall feel how good it is to be there, and how blessed is the *true life*, which knows no death.

May those who have loved ones buried in yonder cemetery, whose graves we are now about to visit, be comforted with the comfort that is from above; may the surviving comrades of those we remember in our memorial services to-day have the old soldierly feeling of true loyalty and enthusiasm revived in their souls as they tenderly and reverently perform their sad rites over the moldering forms of their fallen companions; and may we all find it sweet and helpful beyond telling to drop the tokens of affection and respect on the graves of those who bled for us; and so may this day prove a memorable one in the lives of us all. And when this tender memorial is done, may we return to our homes stronger, if sadder, and more hopeful, if less worldly in our thought, for the solemn duty that awaits us; and may the true Comforter, which is the spirit of truth, abiding deeply and richly in our souls, remain with us forever.

At the conclusion of the address the exercises at the church closed by the singing of "America."

The procession then re-formed and marched (the band meanwhile playing a dirge) to the New Cemetery, decorated the grave of the single soldier buried there, and then returned

to the village cemetery, when, after prayer by Rev. F. P. Hamblett, the commander of the post, E. H. Smith, made the following remarks:

Comrades: Again we are assembled in this village of the dead. The day is holy. The ceremony about to be performed is a sacred duty. Beneath the mounds which we are now to visit rest the forms of former companions in arms, men who went from this quiet community with us to defend their and our country. We have returned to enjoy the fruits of those years of war. Some of them came with us and have since died, while many others returned in death's embrace or only in memory. We are here to-day, a band of brothers, to consecrate the choicest gifts of nature to the sacred memory of our fallen comrades; and, as we halt beside their graves and deposit thereon floral offerings, let us renew the vow of friendship to our living, cherish the memory of our dead, swear anew our fidelity to our flag and country, and trust in God."

An appropriate hymn was then sung, accompanied by music from the band. The members of the post then proceeded to decorate with flowers and wreaths the graves of the soldiers, at each of which, as they were deposited, they repeated the following words in concert: "Sacred to the memory of our fallen comrade these flowers we dedicate." Having visited all the soldiers' graves, flowers were deposited on the receiving-tomb with these words: "To the sacred memory of those comrades whose bodies rest in southern soil these flowers we dedicate." Flowers were also placed upon the graves of the wives of soldiers, two of whom lost their lives by drowning while on a visit to the army.

A decoration hymn was then sung, after which benediction was pronounced by Rev. C. B. Ferry, and the members of the post returned to their hall, and the people dispersed.

CEREMONIES AT NASHUA.

(Nashua Post No. 7.)

The members of this post made all necessary arrangements for decorating the graves of their fallen comrades on Saturday, May 29.

At 1 o'clock the fire department, in command of Chief Engineer Burke, escorted by the Wilton Cornet Band, marched to their rendezvous in front of the City Hall, and were soon joined by the post and other organizations. The procession was formed as follows, and moved in the direction of the Hollis-street Cemetery at 1.30 o'clock: Platoon of police; chief marshal, Colonel D. J. Flanders; aides, Colonel S. S. Davis, Captain G. S. Eayrs; Nashua Cornet Band. First division, Captain M. G. Wilson, marshal: Nashua Light Guards, Granite State Cadets. Second division, Captain C. A. Wesson, marshal: Post No. 7, Grand Army of the Republic; Post Lull, Millford. Third division, Captain Alvin S. Eaton, marshal: Wilton Cornet Band; Nashua Cornet Band; Nashua Fire Department. Fourth division, Captain Nathan Foster, marshal: carriages containing Major General Foster, Hon. A. F. Stevens, members of the city government, orator, chaplain, disabled soldiers, and citizens.

The procession visited the Hollis street, Spring street, Amherst street, and Nashua Cemeteries, at each of which it halted long enough for a detail of the post to decorate the graves of their fallen comrades with bouquets and wreaths of flowers, which had been furnished in liberal profusion by loving hands. A large concourse of spectators accompanied the procession to the several cemeteries, and solemn dirges were played by the bands as the decorators performed their allotted work.

SERVICES IN THE CITY HALL.

It was about 5 o'clock when the head of the procession reached the city hall. Colonel George Bowers presided. On taking the chair he said:

Comrades and Friends: We have assembled to commemorate in some fitting manner the deeds of our comrades who perished in the cause of the Union during the recent great rebellion. We are here at the call of the commander-in-chief of our order, and to join in ceremonies which are transpiring at this hour all over the land, wherever a grave of a soldier is known or a loyal heart remembers with gratitude the noble sacrifices of our gallant dead.

An impressive prayer was offered by Rev. E. R. Wilkins,

chaplain of the post, when Comrade Bowler read a list of those from Nashua who were killed or died of wounds or disease incurred in the service.

At the conclusion of the reading the president said:

I have the honor of introducing to you Comrade Henry B. Atherton, who has been designated by the post to address you on this occasion.

THE ORATION.

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: We desire to honor the memory of our country's dead, to cherish in our hearts the names and deeds of those who died in the war, and to shed a tear over the graves of our fallen comrades.

We have listened to the inventory of our city's jewels. The silence that answers to this roll-call of the dead is more eloquent than mere words, and my choice would be to let this eloquent silence remain unbroken by any feeble words of mine; but you have willed it otherwise, and I have therefore to crave your indulgence for my many short-comings on this occasion, and that sympathy which I know I shall not ask in vain of a comrade.

In obedience to the orders of our commander, this time has been set apart for such a purpose, and throughout the land, in thousands of cities, villages, and hamlets, the companions in arms and friends of those who died are now engaged in decorating their graves. It is befitting that we who survive to enjoy the blessings which they died to secure should, so long as our lives may be spared us, even until our steps falter and our locks are whitened with age, assemble in the glad spring-time, when "the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of singing birds is come," and annually strew with flowers the final resting-place of the departed.

You all recollect that when fell treason first assailed the nation's life, and called to its aid all the horrors of cruel and merciless war, it anticipated an easy and speedy victory. It assumed that we, as a people, were ignorant, mercenary, and corrupt; that because personal encounters were unfrequent among us, and the duel held in contempt, we were therefore craven-hearted; that because we were obedient to law, we might show like obedience to masters self-imposed and habituated to the obedience of slaves; that because engaged in trade we would barter away our honor; that because many of our public men were poor in this world's riches, they could be all the more easily corrupted; that the

common man of the North was physically weak and a coward; and, beyond and over all, that there was no sentiment of national pride or honor within our borders. Those men by whose graves we have stood to-day, those young men, numbered by thousands in every northern State, who in the bloom of youth undertook to defend the honor and integrity of their country, and willingly, nay, gaily, threw their lives into the balance against treason, demonstrated how utterly false were the assumptions of those who undertook to overthrow the Government.

The youth with Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins was proud of the history and splendid achievements of his race. The same love of liberty and justice, the same hatred of oppression that had fired the hearts of his ancestors upon a hundred battle-fields, now burned within his breast. His grandfather had fought with Stark at Bennington, his father was at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and he recognized the fact that their deeds had tended to render it possible that the great problem of a people's self-government should be wrought out in our day and in this land. The glorious inheritance bequeathed to us by our fathers must be transmitted to posterity not only untarnished, but if possible with added luster. To do this, the existence of the nation must be maintained and the liberty of the individual secured.

On the night of the 18th of April, 1775, the light of two lanterns, placed in the steeple of the Old North Church in Boston, proclaimed to the people of the surrounding country that an aggressive movement of the British soldiers had begun, and those who had hitherto been brethren were now drawn up against them in hostile array. Then Colonel Paul Revere sped out of the city in the darkness, and aroused every household on his road through Lexington and on to Concord bridge, until all Middlesex was awake and ready to meet the enemy.

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet—
That was all; and yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night,
And the spark struck out by the steed in its flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

So, on the 12th day of April, 1861, the lightning flashing further than the light from the steeple of the Old North Church, and swifter than the steed of Paul Revere, carried to every corner of our land the thrilling news that they whom we had formerly reckoned as brothers had fired upon the national flag, and commenced open and active hostilities.

That electric spark illumined the minds of thousands, who now perceived that as true men there was but one path for them to follow. What indignation burned within us at this insult to the flag! How our hearts went out toward that little beleagured garrison in Charleston harbor, one of whom, with honors won on many fields, we are glad to see among us to-day. The inhabitants of twenty magnificent States were aroused. The first shot at Sumter proved that the fires of patriotism were not extinguished, but only slumbered, to break out at the first breath of war with a flame destined to destroy every vestige of slavery, the cause of the war, and to consume every organization of the armed opponents of the Government. I doubt whether such an instantaneous uprising of a whole people was ever before known. The issue was made: Shall any man be debarred a voice in making the law which regulates his action, takes his property by taxation, and, if need be, his life, for the maintenance of that law? Shall the majority cease to rule, and the minority usurp its place? Shall the government of the people, for the people and by the people, be no longer known upon the earth—be forever renounced as impossible and absurd? The sovereign people said no, and, coming forth from the workshop and the farm, from the hills of the North and the fertile plains of the West, their deeds gave emphasis to their answer. The foreign-born, who had sought our shores in order that they might attain to the full rights and stature of manhood, which had been denied them at home, answered no, and the men whose fathers fought at Waterloo joined with the sons of those who bled at Bunker Hill. Then the fond mother, with tears in her eyes and her heart filled with anguish, yielded to the entreaties of her noble son and said go. The maiden told her lover "None but the brave deserve the fair." The true-hearted wife bid adieu to the joy of her young days, with never a whisper that should unman him, and prepared to mourn his absence in silence and alone. Hoary-headed age gave up without a murmur the sole reliance and support of its declining days. The old man yielded up the staff upon which he had hoped to lean, and the homes of innocent childhood grew dark as the light of many a kind father's face went out from their midst.

Shortly before the war an enthusiast, an old man, without resources and without assistance, attempted, single-handed, to make war against a giant wrong, the mightiest evil of our land. As might have been expected, he met the usual fate of the champions of liberty combating against the organized forces of oppression, and before such tremendous odds perished miserably. He was hung by the Governor of the great

State of Virginia for treason against the State. Of course, many said this was right; but out of the number who said so, I believe not one ever demanded that the same punishment be meted out to Governor Wise for his treason against the United States. Be that as it may, the old man died in his futile attempt to liberate the enslaved, but "his soul went marching on." When the lamented Lincoln struck the key-note of liberty in the proclamation of emancipation, the ranks of the vast Union army caught up the refrain:

> "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me,
> As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

The freedom of a whole race was made certain, and poor old John Brown became immortal.

Many of our dead repose near where they fell, beneath a southern sun, far from their friends and relations, with none of their own race near disposed to do them honor. Although no empty bier was borne in the procession to-day in honor of the absent, as was the custom among the Greeks at the public funerals of those who were slain in battle, yet they are not forgotten; and the same black hands that pointed out the enemy to the Union general, that fed our prisoners escaping from the bloodhounds of their captors, and nursed them when sick, and showed them the way to the Union lines, those hands that also carried the musket in the same cause, are to-day, in a spirit of loving gratitude, crowning with garlands of flowers those distant graves.

Our capable and chivalric officers, and our brave and loyal men, who held no rank or title, other than the warrant and commission of manhood conferred upon them by their Creator, all actuated by a high sense of duty, amidst the vicissitudes of the camp, upon the long and toilsome march, in the comfortless bivouac, upon the hazardous skirmish line, or in the very brunt of battle, never faltered, but conscious of the justice of their cause, and putting their trust in the God of Battles, did manful work for their country. With a fixed purpose, not reluctant, but buoyant and gay, they bore aloft the radiant ensign of the republic, and cheerfully confronted danger, even at the very cannon's mouth. Prepared alike for either fate, they met death with a smile. Led on by the Lion of the tribe of Judah, like Cromwell's Ironsides, they prayed and fought for civil and religious liberty and equal rights for all. They underwent hardship, privation, and pain, with manly fortitude. Among the wounded, one might indeed hear involuntary cries of anguish, but never weak regrets or unmanly complaints.

Steadfast and true, they met death without shrinking, aye, and frequently worse than death, for how often amidst the chilling horrors of a barbarous imprisonment at Belle Isle, Salisbury, Andersonville, or Tyler, subjected to such treatment as would make even savages blush for shame and all honest men burn with indignation—how often, I say, have these men, with marvelous fortitude, deprived of fresh water and pure air, naked, starved, and sick, endured contumely and insult, and the not remote danger of insanity and even idiocy—than which death in battle were inexpressibly sweeter—rather than, by joining the ranks of their country's foes, sully an honorable record and forever blast their fair name and fame.

Words fail me to describe, and my heart sickens within me at the thought of those sickening scenes within those southern prisons. Over their entrances should have been inscribed the warning placed by Dante over the gates of hell:

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Only by an effort can we begin to appreciate the services these men have rendered us: we cannot exaggerate it; our words are feeble and insignificant compared with their deeds.

When Governor Andrew telegraphed to Baltimore to have the bodies of the proto-martyrs tenderly cared for and sent home, he touched a responsive chord in the hearts of millions of loyal men and women. They demand that the nation's dead shall be tenderly cared for, that we shall show by our respect for their ashes our reverent appreciation of their unselfish devotion to the common weal.

Whatever a grateful and generous people may do for the survivors, we can never reward the patriotic dead. These men, our brothers, who died for us, are beyond the reach of our good offices. They have gone up higher. The bones of some repose upon our hill-sides and within our valleys. Those places will be held sacred, and hereafter a grateful people will annually revisit them, as pilgrims of old visited the shrines of the saints, to consecrate anew all their powers to their country's welfare, and, whenever her service shall demand, to devote to her their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors.

Dying, they have bequeathed to us those tattered battle-flags, now collected and carefully treasured in the capitol. Those blood-stained banners speak volumes for the honor, the courage, and the devotion of the gallant sons of the noble old Granite State. When the State shall cease to venerate those precious memorials of her worth, then will her people have indeed become the degenerate sons of noble sires, unworthy of

their origin and a disgrace to the land of their birth. While we seek to renew the fraternal relations of the past, with a firm and lasting peace within our borders, it is not well, nor indeed is it safe, to forget the means by which that peace was gained, or the principles that underlie it.

No false considerations for the feelings of a conquered foe should prevent our hearty recognition, by ceremonies like these of to-day, by suitable monuments and otherwise, of the services of those by whom we conquered. The proverb that republics are ungrateful was invented by tyrants, and is false.

Our slain comrades have bequeathed to us their widows and orphans, now the adopted of the nation, whom a grateful country will guard and cherish with zealous care. They have left us the memory of their illustrious deeds and glorious death, "to be everlastingly recorded on every occasion for doing so, either by word or deed, that may from time to time present itself."

They have left us an example of heroic bravery and unyielding patriotism which we may well strive to follow. They have left us this broad land, beautiful and free, consecrated anew to liberty, this time in deed as well as in name. For now may America stand before the world with no blush upon her cheek and no spot upon her escutcheon. The foul stain of slavery has been wiped away. She recognizes at last the manhood of man, and with a catholicity as broad as that of the church of Christ itself, she welcomes all, of every race and creed, and protects them in their rights. "It was for such a country, then, that these men, nobly resolving not to have it taken from them, fell fighting; and every one of their survivors may well be willing to suffer in its behalf."

Our comrades have met the fate that will in time overtake us all. Dishonor is a more fearful thing than death. Many hundred years ago, on a similar occasion, an Athenian orator said that the misery which accompanies cowardice is far more grievous, to a man of high spirit at least, than the unfelt death, which comes upon him at once, in the time of his strength and of his hope for the common welfare. Therefore to the parents of the dead, as many of them as are here among you, I will not offer condolence as much as consolation. For they know that they have been brought up subject to manifold misfortunes, but that happy is their lot who have gained the most glorious death, as those have—sorrow, as you have—and to whom life has been so exactly measured, that they were both happy in it, and died in that happiness.

Those of you who have attained to ripe old age must consider that the longer period of your life during which you

have been prosperous is so much gain, and that the remaining portion will be but short, and you must cheer yourselves with the fair fame of these your lost ones; for the love of honor is the only feeling that never grows cold, and in the helplessness of age it is not the acquisition of gain, as some assert, that gives greatest pleasure, but the enjoyment of honor.

Thus did the ancients, with a country far less grand and a government far less free than ours, teach and act upon the truth that it is a joy and a duty to die for one's country.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

And thus also have our own people followed the impulse of patriotism, and sealed with their death the purity of their love for their country. In every village and hamlet of the North, in those national cemeteries where our Government like a sad parent has gathered together the bones of her dead on countless battle-fields of the war, "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown," rest the remains of our country's true and loyal-hearted sons. They have laid aside their arms; they wear no longer the loyal blue; they march no more with measured tread beneath the starry folds of the old flag; they stand no longer on earth, touching a comrade's elbow in the ranks of the grand Union army, but they have gone to swell the ranks of that far greater and nobler host of martyrs and heroes who have suffered here on earth, and finally died for their fellow-men. Their great commander and chosen chief magistrate, who loved them well, after their departure did not long delay—himself a martyr to the cause for which they also died. As the veil of time with ever-increasing folds is lowered between us and them, their faces grow indistinct and their forms shadowy and vague, shortly, indeed, to become invisible to the mind of mortal man, when this generation shall pass from the stage; but a halo of light surrounds their names and deeds that will grow brighter and brighter to the end of time. Our children's children to the last generation will read the record of their lives with gratitude. A whole race groping their way from bondage toward a higher civilization will bless forever the hands that broke their fetters and removed the yoke of a selfish tyranny from their necks, and hereafter an admiring world in the cause of liberty will strive to emulate their deeds.

For lack of time on Saturday the procession was unable to visit the old South Burying-ground and the Catholic Cemetery in Hudson; so a committee of the post visited both of these places yesterday, and decorated three graves in the former and thirteen in the latter.

CEREMONIES AT FRANCETOWN.

(Post No. 9.)

On May 29 the members of this post performed the ceremony of decorating with flowers the graves of their fallen comrades who rest in Francetown. They moved from their headquarters about 10 a. m., accompanied by the Peterborough Cornet Band, and followed by a procession of soldiers not members of the post, the Sabbath-school, and a large number of citizens. On arriving at the cemetery, the exercises were commenced by prayer by the officiating chaplain, Rev. Mr. Dustin, of Peterborough, followed by singing by a select choir, after which the grave of each comrade was visited and decorated with wreaths, crosses, and bouquets. In this ceremony the post was assisted by the little girls of the Sabbath-school, who strewed each grave with flowers. Near the entrance of the cemetery a large cross had been erected to the memory of our fallen comrades left in the field. Here an impressive address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Dustin, after which the closing hymn was sung. In the afternoon the post proceeded to Bennington, where the same ceremonies were performed. In this place two cemeteries were visited, and the large number of citizens present seemed to be deeply impressed by the solemnity of the services. Singing by the entire assembly closed the exercises.

CEREMONIES AT LEBANON.

(Post No. 13.)

May 29 was observed, according to arrangement, as a day to decorate the graves of deceased soldiers. At 1.30 o'clock the procession was formed in front of Grand Army of the Republic headquarters, and marched to the town hall, where an eloquent oration was delivered by Professor Henry E. Parker, of Dartmouth College, formerly chaplain of the Second New Hampshire Regiment.

The procession and other exercises were in charge of Lieutenant Ferdinand Davis, post commander and chief marshal

of the day, with Captain N. H. Randlett, adjutant, and Captain F. P. Flynn and Lieutenant G. R. Crosby, assistant marshals. The procession embraced the following: Hough's Cornet Band; Post No. 13, Grand Army of the Republic, as escort; orator of the day and clergy; friends of the deceased soldiers; Franklin Lodge No. 6, F. and A. M.; Mascoma Lodge No. 20, I. O. O. F.; Mascoma Fire Company No. 2; public schools; citizens.

The procession marched to the town hall, which was well filled. The hall had been previously decorated with evergreens, national flags, &c., and a large national shield, formed of the largest flag in town, in the rear of the platform, bore the names of the citizens of the town who laid down their lives in defense of the Union.

The exercises at the hall were as follows: Prayer, by Rev. O. H. Jasper; singing; chorus, "The Glory of the Lord," by the Glee and Chorus Society; oration; hymn—

Love unchanging for the dead,
Lying here in gloried sleep,
Where the angels softly tread,
While their holy watch they keep.

Reading of sketches of deceased soldiers by Rev. C. A. Downs; singing, "America," by the audience, with band accompaniment, three verses.

The oration of Professor Parker was one of great eloquence and power, and held the audience in rapt attention for about one hour. He pictured the peaceful and prosperous condition of the country in 1860, the wicked and inexcusable attempt to disturb its peace and sever the Union, and the majestic uprising of the people to prevent it; then the sufferings and privations of the men who sprang to the rescue, and whose graves we deck to-day; the glorious results of their achievements, in the preservation of the Union unimpaired; the death of slavery practically the world over; the redemption of a race, and the lifting up of man to a higher plane of action and sentiment. "So," said he, "let us cull flowers, and keep green their memories. Remember the widow, the childless, the orphan, and the still living heroes. Oft revive their memories and rehearse their deeds."

The procession then re-formed and marched to the cemetery, the band playing a dirge. At the cemetery, details from the several organizations, as well as the friends of the deceased, decorated the graves of soldiers with flowers, which had been brought in abundance by the ladies and children; prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Cummings, a volley fired by a detachment of soldiers, the band played "Rest, Spirit, Rest," the whole ceremonies being exceedingly impressive and solemn, when the procession re-formed, and, marching to the common, was dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT ENFIELD.

(Post No. 13.)

In accordance with previous arrangements by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic in Enfield, Sunday, May 30, was observed by decorating the graves of soldiers buried in the cemetery there, and also by calling to memory those who lie in distant or unknown graves, where they fell nobly contending for the cause of popular government.

At 2.30 o'clock p. m. Post 13, Grand Army of the Republic, formed in line on depot square, under command of Captain F. Davis, where Social Lodge No. 50, Masons, with a large delegation from Lebanon, and Mascoma Lake Lodge, Good Templars, were received. The procession then moved to the school-house, where the scholars of both departments of District No. 1 and those of District No. 9, under the charge of their teachers, joined the line, and in the rear citizens generally, the whole escorted by Hough's Cornet Band, of Lebanon, and under the direction of Captain C. G. Morgan, chief marshal, with Assistants O. T. Cummings, E. L. Thayer, and E. B. Huse, who had charge of the respective divisions. The procession then proceeded to the Methodist Church, where, after prayer and music by the choir, Rev. Father Rogers, in a short address, proceeded to show why we observed this day, and the appropriateness of it, calling to mind the similar observance of decorating the graves of fallen soldiers in ancient times.

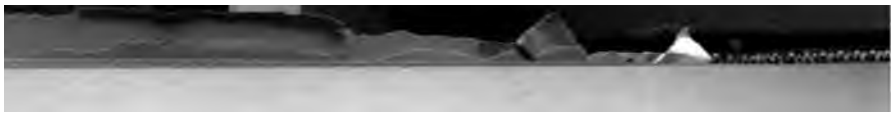
Rev. W. H. Stuart then in an eloquent and forcible manner showed that it was for *principle* that our soldiers gave up their lives, not for gain of territory or to avenge some imaginary wrong, but to protect and defend that which was already ours, and that which they were sworn to defend, the old flag and a common country. After his address he read a roll of honor, consisting of the names, company, regiment, and time and manner of death of those soldiers who went from the town. The whole number is thirty-eight, eight of whose bodies are deposited in the village cemetery. At the close of the services at the church the procession was reformed and marched to the cemetery, the band playing a dirge the whole distance, where details were made from the several organizations to decorate the graves, which was done in a beautiful and appropriate manner. Each mound had been previously marked by placing two small flags at its head. Next a soldiers' burial salute was fired, and prayer offered, the band discoursing appropriate music. The procession then moved to the place of formation, where it was dismissed after the manner of a regimental dress parade.

CEREMONIES AT HINSDALE.

(PHIL. SHERIDAN POST No. 14.)

The 29th day of May was observed by the returned soldiers and citizens of Hinsdale in paying honor to the memory of her departed soldiers. The exercises were in charge of Post No. 14.

During the forenoon a delegation from the Grand Army, accompanied by the Hinsdale Band, visited Winchester, to assist in decorating the graves of the fallen soldiers who lie buried there. In the afternoon a procession was formed at the Congregational Church in Hinsdale, under the direction of Captain H. Hosford, as chief marshal, in the following order: The band, president of the day and clergy; Grand Army of the Republic, with badges and flag; delegation of ladies, bearing flowers and garlands; Golden Rule Lodge of Free Masons, in regalia; Hope Engine Company, in uniform;



Golden Gate Lodge of Good Templars, in regalia; the schools, with their teachers, carrying flags and wreaths of flowers; citizens generally.

The procession moved about 3 o'clock, the band playing appropriate national airs; the bells of the village churches were tolled, and minute-guns were fired while the long procession wound its way slowly towards the Pine Grove Cemetery.

Upon arriving at the cemetery the procession formed a hollow square near the center of the grove, and, after music by the band, Rev. Mr. Harmon, of Winchester, offered prayer. The president of the day, William H. Haile, esq., next read the list of the Hinsdale soldiers whose lives were sacrificed in the service of their country, twenty-six in all. Twelve of them are buried within the limits of the town; the others, most of them, sleep in nameless graves far from home or kindred. After reading the record, with such pertinent remarks as befitted the occasion, the president introduced as the first speaker Rev. J. S. Batchelder, of Hinsdale, who made a brief but admirable and scholarly speech, in which he paid a just tribute to the memory of the Union soldiers and the cause for which they suffered and died. "God made the flowers (said the speaker, in substance) to be the beautiful adornment of nature and our homes, and He can never be better pleased with any use we make of them than when we twine them into garlands with which to deck the graves of our fallen sons and heroes."

Dr. G. W. Pierce, of Winchester, formerly surgeon of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Regiment, was the next speaker, and made a patriotic address, which had the true ring of freedom and loyalty. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Adams, of Winchester, formerly chaplain of the Second New Hampshire Regiment, who spoke feelingly of the things which he had seen and of which he was a part. The closing address was made by Rev. A. C. Hardy, of Hinsdale, formerly chaplain of the Eighteenth New Hampshire Regiment. Mr. Hardy gave sketches of his own personal experience, relating touching incidents of suffering that came to his immediate notice, and concluded with eloquent words of encour-

agement and good cheer to his comrades of the Grand Army, exhorting them "to be men, to cultivate an aristocracy, not the aristocracy of the dollar, but the aristocracy of manhood and nobility."

At the conclusion of the speeches a delegation of ladies, conducted by the chief marshal, decorated with rare and beautiful flowers a grassy mound above the tomb which has been set apart for floral tributes to the memory of those soldiers whose dust reposes upon distant battle-fields. The procession then moved in perfect order through the grove, pausing beside each soldier's grave and strewing flowers above his last resting-place.

This ceremony concluded, the procession remarched to the village and disbanded at the church.

On Sunday, May 30, a delegation of the Grand Army visited the burial-ground at the north part of the town, and adorned the graves of the soldiers who are buried there.

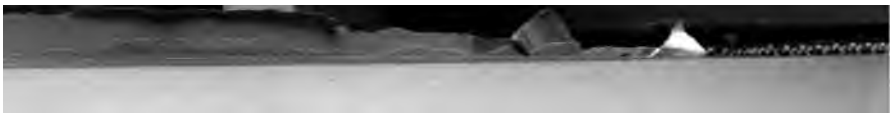
CEREMONIES AT WEST CHESTERFIELD.

(PHIL. SHERIDAN POST No. 14.)

Under the direction of members of Post 14, Grand Army of the Republic, the returned soldiers and citizens of West Chesterfield assembled at their church, on the 30th of May, where they formed a procession and marched to the cemetery.

Upon arrival they at once proceeded to decorate the graves with beautiful flowers, after which they formed a hollow square, and listened to appropriate music by a choir of singers. Remarks were then made by soldiers and citizens, complimenting the patriotic and befitting services of the day, and touchingly alluding to the past lives and heroic services of the brave men who had gone forth and laid down their lives in defense of liberty and justice.

There are but two comrades buried in this cemetery, but in the decoration of that small number the graves of all that had fallen and were buried on the field of battle, or in other places, were in spirit decorated.



The services of the day were closed with music. The procession then re-formed and marched back to the church, where they disbanded and returned to their several homes.

CEREMONIES AT BERLIN.

(Post No. 22.)

The members of this post met at their headquarters at 1 p. m., May 30, to decorate the graves of their fallen comrades. Here they were joined by the Emmet Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood and numerous friends. After forming, the procession moved up Huron street, preceded by the brass band and color-guard of fifteen muskets, till it reached Adams street, when it filed left and passed the First Baptist Church, where the Sabbath-school of that society and also the Union and Liberal Sunday-schools "fell in," and marched up Main street to the Catholic Church, where the procession was reinforced by the school of that society. From this point the procession marched directly to the cemetery.

Although the day was a lowering one, and rain had commenced to fall before the procession moved, yet it did not prevent a large majority of warm-hearted citizens from participating in the solemn ceremonies of the occasion.

The comrades of Post No. 22 wore blue scarfs over the right shoulder and the mourning badge of the order. The colors of Post No. 22 consisted of a United States flag, regulation size, and a blue silk State flag, on each side of which was painted in gilt letters "Post No. 22, G. A. R.," in half circle. On one side was painted the State coat of arms; on the reverse side was painted, in gilt letters, "The Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws."

The Emmet Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood turned out *en masse*, and made a very fine appearance with their green scarfs trimmed with crape. They carried bunches of flowers, and were led by their Center, T. C. Ryan, esq., (who is also a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and wore the badge of that order,) Their standard-bearers also carried two beautiful colors, a United States regulation flag and a

fine flag of green silk, with a golden harp on either side and appropriate mottoes.

The brass band contributed much towards the solemnity and interest of the occasion with its excellent music.

The Sabbath-schools in attendance were numerously represented, and each scholar was provided with a floral tribute to decorate the graves of the revered patriots.

On arrival at the cemetery, the ceremonies were opened by an impressive prayer by Rev. W. G. M. Stone, followed by an appropriate song.

The procession then marched to the graves of the deceased patriots, and each person deposited a floral offering on the grave of each departed hero as they filed past. The graves were designated by a miniature United States flag and a sentinel, who stood at a "present-arms" while the procession was passing. Twelve graves were visited.

This part of the ceremonies being gone through with, the procession prepared to listen to the speakers who were present.

Colonel William A. Bugh delivered an eloquent oration, as follows:

Yesterday, for the first time, I learned through the Berlin Courant that I was selected as the orator on this occasion. Now, although I did agree to make a few remarks to-day, I did not understand from that agreement that I was to be considered the orator of the day. If, therefore, any of my fellow-citizens have assembled here to-day expecting to hear an oration from me, I very much regret to say they will be sadly disappointed. I am not here to make a public speech, but I am here as a humble member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and in common with my fellow-citizens, in the performance of the solemn yet pleasant duty of rendering homage to the hallowed memory of our departed comrades.

This is no idle ceremony. This is no mere mockery. Here we tread on hallowed ground, for here sleeps the soldier and the patriot. We come inspired with the spring and the flash of memory, and the boundless sweep of the feelings of gratitude, with garlands and with evergreens, to adorn the sepulchers of those who fell that our country might live. Here no monumental pile rears its bleak, majestic head amid the clouds to perpetuate the memory of our dear departed comrades; and yet their memory will live and bloom per-

petually in ages yet to come. The gloom of time may throw her misty mantle around their humble graves, and others more eminent in the history of the world will be forgotten; but the memory of these our comrades will live as long as the Constitution throws around us her protecting ægis, or the flag they fought to sustain floats above us. And we are here to-day with our offerings of flowers, and our garlands of myrtle and of evergreens, to deck their humble resting-place, and to publish to the world that we hallow and revere their memories.

It is true, it may impart no substantial advantage to the sleeping dead. They heed not the tramp nor the turmoil above. No reveille can break their silent slumber, nor can the beating of the long-roll, once so familiar to all of them, call them to arms again. They "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." And yet why are we here in this sad, this solemn, though pleasant ceremony. Is it a gaudy pageant to illustrate "the pomp, and show, and glorious circumstance of war?" or is it some idle fanfaronade to win the applause of the gazing multitude? By no means. There is a beautiful and lovely lesson taught in the proceedings of this occasion. It is not to promote the sleeping soldier to a higher sphere of blissful beatitude; but it is to inspire in the minds of the rising youth of the land a never-dying love of country. It teaches *all* to love and revere the nation that protects them in the enjoyment of their life, their liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It imparts to the rising youth of the land the salutary lesson, that the proudest honors are due to him who falls in the defense of his country. The hope of the nation is in the youth of the land; and if they can be inspired with a love of country paramount to all other emotions of the soul, the salvation of the republic is secured. I know of but one obligation that is higher than that which is due to my country, and that obligation is due to my God and my Creator; and these ceremonies are intended to inculcate the same principles in the minds of all. And who will say the lesson is not a laudable one?

This ceremony is no modern institution, nor is it borrowed from relics of barbarism. It had its origin in an enlightened age and among an enlightened people. In the days of the patriarchs, and before governments were instituted among men, the sepulcher was hallowed ground, and to it the friends of the departed annually brought their offerings. Early after the burial of our blessed Redeemer the two Marys were at his sepulcher with their offerings of ointment. Rome and Greece awarded to their dead soldiers the highest honor. The sculptured arch, the civic crown, the garland

of flowers, the cypress, and the laurel, and the proudest honors were the soldier's reward. Let us therefore, in this more enlightened, this religious age of the world, drink in an inspiration from the laudable example of the Grecian and the Roman, and award to our soldiers, living as well as dead, the highest honors that we can bestow. May their memories ever remain fresh in our recollection, and the history of their services grow brighter and brighter amidst the gloom of coming time. Ah! who in this glorious land of freedom and religious liberty will ever forget those gallant men who, sacrificing the comforts of home and of peace, rushed, like the storm-king across the forest, in defense of our constitution and our common country. May their memories endure as the everlasting hills, and continue to shine coeval with the stars. * * * * *

I might be wearying your patience if I were to enumerate some instances that came within my own observation, and I am weak enough to admit I love to talk of them. I have many times, as no doubt you all have, sat and listened to the stories of those who participated in the war of 1812 and in the Indian wars, and I have sometimes really thought these story-tellers were a pack of old fools, although their stories were always interesting. But I now can see why they loved to sit and talk over those scenes, for there is nothing to me more pleasant and profitable than to sit down with my comrades and have a social chat over the incidents through which we have passed. About as interesting an incident as came under my own observation was that of the trial, conviction, and sentence of a private soldier for sleeping at his post on picket. He had been marching all day in the broiling hot sun, and was detailed for picket duty at night. The enemy was close in our front, and his post was one of danger and of duty. But nature became exhausted and sleep overpowered him. He was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot for sleeping on picket. One of my sergeants was selected to command the squad that was detailed to shoot him. We all remember the morning he was led out to execution. Not less than five thousand soldiers formed three sides of a square to witness the sad scene. But he was not executed. Mr. Lincoln, in the goodness of his generous heart, pardoned him, and he afterwards proved to be an excellent soldier. He fell fighting at Lee's Mills, and his last words were a prayer for the President of the United States. This was Private William Scott, Company K, Second Regiment Vermont Volunteers.

Another instance was the case of our comrade, Burton D. Millard. He was a member of my company, and held the

post of commissary sergeant of the regiment, a post devoid of danger, and commanding liberal pay. But he resigned this post to take his place in the ranks as a private soldier. He fell wounded near my side, also at Lee's Mills. He was conscious that his wound was mortal, and his last request to me was to write to his family and say that he fell in the discharge of his duty, and that he was not afraid to die. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a patriot, and a hero. But these incidents, although interesting to me, may weary your patience, and I forbear to cite any more. I will therefore yield for more distinguished speakers.

He was followed by Hon. J. H. Foster, of Nepeuskun, who eulogized the dead, and called attention to the debt of gratitude the country owes their widows and orphans.

Rev. L. Dale next spoke in feeling terms of the debt of gratitude due the deceased heroes, a tribute paid by all nations to their heroic dead. His remarks were well suited to the occasion.

Rev. I. D. Clark made a short address, in which he portrayed in a fitting manner the services, the duties, and dangers of the soldiers, and thought the country could not honor them too much.

He was followed by Chaplain Ryan, of Post No. 22.

Rev. W. G. M. Stone was then called and made a few pertinent remarks.

Rev. T. C. Easton delivered a poem, which was highly appreciated by the audience.

The band then played a national air, followed by the hymn "America" from the choir, when the ceremonies were closed with the benediction, delivered by Rev. I. D. Clark.

CEREMONIES AT NEWMARKET.

(Not under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic.)

There being no post of the Grand Army of the Republic organized in Newmarket at the date of the general order of General Logan, the people of the town responded most nobly to that invitation.

A procession was formed at the town hall, consisting of a company of Union soldiers under command of Captain

Thomas Lees, members of the several Sabbath-schools, and citizens generally, under direction of Chief Marshal Captain John Hanson, and in a manner suited to the occasion and the day, they proceeded to the different cemeteries, where the assembly was presided over by Timothy Murray, esq.

The exercises consisted of a prayer by Rev. H. White, appropriate remarks by Timothy Murray, esq., Revs. J. C. White, O. H. Call, J. P. Lowell, and A. L. Melows, esq., music by the Newmarket Cornet Band, and profusely strewing the graves of our departed heroes with flowers.

With sad and mournful hearts the large assembly gathered around the speakers and listened attentively, almost every one appearing to be a mourner.

Gratitude to the noble heroes who fell defending the integrity of the Union seemed to be written upon every countenance. Tears fell from many an eye, and the whole exercises partook more of a religious nature than otherwise.

CEREMONIES AT DUBLIN.

A procession was formed at the vestry, under the lead and direction of the Monadnock Lake Lodge of Good Templars, and proceeded to the cemetery, loaded with flowers. A small United States flag was placed near the head of each of the eleven graves, which, as the column arrived, were decorated by a detachment of Good Templars and other friends with wreaths of evergreen, crosses, and bouquets of flowers. With uncovered heads and drooping flag was the ceremony repeated at each grave where sleep the brave who lived and died that "freedom might be free."

After the decoration there were religious exercises under the direction of Revs. George M. Rice and Andrew J. Fosdick. The solemn stillness, with the silent dead all around, the deep religious and patriotic words of the speakers closing this beautiful ceremony, will never be forgotten by those present.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW JERSEY.

CEREMONIES AT NEWARK.

(Posts Nos. 2 and 11.)

The procession here formed on Saturday, 29th, at 2 o'clock, on Park Place, and at 3 o'clock began to move. The line was headed by Moore's Band; immediately following were the grand marshal and his aids; Company A, Newark Academy Cadets; four companies of the Veteran Regiment; the German Veteran Association; a delegation of members of the Fire Department; Posts Nos. 2 and 11, Grand Army of the Republic; carriages containing ex-Governor Ward and staff; the choir; clergy; Major General Runyon and staff; Brigadier General Plume and staff; Judges of the Essex County courts; county and city authorities; veterans from Soldiers' Home; citizens and young ladies of the high and grammar schools.

The line as it wound through the city and out toward the country presented a beautiful sight. The Academy Cadets, attired in handsome uniform, marched with precision and firmness, and set a marked example of soldierly discipline. The wagons containing the school-girls were most of them handsomely decorated with flowers, while the children were dressed in white, with sashes of black or the national colors, making altogether a most picturesque effect. The young ladies of the high school occupied a stage, belonging to the Clinton and Newark Horse Railroad Company, drawn by four horses.

Immediately in the rear of the spot where New Jersey's dead lie buried a large platform had been erected. On the platform were ex-Governor Ward and Rev. R. R. Meredith, the orators of the occasion, and many other prominent citizens, with their ladies. Of General Runyon's staff, Majors Courtois and Dwyer were present. General Plume's staff

was for the occasion the officers of the Second Regiment N. G. S.

The exercises were opened with a dirge, finely performed by Moore's Band. After the national hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," had been sung, prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Fish. "Rest, Spirit, Rest," was then performed by the choir, with band accompaniment.

Ex-Governor Ward was then introduced and received with applause. He delivered an impressive address, in which, after speaking of the significance of the occasion, he bespoke for the living heroes the care and protection of those for whom they had imperiled their lives. He commended the State for having provided a home for disabled soldiers, and said that "these testimonials are after all the surest proofs of our appreciation of the deeds and virtues of the soldiers of the nation." He concluded with the following appeal:

> Let us frown on all private and public corruption, let us demand that official position shall be unstained, let us stamp the faithless and dishonest with public reprobation, and thus shall we prove that the fallen soldiers died not in vain. In this spirit the future will come to us with a brighter history than the past, and one nation, grasping either ocean with iron bands, will show the world what true republicanisn can attain.

After the clever recitation by Miss Lida Ross of some verses written for the occasion by Mrs. Dr. Bliss, Rev. R. R. Meredith delivered an earnest and eloquent address, during which the closest attention was observed.

Rather than attempt to eulogize the dead he preferred to give voice to some of the obvious lessons and suggestions of the hour. The lessons that he observed were those of an over-ruling Providence, of faith, and of hope. These were illustrated in the history of the nation, and more recently in the war.

After the applause had subsided, the choir sang "Blessed are the Pure in Heart." The flowers were then laid upon the graves, first by those standing about them, and afterwards by the children of the schools and others, who, not having been able to approach within hearing-distance, had wandered in groups down the different rambles of the pleasant "city

of the dead." The ceremony was concluded by the benediction, which was pronounced by the Rev. J. E. Tuttle. It is estimated that there were between four and five thousand persons within the cemetery grounds, while a still larger number accompanied the procession a part of the way and then returned to the city. The houses and streets along the route were crowded with spectators, and from the public buildings and private dwellings the national colors were displayed. Some of the floral offerings were especially beautiful, consisting of all kinds of choice flowers, woven into bouquets, crosses, anchors, stars, and other devices.

CEREMONIES AT BERGEN CITY.

(Post No. 3.)

[Extract from a letter.]

There was a great difficulty in selecting a day for the observance of these ceremonies. Both Saturday and Monday were objected to by the post, as it was impossible for a great many of the comrades to attend; and, on the other hand, the citizens objected to the Sabbath, on account of the noise and confusion and the crowd of people gathered together, attracted by the music. Taking all things into consideration, it was decided to observe the ceremonies in a quiet and simple manner. We met at our headquarters at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, and proceeded direct to the Emory Methodist Church, where a sermon was delivered by Rev. D. R. Lowrie, pastor of the church, appropriate to the occasion. After the service we proceeded to the different cemeteries, and, after an appropriate service by the chaplain of the post, we decorated the graves of our fallen comrades with choice plants and flowers; after which we returned home. Owing to the bad state of the weather none but comrades participated.

CEREMONIES AT CAMDEN.

(Post No. 6.)

The second annual Decoration Day was observed on Sunday, May 30, 1869, by this post, which turned out in large

numbers and made a highly creditable appearance, worthy of their renown as veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The post, having made ample preparations to visit the graves of their deceased comrades and deck them with flowers, formed in procession at 1 o'clock p. m., on Federal street, right resting on Fourth, facing east, and proceeded to the Evergreen Cemetery. The parade was imposing, and the ceremonies of a very impressive character. Thousands of citizens participated in the demonstration which was made in honor of the horoic dead. Campbell Brothers' splendid band chariot was beautifully and tastefully decorated with flowers, flags, and evergreens, and filled with little girls, dressed in white, belonging to the public schools. The chariot was drawn by four horses, with four grooms neatly and appropriately attired. The floral car, loaded profusely with flowers and evergreens, and drawn by four noble black horses, attended also by grooms, was a prominent feature in the procession. The whole presented a pleasing sight, and the taste and liberality of the soldiers' warmest and truest friends, the ladies of Camden, were warmly commended, and will ever be held in grateful remembrance.

Evergreen Cemetery being the first visited, a stage had been erected for the speakers back of the chapel. When the column reached the ground it formed in two ranks, in open order, and the floral car passed through into the cemetery; the girls were then marched in, and one stationed with a flag at each soldier's grave. The services were then opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Davies, after which the choir sang several appropriate selections. The opening address was made by Colonel S. C. Harbert, who was followed by very appropriate and feeling remarks by the Rev. Mr. Davies. The ceremony of strewing flowers was then performed by the members of the post over the graves of their late comrades, when they returned to the stage and were dismissed with the benediction. The procession then moved to Newton Cemetery, where the same services were performed, the Rev. Mr. Davies and Comrade Charles Cotting, post commander, making appropriate addresses.

The National Cornet Band of Camden was present and played a number of solemn dirges.

The following is the address delivered by Colonel S. E. Harbert:

"How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep,
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flowerets perfume it with ether."

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: We have assembled on this holy day, in these grounds consecrated to the dead, with beautiful and appropriate mementos of filial and fraternal love of departed friends, to renew the memorial services we instituted one year ago in honor of the heroic dead whose mortal remains lie entombed within the precincts of this inclosure, to strew over the graves of our deceased comrades garlands woven from the choicest floral gifts of the opening season. In this interesting ceremony a nation joins with us in observing memorial rites over its martyred dead, and millions to-day deposit their vernal offerings at the shrine of patriotic valor. The stately mausoleums of ancient heroes may crumble into dust, and their deeds of daring be remembered only in history, but as each succeeding spring-time shall follow in its annual return of the season, so long will the graves of our departed comrades be kept fresh and green with the fragrant memorials of a grateful people, and the star-spangled banner, for which they yielded up their lives, will wave in its undiminished constellation over the graves of their earthly remains. Four hundred thousand brave soldiers of the republic have bivouacked in the sleep of death, three-fourths of them in the National Cemeteries; some repose in the city and village church-yards of their native homes; others sank to rest uncared for on distant battle-fields, by the road-side, in swamps, or other isolated places; but few of this large number received the genial ministrations of kind and loving friends, the agonies of death found no sympathizing hand to smooth their brow in their passage into the dark vale of eternity; but amid the smoke and din of the field of carnage, in army hospital, or, more dreadful than all, in the vile prison-dens of a merciless foe, the brave soldiers whose memory is this day venerated gave up their lives, dedicated to their country. The shrill blast of the bugle's call or the tap of the rolling drum will disturb them no more.

"They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle,
No sound will awake them to glory again."

Comrades, these are the men who with us left peaceful and

loving homes for the deadly strife and comfortless soldier's life, enduring privations and hardships that none can realize but by experience, forsaking those dearer to us than life itself, to save the flag of our country from disgrace and to restore a dissevered Union; that flag, typified in the golden gems which spangle the azure vault of heaven's eternal dome, was bequeathed to us a perpetual legacy, the blood-purchased gift of revolutionary patriots.

"Who to life's noblest end
Gave up life's noblest powers
And bade the legacy descend
Down, down to us and ours."

An inheritance to be forever cherished by us, the flag of our country, one and indivisible.

How nobly the trust has been defended scores of historic fields, where fell the bravest sons of America, will ever attest; while those whose lives have been spared in the numerous conflicts have received the grateful acknowledgments of the nation and the self-satisfaction of faithful service in a patriotic duty. These men who confronted the assaults against our noble Union were actuated by no motives of gain or ambition, nor was it the compulsory or arbitrary commands of power that led them to the field. The love of country, a country such as ours, peerless and unequaled in the essential elements of greatness and independence—that alone made vacant many a chair in the loving homestead, and drew a countless throng from all departments of life and industry. The hardy pioneer from the western wild, the sturdy tiller of the soil, the swarthy smith from his forge and anvil, the pale-faced student from his midnight study, and the busy merchant from the marts of trade, all eagerly and willingly entered into the contest between the nation and its foes. And, fellow-citizens, what were the sacrifices of these brave and gallant men; how did they prove themselves in the emergency of their country's need? See before and around you one page in the history of that struggle which was baptized in the blood of your dearest friends and relatives! Behold these swelling mounds beneath which repose the mortal remains of a fond husband, a kind and indulgent father, an affectionate and dutiful son, or loving brother, who gave their lives to save the glorious country from the destroyer's hands, and who have left to us the old flag, radiant with every star emblazoned on its folds! And while you drop a tear to the memory of the patriot soldier who sleeps in the cold embrace of death, forget not the widow and orphan children that were dear to him, and for whom you promised protection and gentle care. Let them be especial objects of your most active sympathies, and

let it not be said that ingratitude and indifference make desolate and dreary the sorrow-stricken home of your soldier dead.

The Grand Army of the Republic, as their natural protectors, and in pursuance of the chief object of their organization, have assumed the guardianship of the bereaved families of our deceased comrades to the best of their ability. Having limited means, though willing hearts, their chief dependence is upon a generous and grateful people, to whom appeals have not been hitherto in vain, though many and perhaps the larger portion of this community have not been readily accessible, living in remote rural districts. To those especially I would now appeal in behalf of the soldiers' widow and his fatherless children. The field is large and the opportunity abundant for your work of benevolence. The soldier, when he took his last embrace of the loved ones at home, and uttered a fervent prayer to Almighty God for their protection, turned his steps toward the front, relying on the gratitude and justice of his countrymen for the protection and care of those he left behind, with implicit faith and confidence that, should he lose his life in his country's service, they would be amply provided for. It was that hope and belief that sustained him in many silent hours of anxious thoughts, in the long and tedious watches of the midnight gloom, as he trod the lonely beat, or lay with his life-blood ebbing away on the pallet of death—the assurance that the dearest objects of his care and love would receive the kind protection of his countrymen. Sad and sorrowful, his dying words have been expressions of the fondest solicitude for those dear ones bequeathed to you, for whom we now appeal in the fullest hope that it will not be in vain.

And now, let us turn to the object of our pilgrimage today, and garland the tombs of our departed comrades with the fragrant memorials of our love; and, in the language of our martyred chief, let us "care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, and do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The refusal or neglect of the clergy to participate occasioned comment, but the solemnity of the service was too profound to be marred by the presence or absence of any man or body of men. The attendance of Rev. P. L. Davies was a marked exception; and, whatever may be the diversity of opinion as to the propriety of ministerial ministrations, his course will be remembered with pride and affection by those

who deemed it not wrong to do good on the Sabbath day. The following are the very beautiful remarks of that sincere and pious friend of the soldier, Rev. P. L. Davies:

Ladies and Gentlemen and Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic: I have no prepared speech, no thoroughly thought-out address, to deliver to you on this solemn, important, and interesting occasion. What I shall say to you, therefore, will be unpremeditated and suggested by the surroundings and the circumstances which have called us together in this quiet place of rest of the dead. We have assembled here to do honor to the memory of those brave and gallant soldiers who rushed to arms in the hour of our country's peril, fought our battles, defended our flag, and won our victories. We come here to express our grateful remembrance of them by strewing these floral offerings on their silent graves. The occasion is one which is calculated to fire our hearts with intense emotions of patriotism, and inspire the tongue to utter the strongest expressions of gratitude.

Those gallant soldiers were our fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers. They were related to us by the nearest and dearest ties of kindred. They were the lights of our homes, the friends of our confidence, and the companions of our lives. We loved them as we love our own lives, and we shall always revere their memory. We owe this to them not merely for what they were to us, but also for what they did for us. For us they left their home comforts, endured tedious marches, and bore the inconveniences and privations of the camp, faced the dangers of the battle-field, suffered in dark and unwholesome prison-houses and reeking hospitals. They sacrificed their precious lives in their country's cause to secure the highest national blessings to their survivors, their children, and posterity. We should love our country, not only because of the rectitude and beneficence of its governmental principles, but because they sacrificed their lives for it. We owe it to them as a moral duty to be true to our flag and all the interests of our Government. As we were marching along in solemn procession this afternoon, I saw the hot tears of many soldiers' widows trickling down their cheeks as they gazed with suffused eyes on these old veterans passing with tattered banners, under which their husbands, the fathers of their children and the comrades of these brave men, fought and fell. My friends, the history of those bitter tears is written in blood—the blood that flowed from many a brave and patriotic heart on many a desperate battle-field.

Let us not forget these widows and their fatherless children, who climb upon their knees and nestle in their loving

bosoms as their only protectors. Nay, methinks I hear from this vast concourse of people who stand to-day around these silent mounds the philanthropic assurance, No! God bless them, the darling ones shall never want for genuine sympathy and material assistance. And as these children grow up to take the places of their parents in society, may they be inspired by the same patriotic spirit which animated their fathers to defend their country and preserve its free institutions, and hand them down as precious legacies to their posterity. And as one after another of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic is borne to his final resting-place, may his survivors, with the same considerate affection, with every returning spring, as time revolves around, bring hither their floral offerings and strew them in all their fragrance on the grave of each hero. Let their memory and their glory be as imperishable as their spirits and their true emotions. May the day never come when their names, their valor, and their achievements shall be forgotten. May our peace continue unbroken, our liberty unsullied, our progress unchecked, our virtues uncontaminated, and our glory as a people undiminished. The strength and prosperity of our grand republic must ever depend on the intelligence and morality of our citizens and the favor of our God. Let us sincerely and faithfully endeavor to please and honor Him in whose hands are the hearts of rulers and the destinies of nations. And with his blessing our principles shall be firmly established, our physical, intellectual, and religious interests shall flourish, our national character be elevated, our Union strengthened, our peace preserved, and our influence be made a blessing to the world at large as long as the sun and moon endure.

My beloved friends, I would much prefer that these solemn and impressive ceremonies were performed on any other day than the Sabbath; and I now express the hope that this will be the last time they ever will be held on this holy day. Yet since the post of the Grand Army of the Republic had made its arrangements to have these ceremonies performed to-day, and as I knew there would be vast crowds of our citizens, members of our churches, and scholars of our Sabbath-schools assembled in our cemeteries to witness these solemn ceremonies, I thought it would be judicious in me, with others of my brethren in the ministry, to solemnize the proceedings by offering earnest prayers to Almighty God in behalf of our country, these veteran soldiers, and the widows and orphans who are here assembled to strew these flowers on the graves of their dear ones; and, moreover, by our words and influence as religious teachers to counsel, warn, and ad-

monish the multitudes to conduct themselves in a manner becoming the solemnity of the exercises and the sanctity of the day, so that in this manner the restraining influence of religion should be brought effectually to bear on these thousands who are here, to keep them from undue levity and personal misdemeanor.

I am here, then, not to gratify curiosity, nor to pander to the taste of the populace, but to avail myself of a grand opportunity of doing good. I am here to speak words of truth and soberness to this vast multitude of people, and to invoke God's protection and blessing upon us all, for to him belongeth all the praises for our national privileges and prosperity. I hold that the Lord's day should be sacredly observed; that Christian people should strive assiduously for its strict and proper maintenance; but I see nothing in the act itself of laying a flower on the grave of one who had sacrificed his life in the service of his country which may be reasonably construed into a violation of the Sabbath. If the act is not essentially wrong, but innocent and right, then we can with consistency ask God's blessing upon it, that it may serve to cherish the memory of departed worthies forever, and remind us of his providential interposition in our behalf, that made them victors in the direful conflict which threatened to destroy our national existence. We have placed the flowers on the soldiers' graves, we have sung the praises of God in the silent cities of the dead, we have invoked His blessing upon our country, its government and its people; we have mingled our tears with those of the widows and orphans of our community, and we have endeavored to do all these things religiously and to the glory of God. And now, at the close of these services, I believe that more good has been done, less sin has been committed, more order observed, less levity shown, more solemnity manifested and gratitude felt towards God by giving to these ceremonies a religious character than if we had stood aloof from the people, and left them without the moral restraint of our words to-day. I felt that this statement was due to myself, and I shall say no more.

The ceremonies were concluded by Post Commander Charles S. Cotting in the following brief remarks, after which the post returned to its hall and was dismissed.

Comrades: Once more we have gone through the ceremonies and performed the sacred duty of strewing the graves of our deceased comrades with flowers, and have renewed publicly our obligations to care for the heroic dead. A comrade's grave has been strewn to-day which holds all that is

left of the body of one whom we all knew; who last year participated with us in the observance of Decoration Day; and it is quite probable that some of us who are here now, enjoying health and strength, will upon the next anniversary of this day have our graves strewn by brotherly hands.

The observances cannot but convey us back in thought to the field of battle, while memory brings to mind the forms of those whom we have stood by in the dark hours of danger, when shot and shell have rained around like hail, and cut them down in the bloom of youth like grass beneath the mower's scythe.

Many of New Jersey's honored sons fell upon the field of battle, whose bodies were never recovered and occupy unknown graves, while others lie buried in the sunny South, where it is impossible that these ceremonies can be performed by us; but let us never forget them because beyond our reach. Comrades, we, as living representatives of that army, are bound by our obligations to protect and care for the widows and orphans of those who fell, and the citizens owe a debt of gratitude to them, the defenders of our common country, which I trust will never be forgotten.

CEREMONIES AT TRENTON.

(Bayard Post No. 8.)

The second annual observance of the ceremony of decorating with flags and flowers the graves of our honored dead was carried into successful effect on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 1, 1869. The due observance of the day was really begun on Sunday, May 30, when memorial sermons were preached in a number of the churches throughout the city by request of the post. The post here, finding a considerable objection and decided opposition to the observance of the ceremony on the Sabbath, both by the clergy and religious part of the community, while if any other day should be selected they guaranteeing their hearty approval and assistance, decided that the public exercises should be held, as above stated, on Tuesday afternoon.

The procession was formed on Green street, right resting on State, at 2 p. m., and soon after began the march in the following order: Marshal and platoon of police; chief mar-

shal, Comrade William W. L. Phillips; aids, Comrades James F. Rusling and William H. Sloan; Trenton City Band; Company A, National Guard, Captain Robert C. Bellville, forty men; carriages containing the clergy, press, president and members of common council, State officers, &c.; a company of cadets, fifty in number, inmates of the New Jersey Soldiers' Children's Home, uniformed and armed, commanded and fully officered from their number; thirty-five young girls, from the public schools north of the creek, dressed in white, and carrying bouquets and wreaths of flowers; drum corps; delegation from Kearney Post No. 10, Bordentown, New Jersey, with national colors; Bayard Post No. 8, seventy men, with State and national colors, and with large bier, covered with the American flag, and piled high up with flowers and small flags; discharged soldiers and sailors; Taylor Zouaves, Captain John Dobbins, thirty-five men; Stockton Zouaves, Captain Albert Quigley, thirty-three men; Emmett Guards, Captain John Leary, thirty men.

The procession, being formed, proceeded first to Mercer Cemetery, where lay the bodies of some twenty-five of the Union dead. At the cemetery the line of procession was joined by the girls, inmates of the Soldiers' Children's Home, who rendered an effective part in the services, which were begun with the singing of a piece appropriate to the occasion. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Isaiah D. King; music by the band; after which an oration was delivered by Comrade Jacob R. Freese, of Post No. 8.

REMARKS BY COLONEL FREESE.

Comrades and Friends: Less than ten years ago the brave men whose graves we bestrew with flowers to-day were among us, with us, and of us. Little thought they then—as little as we think now—that in so brief a period they would be called upon to offer their lives as a sacrifice upon their country's altar; that their bodies so soon would be resting beneath the clods of the valley.

'T is true that they saw, as others saw, a dark cloud gathering in the political horizon; they observed it grow broader, and thicker, and blacker, and ever and anon send forth the forked lightnings of fierce debate and fiercer hate, radiating from

the United States Senate Chamber to every hearthstone of the land; but still they hoped, as everybody hoped, that from amidst this same dark cloud would come forth, ere long, a still, small voice, saying, "Let us have peace;" that in some way, and by somebody, oil would be poured upon the troubled waters, and the lashing of the waves be hushed to a gentle calm. Alas! for all human hopes! God's ways are not as man's ways. The accumulated sins of centuries could only be wiped out with human blood. The hour came, the thunderbolt descended upon Fort Sumter, and its echoes and re-echoes sounded and resounded o'er hill and valley, o'er mountain and plain, until they were heard in every town, city, and hamlet of our wide-spread country.

"To arms! to arms!" was the cry, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By companies, by regiments, by brigades, by divisions, these brave men, with others, marched forth to victory or to death, sometimes to both; and the sad ceremonies of to-day tell but too plainly how many reached victory only through the gates of death.

On the heroes who survived those terrible battles a grateful nation has not been slow or meager in the bestowal of honors. One of the bravest of the brave now occupies the highest position to which mortal man can attain—the Presidency of these United States; others have been made ministers plenipotentiary and sent to represent the nation at the oldest and most august courts of the Old World; others have been assigned (and properly so) honorable and profitable employment at home; while here and everywhere the fact that a man served his country faithfully in its hour of greatest need opens to him every door and every heart.

If thus we treat the living soldier, ought we to be less generous to the memory of the brave men who not only gave their best service, but even their lives, to rescue our Government from destruction? We cannot recall to life their mouldering forms; we cannot restore to them the caresses of a devoted wife or fond sister, the watchful care of a loved and loving father or mother, the devotedness of a brother, sister, or child; but we can, as we are doing to-day, recall to mind their deeds of noble daring, and scatter over their graves emblems of beauty, of immortality, and of love. Yea more, we can do as, thanks to a generous public we are doing, take care of their wives and little ones, and see to it that the winds of adversity blow not too sharply upon them.

The monument which the munificence of Jerseymen has reared to the memory of these brave men, in the form of a "Soldiers' Children's Home," cannot be too warmly commended. Monuments of brass, however polished, will tarnish with

the keeping; marble, however finely sculptured, will ere long crumble and decay; but the polishing of human minds and the sculpturing of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" upon human hearts grow brighter and more enduring as time rolls on. Not only so, but thoughts transmit themselves from father to son, from mother to daughter, from generation to generation, until the little seed which may have been implanted with difficulty in the human mind to-day will have become the wide-spreading tree, under the shadow of which families and nations may rest in security and peace.

To you, guardians and teachers of soldiers' children, is committed an important trust, a trust which we know you accept and execute with faithfulness and zeal; and while we, the companions in arms of these brave men, feebly attest our kind remembrance of them by scattering upon their graves these fading flowerings, to you and for you is reserved that more holy and more honored duty of maturing and unfolding these rosebuds of their love, until they shall have developed every good quality of head and heart.

If the spirits of these brave men look down approvingly (as we trust they do) upon our feeble efforts to-day to render homage to their memories, how much more approvingly must they behold your daily and hourly sacrifices, made for the benefit of these their loved ones.

And to you, children of the brave men whose memories we honor to-day, what can be more grateful or what more beneficial than the care and instruction which you are daily receiving from these honored trustees of the State's munificence? Many of you are too young as yet to fully realize the advantages which you at present enjoy, but the time will come—will surely come—when you will thank God that you can claim as your progenitors men who gave their lives for their country; and, as your guardians and teachers, women, noble and true women, who were willing to devote their time, talents, and energies for your good and through you for the common good and honor of our beloved State.

To each and to all—comrades in arms, guardians, teachers, and children—I beg only to add, that if by continued well-doing we emulate the patriotism and devotedness of the brave men whose deeds we commemorate to-day, we shall have done well, and God will bless us, as He has blessed them, in life, in death, and in eternity.

During the above exercises the girls, under the direction of Comrade James S. Kiger, post adjutant, were distributed throughout the cemetery, one girl being stationed at the

head of each grave, furnished with a flag and flowers, and at a given signal deposited on behalf of the post her floral offering.

The line of procession was again taken up and proceeded to the burying-ground attached to the First Baptist Church, where lie the bodies of two of our honored dead. The exercises at this point were interesting: Music by the band; an address and prayer by the pastor, Comrade George W. Lasher. The graves were then decorated as before, under the direction of Comrade James C. Manning. At this point the line of procession was joined by another delegation of fifty girls, from the public schools south of the creek, dressed in white, and carrying wreaths, bouquets, and baskets of flowers. The line of procession was then taken up, and proceeded to Riverview Cemetery, in which lie the bodies of about forty of our honored dead, where the exercises were opened by a solemn dirge by the band, an address by Comrade Rev. George W. Lasher, and prayer by the Rev. Ruliff V. Lawrence. The graves were then decorated, as at Mercer Cemetery, by the girls, on behalf of the post. The cemetery was full of spectators, and many tears were shed by the families and friends of the dead as the solemn ceremony was observed.

In this neighborhood is located the cemetery of the Roman Catholic Church, where lie the bodies of several who had given up their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of their adopted country, and by request the Emmett Guards were here detached from the line of procession, and, under charge of a delegation from the post, proceeded to the cemetery and duly observed the sacred ceremony of decoratiug the graves of those who, though of foreign birth, died for the cause of American liberty.

The line of procession was then taken up and proceeded to the burying-ground connected with the Union-street Methodist Church, where the same ceremony was observed over the graves of three of our dead, accompanied with music by the band and a few remarks and prayer by the Rev. Richard Thorn. From this place the procession proceeded to the burying-ground connected with the Union-street Presbyterian Church, where similar ceremonies were observed. Mu-

sic by the band; prayer by Rev. Mr. Studdiford; remarks by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Kennedy; and the decoration of the graves of some five deceased comrades. This completing the round, the line of procession was taken up en route to headquarters, preparatory to dismissal, stepping gladly off to the tune of lively national and patriotic airs. The entire afternoon was taken up with the sacred observance, and, notwithstanding the heat and the long distance tramped over, not one felt regret at the part he had taken in rendering to the nation's dead this the second annual floral testimonial of regard and respect for their memory.

The entire proceeding was a success, as was clearly proven, and approved of by old and young, without regard to color or caste, religion or nationality. But one thought was uppermost, that of honoring the nation's dead.

About 1.30 p. m., and before the line of procession was taken up, a delegation of about fifty honorably-discharged colored soldiers, preceded by a band of music, (colored,) accompanied with the pastors and leading men connected with the colored churches of the city, with our country's standard displayed, assembled at the headquarters of Post 8, received their complement of flags and flowers, and proceeding to the place of burial, decorated, in the name of the Grand Army of the Republic and on behalf of the post, the graves of a number of their own color whose lives were given up in efforts to assist our forces in avenging an insult to the flag.

CEREMONIES AT BORDENTOWN.

(Post No. 10)

The beautiful and appropriate ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves was observed in Bordentown by Post No. 10 and a large number of citizens on Sunday, May 30. The procession marched over the designated route, preceded by a drum corps.

The first place visited was the Episcopal burial-ground, where, after an appropriate prayer, the graves of three soldiers were decorated.

The Hopkinson Cemetery was next visited, where the grave of Captain Joseph Hopkinson, late surgeon United States Army, was appropriately strewn.

The next ground reached was that of the Baptist denomination, and there the grave of Charles H. Venable, late corporal in Company B, Twenty-third New Jersey Volunteers, was bedecked.

The line of march was then taken to the cemetery, whither the cortege moved to the solemn strains of the "Dead March." At the cemetery the ceremonies were of a very impressive nature, and were performed, in a creditable and satisfactory manner, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The column marched around the cemetery, passing by each soldier's grave, the same having been previously marked by the planting of a small flag. As the column thus marched, a sentinel was detailed as each grave was passed; then the music assembled in the main avenue, and at a given signal by the drummers all the sentinels placed their floral offerings on the graves at the same moment. There are in all thirty-six graves in the several grounds.

After the ceremony of decoration (which consisted of placing a wreath and strewing loose flowers on every grave) was ended, the drums were stacked in the main avenue, forming a pulpit, when an eloquent and impressive address was delivered by the Rev. A. Ramsey, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Columbus, of which the following is a brief extract:

The sorrow for the dead is said to be the only sorrow from which we seek not to be divorced. The memory of deceased relatives, friends, or even acquaintances, though sad, yet is pleasing. We would not forget them if we could. Shall the nation's dead, then, be forgotten? Shall memory fondly linger at the death scenes of others, and forget the glorious departure of those who died that their country might live, and that we might enjoy prosperity and peace? They will be remembered. Yes! so long as a loyal heart pulsates in harmony with that patriotism which called them to the battle-field, and from thence to the hero's home above us, their bravery, self-sacrifice, and consequent triumph shall be our theme.

The occasion brings to mind the past. We in imagination

see the gloom of civil strife under which all faces seemed to gather blackness and the hearts of the bravest to tremble. Then it was when we knew not who to trust; when traitors in disguise were among us; 'twas then that those who are now the "nation's dead" sprang to arms in her defense. While others professed to love their country, these proved their love by sacrificing their all for her safety.

Shall we recount their services and sufferings? It is needless. There are those here who served with them and know it all.

The gloomy period of civil strife is passed, and we have for some time enjoyed the sweet rest of peace. We rejoice in it. But our joys are dampened when we recollect that many of our noblest and best are not with us. The bodies of some of them repose around us; others sleep on the spot where their glorious career ended. Their spirits are above us, and we trust are looking down upon us to-day, rejoicing in the prospect of a brilliant future for that country dearer to them than life.

From the past a lesson is to be learned; it is this: *The nation's citizens must be its safeguard.* The cause for which our departed heroes bled must be sustained. Treason, though brought into subjection, is by no means extinct. Comrades, let us to-day, over the graves of the fallen, pledge ourselves anew to the work of fostering loyalty and crushing treason. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Lastly, let us remember that the success of our Army and Navy, and the prosperity of our nation, depend on the favor of the God of Battles. During our late struggle thousands of loyal hearts looked to Heaven for success. In the darkest hours we prayed and trusted, and answers of peace at last came. Prayer was lost in praise, and hope and faith were forgotten in the bliss of realization. In our prosperity let us not forget God. On this day, devoted to His worship, let every heart go up to him in gratitude and praise. Let us thank God that we have a country. Let us look to Him for her future glory and prosperity.

After the benediction the column returned to the city hall, where Lemuel C. Reeves, post commander, made the following remarks:

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: We have to-day decorated with the laurel wreath, with the choicest of our floral treasures, and with the dear old flag of our country, the graves where repose thirty-six men; men who, when the dread alarms of danger to our beloved country were sounded, went

forth to do service in her defense. Some of these men fell upon the bloody field with face to the foe; some died in hospitals, after much suffering, by dire disease or with maimed trunks and limbs; others, after the conflict was ended and they had returned to their homes, died from various causes, many of disease contracted during their service. Most of these had gone from our own midst and were our own citizens. A few of them, alas! were strangers here, however, and died among us far from kindred and loving friends. I purpose not to say aught of the merits of these men; no words that I could utter would augment their glory, nothing that I could say would add to their service and their sacrifices. The most eloquent tribute that can be paid them we to-day have paid, as we stood by their graves and with our decorations pointed out their resting-places to the men, to the women, and to the children of this community, saying to them, Behold! learn, know, and remember where sleep the saviours of your country.

Our ceremonies to-day have not lacked their impressiveness because of the absence of certain of our fellow-citizens, who, from many and divers causes, under *one weak excuse*, have failed to join with us to-day, upon the plea that the laying of floral mementos and the planting of our heaven-hued banner upon a hero's grave was a desecration of the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday. They aver that we should have postponed this ceremony until the second day of the week, commonly called Monday, or else observed the seventh day of the week, commonly called Saturday. From this cause the clergy of Bordentown refused to join with us. It is a sad truth, that out of two Methodists, one Catholic, one Episcopal, one Baptist, and one Presbyterian, not one of the six ministers here would do the dead soldier homage by offering prayer, saying mass, or singing psalms at his grave, and all, too, for fear of "Sunday desecration!"

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Comrades and fellow-citizens, when Paul was at Ephesus, Demetrius and the silversmiths averred, "By this craft ye know we have our wealth," and the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, is the gold-mine of the modern parson. Now, in all candor, let me ask, by this fanaticism of the Sabbath who is worshiped most? Is it the risen Lord, who came and fulfilled the law, or is it Moses, the proclaimer of Jewish law? If I can read the Bible correctly, I find that the types and shadows, the written law and the prophets, all the Mosaic forms and the holy of holies, were all fulfilled, ended, and obliterated by the advent, life, death, and resurrection of the Son of God. Even the Ten Commandments

were sealed, signed, and delivered back, and the eleventh given, by which the world was to be governed. Hence, what have we to do with the Sabbath? That was a Jewish institution, and the New Testament fails to renew it or give us another in its stead; and, although it is right and proper to observe one day in seven "for the ease of creation," yet I demand to know who has the God-given right to say which of the seven we shall take for our rest? I cannot forget that upon every day of the week we had our comrades to fall around us upon the bloody field, and I cannot forget that upon every day of the week we dug our comrades' graves and buried them where they fell; and that, too, in most instances, with no parson to mumble, "Dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes;" and, as we got along well enough then without the parsons, we can surely strew flowers upon the holy mound that marks a soldier's grave without the parsons. We have, however, had a preacher with us to-day. He comes from another circuit, and he has been our chaplain. He, too, was a soldier, a private in our army, and, like a true comrade and a brave man, in spite of their mutterings, he has well performed his part.

In conclusion let me say, that there are many in our community who were good and true men in the service of our country during the war, and who look upon our order with distrust, and have kept aloof from these proceedings to-day. Perhaps some of them, or some of us, who to-day have marched to the graveyard to do reverence to our fallen ones, will, ere another year has passed, be sleeping beneath the clods of the valley. To such, and to all, in the name of the Grand Army of the Republic, I make this pledge, well-knowing that it will be redeemed whether I live to see it or not: When May 30, 1870, shall come, Decoration Day will again be here; then the graves now strewn with flowers, and the new ones that shall have been made, with yours or mine perhaps among the number, will be visited and bedecked with the flowers of spring and with your country's flag. The Grand Army of the Republic is not a political nor an ecclesiastical organization. The eleventh commandment is the divine law which we obey, "To do unto others as we would that others should do unto us."

After the commander had finished the participants separated.

As the column marched out the wreaths were carried on the comrades' arms and the loose flowers in a large flag. Four beautiful standards were craped and carried in line,

two having been kindly loaned by Captain George B. Raymond, and the other two being those of the Thompson Rifles and Forker Grays. At all the grounds many people were present, and the whole affair was impressive, and passed off in an orderly manner.

CEREMONIES AT HAMMONTON.

(Post No. 13.)

The ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves by this post was participated in by many citizens, who met at Union Hall at 2.30 o'clock p. m. on Sunday, the 30th May, and formed in procession, with a profusion of flowers, wreaths, and bouquets, and marched to the cemetery, where, after some short remarks and several appropriate pieces sung by the children, the members of the post and friends proceeded to deck the graves. There was not as large a turn-out as was expected, on account of the influence of some of the clergy, who were invited by the post to be present, but who declined because it was the Sabbath, and advised their members not to attend. Notwithstanding this the attendance was large and respectable, and the ceremony imposing and impressive.

CEREMONIES AT NEW BRUNSWICK.

(Kearney Post No. 15.)

On Monday, May 31, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock p. m., men, women, and children, began to assemble on George street and Livingston avenue, and when the hour arrived for the procession to move, an immense concourse of people had collected, mostly as spectators. An hour or more was spent in busy scenes of preparation, when the officer of the day gave the command to proceed, the procession having formed on Livingston avenue, the right of the line at the head of Schureman street, and the left on George and Bayard streets.

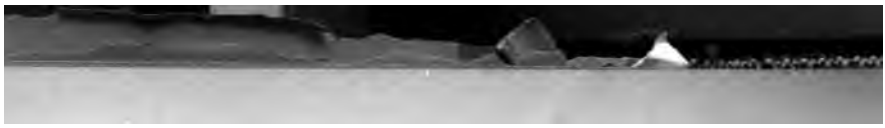
The procession, at precisely 3 o'clock, moved off as follows:

Carriages, containing the orator of the evening, Rev. R. M. Stratton, of New York, and the clergy of this city; the Germania Brass Band and Croman's Drum Corps; the police force of the city; the commander, J. L. Mulford, and the committee of Post Kearney, Grand Army of the Republic; soldiers, sailors, and marines, each wearing a badge and bearing floral tributes to be laid upon the graves of their departed comrades; then came carriages, containing the principal of the public schools, Henry B. Pierce, with his assistant, Walter H. Chase, and young ladies with bouquets, wreaths, etc., followed by one hundred and twenty school-girls, between the ages of ten and fourteen years, seated in large stages and dressed in white, each one with a beautiful floral design. Following these were a score or more of carriages containing citizens and strangers, ladies, gentlemen, and children.

The church-bells began tolling as the line moved up Livingston avenue to the Pitman Methodist Episcopal Cemetery.

On arriving at Pitman Cemetery the members of the post marched in and formed in double column, facing each other. The clergy and the young ladies with their floral offerings passed through, first stopping at the grave of Furman Hartpence, when the Rev. C. R. Hartranft was called upon to conduct the ceremonies. He delivered a brief address, and then followed with a prayer. The young ladies then came forward, while the band played a dirge, and covered the grave with flowers, and then proceeded to the graves of Captain Alexander Stewart and William Hughes. There were two or three more graves in this cemetery which were not pointed out to the committee until the procession arrived, and the names of the dead could not be ascertained. These were also strewn with flowers and marked with the flag.

The procession then proceeded to the Catholic Cemetery, where the Rev. Father Duggan, accompanied by four young ladies and eight small girls, attired in white, met them at the entrance and proceeded to the graves, which were decorated, under direction of Father Duggan, with impressive ceremonies, according to the usual forms of the church.



These exercises over, the procession formed again on Throop avenue, and paraded to the Methodist Episcopal Cemetery, where the same exercises which were conducted at the Pitman Cemetery were repeated, Rev. B. S. Sharp offering an impressive prayer. Then to the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Willow-Grove Cemeteries the procession marched, and the usual ceremonies were conducted. At the Presbyterian Cemetery Rev. Mr. Jewett offered prayer, and Rev. Mr. Smith led in prayer at the Baptist Cemetery. At the grave of Captain Jacob Wyckoff, in Willow-Grove Cemetery, Rev. Mr. Stratton offered prayer, and the vast multitude which had congregated in the vicinity joined in singing the long-meter doxology. These cemeteries were so crowded with spectators that it was a difficult matter for the young ladies to reach the resting-places of the gallant dead. The procession then proceeded to the cemetery in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church, and thence to the First Reformed, and to the cemetery at Christ Church. Here also the usual services were conducted by Revs. Jewett, Steele, Stubbs, and Boggs.

After the exercises at the graves were concluded, the procession proceeded from Christ Church to George street, where it halted and was dismissed.

The houses and streets all along the route were crowded with spectators, and from the public building, and many private dwellings the national colors were displayed at half-mast. Some of the floral offerings were beautiful, especially those prepared by the young ladies at the house of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 during the morning. These consisted of all kinds of choice flowers, woven into bouquets, crosses, swords, anchors, stars, and other devices.

The services connected with the day were concluded by the following exercises, held in the Baptist Church, at 8 o'clock p. m:

Voluntary, by Professor Garland; music, by the choir; readings of the Scripture, by Rev. A. D. L. Jewett; prayer by Rev. C. R. Hartranft; reading of General Order No. 21, headquarters Grand Army of the Republic; addresses by Rev. H. F. Smith and Rev. R. M. Stratton.

The remarks of Rev. H. F. Smith were very pleasing and eloquent.

The day was not of so much interest only on account of the ceremonies of the afternoon, but his memories carried him back to the time when, a few years ago, he remembered a large church, filled to overflowing, calling upon the young men to go from their homes and battle for their country's liberty. And he remembered also that after a short time a coffin came back, and that the honored dead was received with the tears and sympathy of all. But they that fell are not less honored now than then. The presence of this large audience convinces all that the memories are still warm and will never fade. He knew not one of those whose graves had been visited to-day, but they had fallen in one common cause, and he revered the memories of all. It was, therefore, highly proper that all should join in keeping this day festive, festive because of the flowers, though made sad also by awakened memories. None bore themselves more bravely, nor responded more promptly to the call of their country than the New Jersey youth. He at one time had a prejudice against this State, but since his residence here his prejudices had all vanished, and he found that the great heart of New Jersey throbbed in unison with all that was patriotic. As often as the day comes around let us celebrate it, not with heathenish rites, but in order to keep green the memories of those who now lie buried in our midst. As under the old dispensation it was ordered that the children should be told of the mighty deeds of Israel, so should our children be told of the deeds of their fathers, that their patriotism may grow and be cherished for any unforeseen emergency. Let our motto be, "Our country, our whole country."

One word more: Let me say to you how sad the thought that many of your comrades are missing, but they have only gone before. They are not all reposing in our midst; some have left their bones to bleach by the hill-sides and valleys of the South. I love the soldiers, but the true Christian soldier is nobler than all. Let me exhort you, then, urge you, to be Christian patriots. I honor the morality, the Christian rectitude of those who were instrumental in postponing this celebration from the Sabbath. And I speak the sentiments of my Christian brethren in thus thanking you for your action in this respect. Be ready for any emergency, and may you go forward and do only those acts that are pleasing to the God of justice and truth."

After music by the choir, the Rev. R. M. Stratton, of New

York, was introduced, and with his stirring and eloquent remarks held the attention of the vast audience which had crowded the church for nearly an hour.

During the remarks of Mr. Stratton a severe thunder shower arose, and after he had concluded Rev. Mr. Jewett entertained the audience for a brief time, while awaiting the subsidence of the shower, during which the following eloquent sentiment was uttered: "Let the muffled drum of heaven beat, let the gleaming spear shine forth, and the tear-drops of the heavens fall to bedew the graves of the nation's dead."

CEREMONIES AT MORRISTOWN.

(PHIL. SHERIDAN POST No. 18.)

The floral decoration of the graves of deceased soldiers took place in Morristown on Monday afternoon, May 31, with appropriate services at the First Presbyterian Church. Business was generally suspended during the afternoon, giving all an opportunity to participate in and witness the ceremony.

The post, with the Morris Brass Band, who had kindly tendered their services, proceeded to the church at about 2 o'clock. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. H. A. Buttz, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Commander S. J. Hopkins then proceeded to read section 2 of the rules and regulations of the Grand Army of the Republic, setting forth the objects of the organization, showing it as a means of protection not only to the surviving comrades and those who participated in the late struggle, but for the preservation of the rights and liberties so richly gained and the welfare of the country at large.

The roll of honor was also read by Commander Hopkins, giving the name, company, date, place, and manner of death of sixty or seventy fallen heroes. The list, although incomplete, added great interest to the occasion.

An oration was then delivered by Post Chaplain Rev. J. D. Rose, of Summit, followed by brief but impressive ad-

dresses by Rev. Messrs. E. D. Bentley and Albert Erdman, of Morristown, and the reading of a poetical effusion by Dr. E. S. Hoffman, surgeon of the post.

The closing prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. French, and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Erdman.

The exercises were richly interspersed with several familiar sacred and patriotic pieces.

The line was again formed and marched to the different places of interment, each of which had previously been marked by a small flag, and around which was deposited a handsome wreath, the commander giving the name and company of the deceased. Each grave was then scattered with flowers by several little girls.

CEREMONIES AT HOBOKEN.

(WADSWORTH POST No. 19.)

The procession was formed at Odd Fellows' Hall about 1 o'clock p. m., under the marshalship of Barent Fraser, assisted by Captains Lee and Mount and Adjutant Long, in the following order:

THE PROCESSION.

First Battalion New Jersey State Militia, under command of Major B. F. Hart; Company A, Captain P. J. Meehan; Company C, Captain Joseph Green; Company D, Lieutenant McCluskey; Company B, Captain George Neuscheler; Battery A, New Jersey State Artillery; Hoboken Veteran Corps; Union Hill Veteran Corps; citizens on foot; carriage with chaplain and orator; hearse, containing flowers, escorted by Post 19, Grand Army of the Republic, under command of Major B. B. Brown; three stages containing young ladies to strew flowers; stage containing the Foster Quartette Club; (the same stage contained the National Glee Club;) mayor, council, board of education, and other city officials, in carriages; twenty-five carriages containing citizens.

WEEHAWKEN CEMETERY.

The procession took up its line of march for the Weehawken Cemetery, and on its arrival halted, and was drawn

up in line on the Hackensack plank-road, while the young ladies alighted and, with the Foster Quartette Club and the committee appointed, entered the cemetery. At the graves the club sang a dirge; the chaplain of the post, Rev. R. R. Thompson, recited a beautiful prayer; and the young ladies, under the charge of Miss Kellett, proceeded to decorate the graves of the sleeping heroes.

THE HOBOKEN CEMETERY.

The line was again formed and marched to Hoboken Cemetery, where the principal exercises were held. The services were commenced by a dirge, sung by the National Glee Club, and an anthem by the Quartette Club, followed by prayer by the chaplain. He thanked God for our national independence, for the brave men who were called to defend our institutions, asked the Divine blessing upon this occasion, and sanctification of the struggle through which we have passed.

Captain Thomas H. Lee, after a few appropriate introductory remarks, then read Abraham Lincoln's address at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, after which General H. Edwin Tremaine proceeded to deliver the following

ORATION.

We participate to-day in no idle ceremony. We come not here with pomp and circumstance to celebrate a triumph, nor as new mourners do we approach fresh graves. We come not to rejoice at victory, nor can I say we have come to weep. We rejoiced at Appomattox; we ceased to weep when we first parted from our comrades' graves with sad memories but high resolves: sad that we had lost their earthly comradeship, but with high resolves to be ever worthy of their life and their death. We came rather in pleasant simplicity, bearing these tokens of purity to bedeck earthly remains, that the air may be fragrant with fresh thoughts of the past; that we may live for a few moments in the holy recollections of a sacred cause rescued from destruction; that we may remember how a country was rent in twain by civil war, and its union again cemented in accomplished freedom and accepted peace; that we may extract lessons of wisdom and goodness from the experiences of the nation in the grandest contest of modern times, and from the lives of those earnest, faithful, noble men whose works survive them.

The deeds of some are famous. The names of some have risen into household words, and their services secured the special distinction of becoming incorporated into our national history.

By instinct also as a people to-day we think of Winthrop, Lyon, McPherson, Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Kearney; and you, my comrades of this locality, remember your gallant colonel, Van Houten, killed at Fredericksburg, and many others equally beloved whom you can recall. But do not stop here. Why single out a special reputation—a particular sacrifice? Was one more precious than another? Yes, in the hearts of loving friends and affectionate kindred. No, in the eyes of those who never experienced the anxious suspense of expected battle, who never searched each new and dreaded list of killed, wounded, and missing, fearing the *one dear* name should strike their eyes. To-day some seem almost to have forgotten there was a war, others zealously watch lest a careless world should fail to remember the grand perils and personal sacrifices of a terrible but glorious history.

But where is he or she in whose inner life there is not a green spot kept sacred to the memory of a loved one "fallen in battle?" Where the home, around whose fireside there is not the vacant chair of father, brother, or son, lost in the war? Let it be answered by the record, written deep with burning letters in human hearts and with crimson stains on field and wave.

It is not, then, of special biographers that it becomes us to speak to-day. We do not pronounce individual eulogies. We come with trifling tributes of honor and regard for beloved and faithful comrades, who fell that you and I may have a common country.

Years after the contest, in the clear sunlight succeeding the storm, spared in the battle and camp, since saved from the death whose seeds were there contracted, we come here to-day, comrades, to repeat our willing testimony to lives we have seen surrendered, and, strewing sacred earth with nature's sweetest gifts, we acknowledge the merciful kindness of an overruling Providence that we are permitted to participate in these memorial services; and shall we not here renew again our vows to protect the names and fame of departed comrades? to be more than ever devotees to the cause in which they died? to comfort and assist the tender and the helpless whom the red hands of war have thrown upon a nation's gratitude, and to strive to become ourselves wiser men, better citizens, and more faithful patriots?

And you, ladies and gentlemen, who have kindly united with us in this labor of love, have awakened those old chords

of affectionate regard for home, which nerved us in the battles of the past; your presence here to-day assures us that all we feel and do is with your sympathy and your support. It is but another testimonial that ours is no idle ceremony, though some would have it so.

Why is it that in every State, every city, every town, every hamlet, the living to-day turn to the heroic dead, and bespeak their memories and adorn their tombs? For honor? Yea, for honor; the living and the dead alike are honored in so doing. For another reason also. Why does the loving mother deck yonder mound with the rosebush? Why are the purest gems of the studio carried to the father's tomb and inscriptions cut to tell the story of his life? Why does the widow carry evergreens to the cemetery and plant them in a soil dampened with her tears beneath the mournful willow? Why does the maiden twine the fairest garlands of hope and love over the grave of her buried idol? It is the same spirit in all—the same spirit in the ceremonies of to-day.

It is a national commemoration. May each recurring year confirm it as a national custom; at least at each anniversary, if not at other times, may the country remember its departed defenders.

> "Let patriots mourn them—give their mem'ries a tear,
> The only return you can offer them here.
> For the lives they have given their country and you,
> The price they have paid for your banner of blue,
> Let love's choicest garlands be hung o'er each grave."

May I not say, "the better the day the better the deed?" The good that men do lives after them. If there was any good in the lives of those we honor, (and who will doubt it,) lessons that they teach will come to us to-day. Barren, indeed, must be the mind of any man if this place and this occasion is not fruitful in reflections. Thick and fast they crowd upon us. Do you expect me now to tell you something new? My task will be more than performed if I only hint at thoughts that I feel engage you all.

The beginning, the progress, and the conclusion of the great American conflict unconsciously flit before us. The patient consideration and cool discussion of public issues which characterized the northern people in that ominous winter of 1860 and 1861; the reflective hesitation with which the Montgomery constitution was received; the growing appreciation of the threatening storm; the bursting pent-up thunder at Fort Sumter; the vivid lightning which followed, flashing its naked forks in the eyes of every patriot, lifting the veil from the dark schemes of plotting treason, and fixing in an instant that determination of the educated North which

charged with thinking bayonets against a deceived, deluded, but now regenerated South; the long succession of combats, victories, and reverses, that gave in turn hope, courage, and dismay, until final success was followed by the tragic death of martyred Lincoln.

May his tomb to-day receive spring's choicest flowers, and may a deserted people entwine forever the memory of Lincoln with Washington.

Thousands of such thoughts fill our minds to-day.

Comrades living, you stand sentinels of liberty, as three hundred thousand graves speak to the people with the authority of martyred hosts.

Their silent influence is a perpetual eloquence. In war you sympathized with their lives, while you guarded the capital and saved your nation.

In peace may we be ever worthy of the heroic dead, and vigilant, lest tyranny or anarchy should come unawares to appropriate their sacrifices and other labors.

How perfect may our cause and their martyrdom be described in the beautiful language of Jean Paul Ritcher: "To die for truth, is not to die for one's country, but it is to die for the world." Truth, like the Venus de Medici, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity, but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess. Then also thy temple, oh, eternal Truth! that now stands half beneath the earth, made hollow by the sepulchers of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportion and will stand in monumental granite, and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

Sleep on, ye fallen, beneath the watchful beams of the sentinel moon, that paces her silent beat above you! no alarms nor rattling fire from startled picket-lines can reach your ears or break your rest. Age after age will ripen human progress, until you shall be awakened by the final reveille of resurrection, ordered by the Great Commander of earth and heaven, to form upon the standards of the cross.

On the conclusion of the oration the chaplain pronounced the benediction, when the ceremony of the decoration of the graves was performed, and the two singing clubs combined sung the closing hymn, "America."

GROVE-CHURCH CEMETERY.

The line was again formed and proceeded to Grove-Church Cemetery, where a dirge was sung, prayer by the chaplain, and the graves strewn with flowers. A very touching inci-

dent occurred at this cemetery: A young man named Butterworth, formerly a member of Company I, is buried here, and each member of his old company (twelve present) placed a beautiful bouquet upon his grave.

Along the line of march flags were at half-mast and ladies tendered flowers and bouquets in profusion. The procession was a grand one, and an immense concourse of people witnessed the ceremonies.

The hearse to carry the flowers was tendered for the occasion by Mr. B. N. Crane, who, assisted by Mr. P. J. Powless, was very active in assisting to distribute the flowers among the young ladies. The panels of the hearse on either side bore the following inscriptions:

"Honor to the brave."

"Honor to the heroic dead."

We cannot refrain from mentioning the sweet music discoursed by the Hoboken City Band, under the leadership of Professor Conterno. The dirge, "Rest, Spirit, Rest," was artistically rendered.

After the ceremonies were ended the procession took up its line of march for home, and all were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

CEREMONIES AT FRENCHTOWN.

(SLATER POST No. 23.)

Notice having been given at the different churches in the morning, a crowd began to gather at the cemetery at about 3 o'clock, and by 4 o'clock there were more people gathered there than ever before on any occasion.

At 4.15 the post formed in line, and proceeded to the cemetery in the following order: Post Commander Benjamin H. Joiner; color-bearer, George Opdycke, with a large American flag, draped very heavily, and a handsome bouquet of flowers attached to the end of the staff; Senior Vice Commander E. Page Southwick and Abraham Slack, esq.; Post Quartermaster Isaac Smith and Surgeon Deemy; post quartermaster sergeant and sergeant major; bier, covered with

American flag and strewed with flowers, carried by four comrades; guard of honor, under command of Post Adjutant John Randels; members of the post and invited guests; citizens generally.

Each officer and member of the post wore a handsome rosette of red, white, and blue ribbon, on the left lappel of the coat, and in his hand carried a bouquet of flowers.

The line, on arriving at the cemetery, proceeded to the grave of Sergeant Abraham Garren, where the post came to a halt and "company front." In the absence of a clergyman a very appropriate and impressive prayer was offered by Abraham Slack, esq.

The strewing of flowers was then gone through with in the following order: At the grave of Sergeant Garren ten of the members left a bouquet each, the vice commander marking the grave with a small flag, and the commander depositing a wreath of flowers on the grave.

The same ceremony was gone through with at each of the other graves, eight in number.

After the ceremony of strewing flowers at the last grave had taken place, prayer was again offered by Abraham Slack, esq., after which the post took up its line of march, and on arriving at its headquarters was dismissed.

The scene at the cemetery was very impressive, and many a tear stole silently down the cheeks of those whose soldier friend lay in the cold grave around which these veterans stood.

CEREMONIES AT BRIDGETON.

(Post No —.)

Promptly at 3 o'clock the bells commenced ringing in solemn cadence, announcing that the moment had arrived for the parade to form, which it did in the following order:

Carriage containing the officiating clergymen; carriage with the ladies composing the choir; floral wagon, beautifully decorated with flowers of most every description, having a floral arch midway, (this wagon was drawn by four

jet-black horses, led by four young men, wearing wreaths;) East Lake Band, consisting of fourteen pieces, under the leadership of Mr. Brown; Grand Army of the Republic, marshaled by Captain Frank M. Riley, (each member of the post wearing a wreath and carrying a bouquet of flowers, left arm craped, mourning badge suspended from the lappel of the coat; the post also carried a battle-flag, upon whose folds were inscribed the names of several engagements;) Knights of Pythias, under the command of Mr. Clement Corey, (each member wearing a neat black rosette, with the initials "K. P. 4" in silver letters thereon; the organization also carried a silk flag;) American Mechanics, under the command of Mr. Robert F. Ayars, (the members wearing appropriate mourning badge, and carrying the national standard.)

Promptly at 3 o'clock the procession moved out Commerce street to Giles, down Giles to Broad, thence to the Presbyterian Cemetery. On arriving at this sacred spot, hallowed by a multitude of cherished memories, the procession filed directly to the grave of Thomas Barnett, halted, faced the mound, and with bowed heads listened to a prayer pronounced by the Rev. H. H. Beadle, after which the opening hymn was rendered by a choir of young ladies:

"Love unchanging for the dead,
Lying here in gloried sleep,
Where the angels softly tread,
While their holy watch they keep."

After the singing, Captain Frank M. Riley, commanding the post, recited the very beautiful poem, entitled "Our Fallen Heroes."

At this point the guard of honor, with fixed bayonets, moved to the head and foot of the first grave, while a comrade, in a clear voice, called the name, company, and regiment of its occupant. This form was executed at the grave of every soldier. The ceremony of decorating the mounds was very affecting, especially when the name of the dead comrade was called. It sounded like the old "roll-call" after a sanguinary conflict, when there was many a voice, hushed in death, that could not respond as the sergeant called the list. Each grave had placed upon it a small flag, some flowers were profusely scattered over it, and a wreath placed at

the head. During this ceremony the band, stationed near the church, played appropriate music. The last spot decorated was the cenotaph of Lieutenant Alexander L. Robeson, where the following address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Morrell:

It is often with sadness and sorrow that we visit the city of the dead, and yet it has its attractions. There sleep departed loved ones, the memory of whom is precious. Reminiscences of the past crowd the memory, and we can hardly realize the fact that they are gone, yet the truth flashes upon us that the mandate of Jehovah must be obeyed, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

But we are here to day to do honor to the memory of departed heroes, who, when our glorious Union was imperiled, and threatened with disruption by rebel hosts, hastened to its rescue, left the cheerful fireside, and, clad in the attire of the soldier, saw the beautiful flag of their country waving gracefully in the breeze, and with the determination that it should never trail in the dust, but float in triumph over an undivided country, rallied around it, fought under it, until the gladsome note of ultimate triumph thrilled the land with joy. But many a happy family was saddened by the intelligence that a father, a son, a husband, a brother, had fallen, and the messenger was dispatched in haste to bring home, if possible, the remains of the lost to earth, that their resting-place might be known and visited. That form, once so agile, is now still and cold in death, a martyr to *liberty*, to the *Union*, to his *country;* but like the Spartan mother who, when her country was invaded, sent her five sons to the army raised for its defense, and when that country was saved, though her sons had fallen, ran to the temple, and gave thanks to the gods, so we who are bereaved send up our thanksgivings to God for an undivided, unbroken Union, though it cost the blood of those ever dear to us.

We come to-day to perpetuate their memory; we gather around their graves to strew them with blooming flowers, an emblem of life's freshness, yet so soon to fade, to remind us that "all flesh is as grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away;" that man "cometh forth as a flower and is cut down, he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not;" that "as the flower of the field so he flourisheth, the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place that knew it shall know it no more." But these flowers remind us that they once lived, that the bloom of youth and beauty was once seen upon their cheeks, but it has faded now; yet their memory is pre-

cious, and the remembrance of their heroic deeds, and the cause in which they fell, endears them if possible the more strongly to our hearts, for we have a country, blest with peace, rapidly marching on to prosperity, honored by the nations of the earth, blest by the God of heaven, while the blessings of civil and religious liberty extend from the lakes to the gulf, and from sea to sea.

We meet this day, together with thousands of our countrymen, to do honor to our country's veterans who are sleeping their last sleep, and say:

"Here sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

The last grave visited was that of Corporal Jeremiah Ayars, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Ayars, a widow lady residing in Bridgeton, who had five sons and two sons-in-law in the Union army. The family and friends of this patriotic soldier were present around his grave when the procession halted, and were addressed by Lieutenant James J. Reeves, as follows:

As we tread these hallowed grounds, and gather about the green graves of our fallen comrades, memory takes me back to those sad hours in camp and field-life, when, with solemn tread, to the music of the muffled drum, we followed to their last resting-place those of our number whose forms are not with us to-day. It is a beautiful thought, that at this very hour, perhaps, some of our comrades, unknown to us, may be visiting their graves, and tenderly strewing them with flowers. Fellow-soldiers, let us not forget them as we lay our floral offerings on the graves of those about us. Let us not forget their sorrow-stricken households, who cannot pay, with us, this touching tribute of affection to their dead; and while our hearts go out in sympathy toward them, let us not fail to commend them to the "Man of Sorrows," who will bind up their broken hearts, and give them the "garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

And to you, (turning to the friends and relatives of the deceased soldiers,) in whose hearts the fountain of grief is broken up afresh this day, let me say that if be true that "it is sweet to die for one's country," is not the assurance that your loved ones fell in the holy cause of liberty, and that by their dying your country lives, more sweet and precious to you to-day? Dry up your tears, O ye that weep! Think of the sacred cause for which they gave their lives! Think of the priceless heritage bequeathed by them, now yours forever! Think how their names are enshrined in the grateful memories of every lover of his country, and shall be held in endear-

ing remembrance through all generations. Think of them, too, as not resting beneath these silent mounds, but as dwelling in happier bowers than Eden's bloom, where there is no need of a day of decoration, but where unfading chaplets deck and crown each brow.

Take comfort in the lesson of resignation so beautifully given us by our own poet-laureate, Longfellow:

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'r defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death. What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

They are not dead, children of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where they no longer need our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
They live whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what they are doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year their tender steps pursuing,
Behold them grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with them and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
Will reach them where they live."

At the conclusion of Mr. Reeves' beautiful address the procession proceeded to the Commerce-street burial-ground. The graves of the nation's dead defenders, twelve in number, received the same care and marks of affection as those in

the burial places before mentioned, the services being equally as impressive.

At the conclusion of the service of decorating the graves the band played a solemn funeral dirge, and the Rev. Mr. Neal delivered the following address:

This is an occasion that is not only deeply interesting, but touchingly beautiful. It is full of interest in its associations and memories, and beautiful in its solemnity and gratitude. A custom so touching, so appropriate, so solemn, so happily inaugurated, and observed so extensively by the American people, should be, like our grand old Fourth of July, held in pleasurable remembrance by us, our children, and by our children's children forever.

One of our missionaries, in a lecture on the manners and customs of the Chinese, says that they visit the graves of their dead annually, and strew them with flowers, and otherwise decorate them with long and narrow pieces of paper of various beautiful hues. The stranger, whether a missionary of this or some other nationality, sleeping in the bosom of their broad domain, receives particular attention on these occasions. Among the dead of our fallen heroes are no strangers. We know them all as those who fought, and marched, and bled, and died for us. They were our friends unto death; and their deeds of devotion in the dark hour of our national extremity fix them our true friends forever. These brave dead of a hundred battle-shocks were once members of our own American household; they were our brethren; they are our brethren still; and though now silent, and moldering a little before us back to dust, they still speak to us in utterances unmistakable to him who lends his ear to the voice of history. The services of this ceremonial hour need not be presented as a duty; we esteem it a privilege to thus statedly visit their resting-places and lay upon their grassy mounds the unbroken wreath emblematic of the Union which they died to preserve, which now flourishes in peace and beauty and power, and which sheds an odor of liberty purer and sweeter than ever before. This occasion and its mournful surroundings are so many strong links connecting us with a bitter past. They are reminders of the gloomy hours of our sadness, when every household was anxious, and when the nation was in peril and in woe. They point the vision of the mind to scenes painted violently with crimson gore upon the not long past. We are hurried back to the inauguration hour of our conflict, to South Carolina's ignoble soil, where the shot was fired that startled the nation, echoed

throughout the world, and trailed our flag in the dust. Then a nation's warriors sprang to arms and said:

"Rebel, spare that flag;
Touch not a stripe or star;
It sheltered us in peace,
We'll follow it in war."

From that hour the heavy tramp of armed men never ceased, nor did our heroes cease to die. From that hour the charge of the war-bugle sounded and also the wail of death. The clash of steel, the rattle of musketry, the whiz of the bullet, the roar of artillery, and the scream of the bomb-shell were heard; and so were the groans and the prayers of the dying. The tidal wave of battle rolled from the Chickahominy to New Orleans, and from Bull Run and Gettysburg to the Wilderness and Richmond, and so did the tidal waves of blood and death. From that hour our net-work of wires tingled alternately with victory and defeat, but ever with the sad story of the wounded and killed. From prisons and from prison-pens; from battle-shocks and from hospital wards; from the land and from the water; and for long and weary years, came the oft-repeated, but always sad sound of death.

And as we stand hard by the grave of the soldier, this link that fastens us to the past, the only relief to its sickening horrors, the only things that throw a lighter shade upon its dark scenes are the notes that finally rang out clear, loud, and jubilant, of victory, peace, and liberty. These hillocks not only connect us with the past, they have a voice for the present, and are finger-boards that point into the deep future.

Because they who sleep here marched and fought and struggled and starved and died and triumphed, the world breathes more freely, the sun shines more brightly, the air is more balmy, the flowers are more sweet, the harvest is more smiling, our homes are more precious, the olive branch that now waves over us is more beautiful, and liberty is not only broader, deeper, and more grand, but dearer to every freeman's heart. Their triumph demonstrates to the world that men can govern themselves, that a democracy can stand the mightiest upheavals of civil earthquake, and that the fury of the storm only drives the roots of free institutions deeper into the hearts of freemen. Their triumph shook monarchies and made crowned heads tremble. Their triumph set the nations in a blaze with the old fire of America's '76. Cuba we trust is now in the throes of a birth that shall bring forth a sister to our own beautiful goddess. The fire of liberty is natural, inborn, and God-given, and will burn beyond the power of titled lords, royal purple, and crowned heads.

While we stand over these graves as the known resting-places of our brave dead, let us not forget that thousands who were just as brave, fought as valiantly, and gained for us as much, sleep in unmarked and unknown chambers. They had not even the gift of a narrow house in any of the monumented cities of the dead. Their bones are moldering in dismal swamps and bleaching on burning plains. Their remains scatter to the four winds and roll with the heavy heaving of the sea, and, like the Rev. J. L. Lenhart, who once preached the Gospel in this city, who was the first ministerial victim of the war, and who went down with the old Cumberland, they will rise not till the sound of the last trump shall quicken the dead of ocean and earth. Let the flowers and odors of a silent and grateful remembrance, not only to-day, but forever, decorate the unknown resting-places of thousands of our fallen heroes.

On this Memorial Day we may, by a slight digression, cast a thought upon the fact that all our heroes are not sleeping in the dust of the earth: many of them endured to the end and were saved; many of them were saved so as by fire; many of them, when the conflict ceased, returned to their homes bearing noble scars; they are among us with pale faces, with shattered health, and with stumps of limbs. Who has not seen them on the corners of our streets discoursing the notes that led them on to victory and their brothers on to death? And whose heart has not softened with pity and gratitude as he has dropped his mite into the maimed soldier's till? Let our living heroes have a kindly recognition and a generous support.

We cannot stand by these graves; we cannot strew them with flowers; we cannot recall the soldiers' toils and sacrifices; we cannot glory in their achievements; we cannot fully express our gratitude, and leave out a warm remembrance of the dear ones that our soldier dead have left behind them. They have left the aged and childless, the widowed and lonely, the fatherless and sorrowing. Let not our gratitnde cease in the strewing of a few flowers annually, nor in the erection of proud monuments over the dead, nor in the payment of a small bounty, nor in the bestowment of a meager pension, nor in the erection of a few homes for the soldier's orphan; but let it be like the generous ocean, rolling on in ceaseless and expressive waves.

"Build high the monument! Their soldier graves
Crown with flowers. Let childhood's tender years
With beauty bend, lamenting o'er their dust,
And hallow deathless glory with their tears.
Then, on the skies the bright inscription read—
Their noblest monument is a nation freed."

After the conclusion of Mr. Neal's excellent speech the choir sung the closing hymn, and the benediction was pronounced.

CEREMONIES AT PLAINFIELD.

In pursuance to General Order No. 21 all of the soldiers' graves in the vicinity of Plainfield were decorated with flowers on Sunday afternoon, May 30.

The funeral procession formed in front of Second Presbyterian Church, on Front street, between 2 and 3 o'clock. Lieutenant Colonel William H. McMahon acted as marshal, with Lieutenant Frank Wells, Sergeant E. P. Thorn, and T. L. Reed, as assistants.

The ex-soldiers, about one hundred, and citizens were under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Rufus K. Case.

The ministers present, common council, and the ladies who were to decorate the graves, were provided with stages, and took their position at the head of the line of wagons.

At 3 o'clock Rev. James Bailey offered prayer, and the procession moved up Front street, through Water, to the Presbyterian Cemetery. In this ground lie six deceased soldiers.

The procession then moved through Chatham street, Somerset, down Front, through William, to Evergreen Cemetery, where lie nine deceased soldiers.

Arriving at the Methodist Cemetery were found three. In the Second Baptist, adjoining, lies Charles W. Toupet, Twenty-eighth New Jersey Volunteers.

The crowd in these last cemeteries was large, so that it was nearly impossible for the ladies to get to the graves.

The procession then marched up Seventh, through Union, to Seventh-Day Cemetery. Here lie buried four of the long list of America's noble sons.

The next cemetery visited was the Friends', near the depot. Here lie buried two. At this point, it being after 6 o'clock, the procession was dismissed by the benediction, pronounced by Chaplain L. C. Rogers, late Twenty-ninth New Jersey Volunteers.

A large portion of those present left for Scotch Plains, in carriages, where they strewed flowers upon the graves of three.

In the evening the Rev. D. J. Yerkes preached an able sermon upon the occasion to a very full house.

CEREMONIES AT SHILOH.

The ceremony of decoration was observed by the citizens of Shiloh on Sunday afternoon. At the appointed hour those intending to participate assembled at Dr. Gillette's Church, when that worthy divine delivered a fervent prayer, after which the procession formed in the following order, and proceeded to the Shiloh Cemetery: Martial music; surviving comrades of the dead; speakers; eight little girls, dressed in white; citizens. A beautiful floral arch spanned the entrance to the graveyard, on which was arranged in evergreens and flowers the motto, "Honor to the Fallen Braves." The national colors, heavily draped, were displayed at various points, and flowers appeared in rich profusion. Arriving at the first of the ten graves to be decorated, a speech was made, wherein was stated the history and character of the sleeping warrior, after which young ladies, with tender hands, placed garlands and bouquets on the grassy mound. This programme was carried out at each grave. The addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Gillette, Hon. C. Henry Sheppard, Messrs. O. U. Whitford, and John B. Huffman. In the meanwhile the drum corps beat a solemn requiem.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW MEXICO.

CEREMONIES AT SANTA FE.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NEW MEXICO,
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
SANTA FÉ, *May* 10, 1869.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic: On the 30th of May, 1868, was commenced a ceremony, commemorative of the brave dead who died that their country might live; a ceremony which it is hoped will never be permitted to become obsolete so long as the Union exists. This ceremony is nothing less than honoring our fallen comrades in arms—comrades who fell in defense of union and liberty, in contradistinction to disunion and slavery, during the late rebellion.

The 30th of May, 1869, approaches. General Order No. 21, current series, from headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic at Washington, recommends the re-decoration of the graves of the patriot dead of the war against rebellion upon the recurrence of the anniversary named, together with such other public observances as the comrades of the order may deem appropriate.

It is therefore recommended that in this department such steps be taken by the comrades of the order to decorate the graves of the heroic dead, and by other means exhibit our regard for their memory, as shall be most appropriate and best adapted to the circumstances of comrades in different localities; and, further, that comrades of the order residing permanently or temporarily in sections of the department where no posts of the Grand Army of the Republic exist, assume to themselves the solemn though graceful duty of decorating the graves of all fallen soldiers in their vicinity; by which means, though a dead brother in arms may sleep in a comparatively unknown grave, this testimony to his life and service to his country, and to his sacrifices for her withal,

shall indicate to the world that neither he nor it are forgotten by his former comrades in arms who still live.

By command of General H. H. Heath, commander department of New Mexico, Grand Army of the Republic.

WM. BREEDEN,
Assistant Adjutant General.

[Letter from General H. H. Heath.]

The circumstance of Memorial Day coming on the Sabbath very materially interfered with any elaborate commemoration ceremonies. Every comrade in the department felt the most ardent desire to honor the memories of the fallen braves of the war, but the fact named induced the decision to have simply a decoration of the monument in the plaza of this city erected to the memory of those who fell during the war in New Mexico and the graves of such as were in the vicinity of the comrades of the department.

The monument named was erected by the people of this Territory commemorative of those who fell in battle within its borders. It is a beautiful structure, about thirty-three feet in height, built of a hard gray sandstone. The base is some twelve feet high, and the shaft that rises upon it is twenty-one feet in height. Upon each of the four sides of the pedestal are large white marble slabs, six by four feet, upon which the following inscriptions are chiseled.

On the slab of the east side of the pedestal—

"Erected by the people of New Mexico, through their Legislatures of 1867, 1868. May the Union be perpetual."

On the south side—

"To the heroes of the Federal army who fell at the battle of Valverde, fought with rebels, February 21, 1862."

On the west slab—

"To the heroes of the Federal army who fell in the battles of Cañon del Apache, and Pigeons' Ranche, (La Glorieta,) fought with rebels March 28, 1862, and to those who fell in the battle fought with rebels at Perolta, April 15, 1862."

On the north face—

"To the heroes who have fallen in the various battles with the savage Indians of the Territory of New Mexico."

These inscriptions exhibit the fitness of decorating the

monument on Memorial Day, commemorative of our fallen comrades in every part of the Territory.

The morning of the 30th, a glorious Sabbath morning, revealed this sacred structure festooned with flowers and evergreens, from the base to the apex.

The pedestal was draped with the largest-sized American flag, in mourning, the monument itself being surmounted by another national flag, bearing upon its ample folds the initial letters of our order, "G. A. R." A regular detail of comrades had been made to guard the monument through the night, which at reveille was permanently relieved, and the emblems named remained in their positions until retreat of the same night, when the monument resumed its wonted appearance.

No report has been received from other parts of the Territory, and therefore I am unable to state whether the recommendations of the circular were carried out beyond this city. The adornment of the monument here raised, as it was to every soldier who fell in the Territory, was regarded and intended so to be as the token of commemoration to all. * *

H. H. HEATH,

Commander Provisional Department New Mexico,
Grand Army of the Republic.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK.

CEREMONIES AT ROCHESTER.

(Post No. 1.)

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday the sad, solemn, though beautiful custom of strewing the graves of the brave men who laid down their lives on the battle-field and in the hospital in support of the Government which they went forth to defend in the hour of need was observed all over our beautiful land. In regard to the origin of the custom in this country the Philadelphia Press says:

Though perhaps not acknowledged in so many words, it has been tacitly conceded that the southern people originated the beautiful custom, as far as America is concerned, at least, of decorating the graves of soldiers. The custom did originate in the South, but the graves most decorated were those of the dead of the Union army. It was a northern man, and, better than all, an original abolitionist, Mr. James Redpath, the present chief of the Boston Lyceum Bureau, better known from his association with "Old John Brown" and his connection with the Philadelphia, Boston, and New York newspapers as a correspondent, who less than four months after the fall of the city of Charleston, South Carolina, in February, 1863, decorated the graves of the Union heroes in that city. The ceremonies took place on May 1, 1865, and were performed by three thousand negro children and seven or eight hundred adults. It was a memorable day for the colored people of Charleston, as it was the first holiday they had ever enjoyed as a free people without supervision, and the first time that their own preachers were ever called upon to take the most conspicuous part in an imposing ceremony.

At the same time Mr. Redpath may be said to have originated the system of national cemeteries. He obtained permission of General Hatch to pull down certain buildings which had been erected by the rebels for the purpose of man-

ufacturing saltpeter, and, with the assistance of some two dozen colored carpenters, who volunteered their labor, he erected a fence around the lot where our soldiers had been huddled into long trenches. Mr. Redpath entered Charleston with General Gillmore early upon the morning of its fall, and remained there almost continually until the ensuing summer, laboring in many different ways for the improvement of the colored people in that hot-bed of rebellion. He established schools and founded orphan asylums, still, we believe, in existence. The graves decorated were those of Union soldiers who had been captured by the rebels, and who, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the confederate government—or, in other words, to become like those of the Union army who, to escape a captivity worse than death itself, had joined the ranks of the traitors, and were known as "galvanized Yankees"—had been deliberately starved to death and buried, or, more correctly speaking, thrown into deep pits upon the race-course. The enthusiasm manifested upon the occasion exceeded anything ever since seen in connection with demonstrations of this kind. We know our facts to be facts, for we have them direct from an eye-witness. Through the main streets of the city the immense procession of freed people marched, headed by Mr. Redpath, singing:

> "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
> But his soul is marching on!"

and rejoicing that "de day ob jubilee hab come at last." Let the credit be given then to James Redpath and the colored people of Charleston, South Carolina, for originating this holy custom.

In Rochester the original order, naming Sunday, the 30th, was adhered to, and the day was most appropriately and befittingly observed.

At about 2.30 o'clock, it being announced to the commanding officer, Colonel J. H. Reynolds, who with his staff stood in front of the court-house, that the line was formed, he ordered the bugle sounded, and the procession moved in the following order: Detachment of police; Generals Marshall and Powers and staff; Major General Williams and staff, including General C. F. Bissell, of Le Roy, of Governor Hoffman's staff; two express wagons, carrying the flowers; carriages containing the clergy who were to make the addresses; disabled soldiers from the hospitals in carryalls, several in number, together with one carryall devoted

to the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers; the Gray's Battalion Band; the Mænnerchor Singing Society; Grand Army of the Republic, one hundred and twenty-four men, (besides those who were in other organizations,) under the command of Captain Smith, (the standard-bearer being Thomas Wright, who has served eighteen years in the United States Army, and during the rebellion was a member of the Second United States Infantry;) Hancock Guards, (One Hundred and Eighth New York Volunteers,) Captain H. F. Richardson, commanding; Ryan Zouaves, (One Hundred and Fortieth New York Volunteers,) Captain John E. McDermott, commanding, (carrying in their muskets bouquets and provided with flowers with which to decorate all the graves of the dead of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment;) old Thirteenth, Captain F. A. Schœffel, commanding; Meagher Zouaves, Captain D. C. Feeley, commanding; De Graff's Military School, under the command of Captain C. Waydell; Brigadier General Clark and staff; Newman's Regimental Band; the Fifty-fourth Regiment N. G. S., N. Y., commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Westcott, consisting of all the companies of the regiment in good numbers, (those companies having other than State uniforms wore them;) carriages containing Mayor Smith, members of the common council, city and county officials, members of the Board of Education; Henrietta Cornet Band; Active Hose No. 2; Knights of St. Crispin, one hundred and fifty-seven men; the Turners' band; the Turn-Verein, marching by twos, the first six carrying a chain of flowers, which had been entwined to deposit on the grave of some departed member; the Swiss Society; St. John's Benevolent Association.

The procession was some twenty minutes passing a given point. The line of march was through Fitzhugh and Troup streets and Mount Hope avenue to Mount Hope.

Arriving, a most impressive and beautiful sight was presented to the gaze of the living multitude who preceded and joined in the procession. The arch above the entrance was tastefully decorated with the national flag, whose folds of treble hue, low hanging, received the colors lent by festoons of evergreens, while through and upon the living green, solemn in its blackness, was seen symbolic crape.

The vast audience became silent while the band rendered "Pleyel's Hymn." The Mænnerchor then chanted a funeral dirge, composed especially for the occasion by William Konheiser, a member of the Mænnerchor, entitled "Jehovah."

Ere the stillness was broken, Rev. George G. Lyon, formerly a major on General Sigel's staff, and at present pastor of the First Methodist Church, delivered the following beautiful address:

MR. LYON'S ADDRESS.

Comrades, Fellow-soldiers, and Citizens: We have assembled to commemorate the deeds of the brave and to decorate the graves of heroic dead. The dead whom sorrowing hearts consigned to these graves needed no rest and are not here. Though dead they still live, and their life is our life and our hope. The flowers which we scatter here to-day are tokens of our love for the departed, and emblems of our faith in the perpetual fragrance of their patriotic devotion. The fearful conflict through which they passed, the earnest consecration which they made, and the sacred inheritance which they confirmed to us, stand in our presence to-day. The field of operations was the domain of the republic, covering half a continent, and the stake at issue was the liberty of humanity, and the practicability of the government of man by man, as distinguished from monarchy. No nation was unconcerned, and no man could creditably be an idle spectator. It was the aristocracy of the ages wrestling with the stripling democracy of the present century. It was the mighty past, with its venerated relics of barbarism and its haughty conservatism, arrayed against modern civilization and human progress. The world was poised in the balance, and the inclination of the beam was to decide the life of the great American republic and the destiny of all nations. Thanks to the heroic living and the martyr dead the nation was preserved in its integrity, and the Union was proclaimed "one and inseparable, now and forever."

At these graves desponding hopes are rekindled, and the united flame of our enthusiastic confidence in the manifest destiny of our country attracts the attention of the nations, inspires the oppressed of every land with faith in the achievement of their earnest longings, and threatens the overthrow of tyranny and the destruction of tyrants on the face of the whole earth.

The distinguishing and the ennobling characteristics of our nation are the recognition and assertion of the sovereign

rights of man as man, and human exaltation over hereditary castes and official dignities; and these are the boasts and renown of American citizens, and secure to them higher respect than any monarch of earth is entitled to by virtue of his pedigree or his position. True nobility inheres in the man, and not in his lineage nor in his perfections. These ennobling principles are enshrined in our Declaration of Independence, and pervade the heart of every American, native or foreign born.

They have been made conspicuous by our prosperity and our struggle; they are the secret of our eminence; they secured us sympathy in our final triumph. It was antagonism to these elevating principles of humanity that constituted the "irrepressible conflict," which harassed and degraded the nation for three quarters of a century; and it was where the aristocratic attachment to caste was cherished that rebellion was engendered and fostered and broke out in horrid war. The foreign-born American is drawn to this republic by these sentiments of fraternity, equality, and liberty; and the thousands of Irish and German and other emigrants who were enrolled in the ranks of our army, as soon as they landed on our shores, were as well prepared to do battle for these principles as the descendants of our Pilgrim fathers, and fought as well and as heroically, because their souls were fired by the stirring convictions of the individual worth and the personal equality of man.

These principles are germane to this nation, because they are embodied in its constitution and exemplified in its life; but they did not originate in America. They are the offspring of the Divine mind, and were revealed from heaven. They inhere to humanity by virtue of its creation in the image of its Maker, and must constitute the major premise of all political progress, and will create an irrepressible conflict in every community until they are adopted by every government of earth, and until every political movement and every legislative enactment are their beneficent sequence.

There is logic in the march of human events, because there is logic in human nature, and divine principles which are adapted and essential to all mankind must become universal. They may demand the entire consecration of heart, and that they be adhered to and propagated, even at the sacrifice of life, if necessary; and this is the justification of the North, and gives the title of holy to the war which it waged; and this, too, makes sacred ground of the cemeteries of our soldier dead, and hallows their names and their deeds in the hearts of the loyal living.

The Grand Army of the Republic—soldiers and sailors

living and dead—was intrusted in the hour of peril with the great commission of rescuing these principles, the Pallas which ennobled the nation, and whose citizens were its conspicuous defenders before all men, and on the preservation of which depended the life of the nation from shameful and violent destruction. It consisted of a million of freemen, who were as one man in bivouac and battle-field, and who surprised the world in its organization and achievements. Their hardships in marches and marshes, under broiling suns and wintry winds; their perils by sea and land, exposed to the raging of the elements and the shock of the army; their sufferings in the hospitals, prison-pens, and fields of carnage; their friendships around the camp-fires and their firmness under deadly fire; their courage in reverses and their triumph in victories, have united them together as a band of brothers, have enshrined American loyalty as the model of human patriotism, have inspired the down-trodden of all nations with confidence in the permanence of republican institutions, and with courage to achieve them, and have endeared them to their own nation as its beloved saviours.

Having been trusted in peril and found sufficient, the Grand Army can be trusted in peace, and will be found not wanting. Disbanded in a day, these one million men turned their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and engaged in the pursuits of peace. Contrary to all precedent and prophecy, they instantly abandoned the profession of arms, in which they had perfected themselves, for the labors of the farm and workshop, the store and the school, the press and the pulpit, for which their hearts longed, but for which their hands were unsteady. This was the grandest conquest of the grand army—the conquest of itself—and has astonished the world more than its unheard-of hardships, its unparalleled bravery, or its greatest victories.

To-day hundreds of thousands of these men of war are organized into an army of peace, pledged, however, to respond on a minute's call to the note of alarm, to promote fraternity, equality, liberty; to protect the destitute widows and helpless orphans of their comrades, who, though dead, still live in their living, loving hearts; to secure employment and honor to the disabled and deserving of their ranks, and to furnish homes for the homeless ones. Such is the Grand Army of the Republic to-day, organized and equipped on a peace footing, and their assemblage in the cemeteries of the land to-day, to decorate the graves of their fallen comrades, is a renewal of their oath to be true to their memory, to their country, and to their God. The grand army triumphed in

war, and is now making its conquests in peace, and by its handiwork is completing and ornamenting this grand republican structure, whose new foundation-stones were laid with their own hands, and firmly cemented with the blood of their own dead. But let us remember that we are as dependent upon our Heavenly Father for wisdom, and for the graces of forbearance and industry and perseverance in the midst of peace and prosperity, as we were upon the Almighty arm for strength, when

"Troubles assailed, and dangers affrighted."

The motto which the Moslem conquerors emblazoned upon their most gorgeous structures in the days of their greatest renown, and in the dominions which their arms had subdued, was,

"There is no conqueror but God;"

and the motto of the Grand Army of the Republic, in these days wherein it is reaping the fruits of its victories and exhibiting to the world the glory of its conquest over itself, is

"In God we trust."

Let this be the emblem on the *labarums* of the Grand Army and of all the departments and posts, and the distinguishing principles of our republic will bless all nations and ennoble all peoples. And this is distinctively the great commission of the Grand Army, to be the propagandist of those distinguishing political principles which make Americans the most honored in all lands, and their government the pride of all liberty-loving people. And as it is our high mission, so let us esteem it our high honor, first to transmit these principles unsullied to our children; and, second, to recommend and urge their adoption, and foster their growth and their strength, by all our influence and power, to all people and to the end of the earth. Let us plant and water, and do all that we have to do faithfully and earnestly, and God will give the increase in his own good time and in his own abundant measure. At these graves let us once more renew the oath of fidelity to each other, to our dead comrades, to our country, and to our God, who gave us the victory, and who will crown us with honor and great glory.

At the conclusion of the address the Orpheus Glee Club sang, "Rest, Spirit, Rest," sweetly and with fine effect.

Through the wise forethought of Superintendent Stillson the cemetery was divided into eight sections, to each of which were apportioned men to see that the graves were decorated. Flowers were strewn over the graves of five revolutionary

soldiers, whose ashes are deposited in these grounds. The graves of Miss Peterson and Mrs. John Bowen, who came to their deaths while doing noble service in the hospitals, were also remembered.

The ceremony of decorating occupied about half an hour, when the "assembly" was sounded, the line was re-formed, and the march taken up for The Pinnacle, where rest the remains of a portion of the soldiers who represented Rochester in the rebellion. Over the arched gateways were entwined the American colors draped in mourning. The soldiery formed around the lot where are deposited the remains of Colonel O'Rourke. A small platform was erected in this lot, and the Mænnerchor and Hadley's Band were stationed in the rear. They, and the five solo instruments of the Grays' Battalion Band, led by Willis Hadley, were listened to by the thousands who filled every elevated position. At this cemetery the exercises were commenced by music by the Grays' Battalion Band, followed by the dirge "Jehovah" by the Mænnerchor, as at Mt. Hope. The Orpheus Glee Club sang "Rest, Spirit, Rest." After which came

REV. FATHER BYRNE'S ADDRESS.

We have assembled here to-day to solemnize the anniversary of decorating the soldiers' graves. We have come fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, widows, orphans, brothers, sisters, relatives, friends, and strangers—a grand army of mourners has come to visit to-day this city of the silent dead, prompted by no wordly spirit of irreverence or idle curiosity, but inspired with motives dictated by religion, and the holiest instincts of our nature, to do honor to the memory of our country's patriotic dead. Yes, we have come to strew with choicest flowers their hallowed graves, to bedew their mounds with affection's holy tear, to breathe with fervent lips and loving hearts devotion's hopeful prayer for their tranquil and happy repose. What more befitting tribute could be offered at the shrines of the good, the true, and the brave, who sacrificed their lives for the public good, who fought and bled and died to uphold our Constitution, maintain the Union, and emancipate the slave?

Proceed with your love-breathing ceremony, you who cherish fond remembrance for the patriotic dead. Strew with lovely flowers every soldiers's grave, water them with

your holy tears, and oh, far better still, pray that the Lord of Hosts may have mercy on their souls. The great heart of the nation sympathizes with you in this festive commemoration. From gulf to gulf, from ocean to ocean, in one spontaneous throb, she bears testimony to the noble deeds of valor, self-sacrifice, and patrotism which characterized these heroic defenders of our common inheritance, our beloved country. Munificent as she has been, she is not content with rearing to their memory the lofty column, and adorning it with suitable emblems; not satisfied with inscribing their names and immortal deeds of bravery on the proud pages of her history. No, she goes still farther in her acknowledgment of their noble services, and with sentiments of profoundest emotion, sincerest gratitude, and holiest veneration, she visits to-day each mound consecrated to the ashes of the soldier, to pay to each the tribute of her sweetest remembrance, of her undying gratefulness. She qualifies the mimicry of sculptured marble as a poor substitute for their memorable deeds. These earthly memorials shall in a little while be obliterated. Characters cut with a pen of iron and committed to the solid rock shall ere long cease to be legible. The true memorial of the excellence of these sleeping patriots is written indelibly on the tablets of the nation's heart. Our heroes have built themselves a monument of gratitude in the hearts of the people, a monument more enduring and indestructible than granite or marble wrought with hammer or chisel into formidable magnificence. Who of us that stands here to-day, surrounded by these awful and melancholy memorials of the valiant dead, does not feel his soul inflamed with gratitude and reverence? Who does not realize that he owes this undying tribute of honor and veneration to the memories of those whom noble ambition and love of country inspired to sever the precious and sacred ties of peaceful domestic association; to quit their happy and quiet homes, bidding a lasting farewell to all that was dear to them next to their country, to encounter the fatigues of a long and difficult march, to engage in deadly conflict with sullen foes, to stand living ramparts before the roaring cannon's fiery mouth as so many targets to be riddled through and through by well-directed bullets or lacerated and cut to pieces by shot and shell, to fall gallantly like heroes on the bloody battle-field, facing the enemy, and bleeding out of every pore their crimson life-blood! And why all this? To open for us the pathway to peace, prosperity, freedom, and happiness. Were it not for their noble and undaunted interposition we would now stand a conquered people, the opprobrium and scoff of the nations of the world. But, thanks to

the God of armies, He blessed their prowess with victory, and we who enjoy the blessings purchased by their blood cannot, must not, be unmindful of their sacred memories.

Let, then, each annual recurrence of this floral decoration of their graves show forth to the world that America, the greatest nation on the earth, is foremost as a nation to do honor to her patriotic dead; that she consecrates a day to the solemn, religious remembrance of the immortal achievements of her departed heroes, and pays an appropriate annual tribute of gratitude and love to departed worth. The honors paid to-day to the memory of the fallen will be a just and powerful incentive to those who survive this present epoch of comparative tranquillity and peace to emulate their patriotism and noble deeds of valor; and whenever again, in the future of our beloved country, the cry "to arms!" shall summon the nation to prepare for the horrors of another war, then will the young men, the sinew and muscle of the land, bravely step forward to walk in their footsteps, and, if needs be, offer themselves victims of sacrificial devotedness to the nation's weal. Then again shall the nation, taught by our example, speak, as she does to-day, in love's truest language, in the language of flowers; then shall the habitation of the country's slain be visited by an army of the living, when affection's hand will strew their grassy mounds with flowers, and loving eyes shed tears to moisten those sepulchral clods, and the supplication of the priest ascend to the throne above in the beautiful and time-honored liturgy of the church, when he shall recite, as I do now, the 129th Psalm, *De Profundis*, for the happy repose of their souls.

The same tribute that was offered to the memory of Colonel O'Rourke, on Decoration Day last year by General Williams, was repeated yesterday—the general depositing a cross upon the mound, and soliciting a prayer by Father Byrne, who offered the following:

Grant, O Lord, to the souls of the faithful and patriotic dead the remission of their sins, that through pious supplications they may obtain that pardon which they have always desired, through Jesus Christ our Lord: Amen.

Then followed the same order of proceedings observed at Mt. Hope, the graves being visited and appropriately decorated by soldiers and friends.

This concluded, the line of march was resumed, and the procession returned to the city.

The whole number of graves decorated was one hundred

and ninety-seven, as follows: Mount Hope Cemetery, one hundred and thirty-four; Pinnacle Cemetery, forty-five; St. Peter's Cemetery, eight; St. Joseph's Cemetery, seven; Henrietta burying-ground, three.

CEREMONIES AT BUFFALO.

(CHAPIN POST No. 2.)

In the morning the members of Post Chapin assembled at the mayor's office at an early hour, procured supplies of flowers, and, in detachments, under charge of Colonel Hay, Major Cook, and Captain Scheffer, visited the smaller cemeteries in the city and its suburbs, Forest Lawn being reserved for the grand demonstration in the afternoon.

AT FOREST LAWN.

The interest culminated in the proceedings at this cemetery in the afternoon.

The procession was formed on the corner of Church and Franklin streets, about 2 p. m., in the following order: Detachment of eight policemen, under Captain Sheridan; Wahle's Band; Marshal Atkins and aid; five companies of the Seventy-fourth Regiment; the Sixty-fifth Regiment; Company G of the First United States Infantry, unarmed; Kehr's Band; Company K of the Seventy-fourth Regiment, with the battle-flags of the One Hundredth Regiment; Grand Army of the Republic; wagon with large memorial banner; wagon with veterans of the war of 1812; wagon filled with flowers; Liedertafel and Continental societies in a wagon; carriage containing Mayor Rogers, Chaplain Chapin, and the orator and poet of the day; carriages containing officers of the Regular Army, members of the common council, and city officials.

The route of the procession was through Niagara to Delaware street, and up Delaware to the cemetery.

The sight was very beautiful as the procession, the soldiers marching with reversed arms, wound through the shaded avenues and up and down the slopes of Forest Lawn. A

halt was made in an open space near the center of the old portion of the cemetery, and here the funeral exercises took place.

Wahle's Band played a solemn dirge, after which an earnest and appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. L. H. Chapin. The choir, selected from the Liedertafel and Continental societies, and led by Prof. Groscurth, then sung the following hymn, words composed by Henry Sage, esq.:

What means this march, with its solemn tread,
Amidst the graves of the honored dead?
'T is the army grand, who tribute bring
Of choicest flowers of the early spring.

Who breaks the sleep of this silent hour
With songs so solemn, of depth and power?
'Tis a nation's sons, who tribute bring
Of choicest flowers of the early spring.

What sound comes down upon the gale,
With measured beat through the misty vale?
'T is the comrades' chant, who tribute bring
Of choicest flowers of the early spring.

After the hymn, Hon. A. P. Nichols, the orator of the day, was introduced, and pronounced the following brief

ORATION.

Comrades and Friends of our Fallen Soldiers: In all our national history there is nothing, as it seems to me, which so stirs the imagination or reaches down and opens deeper fountains of feeling, or makes the heart throb with nobler emotions, than this annual uprising of surviving comrades and friends to pay affectionate tribute to the memory of our patriotic and heroic dead. The simple pathos of the scene comes home to every bosom. No one is outside the sympathetic circle. You, the survivors, call up before you, as in life, your dead brothers in arms. Again you see the flashing eye and eager step as they strode on to death, whether in victory or defeat; again see the wan features and wasted forms of those stricken down by disease, brave and patient in suffering, and denied the sweet privilege of laying down life in the shock of battle; and, as they thus pass before you, you remember them with a love that shall not decay or grow cold till your own hearts cease to beat. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sons and daughters, are smitten again, as by a fresh blow on the heart, as here they realize anew how their dearest and truest went down in the fiery strife. The universal heart of the land beats again to-day almost to

bursting. On such an occasion many words are unnecessary. A few only, and they simple and earnest, are in keeping with the solemnities of the hour. The commemoration of a great grief like this, which overshadows a whole people, should be almost in silence. Our reverent thoughts and grateful remembrance are the highest tribute to these noble dead. And this token of heartfelt respect and tenderest recollection, which, as with a brother's hand, we lay on their graves, is but the outward expression of an instinct of the human heart. It is the highest earthly consolation in our bereavement. We must do something to testify our love, and in our extremity we instinctively turn to these outward demonstrations to beautify and make sacred their last resting-place. It has always been so. More than a hundred years ago an English poet thus spoke of the sanctities which keep faithful watch over the slain soldiers' ashes:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There honor comes, a pilgram gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

Nor are these demonstrations mere sentiment. They are of highest and most enduring worth. They discipline and elevate; they feed the fires of heroism and foster and keep alive that spirit of unselfish devotion to country which we call patriotism. And where does human nature show a brighter or a higher aspect than in its love for nation or adopted land? How in all time the world rings with the power of its high examples. Long years before the birth of the Saviour a heathen Roman wrote, "It is sweet and pleasant to die for one's country." These words touched so true a key in the human heart, that they were caught up and embalmed in the popular mind, and have been handed down from age to age as a part of the common faith and heritage of mankind. To-day we recognize their truth and value. It is and ever has been to the noble and exalted mind sweet and pleasant to die for one's country, and to those so gifted civilization and liberty owe a priceless debt. Honor, all honor, to those who laid down their lives for our country. To-day by these our offerings we recognize the obligation. We cannot hope to cancel it. Not to us only, but to the

enduring future as well, does this duty belong. Not one grave shall go forgotten. Wherever they fell, on land or on sea, by the bullet or by sickness, on picket-line or in the hot and headlong charge—in the name of and for each and all we cast our garlands on these graves. It is for ourselves we do it; not for them. Beneath these grassy mounds they heed us not. Their breasts are pulseless; but for very love of the heritage they left us, sealed by their blood, we must do by these votive wreaths this public honor to their memories. Suffering alike in making the great sacrifice, they are alike dear to us. Officer, subaltern, and private rank as equals on the rolls of this noble army of martyrs. They are one in our regard. They pass in silence in review before us. What multitudes of spectral forms: fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, and a little apart are the pale shadows of broken-hearted mothers, wives, and daughters. Nor banner, nor drum, nor trumpet is in advance of the countless host. In silence we salute them by draping their graves with flowers. We embalm their memories in our hearts and bequeath their fame to the chivalric guardianship of all coming time.

The oration of Senator Nichols was followed by an original hymn, sung by the choir, words composed by Henry Sage, esq.

Anson G. Chester, esq., was next introduced, and read the poem which appears below.

Bend o'er us in thy love and tenderness,
O calm and sweet and tranquil sky of May,
For sweet and tender is the sacred work
That love performs to-day.

And, O ye birds, let plaintive songs alone
Fall, with their mournful numbers, on our ears—
This is the fitting time for plaintiveness,
And this the place for tears.

Breathe gently, O ye breezes, as ye pass,
Fresh from the sea, above these treasured mounds—
Let no disturbing clamor dare invade
These consecrated grounds.

Here, in this quiet chamber of the dead,
Amid the sweet and hallowed Sabbath hours,
We lay our hearts upon these honored graves
And cover them with flowers.

The graves of those who tone and temper lent,
And triumph gave, to many a sturdy fight;
Of those who fell in duty's lofty cause
And nobly died for right.

O tell them how we all remember them,
  O tell them that we miss and mourn them yet,
Green myrtle, loving pansy, violet fair,
    And rose and mignonette.

How every name is cherished in our breasts,
  And every bold attempt and dauntless deed—
That freedom keeps the memory of her sons
    Who served her in her need.

That as within the tiny seed is wrapped
  The future strength and glory of the tree,
So is the martyred patriot's martyr blood
    The seed of liberty.

That as, to-day, we deck their peaceful graves
  In token of our gratitude and grief,
A benediction hallows every flower—
    A blessing every leaf.

That those who nobly do, as they have done,
  That those who grandly die, as they have died,
Within our grateful hearts and grateful thoughts
    Forever shall abide.

Nor only in our thoughts and in our hearts
  Shall their remembrance like an odor dwell—
Columbia loves the fame her heroes wrought,
    And she will guard it well.

While on the graves where sleep the gallant dead
  We place memorial wreaths and garlands fair,
We lay upon the altar of our God
    The amaranths of prayer.

We plead that never in our land again
  The bugle-blast of vengeful war may ring—
That peace may fold us as a bird its brood,
    Beneath its sheltering wing.

That into plowshares may our swords be turned,
  And into peaceful pruning-hooks our spears—
That love and godliness may be the creed
    That sweetens all the years.

So shall the nation, chastened in the past,
  Grow great and glorious with advancing time—
For godliness and love alone can make
    A nation's life sublime.

A dirge by the band and the doxology, pronounced by Rev. Mr. Chapin, concluded the exercises.

The afternoon was now far worn, and the duty for which the gathering was assembled was at once entered upon. The experience of last year made the task comparatively light. Each soldier's grave had been marked with a tiny flag, and there was no difficulty in ascertaining their locality. The ceremony was simple, the name of him who lay below being

quietly announced, and the flowers strewn upon the mound that marked his resting-place.

CEREMONIES AT ALBANY.

(Lewis Benedict Post No. 5.)

Post No. 5 assembled at their rooms at 1.30 o'clock, and proceeded to the depot, under the escort of Companies E and I, of the Tenth Regiment, in their handsome Zouave uniforms, the one of blue and the other of red. The commissioned officers of the Twenty-fifth Regiment also accompanied them, and Schreiber's Band preceded the procession. They reached the cemetery shortly after 3 o'clock, and arriving at the soldiers' plot, found a vast throng already awaiting them. A platform had been erected just west of the graves, at the junction of several roads, where the exercises took place.

General Frank Chamberlain, who acted as grand marshal, presided. The exercises began with an impressive prayer by Rev. A. A. Farr, chaplain of Post 5. The opening hymn followed. The following beautiful poem, written by Miss Margaret F. Morgan, was then read by Mr. H. H. Boone, who prefaced the reading with the following words:

Friends of the Fallen Heroes: I have come to place upon the graves of our patriot dead a wreath of poetry written by Miss Margaret F. Morgan, one of the daughters of the republic. I am not able to lay the beautiful garland there so tenderly as she would do, for woman's hand can give a gentler touch than that of man in deeds of love and goodness. No wonder, therefore, that as I attempt to give voice to the inspiration of her soul, my heart falters as I enter on the work assigned for me to do:

OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Friends, come with slower step anear
And softer voice, for they are near
Who bore our victor eagles proud,
And vanished in the battle cloud—
For honor guards this sacred ground,
A sentinel on his march around.

Too late, save on this holy spot,
To show that we forget them not;
The heart's regret, the dole of flowers,
How futile seem these gifts of ours—
Alas! so cold and unaware,
They reck not that we think or care.

No bugle-call, nor roll of drum,
No warning cry, "They come! they come!"
No "Forward march," with hoarse repeat,
Can stir the weary, weary feet.
His work is done, his rest how deep,
The soldier now has time to sleep!

What was his work? Oh fearful sum!
When senates paled, and courts were dumb,
To stand amid the conflict dire,
A bulwark firm, a wall of fire,
Give heart, give home, what life could yield,
But save the young republic's shield.

O, peace, thou vision—rainbow form!
Sweet genius of the cloud and storm—
Fair field with golden grain anew,
White fleets upon the dreamy blue,
Transforming all, save our regret,
Thou canst not teach us to forget!

'Neath many, many cottage eaves,
From lattice with its veil of leaves,
The mourner's eyes from habit stray
For hope adown the dusty way;
Then go about the day's employ,
And seek no more the soldier boy.

O, bells, from gleaming spires around,
Come join with soft consent of sound,
And tell thro' all the starry West,
The hallowed places where they rest;
That willing ones our work may share,
And lay a tribute garland there.

May go to woodlands far way,
And meadows all alight with May—
May ask the summer for her part,
The bright thoughts all from out her heart,
And plant her rose and lily rare,
A tender, sweet memorial there.

O, birds to other climes that wing,
Repeat the story as ye sing,
That ye have found no brighter green,
No softer shade, no rarer sheen,
Than that which fair Columbia spread
Above her honored patriot dead.

The beautiful hymn by Miss Mary C. Topp was sung, and Mr. Charles E. Smith then delivered the following oration:

ORATION BY MR. CHARLES E. SMITH.

Veterans of the Grand Army, Ladies, and Gentlemen: When Demosthenes, in the celebrated oration on the crown, sought to inspire his countrymen with zeal for the independence and liberty of their native land, he pronounced that sublime adjuration: "I swear it by your forefathers who rushed upon destruction at Marathon, and by those who stood in battle array at Platæa, and those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis, and by the warriors of Artemisium, and by all the others who now repose in the sepulchers of the nation—gallant men." This simple but majestic oath, sworn by the memory of the nation's dead, has been the subject of just admiration through all succeeding ages. There is, indeed, wonderful inspiration in the glorious thought. The heroes of Marathon and Platæa had died in defense of their country. The names of these battles were inscribed upon the proudest page of her history. The memory of those who perished upon the bloody fields was cherished with reverent and undying affection. And when the peerless orator conjured his countrymen to remain true to the cause for which they laid down their lives, he touched a mystic chord which thrilled and vibrated through every patriotic heart.

In all ages and lands the unselfish heroism of those who have sacrificed themselves for their country's liberty has been the kindling inspiration of eloquence, of poetry, and of patriotic fervor. It inspired the muse of Collins in his beautiful ode upon the sleep of the brave. It inflamed the burning enthusiasm of Chatham, whose favorite theme was the greatness of his country and the glory of her defenders. It evoked the majestic eloquence of Webster, who marshaled the memorable names of the Revolution in glittering troop upon the field of Bunker Hill. And to-day, animated by a kindred feeling, we gather in these sacred precincts, where the solemnities of art harmonize with the beauties of nature, to offer our grateful tribute to the heroes of our own homes and the mourned of our own firesides. We stand in the midst of precious dust. These graves, humble though they be, inclose within their dark portals the revered forms of the noble men who yielded their lives in their country's cause. We come to honor their memory. They are the heroes of our Marathon and our Platæa. The storied pages of the past, the moving voice of eloquence, the stirring song of poetry, present no brighter glory than the faithful lives and the heroic deaths which shed a halo over this hallowed spot. In the greatness of the cause for which they fought, in the purity of the patriotism which inspired their hearts, in the

dauntlessness of the valor which nerved their arms, and in the magnitude and value of the results which they and their comrades achieved, they take their rank among the worthiest and best of the world's elect. Perhaps we live too near these gallant dead to measure the true nobility of their natures. They were our friends and familiar companions. They shared the toils of the camp and the march with you who survive. History, with its calm, clear vision, will distinguish them from the incidents and the smoke by which they are surrounded, and will lift them upon the full pedestal of honor which is justly theirs. But while we are far from insensible to their historic glory, we come rather with that peculiar feeling which is kindled by personal association and by the sense of personal loss; with the love that mourns and the sentiment that weeps. We come with soft step and reverent mien, with the impulse of affection and the prompting of homage. We come upon this bright, closing day of spring, to scatter sweet flowers upon their graves; and, as nature bursts out from the snowy cerements of winter into verdant and blossoming loveliness, so shall our tribute be renewed with each bright spring-time, and so shall their glory be quickened and revived from the darkness of the tomb.

It is difficult to express the emotions of this hour, and to realize the true grandeur of this scene. How suggestive is this hallowed spot! How much history is wrapped up in these silent mounds! Here lies one who climbed the gory heights of Lookout Mountain and fought on the rugged sides of Kenesaw; who engaged in the fierce contests around Atlanta, and followed the banner of Sherman in the bold march to the sea. There lies one who stood in the serried ranks on the brow of Cemetery Hill; who saw the steady and threatening onset of Pickett's division, and, meeting it with his comrades in the thickest of the fray, fell even as the shouts of victory proclaimed that the tide of war had turned at Gettysburg. Yonder lies one whose exalted glory it was to serve with Sheridan in the Shenandoah, and who, under his inspiring leadership, aided in wresting victory from the very jaws of defeat. There reposes one who went through the tempestuous storm of shot and shell under which the Union fleet passed the belching forts of the Mississippi, and who was fired with heroic enthusiasm as he watched his intrepid leader lashed to the mast in the harbor of Mobile. There by his side is another, who followed the indomitable Grant through the tangled thickets of the Wilderness and stood foremost in the gallant onset at Spottsylvania, who watched for weary days in the trenches before Petersburg,

and witnessed at Appomattox the final fall of the rebellion. And there, too, is one whose story includes a different and sadder experience, who suffered the fearful tortures of Belle Isle, patiently enduring worse than barbarous cruelty, uncomplainingly submitting to hardships more terrible than death itself, and coming forth weak, thin, emaciated, telling in his wan and haggard looks a story more dreadful than words can portray, yet still burning with a fervid patriotism and still ready to bear his country's flag aloft. Let us come into this sacred presence with heads uncovered. These are the nation's heroes. These are the defenders of its honor. These are of the men who saved its life. In the glorious cause to which they consecrated themselves they lost their own lives, but they are enshrined in the nation's memory, and their proud mausoleum is the nation's heart.

Aye, freedom, triumphant through the struggle of their lives, weeps at the sorrow of their death. But it is in harmony with the great laws of our being. The sweat of agony and the sacrifice of blood is the price of the good. *Via crucis via lucis*—the way of blood is the way of light. English freedom cost the dear sacrifice of Hampden. The larger liberty of the present age was achieved through the fearful convulsions which shook European society to its very foundation at the close of the eighteenth century. The establishment of our own independence was won through the hot struggle of Monmouth, and the bloody snows of Valley Forge. This law of compensations is as poignant in its penalties as it is glorious in its rewards. Our matchless victories were purchased with matchless blood. The sturdy Lyon, the dashing Kearney, the brilliant McPherson, the sterling Sedgwick, the humane and noble Wadsworth—where are they? Where that beloved and revered chieftian, whom no disaster could dishearten, and no difficulty discourage, who embodied in his own patient and patriotic nature, and expressed in his own rugged and earnest leadership, and symbolized in his own simple greatness, the reserved power, the inflexible purpose, and the hopeful faith of the nation—the sainted Lincoln, where is he? And where, too, are those who went from our own midst, bearing the special benediction of our love and the special honor of our pride—Mitchell, Benedict, Frisby, and Jackson, Wilson, Strong, Tremain, and Dawson—where are they? Nor is this roll of honor and this list of sacrifices confined to those who bore the badge of command. The beauty of this votive offering is that it honors the humblest soldier of the ranks. Every man who wore the nation's blue, who patiently marched under the midday sun and paced at night the lonely sentinel's beat,

who stood unblenched in the waves of battle and bore the flag in the fiery rain of shot and shell—every soldier in the ranks, whether his name be particularly blazoned upon the lustrous scroll or not, is found upon the muster-roll of the nation's heroes and upon the tablet of the nation's affection.

I need not conjure you to remain faithful to the cause in which they died. Your past is the pledge of you future. Many of you fought by their side. You went through the same campaigns. You fought upon the same bloody fields. Perchance you lay in the same hospitals. This occasion is consecrated to the memory of the dead, but let me turn for a moment to the living. Soldiers of the Grand Army! It is your proud distinction to have fought in the war for the Union. You bear a badge more honorable than the gaudy emblems of chivalry. You gave yourselves to the sacred cause, and though by a merciful Providence you were spared to see the rich fruits of your bloody toil, you yet, like your departed comrades, hazarded your lives in the trembling scale. Your country honors these comrades who lie beneath the sod, but in honoring them she would not forget you who survive. She recognizes you as pre-eminently her sons, and leans upon your stalwart arms as you have taught her she may. You have gone unmoved through storms of fire, but I read in your faces the deep emotion which agitates you to-day. You come with fraternal regard to offer a tribute to your fallen brothers. You come with beautiful thought, to crown the graves of the silent dead. Silent, did I say? Nay, not silent. These mute and sealed lips are eloquent in speech; these buried braves are, indeed, the real orators of the day. Speak, ye gallant dead! and teach us the impressive lesson of patriotic sacrifice. Speak, and inspire us with your own fervid devotion to our common land. Speak, and swear us, by the memory of your own glorious deeds, to be true to the flag you loved. And as we hear this solemn voice coming to us from the depths of the patriots' graves, let us swear by those who fell in the sacred cause, by the tender memory of the martyred Lincoln, by the shades of those who sleep in these tombs around us, that we will ever cherish liberty and Union.

And now, let the loving duty of the day be discharged. Let the graves of your fallen comrades be strewn with the sweet, fresh flowers of spring. Let amaranthine jewels encircle every patriot brow. Bring the bright garlands of May. Bring the floral cross which shall symbolize their precious sacrifice. Bring the ivy wreath which shall serve as the crown of their glory. Bring flowers of every hue—the red, token of their poured-out blood; the white, emblem of the

purity of their patriotism; the blue, sym bol of the fidelity of their devotion—the red, white, and blue constituting together the immortal colors of the flag they loved. And let these votive offerings, fresh with the beauty of nature, fragrant with the sweet breath of love, blessed with a warmer gratitude than marble shaft can convey, be cast at the feet of those who slumber around us: for

> These are the patriot brave, who side by side
> Stood to their arms, and dash'd the foeman's pride:
> Firm in their valor, prodigal of life,
> Hades they chose, the arbiter of strife;
> They fought, they bled, and on their country's breast
> (Such was the doom of Heaven) these warriors rest.

After the closing hymn the decoration of the graves took place. The plot which they covered in successive lines was guarded by detachments of soldiers. Every grave was marked by a flag, bearing the letters "G. A. R." The members of Post 5, laden with flowers, stood at the heads of the graves, and, while the band played a solemn dirge, deposited their floral beauties upon each.

After the graves upon the main lot had been strewn, detachments of Post 5 were sent to strew those located in other parts of the cemetery. The decoration having been completed, the throng gathered at the lodge, where a brief address was delivered by the Rev. J. Peddie. The benediction was then pronounced, and the crowd dispersed to the depot.

CEREMONIES AT ELMIRA.

(Baldwin Post No. 6)

The members of this post deemed it advisable to select Monday, May 31, for their services.

The post assembled at 2 p. m. on Lake street, in front of its encampment rooms.

Order of procession: One Hundred and Tenth New York State N. G. Band; Grand Army of the Republic and invited soldiers of the late war and war of 1812; carriage with acting chaplain and orator of the day; carriages with common council; citizens generally.

Line of march: Down Lake street to Water, up Water to

Main, up Main to Sixth street, up Sixth to Walnut, up Walnut to Woodlawn Cemetery.

The ceremony of decorating the graves of about two hundred and fifty of our brave fallen brothers was observed under the command of Comrade G. L. Smith, colonel commanding.

It was estimated that there were about three thousand persons present, and the scene was indeed an imposing one. Stores, shops, post office, offices, and all other places of business were closed in honor of the occasion.

After the decorating of graves was finished the following order of exercises was observed: Music by band; prayer by acting chaplain, Rev. W. A. Hitchcock; decoration hymn; oration by Comrade Seymour Dexter; music by band; benediction.

Returning in same order, the procession marched down Walnut street to Church, down Church to Lake, and down Lake to encampment rooms, where, there being no further business, the comrades were dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT SYRACUSE.

(Post No. 7.)

The ceremonies on the occasion of the decoration of the graves, taking place on Sunday afternoon, were carried out in accordance with the previously-announced programme. All being in readiness, the procession was formed, under the supervision of the marshal, Major General John J. Peck.

The following was the order of procession: Detail of police, eighteen strong, marching nine abreast; Syracuse City Band, under the lead of A. Miller; marshal of the day and aids in carriage; disabled veterans, in carriages; veterans of the late war, headed by the American flag; ladies of the flower committees, in carriages furnished by W. J. Richardson; flower wagon, furnished by John Ryan, carrying mayor and city officials and representatives of the press; Social Turn-Verein, thirty-eight strong; citizens on foot and in carriages.

The line was formed with the right resting on Genesee

street, heading west. At 1.45 o'clock the line of march was taken up, and the procession moved up Genesee street to St. Joseph's Cemetery. Here a detail of veterans, under direction of General Gustavus Sniper, entered the cemetery and decorated the graves of twelve deceased soldiers; at Rose Hill Cemetery, thirty graves; at the Jewish Cemetery, one; at St. Mary's Cemetery, nineteen graves; at Oakwood Cemetery, forty-seven graves.

At the conclusion of these decorations the immense crowd assembled in "Dedication Valley" was called to order, and the following were the further decoration exercises: Prayer by the Rev. Samuel J. May; the assemblage then joined in singing the anthem "America," the choir of the Independent Christian Congregation leading.

The ceremonies concluded with a benediction by the Rev. George G. Mullins.

The procession then re-formed and marched to the city hall, where it was disbanded.

CEREMONIES AT BROOKLYN.

(PHIL. KEARNEY POST No. 8 AND POSTS 3, 4, 10, 35, 44, 85, AND 91, OF BROOKLYN.)

The decoration ceremonies on the part of the several posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in Kings County, consisting of a parade, music, orations, and strewing flowers on the graves of the heroes of the war, took place in Brooklyn and the cemeteries in its vicinity on Monday. The sky was clear, and there was a large representation of veteran soldiers as well as regulars from Fort Hamilton and the Navy-Yard, while hundreds of citizens took part in the march and as spectators. The flags on the court-house, the city hall, and on all the principal buildings, were at half-mast, and all the public offices were closed from 12 o'clock. The public schools also were closed.

The Grand Army of the Republic was represented by the comrades of Post Thatford No. 3, Post Wadsworth No. 4, Post Rankin No. 10, Post Mansfield No. 35, Post Sam. Curtis No. 44, and Post Ramsay No. 85. This force was reinforced

by three hundred Marines and their brilliant band, commanded by Colonel Brown, and by a detachment of artillerists from Fort Hamilton, most of them comrades in Post Ramsay.

AT GREENWOOD.

In the morning the members of Post Thatford proceeded to Greenwood Cemetery, preceded by the Fourteenth Regiment Band, and performed the ceremonies at that point. Rev. Mr. Pierce, of the Reformed Church, Gowanus, offered prayer; James I. Farley, M. D., read President Lincoln's address at the Gettysburg Cemetery inauguration; Colonel W. W. Bliss delivered an address. The comrades, assisted by ladies, then placed the flowers and plants on the graves, and, after a dirge by the band and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Pearce, the large concourse of spectators dispersed.

AT FORT HAMILTON.

The ceremonies at Fort Hamilton, where there are three hundred graves, were conducted under the direction of Post Ramsay No. 85, composed of members of the garrison. Prayer was offered by the post chaplain, Captain William Mitchell, who also read President Lincoln's address. An address was delivered by General Nelson Cross; the flowers were then strewed, and a benediction closed the exercises.

AT THE NAVAL CEMETERY.

The exercises at the Naval Cemetery were the same as at the other cemeteries, excepting that the programme was under the charge of Posts Wadsworth and Rankin. The naval band played the dirges. Rev. J. G. Bass, of the Navy-Yard, offered prayer; George S. Little, M. D., read President Lincoln's address; and Rev. D. O. Ferris delivered an oration.

AT HOLY CROSS AND EVERGREEN CEMETERIES.

Posts Mansfield and Sam. Curtis directed the ceremonies at Holy Cross and Evergreen cemeteries. These mournful duties of decoration having been performed, the various posts

betook themselves to headquarters in Washington street, and at 2 o'clock p. m. marched in procession, accompanied by the Marines and their band, under Captain Broome, the artillerists from Fort Hamilton, with their band, and a long line of trucks, wagons, and carriages, along Washington street, and up Fulton avenue, to Raymond street, where they took the cars to east New York, and thence marched to Cypress Hills Cemetery, where the principal ceremony of the day was performed.

AT CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY.

The ceremonies at Cypress Hills Cemetery were of the same character as those of the New York posts on Sunday, but called together a much larger assemblage of people. They were for the most part ladies and children, many of them bearing floral tributes to be laid on the graves of the fallen heroes.

It was 4.30 p. m. when, the procession having reached the ground and the corps constituting it having taken the posts assigned them, the exercises began with a dirge by the Fort Hamilton Band. Then an anthem was sung by the Brooklyn Choral Union, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Cook, of St. Louis. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg was next read by Captain E. A. Partinson.

Dr. George S. Little now came forward and said that they had assembled here to pay respect to the memory of the Union dead. The few thousands whose graves were around them were but a brief part of those which, all over the land, contained the bones of the men who died in the struggle for the nation's liberty. It would delight us ever to hold them in grateful remembrance. He would now introduce General Stewart L. Woodford.

SPEECH OF GENERAL WOODFORD.

General Woodford came forward and said:

Citizens and Comrades: Eight years ago, in the sweet springtime, a shot in Charleston harbor startled the nation from its long dream of peace. The flag of Sumter went down with sorrow and in shame. An indignant people sprang to arms, and civil war, with all its untold horror and suffering, began its desolations. Eight years have come and gone. The war

which treason commenced liberty ended. Standing beside our dead to-day we may reverently thank God that through all this mighty land the shadow of our flag falls neither upon foe nor slave. Four years ago, in this same spring-time, the banners of the "lost cause" were furled; arms were grounded; the old flag of Sumter went back in pride and power to its rightful place; and your citizen-soldiers came again to the enjoyments of home and the industries of peace. But not until then had the nation known all its sorrow. For in the midst of our rejoicing, as we bowed among our graves to bless the God of Battles that red war had sheathed the sword, the last bolt fell, and then the nation's sin had been washed out in the blood of the nation's best and purest. Stricken by the assassin, our good and brave leader passed from the living to join the holy army of the patriot dead, and died for liberty and law. Standing amid that shadowy host, he pleads that the Good Father will forgive our nation all its wrong. Bending from those heavens above us, as we stand with our hands burdened with flowers and our hearts chastened with tender memories, he pleads with us to-day to be faithful and good citizens, to be just, yet merciful, to put aside all hatred and uncharitableness, to guard our liberties with holy zeal, and always to remember at how great cost the nation kept its liberty. Four years of returning peace have come and gone. We look up and down the ranks, and, many as are our numbers to-day, not many of these are the old familiar faces which were with us on the march and bivouac, not many of these are the tent-mates nor the comrades who stood beside us in battle.

General Woodford noted in eloquent words the absence of many a comrade who is now in the grave, and then proceeded to read the lesson of the hour, "flowers for our heroes' ashes, bread and work for the living veteran." It is not charity the soldier seeks, he said: it is work, opportunity to be a man here among men in the industries of peace, as he was a hero where heroes fought and heroes fell. Whenever you have such work as our poor maimed comrades can do, seek out those stricken ones, and make them the pensioners, not of your charity, but of your justice. Your wealth is safe to-day, because these men stood between it and the ruin of revolution; your homes are happy; your dear ones are protected by sure law, and your flag is honored because these men made themselves a living wall about those homes, and compelled obedience to that law, and bore that flag in victory from the Potomac to the far Rio Grande.

Gentlemen of the city government, who have honored us by your presence here to-day, large opportunity is yours to

nobly lead in this work of love and justice. I believe that I but speak the wishes and the judgment of most of the returned soldiers of all political parties when I say, that we have very little care whether in distributing your official patronage you give place and salary to our able-bodied comrades or withhold them. But whenever you have a place that a one-armed or a one-legged soldier can fill just as well as a man who is only a politician, we beg you to find one who is capable and honest, and honor yourselves more than you will honor him by putting him in it. To us, who were permitted to share in the great privilege of following the flag when the flag was in danger and assailed, these ashes also speak a lesson which let us both hear and heed. These men so loved liberty and fatherland that patiently and fearlessly they welcomed wounds, sickness, and death. They left home, dear ones, ease, and opportunity of wealth, and counted all not loss, but gain, so they might keep our land from rent and our flag from stain. They sought no promotion. They coveted no distinction. They patiently lived, they bravely died. Their work was done—the land was saved; and in yonder heaven God has given them their sure reward.

So let us humbly live, doing each our duty where duty lies. Let no soldier, with unmanly fawning, seek political preferment as the price of his courage and the reward of his sacrifice. When official place shall come, tendered by the unsolicited gratitude of the people, if your home relations and business opportunities are such that you can, without injustice to family and self, accept it, accept it gratefully and humbly, accept it as a means of serving the State, not as a means of benefiting yourselves. And to all of us, citizens and soldiers, these graves are breathing to-day most earnest and most solemn teachings. They tell, and oh! how eloquently, of the value of our liberties, and the great cost of our free institutions. Let no man feel, as he turns from these graves and goes back to his daily living, that he can safely or conscientiously neglect responsibilities and duties of our American citizenship. These ashes tell us that neither foreign assault nor domestic treason shall be able to break up the Union and tear down our starry flag. They tell us that only popular disregard of political duty and prevailing political corruption shall weaken our Government and destroy our liberties, for the worm gnaws through the oak which the tempest could not bend, and the canker eats to the core which the lightning could never reach. These ashes tell us that if our land and laws were worthy that brave men should die for their keeping, they are at least worthy that pure men and unselfish men should live in a grand

fidelity to the ideas of a true democracy. And from these ashes come still other words of love and peace. Here, in the strange and silent brotherhood of death, sleep alike the soldiers of the blue and of the gray. No word of mine shall diminish the glory of the cause for which my comrades died. Nor yet shall word of mine cast useless bitterness upon the memory of my fallen foe. With sincere sorrow for the sad errors of the past, as we recall the bitterness of our old sectional strife and the corrupting influences of that great national sin which passed away with the rebellion to which it had given birth, standing here with the dead beneath, with the Father of all love above, we would reverently say, "Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did." And so we turn from these graves to-day, loving, hopeful, and no longer sad. We believe that as each returning spring shall come to cover with grass and flowers the fields where our comrades fell and the graves where they lie buried, all bitterness shall pass from out all hearts, North and South, and hand in hand all men shall walk beneath our flag the ways of justice, brotherhood, and love. We believe that as our people were brave enough to keep the flag against all assault and through all danger, so shall they be wise enough and pure enough to crush political corruption and compel political honesty. When next the sweet springtime shall come and the sweet spring flowers shall bloom again, as a grateful people once more gather to decorate the soldiers' graves, we may not all be here. And each returning year shall add new graves to the soldiers' plot, and by so many swell the number of these soldier graves and thin our living ranks. But through long years, so long as our people shall love liberty and honor courage in the right, our children and our children's children shall come to strew with flowers these little mounds. And as they recall the men who sleep in holy hope of the resurrection, and tell how and why these died, they shall each year renew the nation's life and purity.

Rev. Sylvester Malone, (R. C.,) of Brooklyn, next made an address.

He said it gave him great pleasure to be a speaker on this solemn occasion. His ambition would be to speak as eloquently as the preceding speaker, who had told them the story of the great conflict in which he was an active participant. After praising General Woodford's address and terming him a Christian statesman, he indorsed what had been said concerning the claim of surviving soldiers to the gratitude of their country. These men had accomplished a great

work, that made this country a star among the nations of the earth. What more could he say? The people of all classes, sects, and parties were here, ready to shake hands and say, "Here on this sacred ground we stand a united people." He was here, a Catholic priest, because he had a right to be here. He dared any one to question his right to be here. Nowhere in Catholic writings was it laid down that the priest should not take an interest in patriotic works. We were taught the great lesson that this must be a great national day; and those at the South who had undertaken the rebellion would be put to the blush if they ever undertook it again. It was only in the honor of the loyal men who laid down their lives for the Union that garlands should be strewn on the graves. It was only in their honor that the tribute had a legitimate significance. He hoped that we should all be one for the preservation of our liberties and the maintenance of our rights under the law.

A hymn was now sung by the Brooklyn Choral Union, and then the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. E. Andrews. Half an hour was spent in strewing flowers on the graves, and then the troops were marched off the ground and the large assemblage dispersed.

[Here follow extracts from the excellent address of Colonel W. W. Bliss at Greenwood:]

Comrades and Friends: We are happy to take part in these manifestations of respect and gratitude which the nation offers to the memory of our departed comrades. This throng of citizens, gathered here this morning, is evidence of the grateful remembrance in which the people hold those who have given their lives for the country's life. Amid the quiet beauty of this sacred inclosure, by the graves of our loved and honored dead, every heart must catch the inspiration of the hour, and throb with awakened thankfulness and pride at the recollection of their heroic achievements. The sentiment of gratitude which men feel for their benefactors is one of the noblest and most beautiful traits of our humanity, and, like the quality of mercy, "it blesses him that gives and him that takes."

There is no heart which on this occasion pays its silent tribute of respect and admiration, no hand which to-day adorns these graves with floral offerings, but shall receive tenfold of strength and blessing from the noble and patriotic impulse which this impressive scene must inspire. There is, it seems to me, a solemn and touching grandeur in this observance which must lift all hearts out of the passions of party

strife and the rankling of sectional hate into the broad exalted views of our national obligations and our national destiny. Standing on the burial-ground of the national dead, we shall be strengthened in the resolve to prize more highly and to defend more zealously that for which they died—the national life, the national honor, the nation's glory. By thus refreshing our minds with the recollections of their patriotic services, we shall better appreciate the dangers they averted and the blessings we enjoy as the fruit of their valor. And in these simple but impressive ceremonies, while we testify our own love and gratitude, we shall teach those who come after us how priceless is the boon of our dear-bought American liberty, which has been wrought and fashioned and purified in the furnace of battle, and how sweet and honorable it is for such a country to die. We shall help to awaken and sustain in all hearts such a love of country, such a pride of country, such an exalted patriotism as may, under the blessings of God, assure to our republic a glorious immortality.

We hope, therefore, that this commemoration day will live in our national history as a sacred memorial day, when the whole nation shall call up in affectionate remembrance the virtues and sacrifices of its fallen heroes, and deck and beautify their graves with floral honors. There is no danger that we shall overrate their patriotic services, or estimate too highly the blessings their valor has conferred. It is the habit of men to esteem lightly the dangers of the past and to magnify those of the present. To some there is never sunshine in the sky, but under the pressure of present evil the whole heavens are dark with doom. Some there may be who, even to this day, are in doubt whether, in the suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of a free united country, we have reasonable cause for gratitude. But those who are here assembled need no word of mine to portray the terrible agony through which the nation has passed. The suspense, the misery, the horror, the bloody fury of those four eventful years are but as yesterday. * * * *

We are a prosperous nation—a statement which, in view of our present national indebtedness, may seem a paradox; but this indebtedness, compared with our vast national resources, loses its immensity. In proportion to its strength there is no nation which bears so light a burden. Thanks to the trusty and heroic efforts of those who gave their lives to perpetuate our nationality, the republic stands to-day like a giant among nations, firm, compact, and unconquerable. We possess a territory greater in extent and as rich in national resources as the whole continent of Europe. That continent is burdened by armies numbering seven millions of men.

With our credit enhanced, our debts diminished, our taxes lightened, what cause have we for discouragement? Nowhere in the world is capital so profitably invested; nowhere in the world is labor so independent or so well rewarded. Witness the thousands who from the shores of the Old World daily enter our gates. Men do not flock thus to a bankrupt nation. Commercial conventions just held in Memphis and New Orleans show that the people of the South have accepted the results of the war, and indicate that the lower valley of the Mississippi, "the Eden of the land," is about entering upon a career of prosperity unparalleled in its history. But the other day, with a silver tie and a golden link, the Atlantic was married to the Pacific. None but a prosperous parent could afford so grand a wedding. Such, fellow-citizens, are some of the results of that terrible conflict in which so many of our loved and honored have fallen. Of such materials have these noble martyrs built their own monument—union, liberty, peace, and prosperity. That four-faced shaft, firm-based on the eternal principles of truth and justice, towering up into the infinite, and crowned with the sacred emblems of our American liberty, visible from the Atlantic and Pacific shores, and over the whole earth, shall stand through the eternal ages as the work of their hands.

CEREMONIES AT NEW YORK CITY.

(Posts 8, 11, 24, 28, and 39.)

The floral memorial services took place on Sunday, May 30. The heavy storm of the morning, which threatened continuance during the day, deterred many from uniting in the service who would otherwise have gladly taken this opportunity of showing their respect to the dead. About 10 o'clock, however, the rain having ceased, it was decided to carry out the programme of the day, and the line was formed and commenced to march at 11 o'clock, presenting a very fine appearance. The first division was headed by Major General Alexander Shaler and his staff, mounted, which comprised four companies of United States Marines, accompanied by their famous band, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Broome; a squad of the Washington Gray Troop, commanded by Major Kent, and a troop of the Third Cavalry. Following up the rear of the division was General

Varian and General Burger, accompanied by several officers of their staffs. In the second division, seated in carriages, were the officers of the memorial executive committee, and the orators of the day, Major General Daniel E. Sickles, grand commander, and Colonel Edward B. Lansing, senior vice commander. The catafalque used at the obsequies of President Lincoln, decorated with flowers in monumental form, was drawn by eight white horses, furnished by Dodd's Express Company. Seventy-five boys of the Union Home and School, orphans of deceased Union soldiers, were in uniform, under the command of one of their own number. Fifty girls from the same school were in three of the large Erie Railroad express wagons, which were handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. One of the wagons was drawn by ten black horses. There were also two wagons filled with flowers. In the third division were several posts of the Grand Army of the Republic; among them were the Sedgwick, Phil. Kearney, Sumner, and Ellsworth. The procession passed down Fourth avenue to Tenth street, to Broadway, to Fulton street, and crossed over to Brooklyn by the Fulton ferry. There was little or no demonstration along the route of the procession, but a large number of people lined Broadway and quietly looked on as the procession passed.

Arriving in Brooklyn, the pedestrians proceeded to East New York by the Fulton avenue cars, where they were again joined by the cavalry and the carriages, when the procession took up the line of march and proceeded to the Cypress Hills Cemetery. Among the distinguished officers in the procession were Major General Irvin McDowell, United States Army, commanding the Department of the East, and Colonel Robert C. Perry, of his staff; Colonel Patton, United States Army; and Commander Kimerly, of the United States receiving-ship Vermont, accompanied by several subordinate officers. While the procession was passing the various churches along the line of march the band stopped playing.

At the cemetery the services were promptly commenced, the band playing a dirge, followed by the opening hymn, by William Oland Bourne, commencing:

"Love unchanging for the dead."

Prayer was then offered by Chaplain S. B. Willis, of Post

No. 62, and a hymn was sung by the children of the Orphan Home. Major General Sickles then made a brief address:

"We stand where more than three thousand soldiers of the republic are buried. We come to scatter upon their graves the mute but eloquent tributes of our gratitude and affection. We bring with us the standards under which many of them fell, and here, too, are many of their children, whom it is our duty to care for and to cherish. Soldiers are here, merchants, men of all walks in life—all united to-day in asserting their sympathy for the object which has called us together. Our Memorial Day is of special interest to us whose comrades lie buried here. We mourn the loss of friends who have fought side by side with us, our tears bedew the flowers we lay upon their quiet graves; but our grief is mingled with the pride we feel when we think of the noble services of those who did not die in vain when struggling to aid in the salvation of our country. The magistrate who enforces the laws, who wields the sword of justice to the end that the welfare of society may be preserved, is a benefactor; but the men who fill these graves are greater benefactors by far. They fought that the laws might be observed. They gave up home and life for country, and we enjoy to-day the fruits of their exertions, and may we ever hold them in grateful remembrance!"

General Sickles closed with an eloquent appeal in behalf of the soldiers' orphans, claiming that there can be no more graceful or grateful service than to care for these children of the republic, whose fathers died that the republic might live. He then introduced one of the young pupils of the Union Home, who delivered, in a clear, manly voice, a short speech of thanks.

Colonel Edward B. Lansing, vice grand commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, State of New York, was then introduced by General Sickles. He said:

My Comrades: My voice is not for your ears to-day. I speak not to you, but of you.

My countrymen, the duty I perform is to you, to tell you in brief words of the objects and aims of the great organization that exists in our land, powerful in numbers, but only for good, composed of the men who bared their breasts in the face of the enemy to preserve the unity of the States—the Grand Army of the Republic. I am also to tell you why we are here, under God's Sabbath sunlight, in this solemn city of the dead, strewing these mounds of earth with the rarest

gifts of spring. It has been said by some, we trust not in bitterness, that the Grand Army of the Republic was a political organization. Never did the arrow of truth shoot wider of the mark. Never was expression given utterance to that was so far from actual fact, and I in all kindness venture the prophecy that he who utters it in earnestness is one of those who

> "Never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle know."

The blood of the adopted citizen and of those "native and to the manor born," the blood of the democrat and the republican, of the rich and the poor, of many tongues and races, mingled in the waters of the Potomac and the Mississippi, and ran out to the sea. This was that the clouds which hung over the sky of our national life might be dissolved. This was that to-day, God's holy Sabbath, you might have a country, in which you could freely worship Him according to the dictates of your consciences. Are you not grateful? Is it not glorious this liberty? Is it not blessed this freedom to worship God? Well, so at this hour we, the men of the Grand Army of the Republic, stand here in the presence of the living and the dead, the representatives of this blood shed for you, men of all parties and all creeds—one brotherhood, banded in one common bond of sympathy, of friendship, and of love, our souls grappled together with stronger than hooks of steel, because of the tried adoption of our friendship. Organized solely *in memoriam* and in charity, our object and our desire is to keep alive and perpetuate, so far as in us lies, the memories of the past; to do good and be useful to each other; to build up and advance the interests of the citizen-soldiers of the republic; to watch over and protect with a jealous eye the men, living but maimed, who, when the great heart of the nation beat heavily at the portals of its own tomb, sprang to arms and crushed out serpent-tongued rebellion, burying the *Alabama* beneath the ocean wave, and filling the National Cemetery at Gettysburg with their own and their comrades' bones.

Our object is to care for and aid in supporting the widows of our comrades who sleep their last sleep, who have fought their last battle, and with your generous help to aid in clothing, educating, and fitting for manhood and womanhood the orphan children of the dead brave. Are these not clear and noble purposes? Do you not honor us for them? Are we not deserving of your generous aid in the prosecution of our labors? Do you remember, my fellow-citizens, when but yesterday the dread war alarm sounded in your ears; when the smoke of the conflict almost settled over your own City

of Churches; when the man of God, who points the way to eternal life, did not think it desecration of the Sabbath to go out on that holy day into your highways, and with silvery-voiced eloquence urge your sons and brothers, aye, the very men who lie resting here, to fly to the Potomac and save the nation? Do you remember when at the front door and at the garden gate, they bade the fond good-by to father, mother, sister, the gentle wife, and the precious little ones? Do you ever recall how they suffered the fatigues of the march, the diseases of the camp and the hospital, the terrible tortures of Libby, Andersonville, and Salisbury? and, above all, and over all, the shriek of shot and shell, and the loud din and awful slaughter of many bloody fields? And as you look around this silent dwelling-place of the dead soldier, do you not remember that the feet are stiffened forever whose coming, heard at times, woke pulses of love in household hearts that shall be gladdened no more on earth? And, as memory is freshened with this sad record of the dark past, out of which has sprung liberty, peace, and a nation and people refined as in a refiner's fire, redeemed and disenthralled, does not your heart prompt you to cry out, "God bless, protect, and prosper the Grand Army of the Republic?"

Did you ever think, my comrades and friends, of the brief life which the Grand Army of the Republic must necessarily have? that it is not an organization for all time? While performing this sacred rite, bringing fresh tears to eyes that have wept before for the memory of lost ones, the sad reflection comes all but too vividly home to our thoughts, that gradually we are passing away. As the fathers of the Revolution cannot be found on earth, as the heroes of Palo Alto and Chepultepec can readily be numbered, so the members of the grand army are one by one dropping from our ranks and lying down to die. But a decade or two shall flit by and the last soldier will wind the familiar tune from the organ at the street corner, the last empty sleeve will flap languidly before the eye. Passing away!

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour—
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And when they are gone, back upon the troublous times of the past will our children look with reverence and awe. The sons of our brave soldiers will have grander patents of nobility than those of Agincourt or Bannockburn. Picture to yourselves a group of noble lads thus proudly accounting for their orphanage: Says one, "My father fell beating back

the invaders at Gettysburg;" says another, "My father fell fighting at Lookout Mountain, above the clouds;" says a third, "My father suffered martyrdom at Libby prison;" and another, "My father went down in the Cumberland;" and yet another, "My father was rocked to sleep beneath the wave in the iron cradle of the Monitor." Ah, yes, fellow-citizens, the men of the Grand Army of the Republic have the proud right to be, as they are, first loyal to themselves and the families of their dead comrades, then loyal to liberty, loyal to our country, loyal to God. We enact this beautiful tribute, we sprinkle the graves of the fallen heroes with the sweet flowers of May, making them greener and more radiant, that we may rob death of its sting, the grave of its victory; that we may prove to the kindred of our dead brothers in arms and to the world how dear a place the brave lost ones have in our memory; that if the republic is ungrateful, we are not; that we may kindle anew the love of loyalty in the hearts of the people; that we may impress upon the minds of the youth of our land that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die; that we may fill their souls with high thoughts of brave deeds and noble inspirations, with stern resolves to be ever ready in the hour of the nation's distress to defend her even to suffering and death. And now, fellow-citizens, in this beautiful resting-place of those who yielded up their lives that the nation might endure, let us bow our heads with solemn reverence before Him whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, and who rules King of nations as he is King of saints, and who in due time will

> "Garner up man's soul,
> That bright, immortal flower that cannot die,"

and let us consecrate ourselves anew to our whole country. In the words of the noblest martyr of them all, "The brave men, living and dead, in whose presence we are, have consecrated themselves far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did. It is for us, the living, to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, continue its new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Thanking you, in behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic, for your presence with us, and your kind aid and countenance of our memorial tribute, I bid you all, as you go out from among the dead, to profit by this solemn cer-

emony, consider the day and the occasion, and each for himself resolve, in the language of the brightest laureate of our tongue, to

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade,
Where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon,
But, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

During the next half hour the people engaged in the most beautiful ceremony of the day, the decorating of the graves. Men, women, and children joined in the labor of love, and when "assembly" was called nearly every grave bore its wealth of sweet, fresh flowers. One grave, that of Warren H. Gardner, of Company I, First Massachusetts, was literally covered with flowers. The young hero who sleeps there (he was but nineteen when he received his death-wound at Fair Oaks) had been in five battles.

At the close of the ceremony the bugle sounded, and the people again assembled around the flagstaff and on the adjacent mounds. The closing hymn, by William Oland Bourne, was sung:

"Blest are the martyred dead who lie
In holy graves for freedom won,
Whose storied deeds shall never die
While coming years their circles run."

The band played the air, while the assembled thousands united in swelling the majestic notes of "Old Hundred" in a grand harmony, at the close of which Chaplain Willis pronounced the benediction, and the services were closed.

EVENING SERVICES.

The evening services at the Academy of Music were very fine and appropriate. A large audience was present, notwithstanding the late hour at which the services at the cemetery were closed prevented many from reaching the city in time to go and bring their families. The members of Post Phil. Kearney No. 8, on their return to the city, went to the grave of Major General Phil. Kearney, at Trinity Church, in order to lay their tribute on his grave.

The services were opened by a dirge from the band, followed by a voluntary on the organ by Comrade G. W. Mor-

gan, accompanied by Professor Toulmin on the harp. The choir of Rev. Dr. Adams's Church sang a very choice selection, when prayer was offered by Rev. Isaac S. Hartley. After singing by the choir, an original poem, written for the occasion by Colonel A. J. H. Duganne, was read finely by Colonel Edward De Forest.

Flowers for the valiant dead
Who for the Union bled!
Let all the summers shed
Sweets on our brave!

Let all the years renew
Liberty's colors true;
Plant the red, white, and blue
Over each grave!

Red rose for valor sow,
Lilies for honor strew,
And for the hearts below
Violets blue.

So shall the years to be
Say to our children free,
Liberty's colors three
Still are for you!

Lightly let flowers enfold
Pledges worth more than gold;
Lay on the lowly mold
Lily and rose.

Pledges that freedom's seed,
Planted at Runnymede,
Up out of thorn and weed
Evermore grows!

Out from these ashes mute
Freedom's wide branches shoot—
Liberty's lofty fruit
Beckons the slave.

Soon to these altars dumb,
Grandly, at beat of drum,
All the far lands shall come,
Blessing our brave!

Come, where the valiant host,
Loving their country most,
In her dread Pentecost
Yielded their souls!

Come, at the Whitsuntide,
Counting, with loving pride
Every true man who died
Still on the rolls!

So, through the marching years,
Mingling their manly tears,
Mustered by rosy biers,
Soldiers shall stand.

So, o'er each lowly grave
Freedom's high flag shall wave,
Blessing the dead who gave
Life to the land!

The band then played the *Cujus Animam* of Rossini, and when the applause that welcomed his rising had ceased, the audience listened to the introductory address by General Sickles:

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The 30th of May having been named by the commander-in-chief, General Logan, as our Memorial Day, it is this year for the second time celebrated with appropriate religious and martial observances in commemoration of our deceased comrades. Besides this duty, the society of the Grand Army of the Republic aims to bring together in fraternal association all who who bore an honorable part in the military and naval service of the Union during the late war; it bestows its care upon the disabled survivors, and keeps from want the bereaved families of those who fell in the conflict; moreover, it strives to cherish among its members and throughout the land the love of country and of liberty and union so signally illustrated in the noble deeds and in the glorious death of those we mourn. To-day we blend with the customary devotions of Christian worship the graceful and impressive services in which the nation expresses its regard for those who fell in the last and grandest struggle for Christian civilization. And I trust that hereafter all opinions will be happily reconciled in the general observance of this national solemnity. [Applause.] Few who take part in these offices will fail to find in them higher and better conceptions of human life and duty. For the flowers and tears we bring to our soldiers' graves we receive inspiration. We see that he who has given his life to his country lives afterward in her greatness; that her glory is his fame; and that in her felicity he is endeared to all her grateful children. It is my most pleasing duty to present to this audience the orator chosen for the occasion and whose kindly compliance with our wishes has increased the debt we already owed the president of the Sanitary Commission. [Applause.] Permit me here, in the presence of so many comrades, to bear our testimony to the noble work, without example in any war, so admirably and so faithfully performed by that remarkable organization. The Sanitary Commission was the good angel of our armies and our fleets, and now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, who will deliver the memorial address for this anniversary. [Loud applause.]

SERMON BY THE REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D. D.

The words of my text are taken from the First Book of Kings, the 20th chapter and 11th verse: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

This, you will recollect, was the message which Ahab, king of Israel, sent to Ben Hadad, king of Syria, who had come up against him with a mighty army, and with thirty and two kings, and horses, and chariots, and had besieged Samaria, and threatened Ahab and all his people with utter and complete destruction. At the first challenge of the Syrian king, in which he demanded of Ahab the surrender of his silver and his gold, and his wines, and his children, the latter resolved to yield without resistance to his overwhelming force; but when Ben Hadad, in his recklessness and pride, sent other messengers to insist upon a still further humiliation, saying I will send my servants unto thee to-morrow, and they shall search thy house, and the house of thy servants, and it shall be that whatsoever is pleasant in thine eyes, they shall put in their hands and take it away. When this further demand was made upon Ahab, he remonstrated, and refused to submit. Ben Hadad had sent to him saying there were more men in his army than there were handfuls of dust in the streets of Samaria. To this arrogant message of his powerful enemy, King Ahab returned the spirited answer contained in the text: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." When the messenger reached Ben Hadad with these words of Ahab's, he found him drinking in the pavilion with the thirty and two kings, and, flushed as they were with wine they laughed to think what an easy task the conquest of Samaria would be, and the order was immediately given to the tribes to get themselves in battle array. But while the Syrian's host were getting into order of battle, and Ben Hadad and his kings that were with him were becoming drunk in the pavilion, Ahab was getting together the young men of the princes of the provinces, two hundred and thirty and two in number, and these young men fell upon the encampment of Ben Hadad and slew every man his man, and smote the horses and chariots, and scattered the Syrian hosts with great slaughter, so that Ben Hadad barely escaped with his life.

Such, my friends, is the usual fate of foolhardiness and vain self-reliance. How well I recollect that bright, beautiful summer's morning when our first army of seventy-five thousand men swarmed through the streets and avenues of the national capital, and crossed the Potomac in their bold,

reckless advance upon an enemy they despised, and who were lying in wait for them across that fatal creek of Bull Run. In this first advance of our young army they marched gaily forward with their new uniforms and brilliant banners, with nosegays in the muzzles of their guns; the officers in the first pride of command, and with their gay caparisons and radiant smiles and confident faces. They marched out as confident a party as ever shook the earth with their martial tramp; and among us civilians, who stood and looked on, as we watched the moving and endless columns come and go, there was not one to entertain a doubt of success and complete triumph. As we saw the brave young men go by with their untarnished guns, as we saw the long line of heavily-laden wagons with their holiday supplies of provisions, and as we saw the grand young cavaliers dash by on their fresh steeds, we gave shout for what appeared to us our half-crowned heroes of a fight so soon to be won. Not one of us felt less confident than the youngest and most enthusiastic lieutenant or drummer-boy in all that well-appointed army. We regarded successful resistance to that army an impossibility. We would not have thanked a prophet to have told us that it would triumph, and we should have spurned as a coward and a trifler the man sagacious enough to warn us of the possibility of defeat; and, while that army of ours was commanded by one of the purest and ablest of generals, his inexperience led him to miscalculate the chances of defeat. You all know the sickening repulse that followed—how our noble young army was driven back in confusion, and how that disastrous movement almost proved fatal to our cause. Our army was rolled back, demoralized and panic-stricken, across the bridges of the Potomac, and for days remained almost dead with the paralysis of utter surprise. * * * Had it not been for the ignorance and inexperience of our enemy, such was our utter and hopeless panic, that, had he pressed his pursuit, he would have taken our national capital.

Our Government, in its deep humiliation, was half expectant of that result. * * * This lost opportunity of the rebel commander probably took away from the rebellion the only chance it ever had to usurp, even for a short time, the reigns of power. * * * The lesson is important in teaching us with what caution we are to meet our enemies, physical and moral, visible and invisible, political and spiritual. The foes of our virtue, no less than the foes of our country, should be met with caution and not with levity and vain boasting, if we would finally conquer in the battle of life. Business success, domestic peace, social reputation,

personal happiness, everything that is secured by overcoming obstacles, must be sought with deliberation and care. Disappointments must be borne with patience, and progress made through steadiness and perseverance, if we would hope to go successfully through to the end. We cannot, in the nature of things, foresee the various forms of evil and the trials which await us. In pursuing all that is desirable in life, whether of wealth, or honor, or virtue, we must clothe ourselves in humility—not in a creeping, cringing spirit, by which we would be deterred from pursuing the path of right with determined bravery, but we should exercise a prudent foresight and a just appreciation of the magnitude of our undertaking, with a just sense of the present work to be done, and the inexperience of our powers and faculties, when measured with the importance of what we have to accomplish. Those persons succeed in their careers who, with a high ambition, united steadiness of will with a cautious humility; who, while they entertain a modest sense of their own powers and strength, have respect for the ability of others. It is a great mistake to couple an aspiring disposition with a bold and fearless temper; a persistent will with a bluntness to danger, and an incapacity for properly estimating obstacles in the way of success. The real hero looks up to, not down upon, his enemies. He places himself upon an humble round in the social ladder, willing to labor and strive for further progress. Real success is won at last by patient merit, and not by hasty and inconsiderate action. Modesty and merit are essential to success in all kinds of business, martial, material, and spiritual. True wisdom lies in recognizing the fact that all things good and desirable are difficult of attainment, and still to have not only ambition to seek, but faith to expect to secure by systematic effort the end aimed at.

After speaking at some length of the necessity of these qualities of moral and intellectual heroism in young men just entering upon the business of life, he referred to the hasty and inconsiderate manner in which our army was organized. Our inspectors permitted young men to enlist who were physically unfit for the hardships and exposure of camp life, and were mere hopeless invalids. The medical inspectors themselves were inexperienced, and accepted young men on account of a prepossessing exterior, without examining their lungs, hearts, and stomachs. The lesson of caution and foresight, so forcibly taught in the text, was sadly overlooked in the organization and early movements of our army, and came well-nigh costing the nation its life.

Who that possesses experience and knows the world does

not watch with intense solicitude the first two or three years of every young man's, and, let me add, every young woman's course after leaving school, and entering, in some degree, upon actual life, to see what measure of wisdom, prudence, resolution, self-control, they are exhibiting? Whether they are fighting their way, or merely going where they find the way open and most smoothly trodden? Whether beating up against the wind in a chosen, fixed direction toward a proper port, or drifting at ease, as the current runs or the winds blow? Life is a battle for every one that accepts its meaning, and those that enter into a pleasure-drill will soon be seen to be wounded and invalided, even though they know it not. Their moral strength will ooze away; their relations with others will become disordered and entangled; they will disappoint and deceive their companions; they will fail in business; they will contract bad habits and lose their life mysteriously, and their reputation not mysteriously; and before they are aware they will marry rashly and be unhappy with their husbands or wives. They will bring up their children carelessly, and find them stinging the bosoms to which they owe their life with their venomous ingratitude, and all because they did not start in life with the idea that they had a dangerous, difficult work to perform to live in this world in the face of temptations, and in the fleshly garments of our immortality; that they were to maintain a high-principled purpose, and work out an honest, pure, and commendable ambition—such a character as perforce commands the confidence and respect of men, the smile of Heaven, and the grateful complacency of a self-approving conscience; of all draughts the sweetest and most unpalling. But alas for the defeated, blasted, miserable lives of the majority! Like those occasional navies which the world-like ambition of Spain has now and then, in past history, spawned into sudden existence, and launched into the sea, that seemed ready to ride down the wooden walls of old England, and sallied forth by the hundred, triple-deck, clothed in all the colors of the rainbow, to subdue the crowns of great kingdoms, but which, alas! ill-officered and worse manned, have, by the score, sunk in the first storm, they yield to crafts of half their size, dwindle away into insignificant defeats, and, with here and there a lucky escape, carry back a few battered remnants to rot in the common ruin, to rot, I say, in the very harbor from which they emerged with salvos of victories which they were never to win.

Such is the record of many a company of proud and hopeful youth, starting together from the same college class, the same city school, the same social circle, with the same gen-

eral views of life as a place of mere enjoyment, of certain victory; a place in which they were entitled to be taken care of; where their morals would doubtless take care of themselves, and their habits and manners drift aright; where, in short, there was no special need of sternness, or principle, or gravity of character, or self-denial, or fixed rule, but things were, somehow, to go all right, which, interpreted in the light of experience, means *all wrong!* Ah! my friends and comrades, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." But what if the soldiers in life's great fight deny that they have need of any weapons or harness; boast themselves that the world is their friend; the human constitution not a magazine of explosive materials, but consists of fine linen and purple; what if the main thing contemplated is a good time; as much leisure, pleasure, treasure as may be desired? What if there be nothing serious, awful, and instructive in the aspect of human existence? What if the gay kaleidoscope of society shows nothing of the useless bits of glass and colored stone that weave its glittering illusions as it turns rapidly in the hands of its skillful showman, and the graves and sepulchers and all their exhausted victims are far out of sight, and even perhaps covered with marble lies and granite hypocrisies? Alas, for the delusion! We may cover it up as we will. Life is an earnest battle. It is no trifle to have a nature fearfully and wonderfully made; strong desires that must be regulated; enormous exposures that must be avoided; fatal proclivities that must be resisted and overcome; and therefore it is that we so much need that early training, that early discipline which it is hard to see whether parents and governors are more slow to apply or children and youth more reluctant to receive. Let the fault lie where it will, it is a fatal fault, and if we would not have our nation, our country, and our race ruined, it must be withstood and corrected. Success, usefulness, virtue, happiness, peace, salvation, *heaven*—all depend upon our entering life fitly armed in suitable moral harness; with proper convictions what the exposures, dangers, and temptations of body and soul are, and with such settled rules, habits, and principles; such a trained conscience; such an established reverence for God and duty, as must deprive the world of all its powers to deceive and betray.

But those of you who are parents, soldiers yourselves, perhaps, and with children growing up to fight a more deadly battle than ever you yourselves were in, if you think only of powder and cannon and sword-cuts, let us parents remember that it is we who put the harness on our children; they don't gird themselves. It is we, then, who are mainly re-

sponsible for its want of strength, its loose, ill-fitting character. In our tenderness we refuse to draw the buckles where they will hold, and if the shoulder chafes or reddens ever so little with the strap, we are the first to remove it. We are sorry to think that the young bosom must contract its inspirations beneath so sturdy a coat. We lift the sandals, and plead for the feet that are to press their rough seams. But where are our recollections that we do not think of the sharpness of the spear that that heavy corslet is to resist, the weight of the battle-axe that leathern head-piece is to annul, the roughness of the road those stout shoes are to make smooth? It is not because of the tenderness of the flesh that we need our leathern mail; and are we to dread our armor more than our enemy? That is the miscalculation of life, the sacrifice of our life-long safety to our immediate convenience, of our whole usefulness and honor and triumph as men and women to our short season of careless, self-indulgent, negligent happiness and freedom from self-imposed restraint as boys and girls, as young men and maidens. When parents forsake their duty as cautious trainers, when children rebel against the firm hand that teaches them the boundary of their duty, do they ever stop to reflect that they are conspirators against the peace of the whole future? Are not these reflections such as those whose harness God himself loosened and took off when the great company of our sacred dead fell out of the ranks, their account made up? Are they not such as they from their heavenly seats would desire to commend to their own comrades? [Mr. Bellows commended the observance of strict principles of honor, equity, and honesty, and concluced:] You will then be decorating our graves with flowers, indeed. You will make our whole country bloom with healthful institutions, pure and happy homes, moral and religious neighborhoods; you will set our graves in one common garden, saved in a regenerate country, the husbandry of your faithful hands; and while you make the country you died to save a blessing for succeeding generations, you will help the people to the more blessed paradise to which we have ascended with saints and angels, and turn the battle of life into its final triumph, and we will be with God and Christ in the land whither our brave martyred dead have gone."

Dr. Bellows' eloquent discourse was followed by the "Dead March" from *Saul*, played by the band, after which the choir sang again, and then Professor W. H. Pope recited,

with feeling effect, the touching poem of the "Dying Soldier."

Steady, boys, steady!
Keep your arms ready!
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken,
I'd rather awaken
To-morrow in—no matter where—
Than lie in that foul prison-hole over there.
Step slowly!
Speak lowly!
These rocks may have life!
Lay me down in this hollow,
We are out of the strife.
By heavens! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.
No; no surgeon for me—he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is the pickaxe and spade.
What! Morris, a tear? Why, shame on ye, man!
I thought you a hero; but since you've began
To whimper and cry like a girl in her teens—
By George! I don't know what the devil it means.
Well, well, I'm rough; 'tis a very rough school,
This life of a trooper, but yet I'm no fool;
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe,
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know.
But wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand?
But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock
Did you mind that loud cry,
When, as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?
Oh! was n't it grand?

God help the poor wretches who fell in that fight!
No time was there given for prayer or for flight.
They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,
And they mingled their blood with the sloughing sand.

Huzza!
Great heavens! this bullet-hole gapes a grave!
A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!
Is there never a one of ye knows how to pray,
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
Pray!
Pray!
Our Father! our Father! Why don't you proceed?
Can't you see I am dying? Great God! how I bleed!
Ebbing away!
Ebbing away!
The light of the day
Is turning gray.
Pray!
Pray!
Our Father in heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
While I staunch the hot blood from this hole in my breast:
There's something about a forgiveness of sin,
Put that in! put that in!—and then
I'll follow your words and say an amen.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
And, Wilson, my comrade—oh! was n't it grand,
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?
Where's Wilson—my comrade—here, stoop down your head;
Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ God, who died for sinners all,
Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
Unheeded by thy gracious eye;
Throw wide thy gate to let him in,
And take him pleading to thy arms:
Forgive, O Lord! his life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you! my comrades, for singing that hymn,
It is light to my path when my sight has grown dim.
I am dying—bend down, till I touch you once more—
Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war—
Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

The closing hymn, by Mr. Bourne, to the tune of "Old Hundred," was then sung by the audience, standing, when the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Isaac S. Hartley, and the throng dispersed, profited and gratified with the appropriate and impressive services of the evening.

CEREMONIES AT DEXTER.

(Broadbent Post No. 14)

Saturday, May 29, was observed as the day set apart for the decoration of the graves of our martyred soldiers and decoration of a monument erected to their memory by the citizens, in 1865, in the Dexter Cemetery.

The ceremonies were performed under the auspices of Broadbent Post No. 14, Grand Army of the Republic, assisted by a committee of ladies, in the following order: Business suspended, the procession formed at post headquarters at 1 p. m., under a marshal; speakers and clergy in carriages; band, marching, followed by the members of the post; ladies' committee in carriages; citizens on foot and in carriages; proceeded to the Dexter Cemetery, where a chapter from the Holy Book was read, and prayer made by Rev. J. H. Stewart, after which the graves were strewn with flowers by the ladies' committee, the band playing a dirge. The pro-

cession then, by marching and countermarching through the different aisles, passed the graves (eleven in number) in solemn silence. Near the monument was erected a speakers' stand and seats, but owing to the inclemency of the weather they were not used by the multitude. The procession marched to the Presbyterian Church at the village, where all those that could were allowed to enter and listen to the songs of the glee club, prayer by Rev. E. Wood, and the able address by the Hon. S. H. Hammond.

SPEECH OF HON. S. H. HAMMOND.

Our mission to-day is a sad one; to decorate the graves of the dead; to erect monuments to perpetuate the memory of the departed; to speak of the loved ones lost, are always melancholy duties; and especially the American heart bows itself in sorrow and tears, as the recollection of the bereavements that death has wrought all over the land comes welling up out of the melancholy and terrible years of the recent past. But, my friends, our emotions of to-day are not all melancholy. There is sunshine as well as shadow in the duties we are here to perform. There is a mirthful sadness as well as tears of joy. Pleasant and hallowed memories come clustering around us from the graves in which these noble dead lie sleeping. Each of these graves, silent though it be, has a voice that speaks of the noble, the brave, and the true. This monument is more than a symbol of respect to departed worth. These graves are chapters in the history of the gigantic peril to the doctrines of this great republic, that tell how this Union was saved, and who saved it. The flowers we strew over these graves will fade. The graves themselves, as years flit along, may cease to be distinguishable, but the memory of their occupants, whose names are chiseled on this marble, will live. The present and future generations will honor them, not as belonging merely to good men of the hour, but as those of noble, of patriotic, and brave men, who bravely died in defense not of their country alone, but of the great principles of human liberty everywhere—principles pertaining to all countries, all races, and all people. They will live not on this monument alone, but in the hearts of a grateful people. The name of the individual may, indeed, pass from the world's memory, but the *men* who fought and bled and died in the mighty struggle to perpetuate liberty will never be forgotten. They will be recognized as a band of immortals who were not born for oblivion.

It may well be asked, my friends, why we are here to-day.

Why stand we here among these graves, strewing them with flowers, and why are we dedicating this monument to the memory of those whose names are engraved upon it? These questions are of peculiar significance when we remember that this little cemetery is but one of thousands scattered all over this broad Union, where are sleeping the honored dead who fell in the same noble cause; that these are but a portion of more than a quarter of a million of graves, as the mighty harvest of death, garnered from the same fields of battle and blood from which these which we decorate were garnered during the first five years of the present decade. * * *

Now, my friends, let us rejoice together and thank God that this mighty struggle is over. Let us exchange congratulations that the gigantic perils that environed us are past and gone; that this glorious Union has not been shivered; this temple of liberty has not been shattered or toppled down; the beacon-light that for more than three quarters of a century has blazed upon its turrets, pale though for a moment it may have grown, is not extinguished. Storms gathered and fierce lightnings played around it, but from the midst of the darkness, from the shadow and gloom, from the whirlwind of rebellion and fierce tempest of war, our country has emerged greater, stronger, wiser, better; more welded to the axioms of freedom, more self-reliant and self-sustaining, more fixed in its republicanism, more firmly anchored in its democratic faith than ever before. The democratic principle of self-government, the republican theory of popular rights, by the very conspiracy for their overthrow, have been made indestructible, immortal, can never die. The darkness has vanished away, the tempest has moved on, the bow of promise arches the retiring storm, and the brightness and glory of the sunshine are over all the earth again. Even in the chaos of desolation of those five years of battle and blood was planted the germ of a prouder, loftier, more progressive and prosperous future. And now, my friends, to whom are we indebted for this glorious consummation, this grand triumph of the right?

The answer comes to us from out the silence of these graves among which we are standing, and from a quarter of a million of others like them, where sleep our benefactors. Do the spirits of these departed braves hover around us? Does their viewless essence whisper in the breezes that fan us or smile in the sunshine that cheers us? Do they look into our hearts and see the emotions welling there while we decorate their graves with flowers, or listen to our utterances while we dedicate this marble thus engraved, symbolizing a nation's gratitude and to perpetuate their fame? If so, let them see

the earnestness of our hearts and know that our utterances are not words of form. To these brave men, and more than three-quarters of a million of other brave men, some of whom are living and among us, do we owe the salvation of our priceless heritage of freedom; not for one race alone, but for all races—not for one color, but for all colors—of liberty, manhood, protection, citizenship to every man dwelling beneath the shadow of our flag, not for the reason that he is of a particular race or lineage, but because he is a man, created in the image and stamped with the patent of Deity, gifted with reason, endowed with mind, and having within him a spirit that is immortal. We dedicate this monument to the memory of the brave men who are sleeping here, not alone to perpetuate their names, but as symbolizing the gratitude, the reverence, and honor with which, in our heart of hearts, we hold them. Nor shall our labors in this direction rest here. We will hand down to our children, and enjoin upon them to hand down to their children through the generations to come, the memory of the brave, the loved, and the lost in the mighty struggle in which they fell, that their fame may live long after time shall have effaced their names from this marble, and even after this marble itself shall, by the attrition of ages, crumble into dust.

CEREMONIES AT WATERTOWN.

(Post No. 15.)

The procession formed at Washington Hall at 1.30 o'clock, under the direction of Colonel George W. Flower, as marshal, and proceeded to the old Catholic burying-ground, where the graves were decorated in solemn silence. The procession then passed into the Protestant ground, where a prayer was offered and the same ceremony was performed. The procession then re-formed, and, with the band playing mournful dirges as before, wended its way to Brookside Cemetery.

The Grand Army of the Republic, in perpetuating this ceremony, gives the people an opportunity of testifying yearly their appreciation of the sacrifices of the heroic dead, which illustrates the truth of Campbell's beautiful lines:

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

At the cemetery the Rev. L. M. S. Haynes delivered a brief but very pathetic and appropriate address; the prayer was made by the Rev. D. C. Tomlinson, and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. J. McKee. The remainder of the clergy in town declined to take part in the ceremony, and two of them gave their reasons from the pulpit, saying that the decoration should not have been on the Sabbath. It is respectfully suggested to these clergymen that they review their study of the 12th chapter of Matthew from the 1st to the 13th verses inclusive, and see if they agree with the Saviour in saying: "Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days."

An excellent musical club, including eight young ladies, were present from Dexter, and contributed much to the impressive ceremony.

The flowers were liberally furnished in wreaths, bouquets, and festoons, and many ladies of the city had spent much time in arranging them. The whole ceremony, amid the beautiful scenery of Brookside Cemetery, was peculiarly solemn and impressive. About forty graves were decorated.

CEREMONIES AT JOHNSTOWN.

(Willard Allen Post No. 17.)

The beautiful and impressive ceremony of strewing flowers on the graves of the Union soldiers was appropriately observed by their surviving comrades of Post 17, on Sunday, May 30. The romantic and picturesque grounds of the Johnstown Cemetery were visited at about 3 o'clock p. m. by a large body of the Grand Army of the Republic, accompanied by a great concourse of citizens. The column of soldiers was headed by Post Commander Ostrom, Rev. Wm. S. Young and Martin McMartin, esq. On entering the grounds the column halted, when a touching and eloquent prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Young, and followed by a brief, pertinent address by Mr. McMartin. The march to the graves was then resumed, and as each grave was successively reached, each soldier silently and solemnly cast

upon the little mound covering the ashes of his deceased comrade a bunch of beautiful flowers.

CEREMONIES AT TROY.

(McConihe Post No. 18.)

About 9 o'clock in the morning Boshart's Zouaves proceeded in a special car to the headquarters of this post, at the Nail Works, where they were joined by the members of the post and of Engine Company No. 5. A procession was formed in the following order: Sullivan's Band; Post McConihe, Grand Army of the Republic; Boshart's Veteran Zouaves; Engine Company No. 5.

The line of march was taken up down past the horse-railroad depot, and through Woodside to the Sixth Ward Cemetery, where the soldiers' graves were decorated. The procession then proceeded over the hill to St. Joseph's Cemetery, then down Fourth street, and up to the old burying-ground, on Ida Hill, and finally to the Ida Hill Cemetery proper. On account of a lack of time a delegation was sent to decorate the soldiers' graves in St. Mary's Cemetery. The procession then marched down Congress street and direct to Washington Park, arriving at about noon. They then joined the grand procession of the day.

EXERCISES IN THE AFTERNOON.

At about 1 o'clock in the afternoon the several civic and military organizations gathered in the vicinity of Washington Park, where the procession was to be formed.

The various organizations were arranged in four divisions, as follows:

First division: Capital police, under Superintendent Landom, numbering about forty veterans, Major General J. B. Carr, marshal; Brigadier General Alden and staff: Sullivan's Band, twenty pieces; Progressive Lyceum, numbering about one hundred children and adults; Post McConihe, Grand Army of the Republic, numbering about forty; veterans, numbering about two hundred. Second division: Dor-

ing's Band, twenty pieces; Twenty-fourth Regiment, numbering about three hundred men; Battery B, numbering about eighty. Third division: Band, twelve pieces; Veteran Zouaves, numbering forty; German Turn-Verein Society, numbering eighty; Empire Engine Company, numbering thirty. Fourth division: Twenty-fourth Regiment Drum Corps; Emmet Legion, numbering seventy-five; Molders' Protective Union, numbering one hundred and fifty; Typographical Union, numbering forty-five; disabled veterans in carriages; mayor and common council in carriages; clergy in carriages.

The procession then proceeded, marching up Second street to Broadway and directly onward to Oakwood. The streets along the line of march were lined with spectators, who viewed the cortege with unusual interest. The bands played none but solemn music, as the long procession marched quietly on its way to the resting-place of the dead, arriving at 3 o'clock. The procession proceeded immediately to the soldiers' lot, where a platform for the accommodation of speakers had been erected. Generals Carr and Alden and the division and brigade staffs occupied the platform, together with Rev. En. Potter, associate rector of St. Paul's Church, and Rev. A. De Witt, pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church. While the members of Post McConihe were proceeding with the decoration of the graves the following exercises took place: A solemn dirge by Doring's Band, when Rev. Mr. Potter read the 2d chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, after which he delivered a touching and eloquent oration, substantially as follows:

REV. E. N. POTTER'S ORATION.

The lowering skies and descending mists enjoin us to be brief. Above these clouds the sun is shining, and so above graves that enshrine the ashes of our loved and lost we strew the flowers, faith and hope and charity. Not only here and in neighboring cemeteries, but in hundreds of unknown graves our brave soldiers are sleeping. Beneath deserted battle-fields and near distant camp and hospital, their resting-place unmarked, no mother's tears to-day fall upon their graves; no sister's hand strews flowers there; no brother bends the knee; no father stands bowed beside their last resting-place.

Their graves unknown, they are not on this anniversary forgotten; they are missed from the family circle; loving hearts remember them; tearful eyes seek to recall their image, and we may say for them in their distant sepulchers, and for these soldiers' resting-places near at hand, that were our thoughts, our memories, our emotions but flowers, their graves would be covered with perpetual bloom. These men fell fighting for the flag, the emblem of liberty, of unity, of nationality, of peace! We may not break this Sabbath stillness by recalling even the echoes of the warlike scenes amidst which they offered up their lives. We may not repeat the names that crowd your memories. In the memorial sermon of to-night they will receive their fitting tribute. We cannot, however, but call your attention to the contrast between those scenes of war and these peaceful emblems—between their graves and these flowers that smile above them. And this symbolic ceremony of to-day is typical of a great truth of God's dealing with the race, and epitomizes the story of this epoch in our nation's history.

When this planet was hurled forth into space a teeming mass of molten matter, no flower bloomed upon its fiery surface.

Ages had passed; the dry land had appeared; the waters were rolled back into the central sea; mountains lifted their sublime summits; avalanches swept downward from their lofty sides, pulverizing the solid rock; and thus glaciers melting into rivulets and rivers, and bearing these disintegrated portions of the deep valleys far below, at length the soil was formed, when, after centuries of preparation, of war and strife 'mid nature's elements, the first flower lifted itself from the earth's vast graves, raised its lips to kiss the dawn, and its pale face to be flushed with the blush of light, and its silver censer to send floating upwards its cloud of incense in its Maker's praise, and its petals flashing back to the great central luminary in prismatic colors all the glory of its rays. Thus the flower bloomed in its perfection, the finished work of centuries of toil and strife. Here then is illustrated the lesson of the chapter we have read, "Perfect through suffering." That is God's great lesson for each soldier, for each man and woman, for each nation, for the entire race. "It became him," saith the apostle, "for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, to make Jesus Christ, the Divine Lord, the Great Captain of their salvation, perfect through suffering."

Veteran soldiers, wars may end, but great principles never perish. Are you still *valiant* soldiers? Are you following the Great Captain of all the ages, even Jesus Christ? Through

him, are you seeking freedom from the bondage of those sinful appetites and passions that daily would enslave your souls? From out these graves there comes the voice, pointing you to this greatest Martyr, this only Saviour and Redeemer, calling you to fight his battles, to take up daily the cross of self-denial and duty, and to follow him; and these voices of the dead seem to re-echo in warning tones to you who live the Master's call to life-long service the Master's promise of reward, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

These flowers, we have said, are flowers of faith, of hope, of charity:

Faith—that every great cause will triumph in the end;

Hope—that the resurrection morning will prove the truth of these prophetic symbols of spring's victory over the grave of winter;

Charity—that is, love for the lost, and a mantle of charity covering in peaceful floral loveliness all the graves in all the land. And from the gulf grave of war may there bloom the flowers of peace and prosperity and union "now and forever" throughout the wide borders of our reunited land! In returning from these sacred ceremonies we leave our dead with God, crowning with floral emblems of the resurrection their honored graves.

At the conclusion of the oration Rev. E. N. Potter recited the Lord's Prayer; a dirge was played by Sullivan's Band, the exercises concluding with the pronouncing of the benediction by the Rev. A. DeWitt.

After the decoration of the Oakwood graves, the graves in St. Peter's, the adjoining cemetery, were decorated. The homeward line of march was then resumed.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

At the First Baptist Church a very large audience was gathered to listen to the memorial sermon delivered by Dr. Baldwin, in accordance with the invitation of Post McConihe. The members of the post were present in a body. The church was appropriately decorated with flags. Dr. Baldwin took for his text, "Honor to whom honor"—Romans xiii, 7.

The 30th of May is hereafter to be a memorable day in the circling years of our national history. It has been made such by the spontaneous impulse of patriotism, which has designated it as the time when the graves of our heroic dead

shall be decorated with flowers—those beautiful outwrought thoughts of God—living messengers of the tender love of their patriot comrades who survive them and the permanent gratitude of the country they died to save.

That beautiful, appropriate, expressive service has been accomplished to-day. Amid the gloom of this night, all over these sacred graves, bright colors, dyed by God himself, are sparkling; on the night air around and over them perfume such as God only can create is floating. Those precious sleeping-places of manly forms which, throbbing with life, stood out on the lonely and dangerous picket lines amid starshine and storm, endured all the hardships of the camp and the weary march, faced the foe on deadly battle-fields, until themselves wounded, killed, or starved to death—their last long resting-places have been thus newly honored, newly consecrated to-day.

At the request of the post of the Grand Army of the Republic located in this city, on this holy Sabbath evening we are gathered within this sanctuary to perform, in another way, a similar memorial service in honor of our departed heroes. I may be pardoned for saying that this service is specially welcome in this house, for from within these walls, from the church, congregation, and Sabbath-school belonging here, seventy-five young men went forth as soldiers of the army of liberty, some of whom never came back, some were brought back lifeless corpses. Parents who worship here yet wear the babiliments of mourning for beloved sons, while soldiers' funerals have been a frequent service here.

I feel myself greatly honored by the invitation to conduct these solemnities according to the dictates of my own judgment, and have concluded that in no way could I as highly honor the memory of our fallen braves as by speaking of some of the "results of the war in which they fought and died." Volumes could not exhaust this theme. All you will expect of me, therefore, on this occasion will be the briefest outline of some of the more prominent of these results.

The late war determined the character of our nationality. It had never been absolutely determined before. Our fathers wisely agreed to accept events as they unfolded themselves in the providence of God, and did not attempt in the beginning to bring up the country to their own ideal. In the Declaration of Independence they merely intimated and affirmed their conception of the genius and spirit of a right government. As colonies they had combined simply to secure to each and all the right to govern themselves. After their independence the next question was as to the *kind of compact* by which they should be associated. That compact was finally

agreed upon in "Articles of Confederation," and they became known as "the *United* States of America."

A few years, however, demonstrated that these articles were too loose, indefinite, and inefficient to form a basis for permanant nationality. They left each State the right to secede, withdraw from the others, and gave no power to enforce obedience to the general government.

Subsequently this difficulty was met by the adoption of our Constitution, whose object was thus announced: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, do ordain and establish this constitution." But ever since, two opposing forces, like centrifugal and centripetal in nature, have been at work in adjusting the relation of the States to the central government. Hence has arisen, and always would have, save for the late war, embarrassments, vexations, and strife between these antagonistic elements. The one, bearing the popular title of "State rights," the other jealous of the power of the central government, took issue at last on the question of the right or power of a State to withdraw at its pleasure from the Union.

That momentous question was settled, *forever settled*, by the late conflict. The war demonstrated that the "United States" are not a loose collection of independencies, but a nation, "indissoluble by secession, indestructible by assault." That demonstration disappointed the foes of freedom in all the world. It showed to the tyrants of Europe and all the enemies of liberty our nationality established upon the rock of organic, constitutional unity, and defended by hundreds of thousands of the bravest of the brave, ready to fight and die, to maintain it. And who shall tell, what imagination conceive, the value of this result to ourselves, to our children, to unborn generations, to the world?

Verily this war gave its final and permanent interpretation to our national motto, "*E Pluribus Unum;*" out of many *one;* one nationality, indissoluble; one nationality, covering North, South, East, and West. Before 1860 it was common for persons to boast that they were citizens of some particular State; now and hereafter the proudest boast of every American, belong to what State he may, shall be, "I am a citizen of the United States; its flag of stars is my banner, my protection, my glory."

The practicability of republicanism has been demonstrated by the war.

The structure of our government is complex. It is not simple democracy nor oligarchy, but a compound of these conflicting elements, and that we call republicanism. It is a democracy, because every citizen has the right to vote in the

election of officers and the determination of politics. It is an oligarchy, because the people are bound to obey the constitutional enactments of their chosen rulers.

Such a government was an experiment which had never been thoroughly tried. History shows us democracies destroying themselves; failures of attempts to make republics successful. The monarchists of Europe both hoped and predicted the failure of our experiment. In our own land there have always been some who have feared for the result. Some of our truest patriots have gone to their graves fearing lest our Government and people might not be adequate to the great exigencies to which all nationalities are subject. Therefore you all remember the efforts made in the rising conflict between supporters of the national Government and the advocates of State rights to "preserve the Union." You remember the arrogant demands, accompanied by threats of secession and rebellion on the one hand, and the concessions and compromises on the other, in order to "preserve the Union." All this was confession of weakness, and looked like the precursor of ruin. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press and freedom of action were largely sacrificed to "save the Union." But these concessions, instead of satisfying the slave aristocracy, only made them more imperious and exacting, until, having all things ready, they rebelled against the Government and dared to fire against the grand old flag under which their own fathers had fought side by side with ours.

Ah! solemn, awful hour! Who of us can ever forget it! Long-dreaded, portentous for the trial of republicanism! In it all the foes of liberty saw the realization of their hopes and prophecies. Tyrants rejoiced. Funereal sadness settled down all over our land.

But with our people that state of mind was only temporary. One grand thought soon stood directly before them. It was this: the fundamental idea of government is law—law promulgated, law enforced; and then party bonds burst asunder, differing sects forgot their differences, and all classes of our people resolved that, law having been violated, it should—cost what it might—be enforced; the authority of the Government should be maintained! And lo! from quiet homes, from work-shops, from farms, from stores, from offices, from pulpits, at the call of Father Abraham, who had proclaimed to the world these immortal words, "I have taken an oath which is recorded in heaven to support the Constitution and the law," citizens sprang forth armed, and marched to put down the rebellion. And they succeeded. Government was sustained; law triumphed; and thus was given to the world the demonstration of the power of a republic to meet the most

fearful national exigency, and sustain itself triumphantly against intestine foes as well as foreign enemies!

And one such demonstration, developing the latent patriotism of our people, the prodigious resources of our country, the heroic valor of our citizen soldiery, has not only been sufficient to prove the practicability of republicanism, but effectually discourage and dishearten for a century to come all the lurking elements of rebellion at home and give majestic influence to our nation abroad.

Another result of the war was emancipation. It had ever been our boast that ours was "the land of the free and the home of the brave," but it was never true until the end of the conflict in which those whom we honor to-night gave up their lives to God. Nay, there were four millions of human beings "in this land of the free" wearing the galling bonds of a heaven-defying, humanity-disgracing slavery. This was our shame, our guilt.

But I would have my young countrymen understand the history of the relation of our fathers to this institution, slain by the sturdy blows of our cherished warriors.

It was introduced by the British into this country when our people were colonies.

When slaves were first brought here, so indignant were our colonial fathers that they fitted out a vessel at their own expense and sent them back to their own land.

Our fathers passed a law making man-stealing a felony, without benefit of clergy; but this law was disapproved by Great Britain, and they were compelled to allow cargoes of slaves to be landed and sold on our shores.

As soon as our people became independent they began the abolition of slavery.

In 1788, when all other nations were fostering the slave-trade, they commenced measures for its suppression.

Just as the principles avowed in their "Declaration of Independence" have spread, slavery disappeared.

But despite all this, nourished by cupidity, it grew—struck its black roots deeper and deeper; spread its black branches wider and wider, desolating everything beneath the influence of its black shadows.

Wesley had called it the "sum of all villainies." Jefferson said, "God has no attribute which sides with slavery. I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." In 1791 Dr. Buchanan, himself a slaveholder, proclaimed in Baltimore "that slavery must eventually subvert the springs of government."

But, though deplored by all real patriots, none could see how it could be removed. It was walled around by State

rights, protected by the General Government. It had ramified into all departments of secular, social, business, political, and religious life. What could be done with it? We knew not what. God did. Yea, the God of our fathers, the God of liberty did. He suffered slavery to place itself beyond the protection of the government, by assuming the attitude of treason, damnable treason, aiming blows with armed hands against the Constitution, against the very heart of freedom, against the unity of the republic; and lo, it came to pass that in order to save the nation we had to kill slavery, and our brave "boys in blue" did it, and all the loyal people cried, "Well done; die a traitor's death, thou enemy of God and man, disgrace of our land, foe of free labor, corrupter of our politics and our religion, everlasting disturber of our peace, infernal breeder of rebellion and secession, murderer of our noble braves, barrier in the way of all progress—die, and be buried so deep that the hand of resurrection power may never reach thee." And now, thanks to Almighty God, thanks to a loyal President and Congress, and thanks to our soldiers living and dead, this is a free country, humanity is emancipated from the lakes to the gulf, from ocean to ocean; over all the broad shield of universal liberty is thrown.

It is a historic fact, and there seems beautiful appropriateness in it, that, while the custom of strewing flowers on soldiers' graves originated at the South, the first graves thus honored were those of Union soldiers; and the first that did it were three thousand negro children and nearly one thousand colored adults, led by Redpath, the philanthropist, who strewed flowers on the graves of Union heroes who had perished in Charleston and been thrown into pits on the race-course. It was a sublime sight when the newly-freed people, enjoying their first holiday after the fall of Charleston, marched through the main streets singing, as only they could sing it,

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on,"

and, gathering around the graves of our brothers who had died to free them, tenderly decorated them with flowers. There, most appropriately, began the significant custom which will go down to the ages.

Finally, but on this I cannot dwell, this war had results which reach beyond our own country. It constituted an era in the progressive civilization of the world. The thunder of its cannon was the knell of dead issues at home, and the shouts of our victories were the herald of "the coming of the Lord" in the assertion of the rights of humanity abroad.

Sadowa, glorious in the overthrow of ancient abuses; the

uprising of the people in Italy; the overthrow of Bourbonism in Spain; the agitations in Great Britain; the disestablishment of the state church in Ireland; the revolution in Cuba, fair "Queen of the Antilles"—Heaven prosper it!—all these and similar results stand related to the success of freedom in America, achieved by the loyalty of the people and the sublime heroism of our soldiers.

Thus, friends, I have briefly indicated the more prominent results of the late war, and these shall constitute the imperishable monument of our fallen brothers, which shall last when flowers strewn on their graves are all withered; yea, when marble and even granite columns erected to perpetuate their memory shall have crumbled. Oh, what an army of them have fallen! Two hundred and forty thousand lie in national graveyards, thousands more in private cemeteries. But, while we honor all, can we forget that one grave out on the western prairie, *his* grave, the good, kind, honest President, whom rebellion, in its death-agony, slew; over whose untimely coffin twenty millions wept? Never, never while memory lasts.

"Twine gratitude a wreath for him
More fadeless than diadem."

We have done what we could to honor our patriot dead by act and word to-day. But, oh! soldiers and citizens, a still higher duty is ours. They died—ah, me, how some of them died! *starved* to death, *mangled* to death, *abused* to death! But God has permitted us to live for our country. Let us cherish the principles for which they were sacrificed; let us never forget that "righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people;" let us keep in mind that the foundations of our republic are laid in the intelligence, virtue, and piety of its citizens; let the sublime principles of the Bible, and the sacred teachings of His Christianity who died for a world, be the guide of our manhood, and then shall we convey on to still higher places of progress our beloved nationality.

Let us love our country, our whole country; let us cherish with increased tenderness the flag, the symbol of our republic. How those we mourn loved it!

One of them, Captain Perry, mortally wounded at Fredericksburg in the heat of battle, said: "Boys, I'm shot; don't wait for me, but just open the folds of the old flag; let me see it once more." They did so, and catching it in his stiffening hand, he pressed it to his lips and died.

The bravest men, the sternest foes in war, are best friends when the fight is over. So let it be with us and our southern people.

CEREMONIES AT OSWEGO.

(BAILEY POST No. 19.)

The clouds which hung threatening over the sky cleared away along toward noon. During the forenoon basket after basket of rich flowers was brought to Doolittle Hall and placed in charge of a committee of ladies, who arranged them into tasteful wreaths and bouquets, ready for their sweet mission, the adorning of the resting-places of the dead soldiers. The faded and tattered flags of the Oswego regiments were placed on the stage, showing in marked contrast to the mass of fresh pure flowers near at hand, and the other decorations of the hall, were very appropriate. Between 12 and 1 o'clock people began to congregate in the streets, which soon became thronged, giving the city quite a holiday appearance. About 2 o'clock the procession formed on West First street, with the right on Seneca, under the direction of Colonel James Doyle, marshal, assisted by the following aids: Major George Hugunin, Colonel R. Oliver, jr., Major J. D. O'Brian, Major W. I. Rasmussen, Captain S. Church, Captain John Ratigan, Captain William A. Wybourn, Captain W. S. Turner.

At 2 o'clock the city hall bell began to toll, and the procession moved in the following order: Platoon of police; Battery A, First Artillery, United States Army; Forty-eighth Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y.; Post Baily No. 19, Grand Army of the Republic; honorably-discharged soldiers and sailors who served in the Union Army; the Fire Department; citizens.

The procession passed through the principal streets to the excellent music of the Forty-eighth Regiment Band, and attracted much attention. Doolittle Hall became filled with a patient throng of people, waiting for the exercises to take place. The procession marched down Water street to the hall, where it disbanded, and Battery A and Grand Army of the Republic were shown to reserved seats. On motion of Colonel James Doyle, Hon. J. C. Churchill was called to preside, and the order of exercises was announced as follows:

Prayer by the chaplain of the post; music by band; ad-

dress, Hon. J. C. Churchill; music, choir; address, Rev. Mr. Bonte; address, Rev. Mr. Curtiss; music, (America,) choir; doxology; benediction by the chaplain of the post.

Judge Churchill paid an earnest and eloquent tribute to those whose lives and deeds it was designed to commemorate, and he referred in warm terms to their heroism and patriotic self-sacrifice, and the debt of gratitude the living owe them. Rev. Mr. Bonte's address was also a worthy tribute to the brave men who loved not life, nor family, nor home as they loved their country. Rev. Mr. Curtiss referred briefly to his experience among the wounded in the army, and related several incidents showing the patriotic devotion of our volunteer army. The exercises being concluded, those appointed to perform the decoration ceremonies took carriages for the different cemeteries, viz: Riverside, Third Ward, Second Ward, and St. Paul's, and proceeded to strew with flowers the silent couches of the soldiers who rest in these "cities of the dead." The number of graves decorated were in all seventy-three.

CEREMONIES AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

(Post No. 20.)

The veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic turned out and proceeded to the Episcopal and Rural Cemeteries, and there deposited on the graves of the brave departed floral tokens of their remembrance, love, and respect.

The first place visited was the Episcopal ground. The veterans and Grand Army of the Republic halted at the entrance and detailed a squad to proceed within and strew the graves with flowers. The companies then proceeded to the Rural Cemetery. Here the grave of the soldier was also visited and honored in like manner. Subsequently, at the sound of the bugle, all gathered around the tomb of Colonel Bailey, when a fervent prayer was offered up by Rev. Mr. Wheeler. Then followed short and appropriate addresses by Captain Platto, Dr. Carter, and General Smith.

Necessarily the exercises were brief, the participants being obliged to stand unsheltered under a heavy rain.

It is to be regretted that anything should have intervened to prevent the fulfillment of the programme as contemplated; yet, under the circumstances, those who had the commendable work in charge did very well. They exhibited a regard for the brave dead which the unpropitious elements could not overcome, and thus displayed a brotherly feeling truly characteristic of the soldier.

REMARKS OF CAPTAIN W. PLATTO.

Comrades and sympathizing Friends: This is a peculiar and impressive occasion. The motives and objects which gave it birth are among the most noble and worthy, as the act of strewing these graves with flowers is beautiful in the extreme. Beneath this sod rest the moldering remains of many of our former companions in arms, once imbued like yourselves with life, health, and strength. In the full flush of manhood, with every glorious ambition unobtained, came the dread summons from the King of Terror that their lives were required of them as a sacrifice to the cause of truth, justice, and humanity. No murmur of complaint marked their death scenes; but a sight, supernatural, as it were, was granted them, and away beyond the dark clouds which barred our vision they perceived the coming light which heralded the triumph of our Heaven-assisted cause. It may be but a thought, a vagary of the mind, and yet it is a consoling one, to even imagine that above and around us, even here, in our presence, hover the spirits of our departed comrades, watching our proceedings. If the spirit disembodied can still feel and rejoice, do they not derive pleasure from the devotion shown by us to all that is left of their fast-moldering remains and these mounds which mark their last resting-place? Day by day these beautiful tokens of our remembrance, these spring-flowers, shall wither and droop, like mourners who refuse to be comforted; the once life-giving rain may fall upon them, the sun's rays may warm, but cannot call them back to life; their thread of existence is cut, decay has marked them as its own, and every beauty shall depart from them as from the cheek of him beneath fled the flush of health at the ghastly summons. And yet how unlike, for while our flowers die, fade from our sight utterly and entirely, and we see them no more, for the patriot who gave all in freedom's holy cause there must await a glorious resurrection, an awaking to brighter scenes than greeted his last view of earth, with no care, no contention; but peace, lasting and perfect. As the years come and go again, and we who may

be spared visit this consecrated and hallowed ground to pay to the memory of those sleepers beneath our annual floral tribute of affection, may each recurrence bring more vividly to mind their willing sacrifice to patriotism, and so strengthen within us that love of country, that it may rise superior to every feeling of selfishness, and become the ruling and governing emotion of our hearts, second only to the duty we owe our God.

What more appropriate than our choice of days to give expression to the feelings of sadness and mingled reverence with which we mourn our martyred dead, the Sabbath? Could any be more appropriate than the one set apart for the worship of Him whose strong arm is ever ready to assist in the good work—the defenders of liberty, justice, and the right? For these our heroes fell. And though the bigot and the narrow-minded self-glorifying disciple of creeds, which cannot tolerate or fathom the great love we bear our dead, may censure and endeavor to rebuke us, yet within our hearts live the quiet and the rest born of an approving conscience. It would be invidious in me to mention names or to draw comparison between those resting here, though the memory of deeds of daring performed by hands now nerveless, prompted by hearts which have ceased to beat, might almost excuse me for so doing. All were patriots alike, each fell in God's own cause; for the cause of freedom and universal justice has his special guardianship and care. To the mothers, the sisters, and the wives of these fallen braves, who may be here in this assemblage, I would say, that on the farther bank of that Stygian river, which we all must cross, they await your coming, wait to welcome you to a life, no! to an eternity of peace, free from the care, the harrowing suspense, and the agony which have been your lot here.

REMARKS OF COLONEL GEORGE PARKER.

Comrades: The order of our chief, directing the observance of this appropriate and beautiful ceremony, is gladly obeyed, and in its obedience we in common with many others throughout the length and breadth of our land have performed a sad but pleasant duty. Strewing these graves with floral offerings, we have paid a tribute to the memory of comrades good and true, who answered their country's call and filled their places as their absence to-day best tells.

Looking back over the past, it seems but yesterday since they were here with us, our neighbors and our friends; together we answered the call to arms, and, buckling on sabers and grasping rifles, went forth full of hope and

strength, with the sworn resolve to do our part and meet with our lives, if need be, the stern realities of war. We shared the duties of the camp, the heat, and the cold, the hunger, and the thirst of many a weary march, and we have stood side by side when the hurtling hail of death rattled around us. They were with us in sickness and in health, in danger and in privations, and with us have cheered to the echo the glorious old flag that we followed.

But time has passed and for them to-day the bugle-call has no awakening.

The satisfaction of receiving the cold, lifeless remains of a father, a brother, or a son was granted a few stricken ones, and here, away from the din and turmoil of the strife, shrouded in their own army blue, they laid them. From the studied cruelty and starvation of Winder and Turner and Wirz, from the sickening and terrible horrors of Belle Isle, Andersonville, Millen, and other prison-pens, the close of the war released a few, who came crawling back to their homes wasted and weak in body and mind, mere wrecks of their former selves, with scarcely strength enough left to keep soul and body together—yes, came back and for a little while received all the kindness and attention that loving hearts and willing hands could give. How anxiously they were watched, how tenderly they were nursed, and how fondly it was hoped that medical skill, with home comforts and love, would bring back their wasted strength. Some of you can tell—but, vain hope, so surely had their practiced and cold-hearted murderers performed their work, that the angel of death soon claimed them as his own, and their names were added to the long list of those who died the victims of a barbarous—aye, a devilish—inhumanity. Oh! comrades, shall God in his mercy spare us till our cheeks are furrowed, our eyes dimmed, and our hair silvered with age, may we ever honor and reverence the memory of those brave men who, forgetful of self, with a faith sublimely high, rejected with scorn every traitorous proposal, and lived a living-death, enduring sufferings that beggar description, that they might die true to their country and their country's flag.

Here in this quiet ground lies all that is mortal of a few of the great host who have gone on before. Over them have we bowed with sorrowful hearts; and if with nature's pure tribute we have dropped the manly tear, choked back the rising sob, and lifted to God the silent prayer, may He accept the offering.

Fresh and green with us to-day is the memory of Sterling and Wells, of Holliday and Van Keuren, of Swarthout and

Hermance, and these others who lie buried here. So, too, our hearts go out toward the hundreds of thousands of our comrades who sleep the sleep of death; some in their own home burial-grounds, where to-day kind friends gather with the choicest gifts of May to decorate their resting-places, but the greater number buried on the field after the fight, or carried out from their hospital cots to be laid, one by one, line after line, in regular order, whole armies together, waiting for that bugle-blast which shall call them to the general assembly. The mighty deep holds in her locked embrace many who, with the dangers of battle, braved the ocean's storms to do their part of the great work to which their country called them. Others, unknown and unmarked, lie where they fell, wounded and faint, but cheering with parting breath the cause for which they were martyred. On army records they are registered "*missing*," but the Great Captain above noted their fall and marked their resting-places, and over them to-day, planted and nourished by His hand, the green grass waves and beautiful flowers bud and blossom.

We mourn all who for their country died, and to their memory offer the tribute of grateful hearts. Saviours of our liberties, in death were they honored beyond our power of expression, and, though dead, forever shall they live in the hearts of all true Americans. And men everywhere, who love liberty, truth, and justice, shall hold sacred their memory. Seared and hardened though we may have been by our experience of a soldier's life, we ever regarded with sobered thoughts and saddened hearts the fall of a comrade; and, missing as we did their pleasant companionship, we looked beyond our circle and well knew that the force of that bullet was not spent, the depth of that saber-cut or bayonet-thrust reached, nor yet the heavy hand of disease lifted when our brother's life was yielded at the call, and his spirit returned to God who gave it; but mile on mile, beyond battle-field, camp, and hospital, to your own pleasant northern homes, the swift-winged messenger of death speeded, to claim as his own hundreds, aye, thousands of broken-hearted ones, whose bright visions of life had been so suddenly clouded. Father! mother! was your son, the pride and joy of your heart, taken? And you, widowed and fatherless, was he on whom you leaned laid low? I tell you strong men prayed that the sad news to you might be gently broken; that God in His mercy would soothe your aching, anguished hearts, and, giving you strength to bear up under your great affliction, help you to say, "Let the Lord's will be done." For you our sweet-voiced Whittier wrote:

And if in our unworthiness
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeals' heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars—
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And blest by Thee our present pain
Be liberty's eternal gain—
Thy will be done!

We bowed submissive to His will, and to-day, thanking Him that the storm is over, we read in the clear, full light, "It was all for liberty's eternal gain." Precious blood has paid the price, and it is for us, comrades, it is for all, to see that not a hair's-breadth of our advantage be lost. Let us then pray to God that, so long as He shall give us strength to raise an arm or power to utter a word, our strength may be given and our words spoken for that holy cause of universal liberty to which our dead are sealed, and then, at the assembly-call of him who shall stand with one foot on sea and one foot on land, in trumpet-tones proclaiming that time shall be no longer, may we join that grand army, and, passing in review before the great white throne, live forever in that beautiful land of perpetual spring, where flowers always bloom, where the sky is not darkened, and trouble never comes.

REMARKS OF COLONEL A. B. SMITH.

This day we decorate the graves of our fallen heroes by strewing them with beautiful flowers, and place the flag upon the mound that marks their resting-places—fit emblems of a nation's gratitude to those who gave their lives for their country.

God forbid that we should decorate their tombs as the pharisees of old built the tombs of their fathers who slew the prophets.

Be it ours rather to cherish the memory of the gallant dead, as exemplified and illustrated by the principles for which they gave the highest testimony.

The story of our national sins I shall not attempt to relate. But great sins called for sacrifices, and these are they who died that we might live. Liberty, union, peace, prosperity, one country, one flag, one destiny, are the legacies they have left us. Noble inheritance! choice treasures! Let us send them down through the generations untarnished, yes, polished brighter and brighter by perpetual use. We must often rekindle the waning fires of Christian patriotism at these silent but ever-burning altars. They tell us to be vigilant.

To guard well the tree of liberty. They teach us the grandeur of self sacrifice. The highest ideal of life is here. Noble men! By the lights of your lives a nation lives. In that light we reassure our faith in common manhood and heroic virtue.

How dwindle into utter insignificance all the selfish pursuits of life, struggles for wealth, and earth's honors and places, when measured by your standard: "for all that man hath will he give for his life." Yet ye have given your lives for the world; for oceans cannot curtail your fame or set bounds to your influence. Already the sons of toil and oppression all over the world "rejoice to see your day." We no longer turn to song or story or ancient mythology for deeds of valor and heroism. History has re-enacted in our day all she valued in the mighty past. Her grandest events are household words in our own houses.

Let us, fellow-citizens, as this day rolls around, read again and again the record as it is recorded in our own hearts, for we all have a record deeply graven in our own hearts. Whether we were in the field, or at home cheering on those who took the field with kind words and patriotic zeal, the record is good to think upon, and let us cherish not only the memory of the dead, but care kindly and courteously for the living. Widows and orphans, the maimed and the blind soldier, demand our cordial protection and support. Let them have a home in the home of their fathers. Let every kind word and act cheer and encourage them.

We need their presence to stimulate our zeal in patriotic labor. Send not the soldiers' child to asylums; we cannot afford to lose such choice influences for good upon society. Let them know the truth of the promises we made to induce father, husband, and brother to take the field. How have we kept our most sacredly-pledged faith? God forbid that these orphans should ever be objects of charity, but rather the happy recipients of the deepest gratitude of the people. Children of the noblest birth, let them be assisted to be men among men. As the maimed, the orphan, and widow walk among us, let their path be strewed with flowers, so kindly and unobtrusively that the left hand may not know what the right hand doeth.

These are our classic days; the days of mighty deeds; the days that tried a nation's soul. These our heroes have settled the last great question of the capacity of man for self-government and the perpetuity of a free popular government. At their magic touch the shackles fell from four million men, and school-books took their places. Our fathers conceived dimly the grand outline and ventured upon the

experiment, which cost them seven years of war, and they wrested but a partial recognition of their rights from monarchical Europe. Another short struggle, and the mother country, with seeming dignity, but awful pallor on her brow, gave up her superintending care.

But tares, planted and carefully nourished by the adversary, grew up with the wheat in our own fields, and the harvest came, and the reapers, God's angels of justice, went forth. The tares have been gathered and burned, and the wheat garnered home. Freedom, universal manhood, equal rights, justice to all men, the grand ideal of the immortal declaration of rights, has at last been realized. Through all the ages shall the deeds of these martyrs of liberty and justice be cherished and remembered as second only in grandeur and degree to the sublime offering of the Son of God for a fallen world.

I speak it reverently, the man who gives his life to perpetuate the liberties and free institutions of such a government as ours enrolls his name on the highest pinnacle of earthly fame, and takes, *par excellence*, the highest position among the benefactors of his race. He is one who, indeed, follows most closely the example of the Great Master. Let us rejoice to-day that in the hour of our nation's peril such men were found who, sustained by the God of Justice and encouraged by the loyal hearts of a great people, went forth to die for eternal truth and justice.

The seal upon their title to a nation's profoundest gratitude can never be tarnished or erased, neither by turnkeys, politicians, or whitewashed pharisees, who dare yet assert that man was made for the Sabbath, and not the Sabbath for man, and who, from the highest seats in the synagogues, but recently on the Sabbath, with well-turned periods, and thus saith the Lord, called eloquently upon men to enlist, and now with holy horror they shudder at allowing one Sabbath of the year to be devoted to visiting, with religious rite and holy ceremony, the graves of our noble dead. We heed not the idle wind, but as the years come and go we will, as comrades and citizens, meet around the graves and renew our vows.

Yes, we meet on God's holy day for a holy work—to thank the great and good Father for all his mercies to our land, and with the sincerest affection we place the wreath, the flag, and the cross upon the graves of our noble dead, fit emblems of their immortality, their valor, and their triumph. "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

REMARKS OF DR. CARTER.

Friends and Brothers: I never regretted more deeply that the circumstances of my life have left me little time for the cultivation of oratory, or nature failed to bestow upon me the power of polished speech, for I feel, did I possess them both, I could scarcely do justice to the object and occasion which have called us together to-day.

Standing where I do over the ashes of one of the first, or rather *the* first, with whom it was my fortune to be associated at the beginning of the war, I feel that I could not well be silent, and that the few words my heart prompts me to speak in his memory will not be considered obtrusive or ill-timed. It is not necessary for me to allude to what this city or county have done. Poughkeepsie has its heroes. Their deeds and sacrifices will be perpetuated by those better fitted by personal knowledge and long residences among you to do them honor. Though the names of every martyr of that great army must always be dear to every true soldier's heart, yet to me this grave comes like the greeting of a familiar friend in a land of strangers.

It was in the year of 1861, almost before the echo of the call for help had died away, that call which rang like a clarion-cry all over the land, thrilling men's hearts and stirring their blood as nothing had before or will for a generation, that Guilford D. Bailey, in the splendid morning of his life, in the flush of hope, possessed of every social quality calculated to endear him to the men he led—a thorough soldier, a gifted and noble man—left this State with his regiment; one of the first to respond to the call of his country's defense, and, alas! one of the first to fall. You all remember those first terrible battles. The end followed fast upon the beginning.

Sadly before me now rises the vision of another fair morning at the close of the war, when slowly and sorrowfully a little party, threading their way among graves strewn thick as leaves in an autumnal forest, came at last to stand upon a lonely spot, bordered by forest trees, themselves bearing in their scarred and crippled limbs abundant evidence of the terrible battle of Fair Oaks, where he of whom I speak offered up his life for his country, and met death with the lofty courage of one who, knowing *all* the danger, counting *all* the cost, yet goes steadily and fearlessly on to the end. I do not speak of him as one to be exalted above all others, noble and heroic as were his life and death; his is but the history of one among thousands; and to many of you, I doubt not, my words seem but the echo of thoughts busy with the recollections of some

other loved lost one, upon whom mother, wife, or friend may never look again. For them earth holds not, never can hold, such another. Ah! the cost of the war, not in gold or treasure, but in individual lives! The worth of a life—who can estimate it? We do not think of that when thousands go shoulder to shoulder, incited by one common impulse or aim, to death or victory; but when the battle is over, back in the homes nestled away under the green hills trembling hearts wait vainly for news of those their love had consecrated. *There*, could it be bought with gold or its equivalent counted out in wealth or treasure? If you think so, offer to the wife or mother whose heart has been stricken through with the same bullet that brought release indeed to some worn soldier, but not such as he had dreamed of around the bivouac fires. He dreamed of welcome home, but not such as when men march with bowed heads and arms reversed, and music that voices only grief; and the flowers are strewn, not beneath the victor's glad feet, but scattered upon a pall. He had not dreamed in this struggle to vanquish the great enemy of all, *death*. Truly we have not won back peace and safety and national honor without paying the price. Dearly has it been won, and how dare we who remain to enjoy the fruits of such sacrifice live weakly or unworthily in view of the responsibility it entails, or turn coldly and indifferently from the bereft ones, whose comfort and care should be the proof of our appreciation and gratitude and our thank-offering to God. And I am sure you feel with me that it is not enough that we are here to-day with flowers in our hands and words of honor and praise upon our lips, if when these mounds, now fragrant with flowery offerings, shall be whitened by winter snows, the same hands kindle not the home-fires upon desolate hearthstones and feed and clothe the hungry. There has many a life gone out in silence and in darkness among the rank and file, whose history must forever remain unwritten, that for heroism and patient endurance might have taught a lesson to the world.

It is meet that we gather here to-day—meet that the great victorious army should have received in the capital of our country the homage of a nation's gratitude. But I cannot close without a thought sent out to that other army, *greater* than they, for whose returning feet no pæns of welcome will ever sound, upon whose graves no laural wreaths will ever rest in gratitude, whose dust can never be gathered into the sacred repositories of their fathers, and around whose ashes no reverent feet will ever press regretfully.

The lost, the unknown graves! Above them thorns and flowers will grow together unheeded; only the rain or forest

wind as it sweeps through the sentinel pines will chant a requiem. To them more than to all others would I pay the tribute of my thought to-day, and if it be that a cloud of witnesses unseen encompass us, and that the spirits of departed ones still hover over the land and home of their birth, God grant them to know that, amid the commemoration of our loved and honored dead, *they*, too, shall never be forgotten—they in our hearts shall live immortal.

CEREMONIES AT WATERVILLE.

(Rowell Post No. 23.)

Early Saturday morning members of Post Rowell, Grand Army of the Republic, were flitting around in their neat uniform, making preparations. The bodies moved in the following order: Marshal of the day; Waterville Cornet Band; Post Rowell No. 23, Grand Army of the Republic; Sanger Lodge F. and A. M.; Fire Department; veterans of 1812 in carriages; floral car.

The line marched through the principal streets, and proceeded to the cemetery, the band playing dirges. On arriving at the cemetery the line was halted, and each detail, (who were to decorate the various graves,) as their numbers were called, proceeded to the floral car, and received their wreaths, flowers and flags; then the procession moved through the avenues. On arriving at the graves the line would halt, and the detail decorate the graves; as the flag was placed in position the band cheered and the line saluted by the raising of hats. Thus they proceeded until each grave was visited. On arriving at the last, a hollow square was formed, and a prayer by Rev. William Clarke was offered; an address was then delivered by H. J. Coggeshall, esq., who spoke substantially as follows:

To-day our nation mourns, and to-day she also rejoices. She mourns the death of the loyal, true, and brave. She mourns the devastation of the war which has so recently passed with its mighty convulsions over our land, causing so much heart-rending sorrow and desolation.

She rejoices that to-day the shout and din of battle are no longer heard within her borders, and that the dark cloud of war has been dispersed, and in its stead the glorious sunlight

of peace beams brightly upon us. She rejoices because of the bright record transmitted to her by her gallant soldiers, to be preserved in enduring luster and freshness through all coming time, and that, notwithstanding the attack of enemies within and the hatred of foes without, she gallantly surmounted all obstacles, subdued her enemies, and preserved unsullied the name of America, and that to-day, wherever our glorious old banner is unfurled, its broad stripes and bright stars are acknowledged and respected.

A few years since our nation was convulsed with war; an infuriated and misguided people sought to wrest from the power and control of its properly-constituted authorities the reins of government, and at that time our nation's best interests were in jeopardy. Her reputation among other nations was at stake, and the peace and happiness of her citizens were greatly endangered. With her standing army disorganized and depleted in numbers; surrounded on almost every hand by adverse influences; with the defiant shouts of a foe who was bitter and inveterate in hatred against our dearest interests, and was attemping to desecrate and destroy our institutions of civil and religious liberty and trail our nation's flag in dishonor and disgrace—in such an hour as this, when the dark cloud of war hung with its midnight blackness over our land, when our nation called for defenders, from every village and hamlet, from vale and hill-top, the call was quickly and gallantly responded to by those who, rending asunder the dearest interests of their lives, went forth to vindicate their nation's rights, and, if need be, to nobly perish in her defense.

Oh, how the emotions are stirred within us as we turn back to the trying ordeal through which our nation passed ere the eagle of victory at last perched upon our banners! Often before that eventful period in our nation's history the American would refer with exultant pride to the heroic defenders of America's rights in the dark and dubious days of the Revolution, and as he uttered the names of Putnam, Brooks, Stark, Prescott, Warren, and others of those who cemented the Union of our States with their heart's best blood, and died that their country might live, he felt inspired with emotions of veneration and great respect, and though he sought, yet could not find in the annals of time instances in which men were actuated by such generous and patriotic principles as characterized them; and as the pages of history revealed to the reader the sufferings of our forefathers, their forced marches and bloody conflicts, their untimely deaths and the consequent misery carried to their desolate homes, he involuntarily deemed such desolation and privation without precedent; and while he proudly identified himself with the cause

of America, and considered her strong and invincible, yet it seemed that men of the bravery and patriotism of our forefathers were not to be found among the Americans of the nineteenth century. By our memory of the sufferings and valor of our ancestors we lost sight of the fact that the same spirit which actuated them was the very moving power which had since the formation of our Union preserved and prospered it.

We seemed to have almost forgotten that the souls of our ancestors still burned in the bosoms of their descendants; but still the time was to come, and it did come, when again the dread tocsin of war was to be sounded; our nation's mettle to be tried, and her soil again to drink in the life-blood of the patriot; and as we recall to-day the self-sacrificing patriotism which actuated and characterized the American soldier of the nineteenth century, we finds words inadequate to express a more fitting eulogy than his own record expresses. And while we still venerate the names and memory of the patriots of the Revolution, so may we consistently place in as high a niche of fame the names of the soldiers of our recent war. And while we shall never forget the desolation which brooded over our nation during her first struggle in the cause of liberty, and the sorrow that was within many dwellings, yet as we look out upon the American continent to-day we behold countless homes wherein sorrow sits with cheerless visitation, we discover wherever the gaze is directed those who mourn, with as bitter and poignant grief as ever mortal mourned, the loss of fathers, brothers, sons, or husbands, who, sacrificing the companionship of their loved ones and the associations of home, went forth to die amid the din and carnage of battle. Was it not indeed a trying ordeal which swept from our land so many thousands, filled so many homes with mourning, and exhausted so much treasure?

And should not the nation to-day mourn? Aye! it is but the just tribute which she should pay to her honored dead. Well may we who are here assembled weave these chaplets of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the graves of our heroic dead. Well may the unbidden tears course themselves down our cheeks in memory of their sacrifices and deaths; and as these solemn ceremonies, the occasion for which we meet, and the recollections of the past, all serve to impress our minds with emotions of sadness, yet it is well that we should not seek to avoid such feelings. For though we mourn the loss of loved ones who died for their country, though the seat by the fireside is now vacant, and we may never greet them again on earth; though, still true to the

undying and unconquerable instincts of maternal love, the mother weeps bitter tears of grief; though the father's heart is filled with an aching void, and the widow mourns—they do not mourn as those who are comfortless, for there comes to-day a voice from the graves of those you love, wherever they may be, whether their sacred forms lie within our own pleasant cemetery, or under the soil of southern fields; whether you may visit the spot 'neath which they rest so quietly, or may never bend with reverential awe over the place wherein they lie; that though it causes feelings of sadness, yet that is sweeter than the voice of song; and not only because of the recollections of their lives and virtues may you feel that you are not comfortless, but you may to-day derive much consolation from the thought that your loved ones died not in vain; that, prompted by generous impulses, they rallied to the standard of their country, and together bravely struggled amid the din and shock of battle, firm and unyielding as the adamantine rock which lifts its majestic top above the ocean wave.

You may feel consoled to know that they went forth with hearts warm with love for yourselves and filled with patriotic impulses for their country, and that, though dead, yet they still live in the hearts of their countrymen. To be cold and motionless and breathless, to feel not and speak not—this is not the end of their existence; for men who have carved their names on the pillar of fame as the patriot and soldier will live on through ages yet to come. When will the hardy and patriotic Swiss be forgotten? When will the brave Greek and Roman soldier cease to be remembered? When will the day dawn in which the names of Warren at Bunker Hill, Stark at Bennington, and hosts of others, all through our revolutionary war, cease to be spoken of? And I ask when will the names of Williams, Rowell, Atwell, and others of the brave soldiers of our recent war be forgotten? Though they can never again move among and greet us as in other days, yet for ages to come the graven characters in marble on the slabs o'er their resting-place shall tell the unvarnished tale of their sacrifice; and even centuries after that, when the stone itself shall have crumbled into dust, and all who are here assembled shall be numbered with the silent dead, then history, undying history, shall transmit the record.

While our banner bright waves o'er the land;
While our Union binds us heart and hand;
While our nation lives, proud, true, and brave;
While our gallant ships whiten the wave;
While love of country throbs in the heart,
Never shall their memory from us depart—
Their best memorial through coming years,
Their proudest monument, their country's tears.

Benediction was then pronounced by Rev. I. D. Peaslee, and the line moved out and proceeded to the cemetery at Sangerfield Centre, where the same ceremonies were observed. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Clarke, after which an address was delivered by Bev. I. D. Peaslee, who spoke as follows:

The present occasion was advised by the Government through one of its chief officers. Wise, indeed, have been many of the posts in selecting one of the week-days on which to hold the appropriate "memorial service." Though late when requested to be present with you to-day and bear some part in the service of this hour, I could not easily forgive myself had I not something to add when all about is inspiration. Were a stranger to pass along, wholly unacquainted with the history of our Government and nature of our institutions, he would naturally ask why that plaintive music, those soldiers in uniform, that gathering of people? As he sees this is a cemetery, he must think something of a funeral service is being observed; the flag of our country he sees, together with the music and soldiers; all must impress him with that which is unusual. Could he look into the American heart he would see a live principle there, answering the call of General Logan.

These surroundings crowd upon the mind three important facts: A respect for the patriotic dead, which we will not let die; an enthusiastic love of country, the land of our birth or the home of our adoption; an ardent desire to perpetuate this country, with its institutions improved constantly, to coming posterity.

Another inspiration of the hour is a strong love of country. The Switzer is proud of his mountain home. The Indian loves his wigwam. The American is second to none in his idea of home—given to him by a liberal hand, whose mountains are filled with gold, silver, and other precious metals, with valleys fertile, yielding in rich abundance for our comfort and happiness; whose streams carry valuable commerce and turn mighty machinery; here is where a man may be free from the power of tyranny, and grow rapidly in mental and material wealth. Who can say other than this is a great heritage to man? Our doors are open wide to the nations and tribes of the earth, "an asylum for the oppressed and unfortunate of every land and nation." It is impossible to suppress the love of country from the heart when it appreciates the spirit of our free institutions. This land we love; it has all the endearments of home added to unprecedented advantages.

We need not wonder that we desire earnestly to transmit to others what was handed to us. To a great extent we live in the future. When we turn to the past only a speedy glance is given; the present is all around us, the future is just before us. We are willing, yea, determined to give to others this broad field, with an area of three million square miles, being ten times larger than Great Britain, of larger extent than the Roman empire or that of Alexander, neither of which exceeded three million square miles. What a field for religion and civilization! This country, which cost so much of untold treasure and blood, away as we are from the traditional governments and faiths and other checks of the Old World, in less than seventy years to hold a power equal to all Europe, shall it not be greater in many respects? This spirit we are ambitious to perpetuate, and will, as the men who are sleeping at our feet are doing. The soldiers buried here were personally unknown to me, and many present as well, but the cause for which they gave themselves is known to all. We cannot raise them here, neither do we desire it; we can keep alive the spirit that burned in their hearts. They fought for us, they died that we might live.

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, I speak to men who know what the piercing bullet meant, who saw your comrades fall upon the right and left, who heard the groans of the dying and shouts of the victorious. Grateful should you feel to-day to Him who has shielded you from the missiles of death and spared you to your homes and country. You can undoubtedly appreciate this occasion better than we, by the hard service you rendered in the dark time of danger and death. He who has signally blessed us beyond the most sanguine expectations of the Pilgrim Fathers, grant that we shall embalm the heroic dead in our choice affections.

The procession then returned to the village where the organizations were dismissed by the Grand Army of the Republic.

CEREMONIES AT NYACK.

(Waldron Post No. 26.)

The second anniversary of strewing with flowers the graves of our fallen soldiers occurred Sunday afternoon, and was celebrated in this village by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic in a becoming manner. The Reformed

Church commenced to fill up at an early hour, and long before the services began a large audience had assembled to listen to the discourse of Rev. C. Millard, who was chaplain of the Fourth Heavy Artillery during the war. The sermon was from II Samuel, from the words, "Deal gently with the young man for my sake," and on which an interesting discourse was founded. The prayer by Rev. Dr. Middleditch was eloquent and embraced a large circle of objects. The singing by the choir of the church was excellent, and the hymns chosen were appropriate for the solemnities of the occasion. After benediction had been pronounced by Rev. Mr. Opdyke, the members of the post formed into line, and, preceded by a band of music, marched through Main street to High avenue, and thence to the cemetery, followed by twenty-two private carriages containing citizens. At the gate of the village of the dead a few words were addressed to the members of the post and the citizens by the post chaplain, Rev. H. A. Beach, recalling in warm terms the services of those who laid down their lives that their country might live. After the address was concluded the members of the post proceeded to strew with flowers the graves of their comrades.

CEREMONIES AT BINGHAMTON.

(Watrous Post No. 30.)

The members of the post met at Temperance Hall at 2 o'clock, and soon after the procession formed in front of Lincoln block. The Forty-fourth Regiment Band led the procession, followed by the officers and the other members of Post Watrous, known by fraternity badges, and carrying flowers with which to decorate the graves of their former companions, and also a beautiful folded banner trimmed with crape; next followed other soldiers, not members of the order; and then carriages with clergymen and speakers, and a large number of carriages of citizens. The sidewalks on either side of the street were occupied by the procession for a long distance.

As the Grand Army moved along Court and Chenango streets the band played the beautiful dirge of "Flee as a Bird."

ELDREDGE-STREET CEMETERY.

At this cemetery the exercises and orations were very impressive. The procession filed in at the south gate, and, marching to near the center of the cemetery, formed a hollow square around the grave of Marvin Watrous, a soldier of the Eighty-ninth Regiment, New York Volunteers, who died at Fort Nansman, Suffolk, Virginia. After the band had played "Pleyel's Hymn," Z. L. Tidball, commandant of the post, made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, and introduced the Rev. W. H. Olin, pastor of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, who spoke, impromtu, substantially as follows:

REMARKS OF REV. MR. OLIN.

Strange memories are stirred to-day, memories of the time when a land at peace was disturbed and aroused by the traitorous blast of war; memories of the time when dearest ties were sundered, when husbands left their wives, fathers their children, and sons their parents and homes, hastening to the ensanguined field; memories of the time when it became necessary to lay all we cherished and loved upon the altar of our beloved country, that unimpaired might be preserved the institutions which from earliest childhood we had learned to cherish and venerate.

Thousands of eyes are upon you to-day, soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, watching to see with what loving loyalty you cherish the memories of those dear departed ones, who at so great a price did their part to preseve in their integrity the free institutions of this land.

The hope in the possession of which the departed went forth to the bloody sacrifice, and the order and solemnity observed in this sad service, was and is a prophecy as to the future of the great republic.

It was gratifying to me to notice that those having charge of this memorial service remembered the sanctity of the day and gave their orders accordingly. I am but too grateful to soldiers and citizens for the decorum of this occasion.

The Sabbath is an institution peculiar in its observance almost to this country; and in its loving and faithful observ-

ance and preservation as a holy time, to a large extent, rest the liberty and security of our people.

When we come to inaugurate the Sabbath of continental Europe, with its games and shows, its fetes and processions, it will appear that the price you and the departed heroes amid whose graves we now stand paid to preserve the Government and to crush out the rebellion was more than what you preserved was worth, and that we as a people are not sufficiently virtuous to maintain freedom in government and liberty in religious affairs.

Stranger as I am in your young and prosperous city, and unacquainted as I must be with your general methods and spirit, allow me again to congratulate you upon the fitness of this service as here and now performed.

Mr. Olin finished his remarks with an able prayer, after which the friends and audience joined in the national hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," etc.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR MAFFETT.

Major N. D. Maffett next delivered the following eloquent and patriotic address:

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: We are gathered together upon this sacred day and in these sacred grounds for a purpose to us scarcely less sacred than the day itself or the spot of earth upon which we stand.

We come together for the purpose of a memorial service in honor of our fallen heroes, which, we sincerely trust, will be faithfully kept up from year to year, so long as a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades.

Comrades, we come here as a body of men who, by the merciful kindness of an overruling Providence, have been spared in the battle and in the camp, to lay upon the graves of our beloved fellow-soldiers, whose lives were given up in their country's defense, these floral offerings, as slight tributes of our undying respect, admiration, and love; and strewing their graves with these sweetest of nature's gifts, emblematical of our gratitude, we will renew again our vows to aid and assist those whom they left among us as a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's widow and orphan. It is noble, it is divine, to visit and sympathize with the widow in her affliction. It is god-like to support, educate, and care for the orphan children of those that gave their lives that the nation might live.

And you, ladies and gentlemen, meet, we trust, in perfect unison and accord with us to add your support, and your sympathy, and your tokens of remembrance to ours in this work and labor of love.

For years most of these hero dead we gather around this day to honor and to mourn have lain in their narrow resting-places, and no kind hand and loving heart has been over their lonely graves with their offerings of affection, save only the few bereaved ones, who alone know what it is to give their only stay to protect a nation's honor.

If we, comrades, their former companions in arms, have been remiss in our duty, we here this day over their graves deposit our offerings of love with feelings of sadness and penitence, and here pledge ourselves that, so long as God shall give us strength, we will continue year by year to visit again this their final resting-place, and add our testimonials of affection.

And if the beautiful belief be true which declares that the spirits of our deceased loved ones linger about us and watch over us, we may, while engaged in this beautiful and sacred labor to-day, have the sweet consciousness of feeling that from those happy regions above the glorified spirits of these departed patriots may be looking down from the battlements of the celestial regions approvingly upon us in acceptance of our offerings of remembrance.

Let us not permit this custom we here inaugurate in this city to die and be forgotten, but let us each year cherish its re-coming, and with pure hearts and grateful feelings again come to this hallowed place and renew our gifts and vows.

And we submit, fellow-citizens, should the grave of him who nobly bared his breast to the battle's fierce storm, and nobly gave up his precious life for you and for your safety, be forgotten and dishonored? Never, no, never.

But a few short years ago the men who now lie at our feet in death's great prison-house were among us, surrounded by all that is calculated to make life dear to man; the happy homes, the loving wife and affectionate children, the hosts of friends; all these were they enjoying but a little while since. Suddenly a great change came. The fearful news came thundering throughout the land that traitorous hands were raised against the very life of this nation. The warning came to the homes and firesides of those who to-day we honor and mourn. Sadly, but not reluctantly; tearfully, yet manfully, these men left all that was dear to them upon this earth, buckled on their armor, and went forth to do or die in their country's cause. A few heart-scalding tears, one last agonizing embrace, a fervent prayer to God to protect

the wife and little one, and they are gone forth to glory and the grave. With some of our comrades who are to-day but dust and ashes at our feet it was a shout, a charge, a volley, and all was over; with others the attack of the malignant fever, slower, but no less sure than the bullet, a lingering, painful sojourn in some army hospital, or, worse still, a thousand times worse, starving to death in those infernal dens called rebel prisons, and they too passed the dark river, happy even in death to be relieved of their more than mortal suffering; others, with just strength enough left in their poor emaciated forms to reach their homes, to die in the arms of their loving friends; all of them giving up their precious lives to protect and perpetuate a free government and a free country for the people of to-day. These are the men we honor and mourn this afternoon.

Should it not be so? Oh! never let it be said that there is one among us who has so little patriotism, so little gratitude, so little love for the noble in his heart, as not to be with us heart and soul in this testimonial of respect and love to our departed comrades. No, rather let us each vie with the other in our endeavors to honor the memory of these noble patriots. Let us never forget their gallant deeds; let us never dishonor their lowly graves.

And now, comrades, let us, one and all, with grateful hearts and tender hands, strew these sweet flowers on the sacred earth which covers our beloved dead; and may Heaven smile upon us, and may the Great Commander above sanctify this sacred work by His presence and His blessing.

After the address, the Grand Army filed through the walks of the cemetery and decorated the graves of their former comrades, with whom they had marched many a weary mile by the same strains of martial music and had "drunk from the same canteen" on many a field of battle.

After all the graves had been visited, the audience was dismissed by a benediction from Rev. Edward Taylor, and the post took up the line of march for Spring Forest Cemetery, the band repeating the dirge "Flee as a Bird."

SPRING FOREST CEMETERY.

At the cemetery the procession again formed in hollow square around the grave of Gideon Van Auken, "a hero of twenty-seven battles," who died April 4, 1865, from confinement in Pemberton prison, Virginia. When the procession

had halted the band played a beautiful piece entitled "Prayer from the Night Camp." The hymn, "Ye Nations Round the Earth Rejoice," was sung by the audience, accompanied by the band, after which the following address was delivered by General E. F. Jones:

GENERAL JONES'S ADDRESS.

Hark! The sound of martial music floats in the air. See the colors flying, the gay plumes waving, horses prancing, bayonets glistening; tramp, tramp! nearer they come. We see the manly forms of our brave volunteers. The column passes; each rank moves as one man. They halt, wheel into line. See that unbroken front of a thousand men! Not a muscle in motion; perfection of discipline! Then the manual of arms—their drill unequaled. They break into column and pass in review—rest. Then comes the bitter parting, and to most of them it is indeed *farewell!* Their march commences; we see them no more.

They have gone to join their comrades on the battle-field; they are merged in the mass of their country's defenders, but the recollection of them is bright, brilliant, glorious! A thousand men full of patriotism, hope, ambition, and an expectation of return. They have all left behind them weeping wives, sorrowing parents, or forsaken children; alas! how soon to be orphans, for "grim-visaged war" stalks through the land, and in its train are disease, famine, pestilence, and death. The King of Terror reaps, through the instrumentality of war, such harvests as come to him in no other way. Some may pass unscathed, but most that live to gladden by their return the hearts of their friends will be broken in constitution, enfeebled in health, or maimed in limb or body. These constant reminders of sacrifice are ever before us, but the dead victims of war are mingling with their mother earth throughout the length and breadth of our country. * * * * * * *

I will not so far insult a loyal people as to believe for a moment in the necessity of curdling their blood with details too terrible for belief, that they may not fail in rendering due honor to the dead and justice to the living actors in those fearful tragedies. Rather by far would I believe that our country will never be ungrateful, and that this anniversary, with its solemn ceremonies, will in future years be made one of national observance, and that a whole people will join with the decreasing remnant of our armies in ennobling the memories of the saviours of our country, thereby

renewing from year to year their love of patriotism, and instilling, at the same time, in the minds of the rising generations sentiments that will ever make them defenders of right, justice, and liberty.

Comrades, we are assembled amid these trees and flowers where nature has put on her loveliest garb and appears in summer array—

> "Whether we look or whether we listen,
> We hear life murmur or see it glisten.
> Every clod feels a stir of might,
> An instinct within it, that reaches and towers,
> And grasping blindly above it for light,
> Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Assembled in this beautiful home of the dead, on what has been called so appropriately "God's acre," to pay a tribute of the living to the departed, a token of love and respect from those that are left to those that have gone before; to do all that in our power lieth to keep the memory of our departed comrades "ever green;" to show to the world that though they have *fallen out* and the *ranks* have *closed up*, still in spirit we feel the *touch of their elbows*, and until our great Commander gives to us, as He has given to them, the order, *rest*, our weary *march* through the world will be cheered by the recollection of their boon companionship, and as we sit around our *camp-fires* many a tale of their courage and valor will inspire us to deeds worthy the remembrance of those that *relieve* us. We will show the world that though they have left us, they are not, nor as long as there is a descendant of the Union Army left will they ever be, forgotten; that patriotism is something more than an empty sound; that love of country, so truthfully shown by the sacrifices of these dead heroes, shall always receive at our hands, from our hearts full of affection, a fitting tribute of remembrance.

Our acts to-day will solace the widow's heart, and thousands of mothers who mourn their lost ones will know that we claim the right to mourn with them, and that we extend to them our sympathies, for they were not only our comrades, but our brothers, for the Grand Army of the Republic numbers the dead with the living. We strew their graves with earthly flowers that will wither and decay, but God has wreathed their brows with laurels that will never fade.

"He died for his country," is the grandest, proudest epitaph that can ever be chiseled on the tombstone of mortal man; and that epitaph shines ineffaceable, like a glory around the graves of our dead comrades. It matters not whether our hero served in the ranks or lived to command—

"He fell as other thousands do,
Trampled down where they fall,
While on a single name is heaped
The glory gained by all.

Yet even he whose common grave
Lies in the open fields,
Died not without a thought of all
The joy that glory yields.

And many a stranger who shall mark
That peasant's roll of fame,
Will think on proud ones, yet say
This was a hero's name."

It makes no difference whether he died leading the forlorn hope or on the field of battle, where every true soldier would fain yield up his life amid the music of shot and shell and cannon roar, or whether his spirit went from him in the hospital, as he lay chained to his couch by disease; or mayhap he lingered to drag his diseased and wounded body home, to die in the arms of his kindred.

"A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home pillow."

Still he died for his country, and that country should ever hold him in grateful remembrance.

One word for our order, known as the Grand Army of the Republic. Our institution is founded in the true spirit of charity. Our first duty is to keep alive and perpetuate for all time the memory of our gallant dead, to take care of their widows and orphans, and keep from want the disabled soldier and his family. We would have a grateful people feel a never-ending sense of obligation to those who sprang forward in her terrible hour of need, and offered their all upon the altar of their country.

Objection is raised to our order by some on account of our politics. They are fully set forth in the 6th article of our constitution. Hear them and judge for yourselves:

"ART. 6. The maintenance of true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for and fidelity to the national Constitution and laws, manifested by the discountenancing of whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason, or rebellion, or in any manner impair the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, together with a defense of universal liberty, equal rights, and justice to all men."

And now, standing as we do on sacred ground, around the graves of our departed comrades, let us not for a moment forget that this is the Sabbath—God's holy day—and that the

ceremony in which we are engaged is a sacred one, a religious one, in every point of view, and that the sanctifying influence of the day adds its power to our feeble efforts to reverence our Maker in remembering His creatures. We feel that we have a right to ask our friends who have honored us by their presence on this occasion to join with us in preserving the holiness of the day, so that the most sensitive may have no occasion to reflect upon our order or accuse us of desecrating the Sabbath.

As we go hence, hoping in God's providence to meet again and again as the years come around, to join in this solemn festival, let us not forget that this great *column* of life is on its never-ending *march* to eternity, and that before another Decoration Day some of us will be ordered to fill the detachments that will be sent forward to be mustered out of service here, and enrolled in that grand army above. Our bodies will have returned to the dust from which they sprang, and our spirits have joined that band that is now watching over us.

Rev. Edward Taylor followed General Jones.

Fellow-citizens: This is not only one of the most impressive days, but one of the most hallowed Sabbaths in my life. I am gratified with the appropriate manner in which the sacred duties incumbent upon us this day are being discharged. A great idea suffers from over much display. You, comrades of the dead, have come to their graves with no other organic bodies whose presence and display might serve to distract attention from your one pious purpose; but the *people* have come with you. On this May-day, with the fresh flowers of spring, gathered by scores of hands from woods, gardens, and household plants, wrought into the varied symbols of love and Christian faith, we decorate the graves of men, who, in battle, in hospital, in cruel prison, have offered up their lives for their country. Whatever of value there is in being able to say, "We have a country" we owe, under God, to these. In this act, to be annually renewed, we answer the scandal that "Republics are ungrateful." Public patriotic speeches are often subjected to the criticism that only the more conspicuous officers are mentioned with praises, while there are thousands of privates whose heroism was equally great. But this day the private soldier receives the highest avowal of gratitude which his countrymen can bestow.

All distinctions are leveled in the grave. The commander and the private are in this ceremonial equally honored; their mounds are alike marked with flag-tokens and alike decorated with floral offerings. Not by titles, but by simple

home-names are they known to-day; here the muster-roll of death is called by no other voice than that of the heart, and when the heart calls the roll the humblest soul ranks with him who once was most exalted. But my gratitude is stirred towards the living as well as towards the dead. Whatever we owe to those whose bodies peacefully slumber beneath our feet, that same debt is due to their comrades who survive them and are this day present. When they enlisted in their patriotic work they took their lives in their hands; they knew not, when they entered any battle, if they should emerge from it living men; but they kept steadfastly at their posts. All, living and dead, alike laid their lives upon the altar; God accepted a part, and gave back a part; let both receive the meed of grateful praise.

Life is precious; it should be sacrificed only at a great price. The man who sells his life for intemperance or any form of passionate indulgence, or who even for the emoluments of trade or of professional pride dies prematurely, has unworthily died. His life was sold too cheaply. But there are interests which are as valuable as life, for which life may be well exchanged. The existence of a nation whose institutions are founded upon justice; the securing or confirming to whole races of men the boon of civil and religious freedom. Life itself is not so precious as these, and those who have died for such results have nobly died. Thus have these our departed friends given up their precious lives. Fellow-citizens, shall these lives be wasted? Shall the sublime purposes for which they fell fail to be secured? Shall these our brothers have died in vain? You who are ready to say that, so far as in you lies, their deaths shall not be lost, that the great principles for which they fell shall be maintained, I call upon you here—by the grave of Van Auken, the hero of twenty-seven battles, here in the midst of these graves, here beneath these Sabbath skies and the eye of their majestic Creator—as if in a sacramental oath, to raise your hands high toward heaven.

Surviving comrades of the deceased, I have a message for you. Who has made you to differ? Who shielded you from harm? Who turned aside the bullet from your hearts? Who saved you from or out of disease? God! Gratefully acknowledge your indebtedness to Him. These lives which He has given back to you consecrate to Him. His cause is just; His service more illustrious than that of even your country; in it promotion is sure, and the final reward and triumph glorious beyond conception. In this solemn hour write your name upon the rolls of the sacramental host, and through a loyal devotion, and by the all-needful and all-sufficient merits of

the Lord Jesus Christ, in the last great conflict, you shall be more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us.

After prayer by Mr. Taylor the soldiers divided into sections or platoons and attended to the decoration of the graves.

THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

A delegation of soldiers visited the Catholic Cemetery and decorated the graves of soldiers buried there. No ceremonies were held at this cemetery except strewing the graves with flowers, an eloquent ceremony of the heart.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

The graves to be decorated had been marked by a committee from Post Watrous before the ceremonies took place, and were designated by small flags crossed at the heads. The soldiers made no difference in graves, and the earth that covers the humble "G. H." in potter's field was decorated with bared heads and observed with as much respect as was the grave of Colonel Ireland or Commodore McKean, whose names are written in the gilded letters of fame.

CEREMONIES AT NEW YORK MILLS.

(Ross Post No. 31)

Owing to the very uncertain state of the weather the decoration services at New York Mills were postponed until Monday, at 6 p. m. At 6.30 the procession started from the armory, under command of Post Commander Joseph Hepworth, assisted by E. R. Marshall and William Clowminzer, and in the following order: Old band of Utica; clergy; Messrs. Walcott and Campbell; members of Post Ross, Grand Army of the Republic, bearing silk flags, inscribed with the names of the dead; delegations from Oriskany and Whitestown; ladies' decorating committee; citizens.

Arriving at the beautiful cemetery, the procession divided its file so as to inclose the monument bearing the names of those whom the village had given to our common country.

Prayer was offered by Rev. J. E. Crawford, and while the band sent forth the grand strain of "America," the committee, assisted by the marshal and W. S. Walcott, esq., proceeded to hang upon each corner and side of the monument the flowers wrought in wreaths, crosses, and anchors. Great care and much labor had been expended in making these tributes of respect. The monument bears twenty-three names.

Part only of these men were ever brought home for burial. The flags, bearing the names of those who still keep guard over the ground where they fell, were stacked around the graves. The procession then moved to the graves of each of those who lie in those quiet grounds, placing upon each mound the flag bearing the name of the sleeper and a wreath of blossoms.

After the decoration of the graves was finished the post again formed around the monument, and the marshal introduced Rev. V. LeRoy Rockwood, who said:

My Fellow-countrymen: Assembled here to-day with swelling hearts and tearful eyes to decorate the graves of our noble dead, I feel that we stand upon holy ground. In the life of those whose forms lie beneath these sods were centered the hopes of many households. Spartan mothers are here, who freely gave their sons to defend an endangered country, and when the dear mangled remains were brought out from the leaden hail, the iron entered the hearts of these Rachels, and their souls throbbed with anguish. The ball that wounds a loved one stops not there, but goes on crushing the hearts of loving friends. We felt that the need was great. We freely gave, and with the flag overhead, with bristling bayonet, cheered by plaudits from those whose cheers were broken by sobs, our noble ones left us. Our convictions were and are that the life of liberty upon earth depended and still depends upon the preservation of liberty in our country. By sacrifices such as we here commemorate our flag was made a terror to evil-doers. The voice of God speaks over these graves, "Perpetuate the blessings bought at such a terrible cost." We must yet see this nation, regenerated and reconstructed, bound together, not by fear of arms, but by love, go forth in justice to take possession of the continent. This work remains for us to do.

After the benediction by the post chaplain the procession marched back to the armory.

CEREMONIES AT ORISKANY.

(Ross Post No. 31.)

The decoration of soldiers' graves was observed in Oriskany with some solemnity. The members of the Grand Army of the Republic there resident took the lead in the affair, in which the citizens cordially united. The floral crosses, wreaths, &c., had been prepared the day before by the ladies. On the afternoon of May 30, at 2.30 o'clock, the procession gathered at the Presbyterian Church, and marched to funeral music of fife and drum to the graveyard. There, after prayer by Rev. E. C. Pritchett, some stanzas of the "Union Soldiers' Grave-Garland" were sung to the tune of the "Dead March" in *Saul*. The procession then marched to twelve graves in succession, (in two of them brothers laid side by side,) on which garlands were laid by a committee of ladies. The procession then formed around a tablet inscribed, "In memory of departed comrades." At each grave Mr. Pritchett, the chaplain of the post, announced the name of the dead, his regiment, the place, time, and manner of his death, and at the tablet the names of twenty-three whose remains had not been recovered. Mrs. Buel and Miss Sutliff, who decorated the tablet, had each thus lost a brother. "Killed in battle" and "Andersonville" were words often repeated as this catalogue of fallen heroes was recited. Probably the population of Oriskany does not pay a large proportion of the income tax, but the old battle-ground of the Revolution has paid well in blood. Hereafter the garlands shall be hung on a permanent monument, instead of being laid on a temporary tablet. The remaining stanzas, thanking God their blood was not shed in vain, were then sung to "Old Hundred," followed by the doxology, and after the benediction the concourse returned in procession to the church, where they dispersed.

In the evening a discourse for the occasion was delivered by Rev. E. C. Pritchett.

CEREMONIES AT GOSHEN.

(JACKSON POST No. 37.)

In this village the day was duly observed. At 1.30 o'clock the comrades of the post and the citizen-soldiers of the vicinity assembled at the rooms of the post, whence forming in two ranks, they marched in military order to Slate Hill Cemetery, at which place the procession undoubled files, and, passing the graves of each of their dead comrades in single file, each man reverently strewed his flowers thereon.

It had been arranged that the exercises of the day should take place at this spot, but owing to the unfavorable state of the weather it was found necessary to adjourn to the court-house, which, upon the arrival of the procession, was found to be filled with an expectant assemblage, of which a large proportion was ladies.

The exercises were commenced about 2.15 o'clock p. m. by an invocation to the Throne of Grace by Rev. Mr. Hoyt, after which the following poem, composed for the occasion by A. DuBois Staats, esq., was read by the author:

Camping under the stars,
  Tented 'neath swelling sod,
The host of martys sleep
  Waiting the trump of God.

Vast, yet voiceless their camp,
  Mutely silent each street,
Comrades side by side
  Lying, yet never greet.

Morning and eve unfurl
  Banners of crimson sky;
The storm-king sounds his roll,
  Yet the sleepers neglectful lie.

Silently fall the dews,
  The pitying kisses of night;
Softly breathe the flowers,
  Their odors pure and white:

And ever the quiet stars
  Chant their cooling light,
A chime of silvery bells
  Pealing only at night.

The breeze, with its gentle sigh,
  Hushes them where they sleep;
And the rains join silent tears
  With the mourners as they weep.

The earth with its soft embrace
  Giveth the weary rest,
And covers with living green
  The scars on each stiffened breast.

* * * * *

We shall never forget our dead !
  God always bringeth them near;—
The seasons write their names
  On the changing sides of the year.

Summer, with golden heat,
  Tells of their mortal strife—
Autumn, with flowing wine,
  Symbols their gift of life;

Winter, with ghostly hand,
  Weaving her spectral loom,
Fashions the feathery woof
  That covers them in their tomb;

Spring, with her smiles and tears,
  Bending, not passing by,
Streweth violets, dark
  With heavenly-deepened dye.

* * * * * *

Shall nature shame her sons
  Giving to heroes praise!
Shall the only anthems sung
  Be the songs that birds can raise!

Think of their battles fought!
  Think of their lonely death!
Think of the cause that lived
  On the strength of their dying breath!

Think of the broken hearts,
  And the broken prayers at home!
Think of the buried hopes
  In every soldier's tomb!—

* * * * * *

Spare ye not flowers, friends!
  The seeds ye sow to-day
Shall bloom in pansy-wreaths,
  To deck your hearts for aye.

At the conclusion of the poem the orator of the day, Hon. C. H. Winfield, addressed the members of the post and the assemblage as follows:

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow-citizens: It cannot surely be a sinful or wasteful use of the hours of this sacred day to linger a few moments at this peaceful home of the dead, whilst the surviving soldier pays

this touching and beautiful tribute to the memory of his buried comrades, in obedience alike to the promptings of patriotism and affection.

As England's gifted but wayward bard stood at the edge of that field so fatal to the ambition of the first Napoleon, while the din of battle had hardly died into an echo, and heaven's dews had scarcely washed the crimson stains of carnage from stone, and leaf, and flower, he conceived and wrote those memorable lines in honor of Britain's fallen sons, and particularly of "Young gallant Howard," who had been his kinsman and friend.

You have not forgotten the strain so sadly sweet, in which he laments that the eye so filled with the beauties which prodigal nature offered for contemplation should rest nevermore upon the forms once so loved, which had become the spoil of the bloody plain whereon "nations combated to make one submit."

"There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give,
But when I stood beneath that fresh green tree,
Which, living, waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."

Standing to-day over the graves where "*our* bold repose," we too may turn from the springing verdure and green leaves of the spring-time, and from all the attractions which this glad season unfolds, to commune, with subdued hearts and chastened feelings, with the spirits of those who are sepulchered in the bosom which teems with these varied beauties.

And how befitting and appropriate it is that your offering to the early dead (for most of our departed fell in life's glad morning) should be of the flowers, which, how briefly soever they may stay, to gladden our sight and shed their fragrance along our pathway, leave yet a pleasant memory of the delights they have imparted and the hope that they shall spring again in their sweetness and beauty.

Who shall gainsay us our trust that, as with the flowers, which are life's fleeting emblem there is in store for the young martyrs above whose rest the garlands of to-day have been strewn a new life; and that, unlike these fragrant offerings, when those whom we mourn and long for shall come forth from their dark and silent chambers, they shall fall and fade no more. The Great Disposer, whose mercy and goodness and wisdom have so watched and guarded and saved our nation in every hour of her peril, is not unmindful of the

human agencies by which His purposes of wisdom and beneficence have been wrought out; and while He is pleased to reveal to us only the divine intent, that "They who are in their graves shall come forth," He does not forbid the hope that His mercy is sufficient for those who have so well discharged their allotted duties, and fallen so nobly in defense of their country and government, and that their Father's everlasting love shall be their "exceeding great reward."

Respect for the holy day on which we have assembled embarrasses me in framing what remains to be said; but I conclude that, if it is always well "to go to the house of mourning," it can be no desecration of the Sabbath to gather for these mournful rites at the tomb, where we are again reminded of our mortality, and receive again the silent but impressive admonition to prepare for the change which awaits us all; and whilst we linger here, how can we fail to reflect upon or forbear to speak of the sterling virtues, the many sacrifices, and the bright example of those whose dust is treasured at our feet. * * * * * * * * *

Had it been strictly appropriate, it would have been consonant with all our feelings to lift once more for grateful contemplation the glorious record of the peerless regiment which was recruited in our midst; to have followed its pathway of glory to Manassas, Chancellorsville, Mine Run, Locust Grove, Spottsylvania Court-House, Tolepotomy Creek, Beverly's Ford, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and the many other fields whereon the colors, which were your offering to the brave One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, were borne to the battle's front, and where their brave supporters and followers earned honors for their lives and garlands for their graves.

Those blood-soaked fields are sadly silent now, and how many graves are there whereon no flowers shall be strewn to-day! Where, in all the war, have "heroes met to die" that sons of your own county have not found their graves? They have fallen on the mountain's crest and in the valley's depths, amid "the pathless woods, and by the lonely shore;" they lie where affection shall never distinguish their dust, and where pilgrim feet may never wander to "bless the turf that wraps their clay." No monumental column will mark the place of their rest, or sculptured stone record their names. Flowers shall bloom there, but scattered by no human hands, or planted by no human care; and the sighing winds and the murmuring waters shall be their only requiem.

And here we leave them, watched by the All-Seeing eye which marked their fall, and blessed by that divine love which bids the flowers of earth to grow and bloom above their ashes.

We turn now from the performance of these sad rites, and when next year's verdure shall crown these graves you will gather here again, obedient to the beautiful custom you have established; and here at the same season you will be found, year by year, until each of you shall have "cast your pilgrim's staff away," and spread your couch beside those whose unconscious rest you have so blessed and not disturbed.

And is there no lesson taught here but our own frailty and mortality? Do the hecatombs of slain, and the streams of blood on our battle-fields, and the wail of sorrow from so many bereaved hearts and homes, only serve to enhance our impression of the horrors of war?

Let us learn here to rate higher and higher the priceless blessings which are the purchase of all these sacrifices, and on this hallowed spot let us pledge to the names of the departed that mortal hand shall never, never pluck away the rich legacy they have confirmed to us.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Mr. Hoyt, and the procession again formed, a drizzling rain falling the while, and proceeded to the grave of Colonel Alexander Wilkin, in the old family burying-ground, at the southern extremity of the village, which was decorated in the same manner as the others. The comrades of the post then took carriages and visited the grave of Hospital Steward George K. Sayer, of the Fifty-sixth New York State Volunteers, at Summerville, and from thence proceeded to Florida, to decorate in like manner the graves of the soldiers interred there, from which place they, having performed their mournful yet pleasant duty, returned.

CEREMONIES AT SHERMAN.

(Sheldon Post No. 40.)

On Saturday the graves of the deceased soldiers buried in the cemetery in Sherman were decorated with appropriate ceremonies. The line was formed in front of the encampment at 1 o'clock, with the Sherman Cornet Band in the advance, followed by the post, the young ladies selected to decorate the graves, and the clergy. The procession was then formed by citizens as fast as the line moved out, and

left room for the carriages to fall in. The post formed in hollow square on the grounds, where the chaplain delivered a very affecting and appropriate prayer as the opening of the ceremonies. Then followed a beautiful poem by Miss Helen Gibbs, of Chautauqua, entitled "The Return of the Regiment," which was followed by music from the Cornet Band, "Rest, Spirit, Rest." The work of decorating the graves came next in order, and was carried out with credit to all participants. A short biographical sketch was read at each grave, followed by the strewing of flowers and appropriate remarks by the clergy, interspersed with songs from the glee club and music from the band. After the decorating ceremonies the hollow square was again formed, and those present were favored with an

ADDRESS BY MAJOR A. W. BENSON.

Comrades: Again we meet in the silent encampment of the dead. Once more we bring the fragrant flowers of spring-time to deck the tomb, and turn our thoughts back to the red days of war, beholding the death angel wave his somber wings above the hissing tumult of battle. Each mind, on this solemn Memorial Day, is busy with its own peculiar fancy: many will bring within their mental vision scenes of dreadful interest, little paragraphs torn from the history of the past, telling with mournful eloquence the story of a comrade's death, how the eyes rested for the last time on the Stars and Stripes and closed forever, and the spirit winged its way from the battle-field below to the plains of paradise above.

As the grave is but the gate of heaven, how natural it is that as we stand by its solemn portal we should almost see across the river the shining tents of that celestial army, offering a place of rest and refuge, where the long roll shall never be heard, where blood shall never flow. Thus it is that in offering nature's fragrant tribute upon the graves of our fallen comrades we are permitted to bring ourselves nearer to that Grand Commander in whose keeping is alike the destiny of the living and the sacred happiness of the dead.

A year with all its varied experiences has come and gone since last we met on this sacred spot. In the twelve months past we have been the especial subjects of God's peculiar favor. Not one of the little band that rallies around the standard of Post 40 has left us to swell the ranks on high, and we find to-day no new link in the silver chain that unites us to the land of light. But we remain an unbroken squad, permitted

still to drop the memorial tear, and pay the tribute of the living to the dead.

I need not point you to the southward, to the various battle-fields where death claimed so many of our comrades for his own, nor to the hideous prison-pens, where the shivering, starving body made haste to release the anguished spirit when the fierce malignity of human passion seemed to have outstripped all the fiends of darkness and set up on earth a ghastly prototype of hell itself. The American heart has been tortured and the blood of the patriot made chill as ice by the recital of these melancholy truths. We will not to-day lift the veil that time has so kindly interposed, only so far as to witness the examples of patriotism, of devotion to country and to God, which ought ever to be the beacon-lights of future generations, guiding them on in the ways of virtue, prosperity, and peace. To this end we keep green the memory of the fallen, and in each recurring year turn to the silent tomb, and, as we lay our flowers upon it, drink deep at the fountain of patriotism, and pledge anew our fidelity to the trust that God in His infinite wisdom has reposed in the American people.

In the future we read the bright promises that hope has written there, while faith beckons us to look forward to that

> "Brighter, whiter day
> Than ever blessed us with its ray, until we stand
> In the searching light unharmed
> With clean, white hands."

Some have spoken of this occasion as a soldiers' gala-day. Not so: it is rather the time set apart for the faithful observance of a solemn duty. The story is short and simple; 'tis written in the patriot's heart, and while time endures shall be told with mournful interest by the father to the son. 'Tis this: Our country was in danger; the flag had been spurned by rebel feet. The bugle-notes of war rang out upon the breeze. Then met in deadly conflict, beneath the fair southern sky, the champions of freedom and of slavery. Long and agonizing was the strife, costly, O, how costly the sacrifice! But the God of battles held up the right, and treason was buried in the bloody dust. Yet it pleased the Divine Ruler that, while the nation was saved, thousands of her defenders should perish. Their graves are scattered from the rugged hills of Maine to the everglades of Florida.

To-day the nation remembers her dead; a patriotic people stand in reverent silence by their graves, and the survivors of the war lay nature's floral offering upon them. In this secluded spot rest our dead—yes, OUR dead—for they went out from happy homes in our midst, and from yonder steeple the bell

tolled the mournful story of their death. The heart-strings of wife and mother were strained almost to breaking as the cold earth hid their manly forms, the father's brightest dreams of earthly happiness vanished when the coffin-lid was closed. It pleased God that they should be gathered home, the better to remind the people that the peace and prosperity we now enjoy were purchased by the blood of their own sons. Verily, they are OUR dead. But let us remember that untold thousands rest where no friendly hand marks the spot. In the silent woods, among the rocks of the mountains, along the sides of the river, singly and in unshapely heaps, lie our dead comrades. Affection may never designate the spot, flowers may never be scattered there; yet God will decorate the turf above them, and His all-seeing eye shall be upon them forever. While we perform these kindly offices here, I beseech you, let us remember the UNKNOWN graves. Remember, too, the scene after the battle. O, can pen describe or tongue relate—can artist picture the field after the battle? Go ask the survivor of Chancellorsville or Spottsylvania to tell you of its desolation; but he never will begin the story. There are things permitted beneath the azure sky of heaven that no power on earth can picture. There is a hidden depth of desolation on the field after the battle that God, in his great kindness, has ordained shall never be known except to those who bore a part in the fearful drama, and to them it seems an unfolding of the works of darkness, some hideous vision of the realms of woe, rather than an actual experience in life.

And now, comrades, come home to us the objects and purposes of the Grand Army. As in the past we relied upon each other's strength and firmness, and stood shoulder to shoulder in time of danger, so now, borrowing wisdom from experience, we will stand fast by each other's side. Every true comrade will find in his fellow an active, sympathizing, practical friend. And thus the burdens grievous to be borne alone shall become light and easy when shared by the many. Remembering the dead always suggests our duty to the living; and, faithfully observing our duties as comrades toward each other and toward our common country, we shall be the better fitted to fulfill the obligations resting upon us as citizens. Surely none can better appreciate the blessings of peaceful life than those who have realized the hardships of war.

In conclusion, comrades, as our work is worthy, let us persevere therein, commending at all times our objects and purposes, and all lawful means for carrying them out, to the Grand Commander above, who will aid us in His infinite wisdom.

CEREMONIES AT FRANKFORT.

(FRANK. MANN POST No. 41.)

Monday, May 31, was observed in Frankfort as the day of decoration of graves. Every comrade of the post turned out, and the band, with thirty-seven young girls, carrying baskets of flowers, the fire department, clergy, and citizens generally, the stores being closed.

The address at the cemetery was by the Rev. W. H. Girgaby. The exercises were entirely successful, and it is hoped this decoration may be observed for years without number.

CEREMONIES AT COHOES.

(LYON POST No. 43.)

Saturday, the 29th of May, was set apart by this post, and the arrangements were carried out as follows:

At 9 a. m. of that day a national salute was fired, and guns were fired, at intervals of fifteen minutes, from 1 until 7 o'clock p. m.. The procession, consisting of the clergy and ladies, (in carriages,) Post 43, headed by a detachment of police and Sullivan's Veteran Band of Troy, invited guests, and citizens, formed in line at the headquarters of the post at 1 o'clock p. m., and marched to the village of Waterford, (distant two miles,) where they were joined by the Sabbath-school children, delegations of discharged soldiers, and citizens, and together proceeded to the two cemeteries of Waterford, where the following ceremonies took place:

Prayer by clergymen; oration by clergyman; dirge by band, during which the graves of all honorably-discharged soldiers and sailors were visited and decorated with floral offerings; benediction.

The procession then returned to Cohoes, where it was joined by large numbers of citizens moving to the Cohoes Catholic Cemetery, and were met at the entrance by the several priests of the city, who proceeded through the cemetery with the post, solemnly chanting while the ceremony of decoration took place.

[The committee of arrangements had caused small flags to be placed at the head of all known soldier's graves on the morning of the 29th.]

The procession then re-formed and proceeded to the old Cohoes Cemetery, where an oration was delivered by the Rev. J. H. H. Brown, reading of scriptures, prayer, and benediction. The graves were then visited and strewn with flowers, while the band played a dirge.

The procession then returned to the headquarters of the post and was dismissed.

On the following Sabbath evening, May 30, at the request of the post, Rev. William Johnson preached an eloquent memorial sermon at the Presbyterian Church, which was largely attended.

Although the day was rainy and the roads muddy the ceremonies were witnessed by at least five thousand people, and everything passed off to the eminent satisfaction of all. Money was contributed by the citizens to meet all necessary expenses and flowers in profusion were gladly donated.

CEREMONIES AT SING-SING.

(Powell Post No. 51.)

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, May 30, this post, commanded by Major Scheu, assembled at Olive Hall, and made preparations to march to the cemeteries. Line was formed, and citizens afoot and in carriages joined in the procession, which marched up Main street, through Croton avenue, to Dale Cemetery. Here the procession halted around the grave of Lieutenant Samuel Young, a soldier of the Revolution. Prayer was offered by the Rev. E. R. Keyes, former pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church; after which flowers were placed on this grave, and then the post marched from grave to grave of their fallen comrades and strewed flowers upon each of them. After decorating the last grave in this cemetery the large concourse of citizens, which had assembled notwithstanding the rain, formed around it, preparatory to listening to an address by the Rev. E. R. Keyes. He had

acted one summer as chaplain to the Sixth New York Artillery, when sickness required his return, and he could fully sympathize with these veterans on this occasion.

Rev. Mr. Keyes said:

I could have wished some other one, who would have done better justice to the subject, had been selected to deliver the address on this occasion; as it is, and being called on at a late hour, though it is grateful to my feelings, you must not expect an elaborate speech. As we stand here our thoughts are directed to the past, and to those we have lived and have been associated with. Their memories we shall ever cherish in our hearts; we love to commemorate their noble deeds. Their bodies lie here moldering in their graves, but their souls will live forever. Their self-sacrificing devotion to country is worthy of all honor, for they laid down their lives for us. Ten years ago we were all happily associated together. To-day we come here to pay respect to their memories. The cry of an imperiled country called to arms, and a million responded to the call. Our loved ones went, and there was many a sad parting—fathers with wife and children, brothers with sisters. The great public heart beat with a noble patriotism. Our people felt, as they never had felt before, the great issues at stake; they felt how dear, dear as life itself, was the honor of the nation; and they went forth to fight to maintain our Union intact, to maintain the noble heritage left us by our fathers. They felt for them to go down in the conflict was little in comparison to the principles which should forever live. And so our brave soldiers met nobly and heroically every impediment, every deprivation before them. In the field of battle or on the march; under a southern sun or wintry skies; amid the malaria and all manner of suffering; their health imperiled on every hand, yet they never quailed. I have ever to rejoice that it was my privilege to be with them for a few months. I witnessed many heroic deeds. Though sick most of the time, I was glad to share with them in their many deprivations. I have been with them on the weary march, in bivouac, on the field, but never a murmur have I heard escape their lips. And now we stand by the graves of those who were among this noble band. It is fitting to strew their graves with flowers. We can never repay them for what they have done for us. Their deeds and virtues are left with us to cherish. It is well to meet annually and place on their graves these tokens of our affection. Let us, as we cherish their memories, cherish also the principles for which they fought and died. We do not claim that they were all heroes or saints; we do claim

for their self-sacrifice our profoundest regard and admiration. And we cannot do better than, as we annually meet to strew flowers on their last resting-places, to bring before our minds the principles for which they contended.

We ought to remember, as American citizens, we occupy a very important position before the world. Our late struggle for national life was for universal freedom. The whole civilized world felt its influence. Germany was the first to be affected by it. Spain is now in throes for freedom. Cuba is in insurrection for liberty. Liberty in the tropics can flourish as well as in the temperate zone. Great Britain herself is compelled to extend her area of liberal ideas; and so with other nations, from the example we have set them. We stand not here alone to-day with those who fought our late battles. The graves of heroes of the Revolution are also here. Samuel Young, the grave we first decorated, and Abraham Hyatt, at our feet, were soldiers of the Revolution. Mr. Hyatt was a captain in the army; and here by his side are the graves of Charles and Ward Hyatt, who were victims of the late war. Here we see the past and the present brought together; and we shall go from here feeling more than ever the value of our heroic dead to the nation. Comrades of the departed, be mindful of their deeds and the issues for which they fought. Love your country. And may the blessing of Almighty God rest upon you and yours and also upon the families of your deceased comrades.

The services closed here by a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Miley, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after which the post proceeded to the Roman Catholic Cemetery and strewed the graves of the dead soldiers there. In the morning they had gone to the Sparta burying-ground and performed a like ceremony.

CEREMONIES AT NEWBURGH.

(Ellis Post No. 52.)

Punctually at 2 o'clock the line was formed in the square. Post Commander Buckmaster was master of the ceremonies; the officer of the day, Colonel Henry M. Connolly, and Post Adjutant Munger ably seconding his action. There were over one hundred members of Post Ellis and other honorably-discharged white soldiers and sailors in the proces-

sion. Each comrade wore white gloves, and on his left breast was a mourning rosette of black and white silk. The colored soldiers and sailors to the number of forty, under the lead of George Diamond and James Hawkins, first and second officers respectively, also wore the gloves and the rosette, and every one in the procession carried his floral tribute for the decoration of a comrade's grave.

While the comrades were aligning, a hearse, most beautifully and tastefully decorated with plumes, flowers, and evergreens, and drawn by four horses matched, was driven down to take its place in the procession. Through the glass sides of the hearse could be seen the national colors.

The order of procession was as follows: Platoon of police, headed by City Marshal Morgan; Newburgh Brass Band; members of Post Ellis, Grand Army of the Republic, and invited soldiers and sailors, marching by platoons; carriages containing disabled soldiers; colored soldiers and sailors; carriages containing clergy, speakers, singers, and ladies.

The comrades of Post Ellis carried two flags—one the glorious old bullet-torn flag of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, carried by that regiment from Chancellorsville to Auburn Heights; and the other the flag presented to the Third New York by the ladies of Baltimore.

The colored soldiers carried a battle-flag which bears the marks of service seen by the Twenty-sixth Regiment of United States Colored Troops.

The route of march was up Water street to South, up South to Grand, and down Grand to Washington, where the procession entered the grounds of Washington's headquarters and marched past the grave of Uzal Knapp, the last of Washington's Life Guardsmen.

Here a prayer was offered up by Rev. S. H. Jagger, temporarily pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, and Knapp's grave was strewn with flowers. The procession then moved up Washington street to St. George's Cemetery.

During the passage of the procession all the bells of the city were kept tolling and flags were everywhere displayed at half-mast. On the arrival at St. George's Cemetery a hollow square was formed by the comrades on the summit

of the hill. The attendance of citizens at the ceremonies held in this cemetery was very large, and they very soon completed the environment of the plot of ground with a living four-sided wall. A majority of the spectators were ladies.

First in the programme of exercises came a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Forsyth; singing by the choir.

ADDRESS BY REV. G. H. MANDEVILLE.

Fellow-citizens and Friends—friends of the Slain: I regret greatly that you are not to listen to-day to the voice and words of my old friend General George H. Sharpe, of Kingston, whose ability and experience qualify him to address you on an occasion like this with so much greater interest and profit than I can hope to do. Yet I could not refuse my assent to you when the chairman of the committee came to me with a statement of the circumstances. My interest in the service consecrated to the memory of our departed braves would have induced me to respond affirmatively, notwithstanding the shortness of the time and the pressure of other duties; but I was further constrained thereto by the consideration that Post Ellis, of the Grand Army of the Republic, had changed the time for the performance of this service from the sacred to a secular day out of regard to the Christian sentiment of our community. As a minister of the gospel, and in that character representative of the Christian feeling of our people, I felt obligated to assist, in whatever measure I might be able, in rendering the services attractive and impressive to those who had yielded their own impressions to the convictions of comrades who objected to the Sabbath for this duty and of others who sympathized with them in such sentiments.

I rejoice in this action of the post. It may not be improper for me to take the opportunity to say, that I trust its members understand the grounds of the strong, instinctive protest of the Christian sentiment against the use of the Sabbath for this service. It is not that the service is not approved or appreciated, or is in itself inconsistent with the sacredness and design of the holy day, or violative of its law. The Christian patriot acknowledges this service to be a sacred and religious one, no less than a patriotic expression of the affection and honor with which the memory of the fallen is cherished. It is rather because the necessary accompaniments involve desecration of the day appointed by the Lord of the Sabbath for man's spiritual improvement. The minds of

hundreds are occupied with the preparations and movements. Thousands are congregated from motives of mere curiosity and pleasure. Numbers of scholars are enticed from their place in the Sabbath-schools. The services of the sanctuary suffer serious interference and interruption. The holy day thus becomes a holiday. These considerations and facts occasion the objections. You will, I think, agree that they do not arise from a superstitious or blind, bigoted attachment to customs that come to us from the past, but are just and well-founded. Your action in making the change expresses your estimate of them and your regard for the opinions of those who religiously observe the Sabbath. * *

Go, then, from these flower-strewed graves, stronger in your resolve *to be men*, and to manfully acquit yourselves as citizens of the great republic. You have returned the sword to its scabbard; let your honor as men and citizens ever remain as unsullied as its glittering blade. Let your sword ever remain in its scabbard, consumed with rust, rather than be drawn in the cause of injustice or oppression. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

I trust you will pardon me if, in concluding this hastily-written address, I take the liberty of reminding you that you are engaged in another and different conflict. Life is a war; every man is a warrior in this great army of humanity that is marshaled for the fight in which right has battles with wrong, and truth with error, and goodness with wickedness, through these many weary centuries. Let it be your resolve, by the help of God, to be "good soldiers" in this best and noblest service, whose commander is the Almighty and All-wise, and whose captain is Jesus Christ. Strive so to acquit yourselves that, when your period of service is completed, you may not have occasion to apply to yourselves the bitter lament that the great dramatist puts into the mouth of Wolsey:

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king."

Rather heed the words of the corrupt cardinal, fallen from his greatness:

"Let all the ends thou aims't at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

Ever be valiant for right and goodness and truth. It is infinitely better to be right and true and good alone, than to be otherwise with the multitude, who haste to do evil.

"Thus bravely live heroic men,
A consecrated band;
Life is to them a battle-field,
Their hearts a holy land."

Be in earnest to make your life something more than "a walking shadow;" something more than "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The Great Captain calls and leads you in a battle for the triumph of truth and righteousness in the earth. The rewards to the good soldier who fights a good fight are "glory, honor, immortality, eternal life." The Commander expects every man to do his duty, and will not fail to bestow the crown to the victor.

While our great war against the great rebellion was in progress, in one of the hospitals, in which so many scenes of grandest heroism were witnessed, lay a soldier on his dying couch. His youth and character, his entire appearance and manner, had enlisted the deepest sympathy and interest of his attendants. Hope had alternated with fear for several days whether life or death would gain the victory. At length it was manifest that to death was to be given another victim. Far down into the hours of the night the watchers had watched for the end. At length his lips were seen to move. One bent her ear down close to his mouth. She could catch only the one word, "Here, here, here," he repeated over and over again. Gently she spoke, and asked what he wished? With feeble whisper he replied, "They are calling the roll up in heaven, and I am answering to my name—here, here, here, here," and all was over. The cord was loosed and the spirit returned to God, who gave it. Friends, the great day for the last roll-call is hastening on. When your name is called, may it be accompanied with the blessed invitation, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

At the conclusion of Mr. Mandeville's address the choir sang the ode by William Oland Bourne,

"Love unchanging for the dead."

Next on the programme was an

ADDRESS BY REV. WILLIAM P. ABBOTT.

Members of Post Ellis, Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I stand before you to-day a comparative stranger; and yet, as I watch you while you pay this respect, these tokens of love and friendship to the memory of the gallant dead, I want to assure you all that my heart throbs in sympathy with yours, and that if I have any power to contribute to the interest of this occasion it shall be cheerfully and willingly given.

The great struggle in all time has been that between truth

and error. Every land and every age have been the battle-field. This has not always been fully understood, for the world has looked upon the grand contest in section too often, and not in general plan. But every revolution, overturning kingdoms, setting up principalities and powers, has been but a section of the mighty contest. And this war shall continue until the hour of consummation, when truth shall spread her balmy wings "from the rivers to the ends of the earth;" when all men shall bow to her mild scepter, and every tongue shall swear allegiance to her government.

If we look back over the history of the past and watch the progress of the battle, we shall note, first, that it was between barbarism and civilization in the third century. Barbarism triumphed, and the "dark ages" followed.

In the sixteenth century truth girded herself again for the battle, and this time it was between tolerance and bigoted superstition; and the victory turned upon the side of truth.

In the seventeenth century truth again sent out her advance guard in search of a new world where she might fortify herself to that extent that no power should ever dethrone her; but thither came the armed minions of despotism, of error, of oppression, and here, on this soil, in the eighteenth century, the grandest battle of all was fought between the contending parties, and it was when proud old England's lion bowed in submission to our American eagle; it was when proud old England's lion—that emblem of aristocracy, oppression, and tyranny—when it bowed in submission to our Stars and Stripes—it was then for the first time that the world was willing to acknowledge the triumph upon the side of truth, and trembled before her advancing power.

Here, then, in this western world, washed by the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific, spread all over with virgin soil, here truth intrenched herself, and here was developed, magnificently developed, the idea of true and universal liberty. Here her adherents felt secure. Here they rested, feeling that they had found an asylum, that they had found a home, and that no armed power would dare to molest them.

And yet in the midst of their security, little did they dream that for the maintenance of these principles, that were so dear to them, they should wade through seas of blood and clamber over the dead bodies of their fallen comrades. Little did they dream that a history of sacrifice and valor would be written up here that should dim the glory of the mighty achievements of earth's warriors in the past. But so it was. You remember that in the planting of truth upon the fair soil, almost unnoticed, a species of error of the most deadly and damnable character found its way into this truth, grew with

our growth and strengthened with our strength, and before this nation was aware of it, it had, serpent-like, coiled itself about her government, and had lifted its foul head to strike it with desolation and death. I refer now to American slavery, and I thank God, as I stand here, that the last vestige of it has been wiped out, and that all over our land to-day naught is heard but one grand shout of universal liberty to all mankind. * * * * *

To you, living patriots who stand before me and all around me, I would love, had I the power, to weave a coronet of brightest flowers, and in its center, with finest, fairest texture woven, inscribe the motto "Excelsior," and with it wreathe your brow. But you need no such token of honor at my hands. Around your foreheads there gathers in the sunlight of liberty a halo of glory that will inspire love for you in the heart of every loyal man who ever sees it and wherever he shall witness it—a glory that shall not fade away or grow dim with age, but shall shine brighter and brighter, and only fade, if fade it must, when the glories of the resurrection morning burst upon the dark night of this sin-cursed world.

But we have not gathered for this purpose. We have gathered to-day to scatter these mementos of our love over the ashes of those who sacrificed life in their successful endeavor to roll back the tide of treason upon the shores of the hell from whence it first emanated. We have gathered to-day to honor the name and the memory of our gallant sleeping patriots; and not only to show their friends that we love them, but to show the world that in the heart of liberty's adherents there throbs a love that time, nor life, nor death can destroy.

To be sure, they who are sleeping here will not heed us in our work. We tread lightly as we gather around their graves, for the ground that contains their ashes seems like sacred ground. But we need have no fear of disturbing their slumbers.

> "No sound of the battle, nor loud cannon's rattle,
> Can ever awake them to glory again."

To be sure they will not heed us, but, fellow-citizens, there are eyes upon us this hour watching with intense interest everything we do, heeding every move we make. The eyes of the aristocratic powers of the Old World are watching us to-day, and they see in those tokens of love and respect paid to the memory of the gallant dead a love for the liberty for which they battled; a love for the Union of those States that they died to perpetuate; a love for this grand old gov-

ernment, whose foundations were laid in righteousness and whose every stone has been cemented with the purest blood of her noblest sons.

They see here too, and they tremble as they witness it—they see in these acts of ours a spirit of hatred developed to oppression, to tyranny in any and every form; a hatred whose inspiration, if I may be allowed to use the term, is liberty; a hatred that shall at last undermine and overthrow the dynasties and the empires of the Old World, and plant upon their ruins the banner of truth, not unlike our own starry emblem, that to-day waves over this

"Land of the free and home of the brave."

O sleep on, ye heroes; sleep on. You are dead, but not forgotten. No, no; the liberty for which you battled is dearer to us now by every tear you wept, by every sacrifice you made, by every pain you felt, by every drop of blood that trickled from your ghastly wounds. Your graves are to be the shrines to which we and our children after us shall gather for worship, and over them, with uncovered heads, we will send up to God a shout of thanksgiving and praise for "Union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever."

OTHER CEREMONIES.

At the conclusion of Rev. Mr. Abbott's address the choir sang the ode by William Oland Bourne:

Blest are the martyred dead who lie
In holy graves for freedom won;
Whose storied deeds shall never die,
While coming years their circles run.

The comrades of Post Ellis were then detached in squads, to deposit on the graves of their fallen brothers the floral tributes which had been brought, the band meanwhile playing dirges.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at this cemetery the line of march was taken up for Big Rock, St. Patrick's, and the colored cemeteries. The order of procession was the same as the route of march, as follows: Through Clark street to Western avenue, up the avenue to Stone street, through Stone street to the entrance to Big Rock and St. Patrick's cemeteries. Here prayer was offered by Rev. H. H. Burkins, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, and the ceremony of strewing the graves with flowers was performed in like manner as before.

On the grave of Captain James Finnegan, whose remains lie in St. Patrick's Cemetery, a beautiful floral cross, the offering of Mrs. Bolton, of Washingtonville, was deposited.

From this point the colored soldiers set out for the cemetery in the rear of the Big Rock, in which their dead comrades lie buried, and, arriving there, proceeded to decorate those graves, after prayer had been offered by Rev. J. P. Thompson, pastor of Zion Church.

The procession then took up the line of march for the old Revolutionary burying-ground in Liberty street. Here the ceremonies consisted simply in strewing the graves of the revolutionary patriots and of the Union soldiers with flowers. On the grave of Surgeon Dodge was a guidon, battle-scarred and torn, of the Sixty-sixth New York Volunteers, to which he had belonged.

Rev. G. H. Mandeville here pronounced the benediction, and the ceremonies came to an end.

CEREMONIES AT UTICA.

(Bacon Post No. 53.)

The procession left the city hall at 1.30 o'clock, in the following order: Marshal; committee of ladies for decorating the graves; committee of gentlemen to assist the ladies in decoration; executive committee of ladies; committee of arrangements; orator of the day Hon. William J. Bacon; the clergy; delegation from Veteran Zouaves; members of Post Bacon, Grand Army of the Republic; all other veterans of Utica and vicinity; citizens generally.

The marshal was Colonel T. M. Davies. Post Bacon, Grand Army of the Republic, was represented by Colonel F. X. Myers and Major N. W. Palmer.

The third potter's field was first visited, and the grave of Comrade James H. Bushnell was honored in the prescribed form. There was a cross, a wreath, and a bouquet for every mound. Standing around Bushnell's grave, Rev. Mr. Reddy offered a short prayer. Captain Thomas E. Jepson, of Post Bacon, then said:

Upon the grave of our comrade, James H. Bushnell, who gave his life to his country, we scatter these flowers, a token of our lasting respect and abiding love.

Potter's field Nos. 1 and 2 were next visited, prayer being offered by Rev. Mr. Whitfield. The number of soldiers' graves visited in the cemeteries in West Utica was twenty-five. Captain Jepson made brief and suitable remarks over each mound.

The procession then passed over to Mohawk street, halting at St. John's Cemetery, where the graves of fifteen fallen braves were visited and decorated.

Forest Hill Cemetery was reached about 4 o'clock. The first halt was made in front of the Cozzens's vault, where Rev. Dr. Vermilye offered prayer.

The ladies left the carriages and began the work of decoration. While thus engaged, the clergymen, the marshal and staff, the orator, and a majority of the citizens present proceeded to the ground near the monument of Lieutenant Hunt, where Judge Bacon spoke as follows:

Friends and Fellow-citizens: As we entered these grounds to-day, consecrated to loving memories of the dead who sleep here, you read over the gateway the words, "Go tell our countrymen that we lie here in obedience to their commands." You will at once recognize them as an almost literal transcript of the inscription of the Greek poet, Simonides, engraved upon the monument which told the world of the valor and self-sacrifice of Leonidas and his compatriots at the pass of Thermopylæ. Of the one thousand who there resisted the advance of the overwhelming Persian horde, not one survived to tell the tale, but the story was committed to the hands of the passing traveler, and has been bequeathed to all generations in deathless song, surviving even the long-enduring, but still perishable, marble.

Do we err in adopting these words as the message which our departed heroes would convey to us and to our children? Was it not the command of the country that sent them forth, and was it not obedience, prompt, unquestioning, loyal obedience, that purchased for them these resting-places, and for us liberty, security, and peace? Then let us cherish their memories and "rifle all the breathing spring" to wreathe garlands and scatter flowers on their honored graves. It is a fitting tribute, a beautiful custom; one, let us hope, to be perpetuated in all the future, to the observance of which the

warm hearts and untiring hands of loyal women, not less than of brave and true men, have contributed largely; and standing here above these graves, where molder now the bones of our defenders, let us consecrate them by a new and fresh remembrance, and ourselves to a firmer faith in God and a renewed devotion to our country.

And yet, with such recollections and amid such surroundings, how does one who merely enjoys what others suffered to gain feel his own insignificance and unworthiness. Among the memorable words of the immortal martyr, Lincoln, engraven in the memory and enshrined in the heart of every true American, not the least memorable were those he uttered over the freshly-made graves of those who fell at Gettysburg: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here."

There are times when silence is more eloquent than speech. It would be easy in imagination to summon from their graves the sleepers here, and place them once more on the battle-field where, amid war's dread revelry, "they bravely fought, and, fighting, fell;" and then to turn aside and look into the households all over the land, desolated by the absence of those whose presence made home so happy, where the primeval grief over the loved and lost still keeps its perpetual though softened vigil. But for all this language is inadequate, may we not rather say useless. We have no time to spend, no heart to indulge in idle word-painting, in vain regrets, or mournful recollections. Let us rather, like the old Roman, thank God "our boys have done their duty." Remember at how great an expenditure of life and heart's blood our freedom was purchased for us, and leave them here to their unforgotten and glorious repose.

While we rejoice to pay these honors, and so many of us are happy in the thought that the forms we loved when in their living mold are here to mingle their dust with ours, let us not forget the tenants of the nameless graves that this day have no such memorial. There are commemorative tablets in this cemetery, but beneath them there is no heroic dust. There are mothers, brothers, sisters here to-day, the bones of whose loved ones lie in far distant battle-fields, incapable of recognition, or whose dust,

> Imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> The pendent world,

shall never be gathered up by the hand of affection, but tenderly and ceaselessly watched by the All-seeing eye, and sure

to be garnered by the hand of the Divine Redeemer at the resurrection of the just.

With all such we deeply sympathize, but to all such we say, "Be of good cheer, thy son, thy brother, shall rise again."

And now, my friends, it is time to close these simple but interesting and affecting solemnities. Upon the graves we have visited this day we have laid our votive wreaths, we have scattered our freshest flowers. Over them surviving veterans of many a hard-fought field have waved the battle-scarred banners beneath whose folds their comrades fell. As we turn from these graves, and once more leave the sleepers to their repose, let us catch a new inspiration from the lesson of devotion and loyalty they teach us; let us realize that while, with our great leader, the aspiration of our hearts, as well as the language of our lips, is "Let us have peace," we should never forget how that peace was purchased, and at what cost, if need be, it is to be maintained. And re-echoing, and, as far as in us lies, reaffirming and rendering effective the never-to-be-forgotten closing words at Gettysburg, let us "Here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

A benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. Goodrich, and the ceremonies were concluded. The procession left the cemetery a few minutes before 6 o'clock, the band furnishing sweet and appropriate music.

CEREMONIES AT HORNELLSVILLE.

(Doty Post No. 55.)

The procession, composed of the members and other "boys in blue," with band, glee club, speakers, &c., was formed at Canisteo block, the headquarters of the post, and marched thence to the cemeteries. The State and national colors led them on, as in many a fiercely-contested field of the war for the Union, but in their hands were bouquets and wreaths of flowers, instead of the instruments of death.

Arrived at Hope Cemetery, the hollow square was formed near Colonel Doty's monument, where the exercises of the

day took place, as heretofore announced. It had been decided that the ceremonial should be as brief and simple as possible—the memorial to consist merely of a list of the names of our soldier dead, and that, beside the remarks of Father Creedon, no addresses be made.

General Crane, as presiding officer, announced the exercises in their order, beginning with the prayer by Post Chaplain W. L. Collins, late lieutenant of the One Hundred and Forty-first New York Volunteers. After the prayer was read, the memorial, by Post Commander R. M. Tuttle, late lieutenant of the One Hundred and Seventh New York Volunteers. The beautiful dirge "The Officer's Funeral," was then sung by the glee club.

The exercises closed with following

ADDRESS BY REV. MICHAEL CREEDON.

With solemn step, and slow, we come to this silent city of the dead, survivors of the great struggle in which so many of our best and bravest fell, with garlands in our hands, to strew the graves of our comrades whose ashes here repose. We come in ranks in mimicry of war: our arms are flowers; our music is a dirge.

Some thoughtful minds conceived this annual commemoration; and no stronger proof were needed of the decay of love of country, if willing hearts were not found to respond to and willing hands to execute the patriotic behest.

<The love that is born of dangers met, of sufferings endured in common, is stronger than ties of blood. The lonely bivouac, the weary march, the sanguinary battle, the repulse of the foe, or mayhap, capture; the hospital, the horrible prison-pen, create a feeling of affection strong as death, and which survives the grave>

We sometimes hear the objection, The dead do not care for these tokens of our love. He is a bold or reckless man who says so, and would find no little difficulty to prove what he says.

Let us ask ourselves if we do not wish that after our departure hence our friends would not forget us; that at times they would visit our lonely house, and breathe the prayer of hope and shed the silent tear of affection over the mouldering form that loved them in life.

This cemetery, the object of so much care; these verdurous trees, trained by artistic skill to shapes of beauty; these flowers, planted by tender hands on graves of loved ones,

all prove that our act to-day is in consonance with the common sentiment of civilized mankind.

But some one may object, They do not need it. What if they do not? We do.

The true, the beautiful, and the good are never unnecessary. All virtues, divine and human, are embraced in this grand trinity; and patriotism is the first of human virtues. There is a sham patriotism, a patriotism that has its roots in love of pelf; a patriotism that is glad to have a country, if only to sell it; but a patriotism that seals its devotion with its blood—that is what has ever challenged the admiration of the world, that is what we are here to-day to honor; a patriotism the memory of which the soldiers of the North, so long as enough of them are left to form a line, shall never willingly let die.

I am aware that party spirit entered so much into the late contest that the bitter feelings engendered thereby have so biased men's minds that it no easy matter to speak one word on the subject without offense. The events are too recent, the great actors, for the most part necessarily party leaders, too well known, to be discussed with that calmness which a search for truth requires. The thing is too fresh for history.

But of one thing I am satisfied: that our country has passed through a most perilous crisis; that our great republic of commonwealths, our glory and our pride, the heritage of freemen, the hope of the oppressed, came very near being overthrown.

And for this danger so bravely averted, for this battle of humanity so gloriously fought, I am here to salute the brave men who bared their breasts as a rampart for their country, and to wreathe with choicest flowers the graves of the heroes who fell in its defense.

Liberty is like health. Its real worth is seldom appreciated until it is gone. The efforts to recover it are mostly futile. For the preservation of liberty, whose most precious fruit is peace, war is sometimes necessary. When necessary, it is justifiable. War I admit is terrible, but there is something more fatal to a country than war. It is an inglorious peace, a peace born of servile fear, or, worse yet, born of love of ease, of excess of wealth, of the indolence of a nation of Sybarites, of dry-rot in the hearts of a people. Liberty will not dwell long with such people. Mankind has ever felt this; hence we see the patriot soldier is ever the most prominent figure in history, from him who led his people to safety through that wilderness by the shore of the Red Sea, to him who led his bleeding hosts to victory through that other wilderness by the ensanguined Rappahannock. Mankind is right; the

good soldier is a great benefactor. He guards innocence, he protects industry, he defends or gains the liberties of his country. He is pointed out by joyful mothers to their little children. He fears not danger when it is to be met. His example is contagious. His ardor passes from breast to breast, and from it proceeds that glorious thought, enshrined in the words of the poet, "the sure pledge of the virtue of a nation."

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Love of country implies love of our kind, and this is half the divine law; nay more, it is a pledge amongst Christian men of the observance of the whole.

Who worthy the name of man can behold unmoved the sufferings of his fellows? Who has ever passed by the ruins of a single human dwelling, ruins made by the spoiler or the despot, that did not feel a throb in sympathy with the human hearts, the joys and sorrows, that once clustered around the now desolate hearth? But the destruction of a nation, the overthrow of the liberties of a people, is the multiplication by thousands of such ruins. Look at Poland; look at Ireland. Poland, once the bulwark of Christendom against the Moslem; Ireland, who preserved in her western fanes the light of learning, and sent it forth, as soon as the deluge of barbarism had partially subsided, to re-illumine the nations of Europe: their autonomy destroyed, their liberties overthrown, their children in exile, and their very names sought to be blotted out. O that they had soldiers enough to die for their liberties not in vain! Men of America, be warned; everything human is unstable, and even your great country is not secure unless you have virtue enough to defend it, and gratitude to honor and reward those who fight in her defense. The ceremony of to-day should make us proud of our country. The memories of victories gained, of battles won, of foes domestic and foreign overcome, should make us glory in the name of Americans. National pride is closely allied with national glory.

Lives there a Greek so degenerate as not to feel his manhood exult as he stands upon or reads of the field of Marathon, the gap of Thermopylæ, or Salamis "that looked upon the sea"? Is not the Swiss more patriotic as he stands on the field of Sempach or Morgarten? Does not the Scotchman, though his nationality is long since merged in that of another people, still exult in the name of his storied Wallace, his Bruce, and Bannockburn? Have not Cloutarf and Benburb and the Pass of the Plumes power to stir the heart of the Irishman at home or abroad? And is the American

of all men so stoical as to be roused to no enthusiasm at the deeds of heroism of his generals and of his armies? Where in the pages of romance or history is anything to be found more thrilling than "Sheridan's ride"? where anything grander in its conception, more successful in its execution, than "Sherman's march to the sea"? The retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon has been the wonder and delight of the learned world for ages, but it has been transcended in that stupendous march which contending armies paused to look on with astonishment. Still more, there is this great difference: whilst the exploit of the Greek was a retreat, that of the American was an advance.

Among the dead, among the living who surround me there are those who bore a part in those immortal deeds. Shall we refuse a laurel to their brows, a garland to their graves? Before another anniversary brings us here again let us erect to them a monument more enduring than these fragile flowers.

CEREMONIES AT CLYDE.

(CLYDE POST No. 56.)

The procession, headed by the Clyde Brass Band, formed at Town Hall at 2.45 o'clock p. m., and marched to Maple Grove Cemetery, where the Rev. L. B. Van Dyck offered prayer, after which Rev. A. W. Green addressed the audience as follows:

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow-citizens: To-day is one of no ordinary interest. We meet to commemorate the daring deeds and noble deaths of those men whose bodies, now moldering to dust, were once to us a wall of protection in those dark hours now past, thank God! and, we hope, forever.

We meet also to scatter these bright tokens of our appreciation of the intelligent bravery of these heroes, such as the world never exceeded, if indeed it ever before equaled.

We are here also to express our never-dying love for these our fallen friends whose bodies lie here and elsewhere.

We come together to-day with our hands filled with flowers and with feelings in our hearts something akin to the emotions of the two Marys when, upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came to the sepulcher, bearing precious spices to embalm the sleeping dust of the world's great Redeemer.

Nor has this occasion the significance only of a celebration of the virtues and bravery of our departed ones, but, my friends, we need this beautiful annual ceremony to build anew our waning memories and aspirations. Alas! for poor human nature; it is one of its infirmities gradually to forget its brighest examples of self-sacrifice and virtue; to accept the gift, and, in a little time, practically at least, to forget the giver. Our Saviour while on earth knew well this human tendency, and took means to counteract it; and as he gave bread and wine to his disciples with the injunction, "Do this as oft as ye shall do it in remembrance of me," he instituted a rite which forever afterward was to be a sorrowful though glorious remembrancer of himself, and in it, though absent, he yet speaketh. So to-day, from these graves of our fathers, sons, husbands, and brothers, there seems to come a voice which says, "Do this as oft as ye shall do it in remembrance of us," who, when a sea of blood threatened to submerge and to destroy our national existence, caused its waves to divide so that you passed through unharmed, while we sank to rise no more.

Oh, fellow-citizens, these words come not from the living, but from the dead. They are not the voice of the soulless politician, who, seeking only to aggrandize himself, prates of a country's wrongs or a nation's rights. Nor yet of the new-made statesman, whose only guarantee for the future is his past, and who, for aught we know, may in coming days be bought or sold for paltry gold, but they are the words of patriots, who have been tried, who bore faithful testimony to the last, and sealed it with their blood. And as we stand here upon this sacred ground these words awaken memory; and oh, how sensitive it is to all the minutiæ of the dark past. The dead seem to live again. You parents remember them as they appeared to you when you heard the first distant rumbling of the conflict, and as it grew nearer, and you heard the nation's call for two hundred thousand more, you shuddered and tried to prepare to drink the cup which you felt would be presented to you. The trying hour came; your son had enlisted. You recall the parting scene at yonder depot. In your hearts were conflicting emotions—love, patriotism, and dark foreboding; each struggled for the mastery, while above them all was a little parental pride. You fancied your darling boy never before looked half so noble and strong as, when clad in his army blue, he stood upon the platform of the car and waved his hand, a farewell token, as the train moved away in the distance. And then came anxious days and sleepless nights, and then came, too, the intelligence that the loved one had fallen, and oh, how dark was everything. Right under

the sunshine there seemed to be great banks of darkness, and you wondered how the birds could sing. Laughter was mockery and tears your food. I am not exaggerating. I believe that for every drop of blood shed on a southern battle-field a tear-drop fell on a distant pillow.

Again, comrades, our memories recall these men as they appeared while we were connected with them—in camp, on the march, and on the lonely picket-post, when they talked of home and friends which they were destined never to see again. We remember them as with us they moved through the smoke of the conflict, and terrible was the hour when the bond formed by our common trials, sufferings, and dangers, which made our hopes, feelings, and sympathies one, was snapped by a ruthless hand as our brothers fell in death. But these memories are sad, we will no longer refer to them.

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Let us learn a lesson of thankfulness as we remember that these brave ones did not die in vain, but that the nation which they died to save still lives, and, founded now upon the "golden rule," it will live when thrones and kings have together crumbled into dust, and to the world it shall be a beacon-light, the morning-dawn of that blessed time when the "lion and the lamb shall lie down together; when men shall beat their spears into pruning hooks, and the nations learn war no more." And finally, my friends, let us go from this place with holier hopes and higher aspirations than we ever indulged before, and as year after year we shall come to scatter in this place the brightest flowers of the season, may these graves continue to be as the stones of ancient Gilgal, which shall tell to us and our children that God wrought out the deliverance of our glorious country.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN VANDENBERG.

Friends, Fellow-citizens, and Soldiers: A nation rejoices! The pealing anthems of a national jubilee rend the air with pæans of victory as the shout goes up from the North to the South, from the East to the West, that America is free; that oppression and wrong have been forced to yield to the onward march of events, and that henceforth liberty is to be the condition of all men in her broad domain.

Rejoicing, in that the Stars and Stripes represent an unbroken and reunited country. Rejoicing, in that the tumult, the conflict, and ravages of war are to give place to a peace that is hoped to be lasting.

But, alas, a nation mourns! The whole land is draped in the somber elements of grief. Her broad fields have been

made one vast cemetery for the resting-place of her sainted dead. Communities have felt her grief, and scarcely a family within her borders but have felt her affliction: even our own town has contributed its portion of the martyrs in the holy cause.

Thus, while rejoicing, at what a fearful cost of life and treasure are we to-day reaping the fruits of these sacrifices! Thousands are filling soldiers' graves, ah! and even those of our own household, while you, their comrades, are spared monuments, to tell the tale of your joint sufferings and their death.

In contemplating the present condition of things the mind is naturally drawn back along the line of events to the period when the war for the nation first commanded our attention; when the hour for compromise was sealed, and when an appeal had been made from sterile negotiations to the last argument of aristocracies as well as of kings.

Think of Sumter overthrown, the flag of our country demolished, our national honor tarnished, and the men, her and its defenders, marching from the scenes of their conflicts, prisoners in the hands of a rebel foe! and then tell us is it strange that we were in confusion? * * * *

The ceremonies of to-day are well calculated to recall the days of your sufferings, the dangers you escaped, and the ravages you witnessed. Do you remember the first Bull Run conflict, Gaines's Mills, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Cedar Creek, the Second Bull Run, Antietam, the Austerlitz of the rebellion; Thoroughfare Gap, Coal Harbor, the Wilderness, Winchester, Five Forks? For, be it remembered, on these and other fields were we represented. Can you think of the wounded soldier, as he lay prostrate at your feet, or, perchance, resting his aching head on your brawny arm, his life fast wasting away and the vital spark waiting to take its flight, leaving a lifeless mass at your feet? Do you remember the last lisp of the dying hero, as with faltering voice and fainting heart he lisped the name of "Mother, sister, home!" and, with overburdened heart, he urged you on to deeds of valor, pointing you to the flag that was being borne in the thickest of the fight? Have you forgotten how, at your camp-fires, the dangers and trials of the day were discussed, and thoughts of home and friends were interchanged?

Do you remember how in common you rejoiced at success, and in common you mourned defeat? How hope and fear were striving for supremacy; now one sentiment prevailing and then the other, never resting until victory shall have been achieved?

From conflict to conflict, from field to field, and from de-

feat to victory, you followed on, until your object was accomplished; until at Richmond, the seat of rebellion, you, with stout hearts and hands, reared aloft the standard of universal liberty! until in the heart of secession you made loyalty respectable, and under the lead of your gallant Ulysses, your armed foes were made subjects at your disposal.

We have been too much inclined to overlook the claims and services of the common soldier, keeping in remembrance only those who reached exalted positions in the service. While the names of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Hooker, Hancock, Sedgwick, Kearney, Lyon, McPherson, and others, will be held in grateful remembrance, and their deeds shall be emblazoned on the folds of our national emblem, impartial and honest history will accord the common soldier in the ranks his full meed of praise, for on him falls the heaviest burdens. His are the sharpest exposures, and his the most severe trials and dangers; indeed, it is the common soldier that does the work. While he in command plans and devises, it is nevertheless the rank and file that must execute and accomplish results.

Let us cherish more closely his memory, and venerate his deeds of daring. To those that survive we owe a debt of gratitude; but what can we say of the dead? We approach hallowed ground, consecrated spots, the resting-place of the nation's dead. They are not ours; they gave themselves to their country, and for their country they died. They have bivouacked on the tented field for the last time. No more will they stand as sentinels at the outposts, and command "Halt!" and "Advance with the countersign!" No more will the bugle call them to conflict on earth. The reveille and long-roll shall no longer beat for them. Their blood has enriched the soil of a southern and then hostile clime, while their decaying bones are resting in friendly lands, with their spirits now marshaled with the battalions and hosts of the just in the world above.

Blest are the martyred dead who lie
  In holy graves for freedom won,
Whose storied deeds shall never die,
  While coming years their circles run.

Dying that the truth might live,
  Here they rest in freedom's name,
Giving all that man can give—
  Life—for glory's deathless fame.

They exchanged the dress of civilians for the garb of warriors, the implements of peace for the instruments of war. By the instruments they themselves wielded they died, and have exchanged the faded coat of blue for the habiliments of

death, and the tent on the field for the cold clods of the valley and the embrace of the grave; and on the tablets erected to their memory is inscribed, "They died bravely in defense of their country."

Finally, let us all remember that we each have a part and lot in the death of each soldier; he dies for no *one*, but for a nation. He dies that the nation might live, and to-day, but for the life and death of the common soldier, it is but matter of speculation and conjecture what would be our condition as a people. Through his suffering and death we stand, under God, a nation alike feared and respected throughout the world, with a commerce whitening every sea, and our ports open to the traffic of the world; the asylum of the oppressed of all lands; the home of liberty and the land of the free. Thanks under God to the soldiery of our land, and to none more than to our own martyred dead, whose memory we cherish and whose graves to-day open at our feet to receive fragrant offerings at the hands of surviving comrades.

After prayer by Comrade Knight the graves were decorated, when the detachment returned to Clyde.

The second detachment went to Lock-Berlin, accompanied by the Rev. A. W. Green, who offered prayer and then addressed the comrades and citizens there assembled.

After decorating the grave of Comrade Cookingham the detachment returned by the way of Ferguson's Corners, where the graves of two comrades were decorated, and the detachment returned to Clyde.

CEREMONIES AT OGDENSBURG.

(Ransom Post No. 57.)

The order of General John A. Logan was carried into effect by Ransom Post, of Ogdensburg, assisted by the citizens and ladies of the city, in the best possible manner, on Sunday, May 30.

On Saturday the committee of ladies met at the city hall and prepared the wreaths of evergreens and flowers. It had been previously ascertained that thirty-three of the gallant dead rested in our cemeteries. Thirty-three little misses, to

be dressed in white, were selected as flower-bearers to assist in the service of decoration.

At 2 p. m. on Sunday the members of the Grand Army of the Republic met at their room in Granite Block, and a little later formed in line on Ford street. At 2.30 o'clock they were joined by the little misses, each of whom carried a bouquet of choice flowers. The members of the Grand Army of the Republic had each a wreath. A procession was formed, and took up its line of march in the following order, in charge of H. M. Davidson, post commander, marshal of the day:

Old's Band; national flag; detachment of the Grand Army of the Republic; decorating party, little girls; detachment of the Grand Army of the Republic; disabled soldiers, in carriages; speaker; clergymen; mayor and common council; citizens.

The procession was very large, and passed up Ford street to State, and State to the cemeteries, where the following order of exercises took place:

Dirge by band; prayer, by Rev. Richmond Fisk, jr.; opening hymn, by choir; oration, by Rev. L. L. Wood; decoration of graves; singing by choir, "Soldier's Grave;" assembly, and closing hymn by all present; benediction.

ORATION BY REV. L. L. WOOD.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow-citizens: The circumstances under which we are assembled to-day are of a peculiar character. We have met for the second time in our nation's history to commemorate the heroic virtues of our fallen braves, and to express our appreciation of those inestimable blessings which they bequeathed to us and coming generations. By choice of those who direct these ceremonies it devolves upon me to pronounce the oration; but methinks it would require something more than mortal utterance to give adequate expression to the sentiments that heave the nation's heart to-day. We have pearls in our seas and rivers, we have vast treasures of mineral wealth in our hills and mountains, but we have nothing in all our broad land we prize so highly as the precious dust of our nation's defenders. And there is a beautiful symbolism in our strewing their graves with flowers to-day. It points to the fresher bloom and richer fragrance with which their sacred memo-

ries are enshrined in our nation's heart, and we give it as a pledge to our buried heroes that we will live and labor for the maintenance of those noble principles for which they fought and died.

We mourn to-day a nation's dead. Sectional feeling and party spirit are laid aside, and from the northern lakes to the southern gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the voice of mourning is heard as it comes welling up from the heart of a common people.

The agony of those dreadful years is gone. The scowl of battle is no longer seen upon our brows, nor the foam of a nation's rage upon our lips. We meet to-day not in anger, but in sympathy for all bereaved, and to lament our common dead.

As the gentle dew of heaven nourishes nature's verdure alike on the graves of friend and foe, as they lie buried together on many a field of battle, so would we wreathe over each to-day our flowery chaplets as tributes of the tender sentiments of our common humanity; for who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and feel the spirit of anger within him longer burn against that handful of lifeless clay? Human sympathy has a twofold worth. As the summer cloud weeps refreshment on the parched earth and leaves the skies more beautiful than before, with its rainbow of promise arching the cerulean dome, so tears of sympathy both refresh the heart on which they fall and enrich the nature from which they spring, and gladden poor jaded humanity with a native purity and sweetness.

But there is a sanctity about profound sorrow that shuns the public gaze and seeks to hide itself within the inner sanctuary of the soul, where the tears that fall around the altars of its solitude may exhale to heaven without a witnessing eye, while only now and then the stifled sigh or the glistening tear reveals the aching heart within. Such is the character of our nation's grief to-day. The majestic river, whose placid waters lave the borders of our city, flows smoothly on for miles with uniform current in its passage to the sea, but ever and anon its power is seen as its mighty floods are heaved and jostled by the unseen boulders beneath its surface. So the patriotism of our country, in its steady, tranquil course, might give to the casual observer the impression that our nation had ceased to remember its noble defenders but for seasons like the present, when the heart of this great land swells out the floods of its pent-up grief. Five times have the flowers bloomed since the sound of war died away in our land; but, as our nation turns aside to-day to weep over her heroic dead and strew their graves with these tributes of ten-

derest affection, she shows how fondly she still cherishes their memory in this lapse of years.

We may safely affirm that no nation ever cared for its defenders like ours. If our late war was unparalleled in its magnitude, in the momentous consequences involved, and in the wide sweep of its destructive power, it was none the less so in the promptness and extent of the care for the physical and spiritual wants of the soldier, which found an outlet in the Sanitary and Christian Commissions and in the thousand avenues of individual beneficence.

Another feature of this day is that the dead we mourn are peculiarly our own. They were not strangers from other lands, they were not mercenaries that fought for gold, nor were they from any one class or station of life, but from all. They came from the homes of refinement, of piety, and influence, as well as ignorance, poverty, and distress. They are all our own. They were nourished in our homes and cherished in our hearts. And every soldier's grave on the hill-side, along the valley, or in the wilderness, contains the best gifts of human hearts, and these precious gifts testify to the common devotion of one great people. I know we should not forget in our sorrow for these the glorious triumphs which they wrought out for us, and we are not unmindful, I trust, that in these great national blessings which we enjoy to-day our martyred dead have found their mausoleum. And as such we receive and cherish them. But, ah! we know full well that all the gifts of material prosperity can never indemnify the loss of the heart's affections. The traces of our nation's sorrow may be partially concealed, but they can never be wholly obliterated. The plowshare may fill the furrows of shot and shell upon the fields of battle, the renovating hand of nature may restore freshness and beauty to the fields trampled by the feet of contending armies, busy hands may rebuild the towns and villages laid waste by destructive war, and the noisy din of the world's steady ongoing rise, where once was heard the deafening roar of the cannon and the dreadful rattling of the musketry.

But there are furrows upon the brows of fathers, mothers, and widows, that shall deepen as in the coming years they feel the increasing loss of those upon whom they hoped to lean in life's declining days. There are blighted spots in lonely hearts which no bright sun of material prosperity can ever clothe with verdure. There are vacant places in many a family circle which life's most varied experience will never wholly obliterate, and there will be the memory of many a hushed voice which the world's great babel can never drown. But a still more marked feature of our grief to-day is that

amid it all we mingle no regret. Did we often feel that too low an estimate was put upon human life, as levy after levy went forth during that angry strife to fill the ranks depleted in the dreadful slaughter on the gory field of battle and the still more dreadful slaughter in the deadly malaria of southern swamps and prisons? But ah! God intended to enhance the value of these priceless boons which are ours to-day, by the costliness of the sacrifice we then made for them. And let us remember that every precious life had its value, that every defeat and every mistake had its lesson, as assigned by Him alone who knew the end from the beginning. O, then, long as was the list of slain, and infinite as was the cost in blood and treasure, let us never indulge in the thought that He who "meted out heaven with a span, and weighed the hills in a balance," who tinges the lily of the valley, and gauges the sparrow's descent, will ever suffer one of those noble lives to be wasted, or a single lesson of such sacred devotion to our country's cause to be lost. It was with such convictions our brothers went forth to their country's defense in her hour of peril, many of them with a father's benediction and a mother's prayers. And when they fell beneath the enemy's death-shots, or perished of the burning fever in the hospital, many a fond parent thanked Heaven for a son to give to so noble a cause. Such are the priceless gifts lying beneath the grassy mounds scattered all over our land to-day.

And methinks there comes a voice up through the nation's grief to-day, saying, "Dreadful as was the sacrifice, it was offered willingly, and, should occasion require, willingly would we give the same again." * * * *

Fellow-citizens, it is ours to live and labor in a new era. Let us recognize the weighty obligations which it involves; let us be true to the high position which we occupy, and let us strive to show to the world that our nation can be as unselfish in peace as she was valiant in war.

Defenders of our nation's banner, long may you be spared to enjoy the blessings of that peace to which your valor has so largely contributed. But remember life is but a battle-field. There is a moral warfare to be waged. Be faithful soldiers of the Cross as you have been of your country's flag, and when your last victory is won, even the victory over death, may you receive a rich reward, not only in the bright laurels of fame, but in a crown of immortality.

And O! ye shades of our martyred dead, what language is a fitting tribute to your heroism? The memory of your noble deeds shall form a bright galaxy in the sky of liberty, at which coming generations shall gaze with admiring wonder.

CEREMONIES AT OWEGO.

(Babcock Post No. 59.)

Saturday, the 29th of May, was a grand day in Owego. The procession was headed by Post 59, Grand Army of the Republic.

The lodge of Good Templars was out in force; also the Catholic Benevolent Society, marshal, Captain William Sullivan; assistant marshal, John Sweeny. This organization numbered at least one hundred.

Next in order came the Knights of St. Crispin, numbering between forty and fifty men, preceded by an elegant banner, Sir Knight Wm. H. Maynard. Next came the Sunday-school of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Owego Fire Department, excepting No. 5, were out, well-organized, compact, and orderly as usual, headed, of course, by their veteran chief engineer, Joseph S. Dewitt, and his assistant, Ed. Stratton. After the firemen, the citizens generally brought up the rear.

The procession first stopped at the Presbyterian Churchyard, and decorated the graves of the soldiers therein interred, then proceeded to the Catholic burying-ground and decorated the graves of the soldiers sleeping there. Thence the procession proceeded up through Evergreen Cemetery, decorating as they went, till they arrived at the summit, near the Indian girl's monument, where a platform had been erected. The speakers of the day were introduced by Captain Eugene B. Gere, president, who first introduced the Rev. W. H. King, who addressed the Throne of Grace in a very impressive and appropriate prayer.

CAPTAIN GERE'S ADDRESS.

Capt. Gere then addressed the vast audience which now filled the whole summit of the cemetery as follows:

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: In every part of this now happy land, on this beautiful May afternoon, the patriotic of our people are evincing their appreciation of the sacrifices, the courage, and the heroism of the gallant dead who have yielded up their lives that the great republic might live.

Could a more appropriate testimonial be conceived than this which has been fixed upon by the Grand Army of the Republic?

These brave men are dead, and all that the living can do for them is to cherish their memory and keep forever green the remembrance of their unselfish devotion to their country's welfare.

Suppose a stranger from an unknown world, where human nature is the same as ours, was suddenly and unexpectedly to find himself in our midst, and when informed of the characters and virtues of those whom we to-day commemorate, would he not feel the same enthusiasm, the same admiration, that animates us upon this occasion? In every age war with all its horrors has been experienced by mankind. Sometimes it has been waged in a struggle for the right. Often it has been caused by the wild ambition of unscrupulous and daring men, resulting usually in the enthronement of a despot and the subversion of a nation's liberty. In the New World war has been waged almost from the time of its discovery. The Spaniards, under the lead of Cortes, Pizarro, and other adventurers, made war upon the natives, and perpetrated atrocities which have always shocked civilization, securing for the Spanish name an unenviable notoriety; and to-day this same atrocious Spanish nature exhibits itself on the Island of Cuba, the "Queen of the Antilles," soon, it is hoped, to be the home of a free people. After Spain for a time had ceased its cruelties, and America became more populous, we had the old French war, which seems to have been a school in which to teach many of the great leaders of the Revolution the art of war. Then came the great struggle for American independence—the old Confederacy having a population of about three million, one-third of whom, it is said, were tories, and opposed to a separation from the mother country. But in spite of the power of Great Britain and their aiders and abettors, the tories, our forefathers with their swords conquered for themselves and their posterity *liberty*, and bequeathed to us the institutions which we now enjoy.

But after we have become a great nation, the pride and hope of liberty-loving people everywhere, a causeless war is inaugurated against "the best government upon which the sun ever shone." Then again is aroused the spirit of '76, and again has come "the time that tries men's souls." From the forge, from the field, from the colleges, even from the pulpit, and from every sphere of life, come a vast array of men, who through four years of bloody war saved the republic, and convinced the world that self-government is a suc-

cess. In accomplishing this three hundred thousand fall. Three hundred thousand lives are lost; lost to their country, lost to their families, lost to their friends. Those men did not leave their homes and all that was near and dear to them for selfish motives. They were not, like the followers of Cortes and Pizarro, searching for gold, with everything to gain and nothing to lose. I remember a school-fellow who was possessed of a mind superior to his fellow school-mates; his abilities were such as to attract the attention of his elders when a mere boy. From school he went to college, where he graduated with high honors, his professors predicting for him a brilliant future. Almost immediately he enlisted, and in a few months was no more. I allude to Robert Turner, and I believe all who knew him will bear me out in saying that he was one of the most gifted young men ever reared in this county. Old men shouldered their muskets too. John Gorman, past middle age, leaves everything near and dear for his country's cause. Thus old and young participate alike in the struggle. Yet, when motives are spoken of, there are mean, venal wretches, who declare that it was a love of gain that led men on. What had the gifted, brilliant Robert Turner to gain by enlisting? What had Willoughby Babcock to gain when he left his comfortable law practice and his pleasant home? How was it with William Corvell? How was it with Chaplain Benton, who died so bravely fighting in the ranks on Roanoke Island. How was it with hosts of these men who might be named? All the treasures of the Indies could not have induced a purely money-getting individual to spring into that boat in the Rappahannock, the very advance of Burnside's army, in front of Fredericksburg, on that bloody day, as did heroic Hanson Champlin.

Every one of these men lost his life actuated by a higher and grander motive than that of mere gain, and I have mentioned their names, not because they were "the bravest of the brave," but simply because they were among the bravest of the brave, and are to us familiar names. I would make no distinction in paying honors. All alike did their utmost. Major General Kearney was one of the bravest, one of the noblest spirits ever devoted to any cause, and when he fell how many mourned his loss! it seemed a national calamity. Yet among the thousands who fell were many whose praises will never be sung and whose services never will be appreciated. In order to have an army, skillful officers are needed, as are also brave men; neither could be dispensed with. But to my mind both contributed their all to their country's welfare and are equally entitled to our praises. I would accord as much credit to Dan Kerr, who

fell at Berry's Ford, as I would to General Kearney, who fell at Chantilly; not because Kerr's services were of as much value, but because he gave his all. True, he had no wealth, no social position, and but little education; still he had within patriotic impulses, and exhibited a bravery that could not be excelled; and when he went down there was no one to build monuments to his memory. The fate of this humble but brave volunteer is the fate of most of the heroic thousands whose lives were lost in this terrific war. Thank God, to-day no distinctions are made. We do not consider whether their part was humble or exalted; we are ready to do the same homage to the grave of a private soldier as we would to that of a major general, believing that each played his part well; not merely as a soldier trained to arms, whose trade is war, but as an American volunteer.

Comrades, ladies, and gentlemen, but few soldiers who have fallen are buried in our cemeteries; most of those who left us in the glow of health, thrilled with patriotic emotions, met death on gory battle-fields, in hospitals, or loathsome prisons. Their graves are unknown. In the language of a soldier-poet:

> On fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead.

ADDRESS OF REV. H. WHEELER.

Rev. Henry Wheeler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Owego, was next introduced, and spoke as follows:

Fellow-citizens and Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic: It affords me a mournful pleasure to meet with you to-day to bear some part in the manifestations of sorrow and affection for your former comrades who now sleep beneath the clods of the valley. And in thus assembling to carry out these solemn and appropriate ceremonies, we are obeying the highest instincts of human nature. It is a custom that has long prevailed among the enlightened people of the earth, and perhaps it is something inherent in our nature, to respect and cherish the fondest affections for the graves of our loved ones. Look around you to-day, in this city of the dead, and witness the sculptured marble reared by loving hands, as an outward manifestation of the affection of the heart, and witness the flowers blooming upon the graves where lie the shattered hopes of many a fond heart. The rose and lily bloom still, as though in mockery of the tyrant Death, who

broke the bud from the parent stem. But both these will yield to the rough storms of winter, and must sleep till the warm sunshine of spring shall resuscitate them. Then shall they burst forth in new beauty and awake to new life. And these are but emblems of our hope in Him who has said, "I am the resurrection," &c., and those who now sleep will hear the voice of God, saying, "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." And these flowers that decorate the graves of the soldiers to-day are but dying beauties, yet while dying they exhale their fragrance as though breathing out their life to impart pleasure to those around. And are not these fitting remembrances of those we honor, who in the hour of the nation's peril gave their lives for their country's good? By their patriotism and self-sacrifice, "being dead, they yet speak." "Your voiceless lips, oh! flowers, are living preachers, each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book." The ties that bind kindred hearts are not severed by death: they are transferred, but we love them still.

To each of these graves around us some hold a special relation; to most of us they are of no particular interest only as the resting-place of one of our race. But the grave of the soldier belongs to us all, and we all hold a peculiar relation to it. We may not know their names, where they were born, or where they died; but if they died in the defense of the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of our national hopes and liberties, that will call forth the tear of sympathy, and bind the heart forever to the spot where their ashes repose.

For this reason we meet to-day. We love to honor them. They are beyond the reach of such honor as we can bestow upon the living. No promotion in rank, no commission can reach them now, but we bring tokens of our affection and strew their graves with flowers—

> "Emblems of our own great resurrection,
> Emblems of the better land."

It is proper to intrust this work to the Grand Army of the Republic. Allow me, soldiers, to say it is the especial privilege and high honor of the comrades of the dead to lead in this sacred duty. Should other eyes grow dull, or other hands slack, or other hearts cold in this sacred trust, it cannot be but that every soldier who ever saw a battle-field will be true to it as long as life shall last. And it will be a sad day for

the country when the people at large forget to honor the dust and tombs of those whose valor gave our liberty new birth.

Allow me to remind you that the significance of this day's ceremonies with us is not to be measured by its dimensions. Here are but a few hundreds of our citizens met to honor the occasion, but all over our land are millions of hearts which beat in sympathy with ours, and hold the principles that brought us here as dear as their lives. Here are but a few graves to decorate; but in our hearts we reach out to the hundreds of thousands of graves that mark the battle-fields of the rebellion, thousands of which are unmarked by stone or tablet. To the comrades of these sleeping soldiers this must be a remembrancer of many solemn scenes of their various campaigns. I know you can call to mind the friendships and pleasures as well as the hardships of camp life. The camp knows of friendships as close and lasting as that of David and Jonathan, broken only when one or both fell by the hand of the rebel. You remember the conversation around the still camp-fire of home and loved ones, and the plans laid to be executed when the cruel war was over. You remember, too, the still words spoken at the eve of the battle, the kind message left to be borne by another's lips in case your own should be sealed in death. You remember the scenes of carnage and strife, and the joy felt when the shout went up, "*They run, boys, and the victory is ours!*" Then there was a gladness when the battle was done and you met the familiar face of comrade and friend; and then again the sadness when many failed to answer at the roll-call. We are reminded of another scene in the winter camp, when one and another of your comrades fell victims to the midnight "bushwhacker" or some dire disease: how hastily you constructed the coffin of old cracker-boxes and sent them home, feeling the spirit of the touching refrain—

Send them home tenderly, poor breathless clay,
Yet what high hopefulness bore them away,
Hand to hand clingingly, linked in brave trust—
Tenderly, tenderly, bear home their dust.

Send them home tenderly; think of the sire
Struggling with mighty sobs by the low fire;
Think how a mother's heart hourly hath bled—
Tenderly, tenderly, bear home the dead.

But sometimes to send them home was impossible, and we laid them to rest in southern graves, side by side with fallen foes. But death is the leveler of all distinctions, the settler of all strife, and friend and foe will sleep together, and nothing will disturb their quiet rest.

I sometimes thought as I turned from these burial scenes,

"Will a base and traitorous flag ever wave over the graves of our fallen heroes?" and I said, "God forbid!" That prayer has been answered; and now, over every inch of soil in every State of the Union where our heroes lie buried, the Stars and Stripes wave in proud triumph as the guardian of their ashes. Our conquered "brothers may not respect the graves of those who conquered them, but they cannot harm them.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirits now gone,
And o'er their cold ashes upbraid them,
But little they'll reck, if they let them sleep on
In the graves where their comrades have laid them.

But sometimes the honors given by military men were not allowed. Circumstances were such as to render it impossible, and not a soldier discharged his farewell shot o'er the grave where his comrade was buried; but in the lull of the battle's loud roar or in the darkness of the night they were hastily laid away, so that in thousands of instances the words descriptive of the burial of one of England's great warriors may be used:

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And bitterly thought of the morrow."

These were sad scenes, often repeated in southern wilds, and somewhat disheartening; but the patriotism of the soldier overcame every other feeling, and the sentiment that universally prevailed was, "I would rather die a soldier than live a slave."

The ceremonies of the day are calculated to give us present benefit as well as to act as reminders of the past. They benefit, by deepening our religious convictions and by fanning the flame of patriotism in our hearts. Our religious convictions are deepened by communing with the dead; we may be impressed with our own frailty, and be led to seek for that more enduring inheritance at the right hand of God. "O, that they were wise," was the last wish of the dying prophet; he breathed it out as the last desire of his soul, and gave up the ghost. "O, that they were wise; that they understood this; that they would consider their latter end and be wise." The man is wise who occasionally turns from the gaudy scenes of life's vanities and pleasures and the excitement and turmoil of business, and amid these cypress shades to read his monument, weigh his dust, and measure his hopes

for eternity. And here, being reminded of our coming dissolution, we may with joy contemplate the supports of Divine grace, and lay hold on the hope set before us in the Gospel of Christ, and strive, "that if by any means we may attain unto the resurrection of the" blessed "dead."

This gathering will keep alive the flame of patriotism in our hearts. Religion and patriotism often go forth hand in hand, to bless the world and elevate mankind; and how beautifully these two often appeared combined in our fallen soldiers. I think the idea too generally prevailed at home that the soldiers were lawless and irreverent, and consequently the fear was entertained that when the armies were disbanded infidelity and crime would prevail. These fears were groundless, and all will bear testimony that among our most intelligent, sober, law-abiding citizens we number the soldiers of the disbanded army of the republic. And during all the active campaigns thousands retained their religion, side by side with their patriotism, and died for their country and for Christ.

On the field of Shiloh a soldier lay wounded and uncared for through the weary hours of night, and while the stars beamed mildly upon him, and his eternal home loomed up in the distance before him, he raised his voice and sang,

"When I can read my title clear;"

and another at a short distance, hearing the familiar words, took up the strain, and a chorus of praise went up to God from the field of strife.

A young man on another field was struck by a ball, and feeling that his end was near, said, "Boys, let us die gloriously. Give three cheers for the Union and the flag, then kneel by my side in prayer." They did so, but before the voice of prayer was still the spirit of the soldier had fled.

The army hospital has been the scene of many thrilling incidents illustrative of patriotism, affection, and endurance under sufferings and pain.

We can conceive it possible for men to mingle with scenes of death and carnage on the battle-field until the better feelings of human nature become obliterated, but it was not so with our soldiers generally; conjugal, parental, and filial love lived and blended with their love of country and of God.

How thrilling the last words of one of our officers of the army of the West. Wounded and dying, he called for pen and ink to write a parting word to loved ones at home, but, too weak to write, he feebly said: "My wife, my boy, my country," and life was gone. Fitting words these to fall from the lips of a dying soldier, showing at once the most

refined and tender affection and the most exalted patriotism.

I cannot close without congratulating you upon the order and success of your work, and also the time in which you chose to accomplish it. Other posts of your order have chosen the Sabbath, but while so many are seeking to divert sacred time to worse than secular uses, it behooves American citizens to guard well the Sabbath and avoid even the appearance of evil, and we must teach all men who seek an asylum upon our shores, whether they are the dissipated portions of Europe or the pagans of Asia, that there are three things an American will never give up, namely: the *Bible*, the *Sabbath*, and the *Flag*.

If we are able to read history aright, then the great comprehensive truths written in letters of living light on every page of art are these: "Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue has any vigor or immortal hope except in the principles of the Christian faith and in the sanctions of the Christian religion."

And when the sad duties of the day are done, let us return to the ordinary duties of the citizen, ever remembering our duties to God and our Government. Let us take the old flag, the emblem of our nation's honor and our pride, let us nail it high up upon the staff, but just below the cross of Christ, and our motto be, "First God's, and then our country's."

The graves of our fallen comrades, we bid them farewell. They have made their last retreat, performed their last march, and fought their last battle; we leave them in the quiet rest of the tomb, but will see them again at the last great roll-call at the archangel's reveille.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL I. S. CATLIN.

General I. S. Catlin, being at home on sick leave, was next introduced, and addressed the vast audience as follows:

Fellow-citizens: If it be sweet and becoming to die for one's country, so is it sweet and becoming to weep over the graves of those who thus die, and bedeck them with flowers.

Oh that the bodies of those other gallant men who went forth from our midst in the pride and glory of manhood, who fell on distant battle-fields, or wasted away in hospital and prison-pen, could have been brought from their inhospitable and unhonored tombs, and placed side by side with the heroes who are sleeping their last deep sleep in this beautiful, this consecrated ground.

Away over yonder, in the deep gloom of the Wilderness, the woods and fields of Spottsylvania, at Cold Harbor, and around Petersburg, lie scattered the bleached bones of their comrades in arms. Further on, away up above the clouds of Lookout Mountain, at Atlanta, along the line of the grand march to the sea, and other battle-fields of the war, repose the remains of their brothers in blue.

Oh! my friends, would it not be sweet could we let the tear fall upon *their* graves, and plant over them also these fragrant floral offerings of spring-time. Oh that the men who met death shoulder to shoulder, who fell upon the same field fighting for the same flag, for the same cause and country, could have been laid side by side after life's fitful fever! Loved ones are here, I know, whose hearts are stricken, oh! how sadly, because they cannot drop a tear or place a flower over the graves of *their* heroic soldier-boys. How it adds to the depth and intensity of their grief on this occasion! Leaving them in strength, and love, and manliness, they fell far away, with no one to close their eyes in death, no one to say or hear the dying prayer, no one to follow them to the tomb, no one to place the tombstone or plant the flower. Here are their friends, near and dear kindred, joining in this commemorative festivity, weaving garlands and beautiful wreaths of flowers to place upon the graves of the comrades of their beloved ones, but the spots where lie *their* bodies are barren, are left untouched and unnoticed. This day, this scene, these mounds of earth, these touching eulogies from men of God, all revive the memories of the past, all call up the faces of the patriot dead, all bring back the hardships, the sufferings, the inestimable services, the heroic deaths of the gallant men who went out from these villages and towns, these hills and dales, to fight for their country and their God. But how few, how very few, can fully appreciate the sacrifices of these men. Inadequate are words to express them. In vain does the imagination attempt to portray them. Men who sat by their peaceful firesides and trembled, and shivered, and sighed, as they contemplated them, could have but a faint conception of them.

You, brave men—you who were their comrades, who carried your guns and your knapsacks, and marched and charged and fought, and to-day wear honorable scars and wounds; you who endured the same scorching sun and freezing blasts, who with them met dangers, disease, and death, day after day, who saw your comrades fall around you, but could not stop to say farewell; you *know*, because you *felt* what they suffered. You know what *you* yourselves suffered, and therefore know what your dead comrades suffered. To *you* this is

no unmeaning ceremony, no mere formal commemoration; it touches the finest sensibilities of your nature, and causes your heart-strings to vibrate with tenderest emotions. You shared dangers and faced death with these entombed heroes, and offered yourselves freely to the same fate. You, I repeat, can fully appreciate their services, and to-day you are weighed down by overwhelming grief. And you, fellow-citizens, who did not endure the hardships of war, but are enjoying the benefits derived from the hardships endured by these men, you who have come up here to honor the dead are actuated by noble sentiments. You recognize the invaluable services they performed for the country. You feel how heroically they faced danger and death, and how nobly they sacrificed their lives. By this commemorative ceremony, so beautiful and appropriate, the love you cherish for them is renewed and kept alive.

But, my friends, while you are remembering and honoring the dead, in the name of God and humanity I beseech of you not to forget the living. While you heap flowers over these graves, in the name of these dead heroes I implore you not to forget their families, the dear ones they have left behind. While your societies—social, moral, and religious—have turned out to do honor to those who have laid down their lives for their country, I appeal to you in the name and in behalf of their widows and orphans, whose lives are desolate, to remember them also. They need your help; they need your sympathy; they need the open hand and the extended arm of charity. False and hypocritical, a poor, mean, empty show, is this ceremony over the dead, if you pass by and disregard the living. And there are live heroes, too, whom God in his providence spared from soldiers' graves, to whom you owe an eternal debt of gratitude. Here they are moving about you every day, men who braved death upon many a battle-field, who ran all the risks which these did that lie beneath us, but who were spared to life and friends. You must not forget them. Because they were fortunate enough to live through the firey ordeal and came home to live in your midst, do not, I pray you, forget their services and sufferings, their sicknesses and wounds. If you do, in God's name never desecrate these graves nor the memory of the dead by your false and formal ceremonies. If you do, never speak of the sacrifices of the war, but be content that you neither fought nor suffered loss. Woe be to the nation, woe be to the people that forget the dead or the living of their battle-fields, those who have preserved their government in its strength and integrity. You have brave men in your midst, men who bear honorable scars, and

those who escaped unscathed, who deserve and should have your gratitude in a substantial way. By remembering and caring for the living you show a true, vital, practical patriotism, which gives life and spirit and character to this solemn yet beautiful anniversary in honor of the dead.

REV. J. C. BEECHER'S REMARKS.

Rev. J. C. Beecher was next called to the stand, and spoke as follows:

It must be that storms sweep over the fair face of the earth, for the atmosphere at rest grows foul and pestilential, and needs the stir of wind and the lightning flash. And though on the sea many a stately ship goes down with its living freight, and on the land many a stately tree is uprooted and fair field devastated, yet is the storm a blessing, for the air is cleared, and millions breathe freely, healthfully. So has it been in the late history of this beloved land. The long summer of prosperity and peace had brought forth noxious vapors of selfishness and passion. The better nature of the nation had become blunted—its lower passions warmed into rank and unhealthy growth—its very air poisoned with pride, injustice, and greed of gain.

The cloud which rose over Fort Sumter rolled and writhed and spread until its shadow covered the nation. Its lightnings flashed incessantly, scathing and blighting. Before them our bravest and best went down like the leaves of the forest; households were made desolate and hearts rent, until in bitterness of spirit we cried out, "O Lord, how long?"

The storm was fierce and terrible while it lasted, but it has left the air clearer, and we who live reap rich reward for the trial and peril through which we have passed.

Rightly, then, do we gather to honor the fallen. And so long as the nation stands, wherever a soldier's grass-grown grave swells forth the earth, there is an altar before which every true man should consecrate himself to a new life and more unselfish patriotism.

We honor the dead, whether in battle-field they fell or in more painful martyrdom they wasted away by disease. To their resting-place we bring flowers and with reverent hands deck their narrow homes. The flowers will wither and the wind scatter them, but the memory of the dead shall never die.

We honor the living, to-day and henceforth, whose homes are desolate and hearts sorrowful. The noble army of martyrs who lie all along from Maine to the gulf are at rest; but wherever on the face of this broad land live soldier's widow

or fatherless child, to them we will bring flowers that fade not: our heart's truest sympathy, our hand's fullest charity.

Fadeless flowers, too, shall spring up in our own hearts. In the hour in which our better nature is strong within us, by these grass-grown altars which to-day blossom with offerings of love, let us pledge ourselves anew to our land, the dearer for that it hath been in peril. By virtue, by temperance, by honesty, by honor, by devotion to all that is true and good, let us be worthy of our inheritance and strong to maintain it untarnished. Let us consecrate our life, our service, all we have and all we are, to the God by whom we live and the land in which we dwell.

CEREMONIES AT ITHACA.

(Barton Post No. 63.)

The ceremony of decorating the graves of soldiers took place in Ithaca on Sunday, May 30. The exercises were conducted under the authority and management of the post. The members of the post marched in procession from the town hall to the cemetery, where, under the folds of the American flag, the living comrades of their fallen brothers gathered around the grave of each departed soldier in succession, and having read the name and regiment of him who sleeps the long sleep of death beneath, beautiful flowers were strewn over and about his last resting-place. Twenty-eight graves were thus decorated.

At the close of the ceremony of decoration the members of the post gathered about the firemen's monument, when the commandant, W. A. Lyon, first introduced Whitlock's Band, which gave a piece of music appropriate to the occasion. Rev. D. C. Marshall, late a lieutenant in the army, was then introduced, who made a few brief remarks to his late comrades in arms, who had just paid this loving tribute to the graves of their departed brothers. Thousands of people were gathered around and listened with the deepest attention. Among other things the reverend gentleman defended the action of the post in selecting Sunday for the celebration of this solemn and impressive ceremony. He considered it a holy and religious observance, and did not doubt it was an acceptable

action to the Supreme Ruler of the universe on whatever day of the week it might take place.

After another piece of music by the band, Colonel Sprague, of Cornell University, was introduced.

He began by stating that the ceremonies of the day reminded him of the great struggles through which this nation has passed to establish human rights; that our late war was really but another phase of the world-conflict in which our revolutionary fathers shed their blood nearly a hundred years ago; that these scenes brought vividly to mind the late strife, the fall of Sumter, the uprising of the North, the first battle of Manassas, the alternate victories and defeats of our arms, until God's great purpose of emancipation found expression in Lincoln's proclamation in the winter of 1863–'64. He then proceeded to speak of the courage and heroism of New York soldiers and regiments, as he saw them at Port Hudson and on many other battle-fields. He added, in substance, as follows:

Twenty-eight soldiers sleep in this cemetery. Some of them fell in battle, amid the rush of steeds and men, a mournful though glorious fate; others lingered in agony. Tender hands have gathered the remains of a few and entombed them here; but, alas! more of them sleep on the battle-fields where they fell, and no man can tell the spot, only the grass grows greener and the wild flowers bloom fairer where they lie.

Let us not forget the larger number who died of disease, nor those multitudes who gave up their lives in southern prisons rather than accept life as the reward of treason.

Let us show our gratitude to the mourning relatives, to the aged parents, to the orphan children, to the desolate widow.

God forbid that we should cherish hatred to our southern brethren, or make these solemnities the occasion of vituperation against them. They were mistaken, but they were as gallant and self-sacrificing as we. Let us imitate the spirit of those ladies in a western city, who strewed the graves of the confederate and of the Union soldiers alike with flowers, as they lay,

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the blue,
Under the other the gray!"

CEREMONIES AT LOCKPORT.

(DONNELLY POST No. 67.)

The annual memorial of decoration of the graves of the soldiers in the Lockport cemeteries took place Monday. The day opened auspiciously, the weather being all that could be desired by those who participated, until about and hour previous to the close of the ceremonies at Cold Springs Cemetery, when the rain descended copiously.

The morning exercises opened with solemn high mass at St. Patrick's (Roman Catholic) Church, Father Mulholland officiating, assisted by Fathers O'Mara and Kofler. At 10 o'clock the procession of the Grand Army of the Republic and the citizens formed in front of Arcade Hall, and, headed by the Lockport City Cornet Band, proceeded to St. Patrick's Church.

At the conclusion of the services here the procession again re-formed and escorted the Catholic clergymen, the acolytes carrying the processional cross, and a large number of little girls dressed in white, followed by the entire Catholic congregations of our city, who turned out *en masse*, to the Catholic Cemetery on Transit street, south of the city. The priests, dressed in their cassocks and surplices, peformed the ceremony for the dead in the solemn rites of the Catholic Church, for the deceased soldiers buried in the cemetery and all others who went from Lockport and fell martyrs to their country's cause.

After this service Father O'Mara delivered a very beautiful discourse, eulogistic of the deceased soldiers. The graves were then decorated with flowers in a tasteful and chaste manner, when the procession re-formed and returned to the city. Great credit is due the Catholics and workingmen of our city for the very general manner in which they turned out to do honor to the deceased braves. The multitude then retired to their homes for dinner.

At 1 o'clock p. m. the several organizations began to arrive in front of Arcade Hall, when they reported to the marshals and the citizens' committee.

At 2 o'clock the immense concourse of people, with car-

riages, buggies, &c., &c., formed in procession, and, headed by the Lockport City Cornet Band, moved towards Glenwood Cemetery. Arriving at this beautiful cemetery, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Wisner and appropriate singing by the club. After this ceremony the band played a beautiful dirge. The decoration of the graves was then proceeded with, and this part of the programme was very tastefully performed.

At 3.30 p. m. the procession re-formed and proceeded to Cold Springs, the immense procession being nearly an hour in passing through Main street to that cemetery. On arrival at Cold Springs Cemetery, the band playing a beautiful dirge as they entered the gate, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Bennett, the detachments for the decoration of the graves filed off for the performance of their work. The rain now began to descend, but the decoration of the graves was gone through with notwithstanding.

Joshua Gaskill, esq., the orator of the day, began his oration:

Fellow-citizens, Ladies, and Gentlemen: We meet to-day to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of our patriot dead, and to manifest our gratitude for their services and sacrifices in the cause of freedom and humanity. In the hospitals and on the battle-field, in the camp and along the weary march, they yielded up their lives that the Union of the States might live, and that the flag they loved might remain the emblem of a united people, of a great and powerful nation. They have passed away, but the fruits of their labor will survive to be enjoyed by us, and, as we trust, for centuries to come by those who soon will fill our places. The debt we owe to them we never can repay, they are beyond our influence for good or evil; but we can still show our affectionate remembrance by pausing for a day from the pursuits and cares of business to decorate their graves with flowers, to acknowledge our obligations to them and to their surviving comrades, and to speak fond words of praise and eulogy of those our loved and lost,

> "Who sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
> Morn of toil, or night of waking."

Eight years have now elapsed since the beginning of the rebellion. Through what vicissitudes of fortune our nation has passed in this brief period! How vividly we remember

the doubts and uncertainty of the early months of 1861; the thrill of patriotic indignation that followed the attack on Sumter; the first sounds of the warlike drum and fife in our peaceful streets; the tumultuous emotions of anxiety and alarm that filled our hearts; the call to arms and the enthusiastic rally to the defense of the nation's honor. We recall the rapid organization of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, and the vast concourse that assembled to witness its departure; the mingled gayety and solemnity, joy and sorrow, hope and fear of that well-remembered day. Many who then left us in vigorous strength and health, and who doubtless anticipated a speedy return, and the enjoyment of long lives of usefulness and honor, never came back to us, or but returned to receive the last sacred and tender burial rites, from the hands of those who were near and dear to them while living. We remember the dismay and horror with which we heard the news of the disastrous battle of Bull Run, the shame and sorrow of that humiliating hour, and the determined purpose which that defeat occasioned that the disgrace must be avenged. And we remember, too, that day of gloom when the first intelligence of the battle of Cedar Mountain was received, the forebodings and suspense that were felt by all, and the first shock of anguish as we learned that so many of our friends had fallen on that bloody field.

Our minds again go back to the summer and autumn of 1862, when Lockport was a military encampment, and two splendid regiments, the Eighth Heavy Artillery and the One Hundred and Fifty-first were recruited from Niagara and the adjoining counties. We never can forget the pride we felt in those regiments, and in the batteries simultaneously organized with them, and with what solicitude we watched their course when they had been summoned to the front, and were engaged in battle after battle, their ranks thinned by disease and decimated by rebel shot and shell. How many households were made desolate; how many husbands and fathers, brothers and sons, lovers and dear friends, were then lost to us on earth forever, these grassy mounds bear mournful witness. And there are other graves scattered over the sunny South, where repose the remains of many to whom it was denied that they should be laid where loving hands should raise the monumental stone or plant above them the willow and the evergreen. Let us hope that ere long a marble column shall rise in our own beautiful Glenwood, which shall be a fitting cenotaph for our absent dead, and which shall testify the love and honor in which we hold their names and memory. * * * * * *

And to those who fell in the deadly strife, to our martyr

in the cause of Union and liberty, let us render our heartfelt offerings of praise for their glorious achievements, of tears for their untimely fate, and of affection for their patriotic virtues. Let us, by our care of their widows and orphans, by the reverential honor in which we hold their civic and military fame, by the monuments that we erect above their hallowed dust, and by the observance of the beautiful and appropriate ceremonies in which we this day participate, demonstrate the sincerity of our love and the depth of our undying gratitude. We trust the day may be far distant when this love and gratitude shall cease; we trust that our children and our children's children, as they hear from the lips of scarred veterans the story,

> "Of most disastrous chances
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> And hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach,'

and as they read and treasure up in memory the history of the causes, events, and results of the great American conflict, may be imbued with the same sentiments of regard, affection, and reverence for the soldiers of the war of 1861 which we were taught in childhood to feel for our revolutionary fathers. The soldiers of the Revolution fought to establish the government under which we are proud to live, and made the Stars and Stripes the flag of an independent and mighty nationality. The soldiers of the recent war fought to preserve that government from destruction, and that flag from desecration, and to both alike the voice of distant generations will give the well-earned meed of honorable fame—

> "For freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

The lives of many of those who perished, though brief in years, were long when measured by events. Our youthful heroes who fell in their country's battles died not in vain. The "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," the thrilling joy of military life, the ardent friendship between comrades, bound to each other by hardship and danger mutually shared, the supreme rapture of the moment of success, and, above all, the consciousness of duty bravely met and faithfully discharged, are their rewards.

> "Sound, sound the clarion and the fife,
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an *age* without a *name*."

We cannot, then, altogether mourn that they whose dear

ashes lie buried here died in the defense of their country. Sooner or later death must come to all. To them it came, now suddenly by the swift missile of destruction, and now slowly and lingeringly, on painful beds of sickness, far from the sweet and tender ministrations of wife, of sister, or of mother. Let us believe that death is not the greatest of calamities, but rather that through death alone is a higher life made possible. Nor that war is wholly an evil, for in a just cause it may be necessary, honorable, and even humane. Death met in the discharge of duty, in the defense of honor, of country, and of home, has ever been regarded, not as an evil to be shunned, but as a glorious termination of the mortal career. Our own gifted Halleck, apostrophizing the King of Terror, has said:

"But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle of the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard,
The thanks of millions yet to be."

CEREMONIES AT KING'S FERRY.

(VAUGHAN POST No. 69.)

The day was observed by this post on Sunday, May 30. In the morning the front of headquarters was draped with Stars and Stripes in mourning, and a miniature flag planted on each grave in the cemetery.

At 3 o'clock the members of the post marched from headquarters and visited each grave, strewing them with flowers. In this ceremony the citizens of the vicinity took part, following immediately in rear of the post.

The officers of the post then visited two other cemeteries, within a few miles, and planted flags and strewed flowers upon each soldier's grave contained therein. The attendance of men, women, and children was good, although the day was lowering, and as the evening drew on the rain descended, wetting alike flag floating over and flowers resting upon the mound above the soldier sleeping beneath, not disturbing his slumbers, yet reminding his surviving comrades of many such a night spent on the field during the war.

CEREMONIES AT NEW BRIGHTON.

(SHAW POST No. 71.)

(Report of Post Commander D. Archie Pell to the Memorial Committee.)

In accordance with general orders, I have the honor to make the following report of the observances on May 30 by Post 71, Grand Army of the Republic, Department of New York:

The post met pursuant to notice, and proceeded to the Factoryville Cemetery, where the orders of the day were read and a prayer delivered by Dr. Goodwin.

The graves of deceased soldiers in that place were then decorated with flowers, which had been contributed in abundance by the citizens; the post divided into committees, under Comrades Jewett and Willis, and visited the other cemeteries where there were any soldiers' graves.

I take this opportunity to state, as a matter of record, that although we had no music or parade, no clergyman of any denomination would consent to officiate, and many were invited.

I have no words to express my indignation at their course in this matter. There is no possible excuse for the pharisaical howl that these blameless gentlemen of the clergy raised at our humble ceremony. When the war was hot and the battle near there was hardly a pulpit in the land that was not urging us to go out for their defense. No reward would be too great for those that lived; no memorial too solemn, too precious, for those who died; and so the grand army of the republic went out to the battle. These our comrades never returned with us. They demonstrated their faith by giving their lives; this is the limit of human sacrifice, and it is for us who were spared by God's own providence to see that this sacrifice is not forgotten. No day in the whole year is too sacred to devote to their memory; no man in the whole body of the clergy is too nearly a saint to pray with uncovered head at their graves.

CEREMONIES AT McGRANVILLE.

(SHEARER POST No. 74.)

Saturday, the 29th day of May, 1869, was observed in this place under the direction of the post in the decoration of soldiers' graves.

At 3 o'clock p. m. a procession was formed in the village in the following order: Martial band; speakers; members of Grand Army of the Republic; all honorably-discharged soldiers and sailors; students of the schools; citizens; and marched to the beautiful cemetery on the hill-side. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Bates. Each grave was visited and decorated with an evergreen wreath, flowers, and bouquets, prepared by the soldiers' best, truest friends, patriotic women.

This service performed, most timely remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Fox of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Mr. Savage of the Baptist Church, whose words were more than eloquent, and Rev. Mr. Bates of the Presbyterian Church, from whose remarks the following is an extract:

Says Napoleon, "*L'etat! Je suis l'etat.*" "The state! I am the state." In a sense *higher*, NOBLER than that of Napoleon can every American soldier say, "I am the state," for he gave the state his service and his life, and by his service and life the state was saved, and the government to-day stands secure.

Ever honored be the brave "boys in blue." To-day we do special honor to those who have fallen. We strew their graves with flowers, [taking a wreath and flowers from one of the soldiers before him, and holding them up before the multitude, he said:] What more fitting tribute can we bring? Flowers! they are God's sweetest, most beautiful gift to man. The soil yields to them its life; the clouds bring their moisture; the sunlight imparts its subtle essence and tint of colors; the air gives its vitality. The choicest of all nature's stores have paid tribute to these delicate jewels of God. We lay under contribution earth, water, sun, and air, and the best product they yield through nature's laboratory we gather up and wreathe into garlands with which to deck these patriot graves—a fitting tribute.

We honor the soldier. But what is a soldier? So much

flesh and blood clad in army blue, carrying a knapsack and musket? a mere fighting machine? No! but a *man*, full of *love for country*, impelled by patriotism, sustained by principle. You who gave your service to your country in the perils of war, if you are true soldiers, will stand by her in all the perils of the future, in the political and moral struggles that await us. Against everything that will endanger the stability or efficiency of our institutions you will fight. (Here were instanced two of the most formidable foes that threaten us, Sabbath desecration and intemperance.) The honor of the dead is, after all, secure. Rather let us honor ourselves; standing beside these voiceless, yet speaking graves, let us swear a holier fidelity to country and to God, and go from this place better citizens and better men.

The occasion was highly interesting, eliciting from all warmest expressions of accord in these befitting tokens of remembrance for our soldier dead.

CEREMONIES AT RIVERHEAD.

(Halleck Post No. 77.)

In accordance with general orders, this post on Saturday, May 29, paid the respect due to their brave comrades deceased. The procession, composed of the veterans constituting the post, preceded by martial music, was followed by eleven young girls, dressed in white, with sashes of red, white, and blue, and bearing wreaths of flowers wherewith to decorate the last earthly resting-place of the brave boys who are resting from the toils and dangers of the battle-field. These were followed by other persons interested.

The procession first marched to the Catholic Cemetery, where the grave of the good and brave Denis Lynch is situated, placing thereon a beautiful cross composed of flowers; after which the same ceremony was gone through with at the New Church and Village cemeteries. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. Hoover, and an address made by Rev. Mr. Hadly from a stand erected for the occasion, followed by appropriate music by a choir.

CEREMONIES AT SENECA FALLS.

(Cross Post No. 78.)

In pursuance to orders from department headquarters, Grand Army of the Republic, the 30th day of May, 1869, was duly observed by this post as Memorial Day.

A few of the patriotic ladies and gentlemen of the place assisted, by donating and arranging the flowers, evergreens, and wreaths to be used upon that occasion. The members of the post took charge of the ceremonies, and assembled in front of their fine large hall, on the corner of Canal and Ovid streets, at 2.30 o'clock p. m., and under the command of their officers marched into the hall, taking seats reserved for them in front of the platform.

The services at the hall were opened by prayer by the Rev. Ira Bennett, officiating clergyman of the First Baptist Church of Seneca Falls; after which the whole audience joined in singing Bourne's beautiful hymn, "To our Patriotic Dead," Comrade Price W. Bailey acting as chorister.

Comrade W. W. Lyle, officiating clergyman of the First Congregational Church of Seneca Falls, was introduced and delivered an address.

At the close of the address the audience again joined in singing, to the tune of "Old Hundred," Bourne's hymn.

The members of the post, one hundred and ten strong, each bearing a wreath, a bouquet of flowers, or a beautiful evergreen cross, formed under command of Comrade Frank J. Silsby, and, led by the Seneca Falls Cornet Band, playing a dirge, marched to the cemetery.

The streets through which the procession passed were crowded with people in carriages and on foot, all bearing upon their countenances the impress of the solemnity of the occasion.

To one unacquainted with the purposes of the gathering it would seem that the whole people had turned out to bear to his last resting-place and do homage to the memory of some patriot statesman or hero, who by his services had found a place in the warmest affections of their hearts. At the cemetery an arch had been erected over the gateway, wreathed

with evergreen interwoven with beautiful flowers showing our national colors. Suspended from the center of the arch was a wreath of evergreens, in which was a beautiful cross, made by the delicate hands of one of Seneca's loveliest and most patriotic daughters. In the cemetery, awaiting the arrival of the procession, a vast crowd had assembled, estimated by many at full four thousand people.

The procession marched through the gateway, halted, opened ranks, and listened to an appropriate poem written and delivered by B. N. Roberts, of East Varrick, New York. This over, the ranks were closed, the command, "forward!" given, and the work of decoration commenced. At the foot of each grave was planted a miniature American flag, at the head a cross wound with evergreens, on which was hung a wreath, and a bouquet was placed on each grave.

ADDRESS.

Comrades in the Grand Army of the Republic, Widows and Orphans of Union Soldiers, and Fellow-citizens: We meet here to-day to engage in no idle pageant or unmeaning ceremony. This is not a gala-day, neither do the services which have called us together pertain to hilarity or festivity. True there are flowers and evergreens adorning this hall, and these comrades have in their hands crosses of evergreen and wreaths of beautiful and fragrant flowers; and although we generally associate floral decorations with gaiety and cheerfulness, and have our evergreens and flowers during our seasons of festivity and rejoicing, yet we devote these pure and beautiful, but fading treasures, to a nobler and holier purpose. We meet here to-day to engage in a service which is in itself at once simple, sublime, and sacred—a service which cannot but enlist the sympathies and secure the co-operation of every true-hearted patriot in the land. These floral wreaths and evergreen crosses are to decorate the graves of our fallen comrades. By this service we will show that we revere the memory and appreciate the heroic bravery and sublime patriotism of the honored dead, while we proclaim to the living that, amid the rush and roar of commerce, the feverish pursuit of wealth, and the all-absorbing questions pertaining to our every-day life, those who fill a soldier's grave will not be forgotten. And what we do to-day is being done all over the country. Five hundred thousand graves, some at Arlington Heights, some at City Point, in different cemeteries around

Washington, at Nashville, and Chattanooga, away in remote valleys in Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia, as well as in the old graveyards of our northern hamlets, testify to the death-struggle to save our country in the dark days of treason and rebellion; and many, if not all of these graves, will be visited to-day and decorated with the choicest and most fragrant flowers. But it may be asked, "Why decorate the graves of Union soldiers? What possible good will such service do to the dead? Of what use is it to the living?" It will do no good to the dead. By such service we cannot benefit them. Our hymns cannot penetrate the dark and silent graves, where our comrades sleep in peace—

> "They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
> No sound can awake them to glory again;"

and all we can do will neither disturb their slumber nor cause their sleep to be any sweeter. And yet, even with all our philosophy, and with all the ennobling teachings of Christianity, is there not down deep in the heart of humanity a tender yearning desire to be remembered when dead and gone? Is it not a precious thought, a thought that we deeply cherish, that when we die some loving heart will remember us, and that our memory will not at once and completely be blotted out? But aside from all such reasons it is not to benefit the dead, but the living, that this day has been appointed to decorate our comrades' graves. It is to keep alive the memory of their noble deeds, their self-sacrificing devotion, their unflinching courage in the darkest and most terrible hours, their ardent patriotism, their love for the dear old flag and the fair heritage of freedom, to save which from treason's hands they fought and died. And the simple but beautiful ceremony of to-day is eminently fitted for such a purpose. Such gatherings as this all over the land, and the visiting with flowers and wreaths every cemetery where a soldier sleeps, will do more to perpetuate the memory of our heroic dead, and intensify the love of country in the bosoms of the living, than the most expensive and splended monument that could be erected. These flowers which we place on our comrades' graves will wither in a day, and these evergreen crosses will fade and decay long before the wintry winds will again wail through the leafless branches and the yellow grass and tomb-stones and monuments of our Restvale Cemetery. The marble monument which might be erected will crumble and decay. "The storied urn and monumental bust" will disappear. "The enduring brass," on which might be recorded the names and noble deeds of our patriot soldiers and sailors, will corrode and perish. But with such

simple services as we have to-day our comrades' names will never be forgotten, and their noble record will never be tarnished. * * * * * *

But there are lessons we should learn. The memories awakened to-day should deepen and intensify these feelings of intelligent patriotism; with a truer appreciation of our national blessings, and with a purer love of home and country, we should be able to say,

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land."

And while we adopt such sentiments and feel a thrill of patriotic ardor in our hearts, let us never for a moment forget that he is the truer patriot who seeks to link together allegiance to God and love of country. Let us, with an open Bible before us and its blessed teachings governing our conduct in all the duties of life, seek to elevate and ennoble our fellow-men and glorify God, by national justice, righteousness, and truth. And let us remember, too, in this beautiful summer Sabbath, and with these floral wreaths and crosses before us, and amid the hallowed associations of the resting-places of the dead, that we cannot, God helping us, will not, cherish feelings of revenge. No, the bloody conflict is past, and this green grass and these summer flowers are growing alike on the graves of comrades and of those whom they met in deadly strife. But while we will hate treason, and are as ready to-day as ever to strike down the hand that would dare to touch impiously the banner of the free, we have buried in the graves of our heroic patriot dead all merely sectional strife or feelings of revenge. We will give the South—scarred, torn, devastated by war—the blessed gospel of peace, with its healing leaves. We will give them our northern enterprise, thrift, and skill; we will help them build school-houses and churches, where the teacher and minister may labor to elevate and ennoble coming generations; we will send down our machinery to make the cheerful music of busy thrift where once the chains of the slave clanked, and where once the trumpet of war raged. The noise of busy hammers, the hum of spindles, the din of looms, the rush of the steam-engine, will be sweeter music than the bugle-notes of war, and will awaken better thoughts, and kindle purer desires than the noise of marching columns, the ringing of sabers, or the thundering of artillery. Our prayer to God to-day is, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." And the glad song of our hearts will be, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

CEREMONIES AT CORNING.

(CORNING POST No. 80.)

The first observance of Memorial Day was on Sunday, May 30, and the demonstration was a success. The procession was formed at 2.30, in front of Engine-house No. 1, and led by Captain Pier's Veteran Band and the Martial Band. It was composed of the Corning Post, Lieutenant Colonel Tuthill, commander; the two militia companies of the town, and a portion of the company from Erwin, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Archie Baxter; and a large number of persons in carriages or on foot. Rev. C. P. Hard was the chaplain. Two United States flags were borne, and as the procession passed onward to the cemetery to the sound of music, it was truly an impressive scene. The chaplain made a fervent and very appropriate prayer. The decoration hymn was then sung. Colonel Tuthill read the general order for the due observance of the ceremony, and made some suitable remarks upon the beauty and propriety of commemorating the deeds of the gallant dead. A dirge was then played by the band, after which Colonel Archie Baxter, who, as captain in the One Hundred and Forty-first, marched with Sherman to the sea, addressed the crowd as follows:

Friends and Comrades: These services carry our minds back to the spring of '61. Again, in a moment, we pass through the stirring scenes of the eventful years that followed. The call to arms, the patriotic response, the parting with friends and all the tender associations that cluster about "home, sweet home," the life in camp and struggles upon the field, the final victory and triumphant return.

While all these varied scenes are passing before us, as if in panoramic view, it seems as if we had lived a lifetime in a few short years; a space so brief, yet so eventful, that we often hear the remark, "It all seems so like a dream!" A dream? Ah! there are many hearts to whom it is still sadly real. It is no dream to the sister and mother who sent their strong, manly brother and son to the front, and when the war was over had only the sad privilege of receiving him back, to ease, with a sister's devotion and a mother's love, his shattered frame down to the grave.

Ay! there are others and sadder ones to whom the late war is still a stern, terrible reality. Mothers who, when the drums first beat to arms, watched with pride and trembling their dear boys as they marched away; for when the work was nobly done, and the tread of those thinned ranks again sounded in our streets, their hearts could give back no glad echo. No; they looked in vain into those weather-beaten faces for the ones they had sent away.

As we came marching home how touching it was to see a mother, who knew too well that her "boy in blue" slept upon a far-away field, with a mother's love, hoping against impossibilities, gazing so eagerly into our ranks for a face she could never see again.

Never shall I forget the feelings that swept over me when I entered opposite many a name on the "muster-out roll" of my company such remarks as these: "Discharged on account of wounds received in action," "Died of disease," "Killed in battle at Lookout Mountain, or Resaca, or Dallas, or Peach-Tree Creek, or at Atlanta." Truly it was a sad yet a glorious record. There are two of those brave boys sleeping in this yard to-day: Charles H. Austin, who, when but a mere lad, shouldered his gun and faithfully carried it during three years of privation and danger, that so wore upon his naturally vigorous frame that he returned home with us only to die in the midst of his friends. Near him lies his comrade, Sergeant John B. Sherwood, a true soldier and noble man, who, until he fell, gallantly bore the colors of his regiment. There are but two here. Where are the other thirty of that company's dead? Where they fell at their posts while doing their duty.

There was deep feeling in the words of a mother yesterday, who, while the tears glistened in her eyes, said: "I can't go down to the cemetery with you to-morrow. My boy is not there; they left him behind." Aye! there were many brave boys left behind! Too well I know the recollection is a harrowing one, for I have a brother there. But, come, let us mingle our tears over their comrades. The same God that gave your boys the victory in the field, He that plants the flowers on yonder hill-side, can make them bloom just as sweetly over their mounds, and send his unseen messengers to care for them as they keep vigil by those lonely unknown graves.

Yes, strew the flowers, nature's fairest offerings, over them; for although you may not water with your tears the flowers that grow above your own boys' resting-places, you will have done your duty; for while the hand scatters the flowers here, the heart will wander away and linger sadly, yet fondly,

about those lonely spots beneath which your own boys lie sleeping.

May we not hope, yea, fondly trust, that our comrades whom we left upon the battle-field or near some hospital are, now that the conflict is over, standing upon the battlements of heaven, looking down, watching with joy this beautiful act of devotion to their memories?

What matter, then, whether our fallen comrades are sleeping here or elsewhere? Whether beneath a marble pile, the humble slab, or far away, "uncoffined and unknown?" Each lies in an honored grave, and of all may we say—

> "So sleep the brave who sink to rest
> By all their country's wishes blest!
> When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck the hallowed mold,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than fancy's feet have ever trod."

The choir then sung "America."

Lieutenant Luther W. Osborn, of the One Hundred and Forty-second Regiment, who was in the terrible assault on Fort Fisher, then spoke as follows:

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: This is truly a touching and pathetic scene. The day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression upon our hearts. No blast of martial bands, no grand and imposing array, can lift that deep and somber pall which the occasion has thrown over us. I see many here to-day who are bound to this spot by the strongest of human ties, and I behold them struggling with emotion as the mystic cords of affection vibrate from those sacred mounds where must repose forever the cherished objects of their earthly happiness and regard. From the impulses of a common gratitude we have assembled where the majestic form of many a heroic defender of our country's honor is moldering back to dust, to bear our part in those manifestations of respect which everywhere pervade the land. God grant that we approach this hallowed shrine with no vain and ostentatious display, but for the higher and nobler purpose of testifying to those feelings of reverence and admiration which, in the contemplation of self-sacrificing and patriotic devotion to country, must burn in the bosom of every true patriot and friend of human liberty.

It is eminently proper that by public observance, by solemn and appropriate ceremonies, we should strive to perpetuate the memory of our fallen heroes: they are our national bene-

factors, they died that their country might live, and their memory must ever be cherished as the object of our deepest and holiest affection.

It is with devout homage that we approach this land of sepulchers, and in the name of a grateful people, in the name of a redeemed and happy country, in the name of liberty, justice, and humanity, entwine a single laurel upon the tombs of our fallen comrades. Their sun sank in the west to rise no more while yet clouds of darkness and uncertainty enveloped the land. Though they lived not to behold the dawning of that happy and auspicious morn which heralded the return of peace to their distracted country, though they lived not to partake of the fruits of their patriotic toils, they must *ever live* in the grateful remembrance of a free, happy, and united people. Time and the proprieties of the occasion will not permit us to enter upon the discussion of national topics, nor yet to recall the touching incidents of that great struggle through which we have so recently been called to pass. We are not here to enter into the arena of controversial questions or to cultivate feelings of sectional hostility. We are not here to celebrate any important event in the history of our country, but to perpetuate the memory of those noble men who sealed with their lives their devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty. We are here to strengthen that bright fraternal chain which must inseparably bind together the past, the present, and the future of our country. We would not recall the errors of the past as with diamond's point they are engraved upon the adamant of the eternal page of history, and there may they ever remain as a beacon to warn us from the breakers of dissension. There is a feeling that pervades this assemblage which cannot be misunderstood. I see before me aged parents, the pride and staff of whose declining years was sacrificed upon their country's altar. I see here the wayward youth of our land, launched without a pilot upon the boisterous sea of life, and whose father's bones perhaps lie bleaching upon some southern battle-field.

I behold here lovely woman, the companion of whose bosom went forth from that home all glowing with the sunlight of love and affection, but who went forth to return no more forever. And here too I behold scarred and war-worn veterans, living memorials of many a well-fought field, bearing marks of honor from Manassas, from Shiloh, from Gettysburg, from the Wilderness, and from the blood-drenched forts of Richmond. Comrade, to you only can it ever be known how dearly you have purchased the proud title of "defender."

After a dirge by the band, D. F. Brown, esq., who was quartermaster of the Eighty-sixth during its entire service, made the following address:

Comrades: We have assembled on this occasion to cherish the memory and to commemorate the achievements of our brave fallen comrades and in a becoming manner to decorate the place where their dust reposes.

Man is not an independent being; he cannot, however much he may desire it, live for himself alone. Providence has placed us in this state of existence more or less dependent upon one another, and has surrounded us with a net-work of duties, obligations, and destinies from which we cannot absolve ourselves if we would. Our success and happiness in life very much depend upon our comprehension and proper appreciation of those duties and obligations, together with our determination to be governed in all the relations of life in reference to them.

This is not only true in respect to this favored country of ours, but it is true in respect to all countries, peoples, and climes under the sun. We may therefore regard our immediate surroundings as part of ourselves and essential to our happiness and success. We need no instructor to teach us what these duties and obligations are. I shall not enumerate them on this occasion or dwell upon their respective claims. They are apparent to the mind of every member of a Christian community, and not wholly unforgotten by savage tribes.

Standing as we do among the graves of our fallem comrades and recounting the hardships they endured and the sacrifices they made, we who were with them in the field feel in our hearts that they fully discharged their duty to their country, and this is one of the sacred duties that rests upon every member of this republic; we know that they are pre-eminently entitled to the nation's gratitude. You, my comrades, know well the peril and the conflict through which they passed; you heard the shriek of woe and saw and heard the thunderbolts of war; you saw the fiery circle along the hill-side and across the plain, and heard the tramp of armies and the shock of war; and however lightly the memory of these fallen ones may be cherished by others, it will always be cherished in your hearts. It will not be forgotten by you until death shall mark the throne of failing reason, and though the places where they repose may be altogether forgotten by many, they will be remembered by us. We shall linger around them in after years as we do to-day, decorate them with the fresh floral fruits of each returning spring, and mark them with the tokens of our

affection, gratitude, and esteem. We will teach our children to venerate the names of our country's heroes and emulate their deeds, and we will impress upon their minds this beautifully-expressed truth, "Sweet and glorious it is to die for one's country!"

Our respect, however, should not be limited merely to decorating these graves with flowers, for they will soon fade away. This, at most, is but an outward exhibition of regard, the expression of our inward feeling. We venerate the defenders of our country, not only for what they suffered, but for the blessings which their blood purchased for us. We should show our esteem for them by guarding with a soldier's watchfulness the noble principles established by the war in which they fell. In doing this, we manifest not only our respect for them, but for their deeds and the principles established by them. They died that our country might live and remain for all time to come the home of the free. By their deeds our country stands, redeemed and disenthralled, a power among the nations. Her proud flag, crimsoned by the blood of its brave defenders, floats to-day triumphant on land and sea, and no king or potentate on the globe has any power to wipe out its stripes or in any degree to tarnish the glorious luster of its stars.

"Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

Let us here, at the graves of our comrades, again pledge our devotion to that flag. You, soldiers, have followed it upon the march and amid the conflict. You viewed it with patriotic pride as it floated above the smoke of battle. You have gathered around it, planted it on the rampart of the enemy, and bore it on to victory and triumph. It shall be our pride in peace and guiding-star in war. Wherever that floats we shall not fear to go.

And now, my comrades, we are about to distribute this bountiful collection of flowers among the graves of our country's heroes. We knew them in peace and in war; they were our neighbors and friends, our fathers, our sons. Let us remember and practice their virtues and emulate their devotion to country. Let us be the worthy recipients of the blessings purchased by their valor and blood. And may we never forget that by their devotion, suffering, and death we are permitted to live under the security and protection of laws, in a country whose password is freedom; where the humblest citizen is clothed with all the civil rights that surround the rich and the great; where no slave clanks his

chains; where all are free, guarded and protected by the genius of universal liberty.

We who survive have to do duty a little longer. We must not lay down our arms or sleep at our post, but we must be prepared for every conflict of life. There is no rest for the toil-worn soldier on this side of the grave. We must stand by the guns and protect and defend on all proper occasions the principles for which we fought. All is unrest in this life. We are marching along; tramp! tramp! tramp! is heard along the line. One after another of us will fall out by the way on the great march of life, and perhaps occupy shroudless graves, but the grand army will still move on. Let us be prepared. Let us so live that it may be said of us that we did our whole duty to ourselves, our country, and our God. Let us remember that liberty is purchased at the price of vigilance! vigilance! vigilance!

"Eternal one! Thou sittest calm,
Enthroned amidst the spheres,
And heedest not, it sometimes seems,
Our prayers, and moans, and tears—
The aching hearts—the breaking hearts
That cry, 'God! God! oh, God!'
The night is long! it ne'er departs,
And heavy is thy rod;
We find no rest until we lie
With speechless mouth and close-shut eye
Beneath the grave-yard sod."

The band then played Old Hundred, and the choir sang the doxology in the same tune. The returned volunteers who are comrades of the Post of the Grand Army of the Republic then proceeded, under the direction of Colonel Tuthill, to visit each grave of the deceased soldiers, sixteen in all, to strew flowers, placing garlands or wreaths upon each grave, and also planting a miniature American flag.

CEREMONIES AT BATH.

(Bryant Post No 81.)

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, May 30, the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the forty little girls who were to participate in the ceremonies, all dressed in white, and the Good Templars, assembled at the court-house, and, forming in procession in the order named, proceeded, without music, down Morris street to Grove Cemetery.

Upon arriving at the cemetery the procession halted for a moment by the side of each soldiers' grave, while the children strewed it with flowers. The several graves were marked by wreaths of evergreen, inclosing a neatly-printed tablet, informing the spectator who slept beneath, and recounting the most important particulars of his army life. When each mound had been thus visited and decorated with the sweet emblems of love and immortality, the procession proceeded to the south end of the cemetery to listen to the address. A neat stand had been erected here and draped with the national colors, a stack of snare-drums forming the desk.

Colonel William Rumsey, having called the large assemblage to order, announced the exercises, which then took place as follows: An original hymn, written by Profesor Z. L. Parker, and finely sung by a large band of singers composed of our various church choirs; a prayer by the Rev. O. H. Seymour, of Hammondsport, chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic; the hymn "America," by the choir; an address by the Rev. Dr. Howard, rector of St. Thomas Church, of the village:

REV. DR. HOWARD'S ADDRESS.

At the close of the war of the Revolution, when the news that the long-wished-for peace had come at last, a spirit of gloom is said to have mingled with the soldiers' rejoicings. Why was this? Not, you may be sure, that their occupation was gone. Not that they wished to see the war prolonged. Not that they had grown to love its wild ambitions and excitements, or were loth to return to their homes covered with glory. Who knows not the story of their hardships and privations, and that often it had required all the tact and address of their matchless chief to hold them together? It was the thought of their approaching separation that now saddened those veterans. Eight long years they had stood shoulder to shoulder in the stern and fearful struggle for liberty. Must that brotherhood of the camp be no more?

Prompted by this common feeling, one of their number suggested the formation of a society. All seemed to concur in the suggestion. A meeting was held just forty days after the reception of the tidings of peace, and the society was organized, which took its name from Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus, that noble Roman, who set the example for all time

of returning from war to the pursuits of peace. Of that society the avowed objects were: To cherish the spirit of liberty and union, of national honor and brotherly kindness, and to extend relief to such of their number as might stand in need.

In the same spirit and for similar objects the veteran soldiers of to-day have organized a society, yet more liberal in its provisions and more popular in its character than that of the Cincinnati. How natural that they should do so! Of all men let them cherish sentiments of mutual and personal honor and the memory of their comrades. It was amid dangers and alarms that the souls of Jonathan and David were knit together.

I often recall the scenes of a voyage, taken many years since, with a small party, in which, however, both sexes and all ages were represented. We had the usual fortunes of the sea for the sixty days that we were out of sight of land. But one day, above all others, dwells in my recollection. A strange cruiser, first seen as a mere speck in the distance, had evidently turned aside from her course to give us chase. She slowly but surely gained upon us, and we felt that we were at her mercy, but kept steadily on our way as though seeing and fearing nothing. An ominous silence reigned all over the vessel. The necessary orders were given and repeated with bated breath. All day long the chase lasted. Just as the sun touched the ocean, the cruiser seemed sailing across the disk of that luminary, which now revealed her crowded decks and an ill-omened flag. But in those latitudes, *nox ruit*. The transition from day to night is indeed marvelous. When the sun goes down—

> "With disk like battle-target red,
> He rushes to his burning bed;
> Dyes the wide waves with bloody light,
> Then sinks to rest, and all is night."

The cruiser, baffled in her purpose to make us out before dark, suddenly sheered off, and we saw her no more. But from that day we all seemed bound together by new ties; and I could never think of any one of that company, from the dignitary under whose auspices we went out, to the child that in blissful ignorance sported with our fears, or the humblest occupant of the forecastle, without feeling my heart strangely warm towards him. If one touch of danger makes us all akin, how warm and enduring should be the brotherhood of the camp.

One purpose, then, of the reunions of to-day is to keep alive the friendships of other days. Another purpose is to honor the dead. Some of them sleep in this sacred spot, and

you have just strewn their graves with fresh flowers. But where shall we not find them? They lie in every such spot, from the St. John to the Rio Grande. Their graves are strewn in every battle-field from Gettysburg to Shiloh and Baton Rouge. Of the most we know not where to look for their last resting-place. But there is One who knows it. They are in His holy keeping. Every particle of that dust is sacred. The winds may have scattered, the great deep may have swallowed it up; but at His fiat it shall live again, and we shall see them. When Monica, the mother of Augustine, lay dying in a strange land, and the son, whose wanderings she had shared, was grieving at the thought, she looked up and smiled as she breathed out these last words: "Heaven's gate is no farther—*hence*." Sad-hearted ones! wives, sisters, mothers, comfort one another with that thought. It matters not where your beloved ones are sleeping in their livery of blood. Gladly would these white-robed children strew all their graves with fresh roses. But angels are about them. And that same voice that bade the sleeper awake at the gates of Nain and at the grave in Bethany will bid them all "come forth." And how vast that army! a host exceeding all the forces that met in that battle of the nations which sealed the fate of Napoleon. Steuben's roll of fallen heroes embraces near eight hundred names. If other portions of the North suffered as we did, the numbers would soon swell to a quarter of a million.

How little thought we when the war broke out that we had so much of the stuff that heroes are made of; so brave, many of them so young, and whose record is before our eyes! But they are not all here; and of those we miss on this occasion I cannot forbear to mention two, young Gould and Kellogg, mere boys when they went forth from us, to return no more. Both fell dead in battle, with face to the foe and a bullet in the forehead; the former in one of those stern conflicts near Atlanta which opened the way for the "march to the sea," the other in one of the no less desperate struggles of the Peninsula. He had been wounded and borne tenderly to the rear, but soon his comrades saw him back, breasting with them the furious onset, till another and more fatal ball stretched him at their feet. So fell the boy-soldier, Herbert Kellogg, at the age of seventeen years and six months. And how many such there were that gave their lives for our lives and the nation's life! Not for themselves, but for us, they won the fight. Every time, then, we look upon a soldier's grave, every time we meet some scarred or mutilated veteran, let us remember the price at which our nationality was won and vindicated.

We look upon the great ocean of time and wonder to see how thickly strewn it is with the wrecks of just such institutions as ours. Can it be that Heaven forbids the perpetuity of the republic? Not unless we are greatly unfaithful to our trust; not unless we forget who it is that says, "Them that honor me I will honor." And can they be said to honor Him who honor not His holy name and word?

The state, like the church and the family, is of God; and it is observable that the only commonwealth that bears the visible stamp of a Divine prescription—that Hebrew republic which lasted from Joshua to Samuel, four hundred years—greatly resembled that in which we rejoice. Let those who babble about the divine right of kings remember that it was "in his anger" that God heard the infatuated Israelites' prayer, "Give us a king, that we may be like the nations round about us." The republic, then, is His most glorious gift; perish it may and must if we dishonor the giver. But we will hope for better things. We trust that the ship of state shall ever more sail on, for

"We know what Master laid her keel."

Greece and Rome were pagan. The South American States seem little better. In them you would hardly discover that there were such things in the world as the Bible and the Christian Sabbath. Revolutionary France sought to lay the corner-stone of a republic in Atheism, and the whole fabric tumbled upon the heads of the builders. Others have taken for a corner-stone some by-passed "patriarchal" institution, and with a like result. How different the auspices under which our corner-stone was laid! Witness that fine historical picture, "The first Prayer in Congress," or, as it might be called, The first Congress opened with Prayer—a prayer in which we find these memorable words: "To thee, O Lord, our Heavenly Father, these American States appeal for the righteousness of their cause. To Thee do they now look for that countenance and help which Thou alone canst give. Take them now under Thy gracious care and protection." Washington was there upon his knees, nor was he ever ashamed to be found thus; and in nothing did he show more true courage and steadfastness.

I will only add, that while we the people can never be thankful enough for that heroism which won for us an inestimable boon, and that alacrity with which, the moment the war was over, you returned to the pursuits of peace, so that while Rome boasts one Cincinnatus we may boast a million; let us hope that the same manliness which constrained you to come forward at the country's call will also constrain

every one to enlist and be mustered into the service of that great Captain who calls us to be His soldiers, and to fight manfully under His banner to life's end. No unmanly thing can that religion be which a Napoleon greatly revered, and of which a Washington and a Wellington were the avowed disciples.

After the whole audience had joined in singing the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all Blessings Flow," they were dismissed with a benediction by the Rev. Mr. Brownell, of the Methodist Church, and dispersed rapidly and quietly for their several homes.

CEREMONIES AT VERNON.

(Brigham Post No. 82 and Young Post No. 54.)

It was decided to observe Saturday, May 29, in Vernon. The members of the post being partly from Vernon Center, it was proposed to have the principal ceremonies there, then to separate to the several cemeteries; but the people of Vernon Center deciding to have ceremonies of their own, those comrades were excused from attendance at Vernon, and united with their fellow-citizens in having a proper observance of the day at that place, they visiting each of the four burial-places in that part of the town and decorating the graves of those of our deceased comrades who are buried there, and leaving memorials for those whose remains were not brought home.

Upon Friday the ladies and committee met at the lodge-room and prepared the memorials, &c., also a large floral arch for the entrance to the grounds.

Saturday came, a gloomy and wet day, and the ceremonies were postponed until Monday.

Monday, at 1.30 p. m., the post formed in line at head-quarters, with a delegation from Post Young No. 54. They were then marched down Seneca street to Verona street, where the procession was formed, Post Brigham leading, headed by martial music, Post Young next, then the clergymen and the ladies, bearing wreaths and bouquets; after them the citizens generally. The procession then marched

to the grounds, and, opening files, marched past each grave and decorated them, including one revolutionary soldier, Colonel Lawrence Schoolcraft, halting finally in the center of the yard, under the American flag at half-mast, where the wreaths for those buried in distant places were deposited. Rev. Mr. Hall opened the exercises with prayer. The opening hymn, written for the occasion, was then sung. Quartermaster A. P. Case then made a few remarks pertinent to the day and its observances. Post Commander Dean, of Post Young, then made a few remarks explanatory of the occasion, and introduced Rev. W. A. Wirts, who delivered an able and entertaining address.

Post Commander Dean was then called upon, and delivered a very stirring and able speech.

The closing hymn was then sung, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. Mr. Babcock.

Several teams then proceeded with the comrades and many citizens to the private burial-ground of the Brigham family, where were decorated the graves of Captain George Brigham, of the One Hundred and Seventeenth New York Volunteers, and of his grandfather, a revolutionary soldier who fought at Bunker Hill. Commander Dean made a few remarks appropriate to the peculiar circumstances of grandfather and grandson fighting the two wars for the preservation and establishment of our country, after which the comrades were dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT ROME.

(Post No. 83.)

The entire exercises of Monday, May 31, were under the management of the post, and all the exercises were conducted in the most orderly and impressive manner.

At about 2 o'clock p. m. the procession was formed on James and Dominick streets, under the direction of Colonel Charles Northup and staff, of the Grand Army of the Republic; Colonel L. Roth and staff, of the National Guard; and Colonel W. Willard Smith, in the following order: Mar-

shal of the day; Utica City Brass Band; one company of infantry; Post 83, Grand Army of the Republic; returned soldiers and sailors; clergy and speakers, in carriages; floral committee, in carriages; Rome Glee Club, in carriages; Thirty-third Regiment, N. G. S., N. Y.; General Gansevoort Steamer Company No. 1; Hose Company No. 1; Fort Stanwix Steamer Company No. 2; Ætna Hose Company No. 2; Hibernian Society; League of Friendship, S. M. O. S.; Rome Lodge F. and A. M.; Rome Lodge of Good Templars; many citizens in carriages.

Post 83 carried a fine banner, on which was inscribed,

"They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle."

The first place visited was the new cemetery. Rev. J. M. Harris offered a most fervent prayer, which touched the hearts of all. Prof. Tuttle's Rome Glee Club sang a decoration hymn, after which Hon. A. H. Bailey spoke in substance as follows:

I rise because requested to do so, but I can add nothing to the impressiveness of these proceedings by any words of mine. On occasions like this language fails to give expression to the heart. All feel the solemnity which rests here; none can speak that emotion. We stand beside the ashes of men whose bodies lately formed our bulwark, and who died that the republic might live. Knowing this, we forget that they were of like passions with ourselves, and remember only the great service they rendered and the last sacrifice they made. Our minds are unable to comprehend the measure of benefit which they conferred upon the country. We know that they saved the nation from destruction, but the priceless value of that nationality we can hardly realize. We can understand that it is our only security against intestine and foreign war; that it gives us safety and prosperity; that it makes us a free and happy people, and enables us to be or to become an intelligent and virtuous people also; that it developes the physical resources of the country, and renders such gigantic works as the Pacific Railroad possible. We can repeat this and more. But when all is said we have not expressed the full value of the national Government and Constitution; and yet the very existence of this Government to-day is mainly due to the men who lie here, and to their comrades living and dead. During the late terrible conflict wisdom in council and patriotic fervor on the part of the people were essential no doubt; but these alone were insuffi-

cient. Nothing short of the heroic valor and sacrifices of our soldiers could then have saved us. Their memory, therefore, should last so long as the nation endures or liberty dwells upon the earth.

It is good for us to be here participating in these ceremonies. We not only render a just tribute to the dead, but we intensify our own love of country. Hereafter, as heretofore, the safety of the great republic in times of danger must depend upon the self-sacrificing patriotism of its citizens. God grant that war may be averted from us and our children; but it may come again and again. When our people become so degenerate that they are unwilling to expose their own persons in battle for the public defense, the end is near at hand. No nation ever long sustained itself with hireling bayonets; and few people, united heart and hand and heroically inspired by love of liberty and right, have ever been conquered.

Let, then, the memory of the martyrs lying here and elsewhere throughout the land be as fresh and green as the flowers we now spread upon their graves. "The grass withereth and the flower fadeth," but the deeds of these men are immortal!

It should be our care that the government which they preserved be not lost by our own folly, neglect, corruption, or cowardice.

Rev. G. S. Boardman pronounced the benediction, whereupon flowers were scattered upon the graves of all soldiers buried in the cemetery.

The procession then took up its line of march for the Old Cemetery, which was by this time filled with an immense crowd of citizens. Rev. Selden Haines offered prayer. Singing by the glee club, after which Rev. G. S. Boardman made a brief address.

The speaker alluded to the occasion which called such a large concourse of interested spectators together; to the sacrifices which the soldiers had made, the sufferings endured, and the honors they had won, not for themselves simply, but for the country, that those who now witnessed these sad scenes and the generation to come after might enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty. It mattered not whether the graves had a monument or a head-stone to mark the resting-place or the name of the soldier, yet the little mound was not unknown or unhonored.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. H. L. M. Clark, the graves strewed with flowers, and the procession moved on to the Catholic burying-ground below Factory Village.

At this place the services were conducted by Rev. Father Beecham. A short but appropriate address was made by Father O'Reily, the assistant priest of St. Peter's Church in the village. He spoke most feelingly of the dead, of their heroic acts upon the battle-field, of the sacrifices they had made, and of the blessings now enjoyed by us through those sacrifices, and closed by hoping that the conflict through which the country had passed would prove a lesson that should teach us wisdom for generations to come. Rev. Father Beechman then read a prayer, which was followed by the singing of "My Country 'tis of Thee" by the glee club; then benediction by Rev. Father Beecham, and the strewing of flowers upon the graves concluded the ceremonies.

CEREMONIES AT FORT HAMILTON.

(Ramsay Post No. 85.)

This was almost entirely a military celebration, and was conducted in a manner most befitting the occasion. At 9 o'clock the procession was formed at the fort. It consisted of a large detachment of the First U. S. Artillery and some citizens belonging to Post Ramsay No. 85, Grand Army of the Republic, headed by a splendid band of about twenty pieces from the fort. The following were the principal officers who took part in the celebration: Grand marshal, August T. Osterman; officer of the day, Thos. B. Harrison; Quartermaster O'Hare. As the procession started from the fort the band played a slow march, which was continued until the soldiers' graves were reached, which are situated about half a mile east of the fort, on the hill-side. There are buried here some three hundred soldiers who died for the Union. The ceremonies were of a most imposing and impressive character. The soldiers were formed in single file, and stood at the foot of the principal row of graves, with heads uncovered during the greater part of the celebration.

After prayer by the Rev. John Burk, chaplain of the post, the band played a low solemn tune, which, together with the motionless attitude of the soldiers as they stood over the graves of their fallen comrades, and the aged chaplain as he stood, book in hand, leaning on a marble monument, lent a solemnity to this testimonial which was exceedingly impressive. In the absence of Mr. William Mitchell, who was expected to be present, the address delivered by President Lincoln at the inauguration of the Gettysburg Cemetery was read by Adjutant Hurshler, after which General Nelson Cross delivered an eloquent eulogium on the men who died to establish liberty and preserve the Union.

He proceeded to show their claim to the grateful remembrance of a people whose institutions have been defended and whose life as a nation has been purchased by their hearts' blood. But he did not suppose that men who have not braved the terrors and dangers of the conflict can sufficiently appreciate the sacrifices rendered on the altar of their country's freedom by the grand army of the republic to pay a just tribute even in thought to those whose graves they were going to decorate with flowers, the purest and most beautiful things which God has created. He therefore appealed to those soldiers who stood before him, those whose stern tanned features and shining medals testified that they had shared the glory of the conflict, not to forsake one another, though all the world forsake them, and that while they live they should remember the loyal comrades who fell by their side.

After he concluded the soldiers strewed the flowers on the graves. A benediction was then invoked by the chaplain, after which the procession was again formed and marched back to the fort, when, after a short recess, it proceeded in cars to the general rendezvous, at the post office-hall, at 12 o'clock, to join in the celebration at Cypress Hills National Cemetery.

CEREMONIES AT CAMDEN.

(Willis Post No. 88.)

At 1.30 o'clock p. m. on Monday, May 31, the procession, directed by the marshal, moved to the cemetery. On

reaching it the surviving soldiers, members of the Army of the Republic and veterans, visited the grave of each soldier, and strewed and decorated it impartially with evergreens and flowers, a minute-gun being fired during this proceeding and while the procession was moving to the cemetery.

The people then assembled around the stand prepared for speakers. Here the order of proceedings was as follows:

Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Manley; music by the Camden Brass Band; reading, by Captain Soper, the names from a printed list, which were also inscribed on a banner, of soldiers who had departed from Camden and vicinity, who were killed, or died of wounds, disease, or prison starvation while in the service of the republic, (they number sixty-six;) music by the band; short and appropriate speeches by Rev. Mr. Curtiss, Rev. Mr. Manly, Dr. R. Frazier, and J. H. Munger, esq.; music.

CEREMONIES AT BRISTOL CENTER.

(Post No. 90.)

This post met in its encampment at 1 o'clock p. m., May 29, 1869, where the members were joined by a large number of citizens to participate in the exercises of the day. The encampment was opened with prayer by Post Chaplain R. Travis. Commander Ingraham stated the object of the meeting, then introduced Rev. A. L. Yeomans, who delivered an address, in which he told of the suffering and death of his own son, who was starved to such a degree, while a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, that he just lived to reach home and die in the arms of his family. He also spoke of the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, regretting that he could not be a member, and speaking in the highest praise of the order, its objects, &c. He reviewed the history of the war, its causes and effects, closing with a fitting tribute to our fallen comrades.

S. A. Codding made a few remarks suitable to the occasion.

The encampment then adjourned to visit the several cemeteries. As they were several miles apart, the citizens of the

town kindly furnished the Grand Army of the Republic with horses to ride and conveyances for all who wished to witness the ceremonies of decoration.

A procession was formed in the following order:

Speakers of the day, in carriages; Grand Army of the Republic, mounted; committee of thirteen ladies, (representing the original thirteen States,) with garlands of spring flowers, in carriages; other committees and citizens, in carriages. The procession marched to the cemetery on Bristol Hill, a distance of four miles, where a large gathering was in waiting. Addresses were there delivered by Dr. Hicks and the Rev. L. C. Brown. The graves were then strewn with flowers and two flags planted on each grave. The ceremonies ended, the procession proceeded to the east part of the town, where lay more of our fallen comrades. Remarks were made by different individuals, the graves strewn with flowers, and the flag they loved so well placed over the last resting-places of the dead as though the spot was holy ground. Ceremonies ending here, the procession marched to the third burial-place of soldiers in town. Here was paid the last tribute to our departed comrades.

Tendering sincere thanks to the ladies who furnished flowers and evergreens, and to the citizens who gratuitously furnished horses and carriages, the post was dismissed with the benediction, invoked by the Rev. A. L. Yeomans, and the members wended their way quietly to their rural homes among the hills of old Bristol.

CEREMONIES AT DANSVILLE.

(Barna I. Chapin Post No. 95.)

The exercises here took place on Sunday, May 30. The day was in every way delightful and pleasant. The detail and committee who were to decorate the graves of the dead soldiers left post headquarters about 1 o'clock in carriages.

On reaching the cemetery a large number of people was found already congregated there to witness the decoration of the graves of those soldiers, twenty-four in number, who lie

buried within its beautiful borders. At the entrance to the cemetery, directly in front of the gate, was fixed a representative head-stone, decorated with flowers and wreaths, on which were lettered these words:

"Sacred to the memory of our fallen comrades who lie buried in southern soil."

The arched gateway was beautifully festooned with wreaths and garlands, evergreens and flowers, and presented an appearance both tasteful and creditable to the parties who arranged it.

Each soldier's grave having been visited, the large concourse of people returned to the town, preparatory to the services at the church, which were announced to take place at 4 o'clock.

At the appointed hour for these services the members of Post 95, together with such soldiers as saw fit to join them, marched in a body from their headquarters to the church, and were seated in the body slips.

Programme at the Church: Organ voluntary, Miss Lou Beardsley; prayer, Rev. J. B. Richardson, of Geneva; tenor solo, "Battle Prayer," A. W. Fielder; reading of names of deceased soldiers, by Comrade E. H. Pratt, senior vice commander; Decoration Hymn, written for the Grand Army of Republic, congregation; address, Dr. James C. Jackson; quartette, "God of Israel," Miss E. Dippy, Messrs. F. Fielder, Ed. Burke, A. W. Fielder; benediction, Rev. L. D. Ferguson; organ voluntary, Miss Lou Beardsley.

SPEECH OF DR. JAMES C. JACKSON.

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic: You and your comrades throughout the republic this day have done a most worthy and loyal deed; a deed worthy of the sacredness of the day; a deed never better done by mortal man; for you have, in the plenitude of your loyalty and your sympathy for liberty, remembered those who side by side were with you on from one to one hundred battle-fields, and fought for country, for liberty, and the rights of man. You have shown how largely you are related to all the interests that are wrapped up in the maintenance of this great republic, of which you with others are constituents. You have made clear that you are well calculated to carry into the conditions and relations of civic life those principles

which our dead and buried friends not only prized so highly, but labored, struggled, bled, and died to maintain. As one of the citizens of this republic I greet you on this Sabbath afternoon, and invoke Heaven's blessings upon you. The flowers which you have spread over the graves of your comrades, though they may perish because plucked from the root which gave them vigor, shall be symbols of honor and glory by Divine recognition.

It is no common occasion which has brought us together. Think what might have been the issue but for God's goodness, but for His most gracious providings. Instead of being a people now living, within all our borders, each man under his own vine and his own fig-tree, without any to molest him or make him afraid, we might have been broken up into chaotic masses; discord and jealousy, strife and hate, marking us in almost every relation in life. If there be any significance in national existence, such an occasion as this brings it to the surface, and gives it new and fresh importance, and characterizes it by a glory that shall ever be fadeless. Our dead are holy dead. They are consecrated evermore.

> "Their bones are dust,
> Their good swords rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

But we never can forget them; and there is no day in the whole year so well fitted for us to remember them, when we take into account their struggles and perils connected, as such a day as this. With reverential air and with loyal spirit, with feelings that unite our humanity, and with that devotion which brings the Christian into the presence of his God, all holy and worshipful, let us remember this occasion. From the depths of my heart I feel that the Sabbath of the Lord never received such a consecration in this republic as it has this day. I rejoice with you in having spent it as you have, and Christians all over this land will join with you; for in the days to come, when we shall look back from farther points of distance than now separate us from this great struggle through which our nation has passed, we shall see just how intimately liberty, which is the life of all civilization, and religion, which is its moral artery, have become allied to-day.

One of the constituent parts of religion is liberty. Liberty of thought man instinctively exercises; liberty of speech he needs; liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience he must have, or else he cannot develop rightly. If we are not to have liberty, then our Bible becomes worthless, for liberty springs from between its leaves, and is the light that shines on our path, and so connects our past with the life of God. Thus it becomes a matter of great sig-

nificance to us that these men whose memories we have cherished this day by our pleasant refreshings shall take on in our esteem higher regards, if possible, than ever before. If charity covereth a multitude of sins, liberty wipes out a large measure of human imperfections. I care not who the man was, how low in life his position, how much lack of culture may have characterized him in bearing and manners, nor how few his friends; it is enough for me to make me love his memory to know that when his country was in peril he rallied to her interests, he struck blows in her behalf, he fought and bled and died for her. * * * *

There is one aspect of this whole question which I think should commend itself to your consideration and that of your comrades all over our country and also to all your fellow-citizens wherever they may dwell. It is, that, our war having ceased, our republic being re-established in her entirety, our Constitution once more recognized and accepted as the organic law of our land, you can no longer be soldiers except in name. The past has given you your fame, whatever it may be. The future should develop in you the virtues of citizenship.

If you look at history with reference to the relations of soldiers to citizenship, outside of this government or nation, the connection has always been difficult. The man who has largely been a soldier in Europe has always found difficulty in maintaining his relations as a citizen to the state. In becoming a soldier there, one separates himself from civil life, and relates himself to duties and obligations which are arduous, and which he is called upon to undertake and fulfill, ofttimes from considerations which are essentially arbitrary. But in a republic like ours, where the soldier is a citizen, where he holds in one hand the bullet and in the other the ballot, he never is decitizenized, never becomes denationalized. So we have brought forth for the world's consideration this most magnificent of problems, never before seen in all the range of civilization, of a million and a half of men, one month in arms, and the next month each at his own home and around his own fireside, resuming quietly the conditions and relations of citizen life.

I never was more interested than I was once, when I was going to Wayland from this village to take the cars, in meeting a man laying plank upon our plank-road, to be told that he had been four years in the army, was in a hundred battles, was never wounded except once by a splinter from the stock of his gun, came home after four years of absence from father, mother, brothers, and sisters, neighborhood friends, and relatives, arriving at 8 o'clock in the morning, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon had hired out and gone to work.

It struck me that such a thing was never seen in any other land than this. A man going through with such perils and deprivations of social life, to put off the knapsack, drop the musket, and throw away all the paraphernalia of the soldier, and fall into line as a good, honest, and industrious citizen, with the same ease that one drops from a standing position into an easy chair! Depend upon it, fellow-citizens, that such a condition as this is the result only of education in liberty. Where despotism or arbitrary government molds and fashions men there is no such action.

This of itself shows, beyond all question, that our republic cannot die. Should cause for war once more arise, and our nation become once more imperiled, not only a million and a half, but six millions of men would leave home and hearthstones and the comforts of life to rally to her defense. So magnificent are the truths of the Declaration of Independence, so grand the theory of self-government!

Now you who have been soldiers should never forget, under any circumstances which may surround you, how necessary it is for you to learn how not only to govern others, but how to *govern yourselves*. Your association, as I understand it, contra-indicates anything like the existence of party politics. Whether a man belongs to this or that party is of no account, so that he has been a loyal, true, and faithful soldier. If he has obtained an honorable discharge he is entitled to your sympathy and your respect, whatever differences in the application of common principles may arise between him and you. But there are certain things which you as citizens cannot forget. One of these is, that at the very bottom stratum of our institutions is the recognition of personal liberty. To maintain this in part was our war, our struggle, our strife carried on. The dignity of human nature lies in the recognition of its personality. Never forget this wherever you are. There is a heaven-high distinction between a person and a thing. One can never think too much of this; never talk too much about it; never contemplate it too largely, for in it are the very issues of his life. God has made the personality of man to concenter within itself all the dignity that makes him up; all the glory that can gather around him. Strike down his personality and you have dehumanized, chattelized, and discrowned him, and dethroned God in his management of him. A man's personality then becomes the central point around which all that is significant in human nature revolves. Never despise any man, no matter who he is.

Never treat any man in your relations with him from any other point than his character. Be he a true man, whether

rich or poor, black or white, handsome or homely, whether born on this or on some other soil, down into the depths of your own consciousness let the dignity of his nature descend, and, finding a resting-place there, challenge your regard and your respect. Regulate your relations to other men from considerations and conditions of life which do not have their origin in factiousness or factitious regard. Be high-minded, noble men—men who can see as much in human nature as the God who made it sees. Then you are prepared, wherever you are, to work from the very lowest point of occupancy which you may hold to the highest renown within the gift of the people, of which you are parts. He only elevates himself who elevates others; he drags himself down who despises others. He who cherishes in his own soul a mean opinion of human nature, does thereby debase and disgrace himself. Only as you cherish in your own consciousness high ideas of the worth of man; only as you see it as God sees it; only as you regard it as good and great, may you hope to grow into high conditions of life. To-day any one of you may be a man of wealth and of high reputation, and may have troops of friends about you; but your reputation may be blighted and vanish like the mist of the morning; your wealth may take to itself wings and fly away; and your friends may turn their backs upon you, and nothing in God's world remain to give you regard but the simple manhood which is your own by Divine right. If you have not learned that therein lies your chief glory, the crown of your rejoicing, you can be in the very midst of plenty a starving pauper; in the midst of sunlight enshrouded in Cimmerian darkness.

You have had your trials, soldiers of the republic, and, being chosen by yourselves to give you good counsel, I summon you to the exercise of your manhood. As your fellow-citizens surrounding you here have taken you into their heart of hearts, and given you loyal love and cheer, so I call you to do unto the oppressed, the bowed down under troubles and trials, which beset them on every hand in the great battle of life. Give them your sympathy and your friendly regard, and to no man more than to him who, born on foreign soil, comes to this land of liberty, fleeing from oppression, that he may find a home. Recognize him, whenever you make his acquaintance, as a man. Be men yourselves. Only in this way can you do the work which you are expected to do. I admit that you deserve well of the republic. I admit that there are no emoluments, no offices within the people's bestowal that you are not worthy of, so you are competent to fulfill the duties and the responsibilities which such places of trust essentially impose. You have done everything you

could for the republic, and we have sympathized with, have loved you. Most of us staid at home, while you took your lives in your hands. We honor you and esteem you therefor; but we must ask of you that you shall not consider, because you have been soldiers, that you are entitled to the enjoyment of license beyond the limits of well-founded, well-regulated freedom. How many young men I have known who went out from homes as sacred to them as the temple of God, and where they had been brought up in the choicest regard for the civilities and moralities of the family, whom soldier-life spoiled. Many of them went away habitually sober men, to come home cursed with the habit of drinking to excess. Many of them, never having been known to swear a profane oath, came home with their mouths full of cursings and bitterness. Many who when they went away had a high regard for woman, cherishing for her all the respect that motherly, wifely, and sisterly affection always begets in a man under home relations and associations, returned with low ideas and contempt for ordinary social life. I am sad to be compelled to say it: some of them, too, went away from their fathers' house and their places of business as honest and industrious as men need to be, and came back with a contempt for labor, and have not resumed the condition which industry always imposes upon the citizen of a free government. I am not alluding to you, but to those like you who have been exposed to the evil influences of war; for while war is regarded by good men to be sometimes a great necessity, it is always a great evil. Oh! for the day when men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea, and men shall live in peace as brethren.

This occasion does not rise to the level of its intrinsic magnitude unless it imposes upon those who have fought for their country and are yet alive the duties of high, loyal, intelligent, and moral citizenship. The most of you whom I see before me to-day are young men. You have your future to make. May this association be the means of elevating and giving tone to all your relations in life. Be worthy gentlemen. Be content to do what the republic asks of you. Show that you not only know how to fight when fighting is needful, but that you know how to think when thinking is needed, and to vote when voting is demanded; that you understand the principles that underlie our government; that you are well qualified by heart and head to fulfill the duties that rest upon you, and may God bless you.

CEREMONIES AT CORTLAND.

(Post No. 98.)

On Sunday, May 30, about 2 o'clock, a procession, marshaled by Colonel J. C. Carmichael, was formed in front of Messenger Hall, in the following order:

Cortland Cornet Band; clergy; veterans, wearing badges and numbering upwards of one hundred; thirty-eight young girls, dressed in white, wearing black sashes, and carrying wreaths, bouquets, and baskets of flowers; thirty-eight young boys, also carrying flowers; and accompanied by citizens in carriages and on foot, marched slowly to the cemetery, the band meanwhile playing a funeral dirge.

Immediately on entering the inclosure a hollow circle was formed, (the soldiers dividing and the children taking position on the inner side,) and the Rev. A. Wilkins, of the Baptist Church, stepping within, offered prayer.

At the close the band played a "Dead March;" the procession again formed and marched to each grave, where a comrade who had previously been designated gave a short sketch of the military life of the deceased, a bouquet or wreath of flowers was thrown upon it by one of the young girls who had also been selected, and the remainder of the children following scattered each a few flowers, so that when the procession had passed the original mound was almost hidden from sight.

During the proceedings the band played "Auld Lang Syne," "Come where my Love Lies Dreaming," *andante*, and "Two Roses," a dirge.

After the graves had been decorated, and near that of Major Grover, the people gathered to listen to the following address by Rev. J. T. Crippen, of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

Veterans and Citizens of Cortland: The occasion on which we are met is one of no common interest. To-day we visit the hallowed grounds where sleep the dead, not as individuals, nor as families, but as a community. We join in spirit and in the impressive and solemn services of this hour with other towns and cities in thus making sacred the memory of our heroic dead.

It is well and eminently appropriate that the people should observe this commemorative service, who owe so much to the noble men who wasted by disease or fell in battle to save the nation.

When the cloud of war, dark and portentous, suddenly arose upon this republic, these men who have returned to live in our midst and these whose graves are with us were equal to the emergency.

The echoes o'er hill and vale of Sumter's first gun were as the shrill notes of the bugle's blast, arousing the nation and calling the patriot to duty.

The organization of our army which immediately followed was like the prophet's gourd, the growth of a night. All classes were electrified and moved by the events of the hour. Every city and town and hamlet all through the loyal North was in a blaze of excitement. The farmer left his plow in the furrow, the artisan dropped the implement with which he wrought, the student went forth from the halls of learning, the merchant left his counting-room, the lawyer dropped his briefs, and even the minister of Jesus went from the sacred desk, not forsaking the banner of the cross, but, planting beside it the flag of his country, rallied to its defense.

These men left their usual vocations to engage in military life, not from choice, not as a profession, but from a stern sense of duty. The land of their birth already echoed to the tread of armed rebellion. The institutions of their country were threatened with destruction. The flag of their fathers had been insulted, humbled, trailed in the dust. The *crisis* had come, and they met it in the spirit of patriotism and loyalty. By companies and by regiments they marched to the field of the conflict, followed by the prayers of the church, and the benedictions of the people. Mothers, with tearful eyes and trembling hands, buckled the gleaming sword upon their sons, and with the patriotic devotion of the matrons of Sparta bade them "come back victorious, or come not back at all."

Vast interests were involved in the issues of the rebellion. The success of treason was the overthrow of government. The overthrow of government was the ruin and wreck of all our institutions, both civil and religious. What were home, or houses, or lands, or friends, or wife, or children, *without a country.*

The patriot everywhere—in our own country and in foreign lands—waited, and prayed, and watched, even as a man watcheth for the morning. The bloody hand of treason was at the throat of the nation. Freedom and slavery were set in battle array. The cause of *liberty* was being wounded in

the home of its friends. To defend the nation, to maintain and uphold the majesty of law and government, to rescue and save to the world the principles of *freedom* and equal rights, our citizen-soldiers marched to the bloody fields of battle and of death.

The lurid cloud of war has passed. The bow of peace is shining brightly above us. The nation lives. Its life is the price of blood. The present, with its satisfactions, its joys, its advantages, its bestowments; the opening future, with its glowing prospects and grand probabilities—all that our noble land is to-day, or may hope to be in coming years, has been purchased in the offering up of five hundred thousand of our brave and loyal heroes, "who sleep their last sleep."

> "Some things are worthless, some others so good,
> That the nation that buys them pays only in blood."

Language is inadequate to fitly describe the privations and sufferings which our soldiers met and endured; but the spirit which characterized them in their devotion and self-sacrifice is a proud portion of the nation's history.

An example or two will illustrate this, and permit us to see in some measure the heroism of a real patriot and true soldier.

After one of the heavy battles of the southwest, a wounded soldier was taken to the hospital in Nashville. His right arm was shattered, and amputation became necessary. Under the influence of chloroform it was taken off at the shoulder. As he awoke from his stupor, he lifted the cloth covering the stump and saw that his arm was gone. "Bring me my arm," said he; "let me look at it once again." It was taken from the heap of mangled limbs upon the floor and laid upon his cot. Taking hold of the dead fingers and lifting them he thus addressed his severed limb: "Farewell, my good right arm; never again will you aim a carbine or swing a saber in defense of the government." Then lifting his eyes to those who were at his side, he said, while the tears rolled down his face, "Don't think I regret the loss of this my strong right arm; it has been torn from my body that not one State shall be torn from this glorious Union!"

Veterans, you will remember the bloody field of Gainesville. Some of you knew Sergeant Banker, of the Seventy-sixth; he lay upon the field mortally wounded. A brother received permission to search him out, that he might alleviate his sufferings and receive his last message for friends at home. Just as they met, the bugle sounded the charge. The dying soldier knew its meaning, and looking into the face of his weeping relative, said: "Leave me and go to the front!"

So our brave and loyal soldiers suffered, bled, and died that the republic might live.

"Their graves were dug amid the dismal cloud of war
While treason's minions were gathering 'round the bier."

We repair this day to the consecrated ground where repose the ashes of the heroic dead, and with the flowers of spring we cover their graves, and thus express our profound regard for their many virtues while living and our high appreciation of their love of country sealed by their death.

It has been said that republics are ungrateful. It may have been true in the past. Let it not be so in this land. Our dead patriots are represented by those they have left behind. We have their families in our midst, the widows and fatherless children. These are the "wards of the nation." Let our care and kindness for these speak our grateful remembrance of the departed. Let no such stigma fall upon any community in all this blood-bought country as that the widow or child of a fallen hero should come to want or lack for bread.

Let monuments arise in all our localities, and write upon these marble shafts the names of the brave men who counted not their lives dear so that the blessings of our Christian civilization should be secured and transmitted to generations following in all their fullness and hope.

Let this service in which we this day unite be annually repeated. At each return of the spring-time with balmy breath and blooming flowers, let the people come forth, the old and young, childoood and youth, and with solemn tread and prayerful thought let the hand of affection be stretched forth to strew their graves with floral offerings, and so keep ever bright and glowing the memory of the men who, to preserve what our fathers won at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, fought and died upon the memorable fields of Gainesville, Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Antietam, Gettysburg, and in the "Wilderness."

Prayer was then delivered by Rev. A. G. Hopkins, of the Presbyterian Church; the band played "Prayer from the Night Camp;" benediction was pronounced by Rev. A. Wilkins. The procession formed, and, with the band playing "Ringgold's March," returned to Messenger Hall, when the ceremonies of the day were closed.

CEREMONIES AT SARATOGA.

(Post No. —.)

The ceremonies here were conducted on May 30, under the direction of Colonel William M. Searing, commander of the post at Saratoga, assisted by J. J. Hyde as marshal. At 1 o'clock the procession moved down Broadway in the following order:

Saratoga Cornet Band; carriage with chaplain; returned soldiers and sailors, in double file; hearse, drawn by four gray horses, containing the flowers; decorating committee in carriages; members of committee on flowers in carriages; Saratoga Lodge No. 15, I. O. of O. F.; firemen—Hose Companies Nos. 1 and 3, and Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

At the cemetery the services consisted of a dirge by the band, the singing of an ode, prayer, the reading of an original poem by Hon. William Hay, and an address by Rev. Dr. L. F. Beecher, of Massachusetts, who said:

Where are we? What means this martial array, this eager crowd of upturned faces? this martial strain at this Sabbath evening hour? these rounded hillocks? these grassy mounds? these fragrant flowers? these immortal wreaths? this hushed and breathless concourse? What mean they? What event has so stirred the common heart of our common humanity, that you have left empty the dwelling-places of the living, to spend an hour among the resting-places of the dead? To ask these questions is to suggest the answer. Among the sainted and venerated dead who sleep beneath these cypress shadows we have laid down to their rest the mutilated forms of those heroic men who heard the voice of Abraham calling them, as Abraham of old heard the voice of God saying, "Get thee out from thy kindred, and from thy fathers' house, into a land which I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." The spring-time of 1861, you remember it well! The 12th of April dawned upon a country prosperous at home, at peace with all lands. The sun went down on that eventful day reddened with the smoke of a conflict which grew fiercer, and hotter, and more bloody, till the 9th day of April, 1865, when it emerged again into a serener atmosphere,

and peace once more gladdened the hearts of the nation and of the world.

That first cry of the imperiled nation for help fell upon the listening ear of more than one hundred thousand of her noblest sons, and the farmer left his plow, and the mechanic his tools, and the student his books, and the lawyer his briefs, and with an enthusiasm bordering upon frenzy, and with a patriotism bordering upon piety, they rushed to the rescue. Among the many names which patriotism and affection unite to place upon the roll of honor the muster-rolls of the Thirtieth, and the Seventy-seventh, and the One Hundred and Fifteenth, will furnish as many as any others similarly situated. The Thirtieth Regiment was not made up entirely here. A part of the regiment went into camp at this place in the early summer, were sent to Albany, and went early to the front under Colonel Frisby, being ordered to the field at the first battle of Bull Run, on the 21st of July, 1861, though the orders were countermanded before they reached it. They participated in many of the battles of the first two years, including the battle of Antietam, and at the second battle of Bull Run suffered heavily in both officers and men. Among the killed was Colonel Frisby, a gallant officer and a truly noble man.

The Seventy-seventh Regiment was raised entirely in this vicinity. It went into camp in the early autumn of 1861, and on the 29th of November of that year it marched down our streets with thirty-eight officers and eight hundred and twenty men, our first great offering to our country. At various times others were sent to fill up the thinning ranks, till forty-six officers and thirteen hundred and eighty-six men were attached to the regiment. Of these, one hundred and five were mustered out at the expiration of their term of service, three hundred were disabled by diseases and exposures, twenty-eight were disabled by wounds, one hundred and forty-eight died of disease contracted mainly in the campaign on the Peninsula, forty died of wounds received in battle, twenty-five were reported missing after battles, all or nearly all of whom are worthy of a place this day upon the roll of the honored dead; twenty-six were promoted to various positions of command; one hundred and fifty-one officers and men at one time, and three hundred and sixty-four at another time, were transferred to the Seventy-seventh Battalion. This regiment was engaged in many battles and heavy skirmishes, and at the following places: Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Antietam, the battles of the Peninsula, Gettysburg, various battles and heavy skirmishes in the Shenandoah valley under Sheridan, at Winchester, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill,

Petersburg, and at the surrender of General Lee and his army at Appomattox Court-House, which terminated the war. Of those killed in battle, some rest with the thousands of their companions in the national cemeteries at Gettysburg and Arlington Heights, while only twenty-nine lie buried here and in the cemetery west of the village. The remainder have laid themselves down to their long repose upon those fields where they fell amid the rattle and the roar of the conflict, leaving to us to-day only the records of their brave deeds, and the inspiration of those words of the immortal Warren, who fell on Bunker Hill in the first great battle for liberty, saying "'T is sweet, O 'tis sweet for our country to die."

Two companies raised in this county were united with the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment. This regiment was sent into the army of the South, and was stationed in the Carolinas, around Charleston and Savannah. They had heavy fighting at Hilton Head and at Olustee in Florida. They returned to Richmond before the close of the war, and were under General Grant at the final battles around that doomed city. A sketch necessarily so brief must omit more than it contains of the lives and labors of the men whose names we cherish and whose deeds we here pledge ourselves to hold in everlasting remembrance.

If we now turn our thoughts for one brief moment to some of the fruits which the nation has gathered from the sacrifices made by those whose names we recall this day, we shall find abundant occasion for gratulation and thanks. A nation, not only united, but unified, bound together from ocean to ocean by indissoluble links of iron, and securely fastened in the lofty heights of the Sierra Nevada Mountains with spikes of gold; the streams which have their sources among the mountains of the north stop in their flow and spin and weave and hammer our iron and grind our corn in their swift passage to the sea; the fields which once blossomed with wealth, in which hundreds sweat with unrequited toil that one might swagger, now grow whiter than before with a richness which intelligence inspires, while the weary worker mingles with the sounds of well-requited toil the sweeter songs of freedom.

The school-house and the church, twin sisters of our American civilization, stand side by side over all the land; the one teaching the fatherhood of God, and the other proclaiming the universal brotherhood of man.

That starry flag, which fair fingers wrought and loving hearts presented, as you went forth to battle with the foe, and which was never trailed in the dust while loyal hands were left to lift it on high, but which was driven from the ocean for a season by English cruisers under rebel names, now flies

at the peak of our flag-ship as she visits every sea, and the proud ensigns of other sovereignties, as they gather around it, like the eleven sheaves in the dream of Joseph, which made obeisance to his sheaf, droop in its presence.

The influence of our example more than the manifested strength of our armies has given us new power among the nations. England hastens to follow where we have dared to lead, and an enlarged franchise quickly granted to her toiling and patient workers, and free schools, and a free church, and a free conscience, and justice to a sister nation, for two centuries withheld, all these have come half a century earlier than they would, but for the blood of the martyrs. And while you cover their graves with flowers, history gathers their names and wreathes them around with her garlands, and in bronze and marble and granite leaves passes them down to all coming times. The alliance against liberty and religion, which was formed at the time of the overthrow of the first Napoleon, lasted only so long as while liberty was on trial here, and when the tidings of high triumph here flashed under the waves, freedom sprang to the front. Prussia, small in territory, feeble in numbers, but educated Protestant in religion, inspired with the principles of liberty, her bayonets flashing with thought, her very cannon educators—Prussia crossed bayonets with despotism, and despotic Austria went down never to rise again, and imperial France passed over the continental diadem to her hated rival, and Italy shivered and shook with a new delight, as her patriot sons saw in the now near future a new Rome, the seat and center of a new dominion, where truth shall sit regnant and righteousness reign. China, the oldest of dynasties, antedating Christianity itself, jealous of all new systems and new thought, finds in one of our sons a fit representative of the new civilization which even she cannot resist; and, reversing the order of the sun's rising, sends her accredited representative, over an ocean unknown to her commerce, to a nation which, on her map of the world, lies almost unseen in the obscurest corner in her histories, placed among outside barbarians, and from the youngest of the nations takes her first lessons in the civilization of the coming future. In all these events, crowding so closely upon the heels of our own great struggle, we do not deem ourselves unduly boastful when we say that our influence has not been small, and the might of our example has often turned the scale to the right side. But what has been achieved is as the green and tender blade of wheat which quivers in the fields to-day when compared with the heavy-headed grain which will bend with golden ripeness in the coming harvest-time. O, liberty! liberty! all the coming ages are

thine own. The blood of our brothers and our sons has not been shed in vain.

At the conclusion of the address the committee of ladies, accompanied by the surviving comrades of the dead, visited each grave in the cemetery, and crowned them with beautiful bouquets and wreaths. The resting-places of thirty-eight were thus honored.

After these were visited a committee repaired to the Catholic Cemetery, and decorated four graves there.

CEREMONIES AT ULSTER.

The decoration of the graves of the soldiers of the late war was celebrated on May 31. Though a local celebration, almost exclusively, of the villages of Kingston and Rondout, it was a gratifying success.

The procession, at 2 p. m., formed at the Academy Green. It consisted of a detachment of the Twentieth Regiment New York National Guard; about thirty-five veterans bearing the colors of the old One Hundred and Twentieth and Twentieth Regiments; a body of firemen, headed by the chief engineer and his assistants; a representation of the clergy; public officers of the county, and the press. It was headed by Goeller's Brass Band, and in line were carriages, with ladies of Kingston and Rondout, bearing flowers for the graves of the soldiers in the different cemeteries and burial-places. The several battle-flags borne in the ranks of the procession decorated the platform. The procession moved to the Wiltwyck Cemetery.

ADDRESSES.

The addresses were delivered at the east gate of the cemetery, where a staging had been erected at the edge of the woods and in the shade of the oaks growing on the east side of Jacob's Valley. A considerable crowd of citizens, ladies, and children was already on the ground when the procession arrived.

The band opened the ceremonies by performing a dirge. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Evans.

General Gates then stated the purpose of the ceremonies, to commemorate the devotion of Ulster County soldiers who had fallen victims in the war. He spoke as follows:

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: In the silent cemeteries which half encircle the spot whereon we stand repose the honored ashes of many who died that we might continue to enjoy those civil and religious blessings which have made and are now making our land the refuge and asylum of the liberty-loving and oppressed people of all nations upon earth; and to testify our respect for the memory of these departed heroes, and our appreciation of the services they rendered to their country in her hour of sorest need, is the duty and purpose of this assemblage.

It is most meet that here, in view of the "old camp ground," on which three full regiments, composed chiefly of the hardy sons of Ulster County, were organized, and from which they marched forth to battle and to final victory—it is most meet that *here* should be inaugurated a memorial service, which shall, by its yearly recurrence, keep fresh in our memory the comrades and neighbors who fell in their country's defense.

Strew their peaceful graves with the sweet flowers of this vernal month, deck the green mounds that mark their resting-places with floral wreaths, that shall symbolize the endlessness of a grateful people's affection for their memory, and hang upon their tomb-stones the fragrant cross, which lifts our thoughts from the graves around us to that home beyond, from whence, God grant, the redeemed spirits of those we mourn to-day may witness these solemn rites.

But why did our brethren go forth to battle, and, if need be, to die? Most of us remember that April Sabbath, eight years ago, when, as we were leaving our village churches after morning service, the very air was pregnant with the startling rumors of our flag dishonored and our forts bombarded by fratricidal hands. Treason, that had so long been ripening, at last had thrown down the gauntlet, and only the terrible wager of battle could now determine whether this government of ours was worthy men's respect, or was only a union bound by a rope of sand, to be severed by the first rude wave that beat upon it from within its own circumference.

For seventy-four years it had been equal to our people's wants, and had taken high rank among the nations of the earth. Keeping step with our swelling population and expanding limits, the spirit of liberty, like the visible horizon, encompassed, covered, and protected all. Except for a proscribed race in one portion of our broad domain, there was

no restraint upon the civil, political, or religious privileges of our people. But I will not linger over recollections that relate to the motives which brought upon our nation its great tribulation. It came, and it has passed away. The hand of God led our people, like as it did Israel of old, out of the difficulties that had always menaced our national existence, and solved the problem that had alarmed our people and confounded our statesmen.

Standing now in the full consciousness of our vindicated nationality, we are the better prepared to read the history of our own career as a free people, and learn to shun the perils through which we have been compelled to pass.

We at the North were slow to realize that civil war really impended over the country of our affection and pride. But the reverberations of rebel shot upon the walls of Sumter had scarcely died away in sullen murmurs, ere the loyalty of the nation, lying as it were like a mighty giant, stretched across the continent, bathing its feet in the waters of the Atlantic, and writing with its finger-ends parables of material and political grandeur in the golden sands on the Pacific coast, arose from its dream of peace and prosperity, and girded on its armor to defend the life of the nation.

The mountains, plains, and valleys of our fruitful country sent forth their children from field and workshop, office, store, and even the sacred desk, to swell the hosts rallying to save our imperiled government.

In the fierce conflicts that ensued they bore a gallant part, and many, very many, found their last resting-place upon the ensanguined field. Few of all the hundreds who marched from our borders, and fell by battle or sickness, have been rescued from the common fate of war's necessities and been buried in our midst. While, therefore, we adorn the graves of those whose remains lie here about us, let us not forget the unmarked burial-places that contain so many of our heroic dead from the Shenandoah to the Red River.

It would be invidious to discriminate between these fallen patriots; each has earned an equal degree of our respect and affection; each has fallen in the same great cause, and a grateful country will cherish the memory of its gallant dead.

> "They never fail who die
> In a great cause—though years elapse,
> And others share as dark a doom,
> They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
> Which overspread all others, and conduct
> The world at last to freedom."

The Social Mœnnerchor Glee Club of Rondout, led by Mr.

Weber, and consisting of fourteen male voices, sang in German a hymn entitled "The Day of the Lord."

United States Senator Lyman Trumbull was then introduced.

He spoke of his accidental presence on a visit here from his home in Illinois; and though a stranger to the sleeping patriots in the adjoining graves, he had yet known of others who had fallen in the same great cause—that army of dead which, if it could be formed in living ranks, would reach by single rank to New York City and back. The sacrifices of all were alike, whether of general, officer, or common soldier; they were equal in the grave, and in kind equally entitled to honor, for they had alike fallen in the discharge of duty.

He was followed by General George H. Sharpe, who paid an eloquent tribute to the deceased soldiers.

He said the Fourth of July, as a great national anniversary, had lacked the element of sadness to make a fit commemorative day of the country's greatness, and this day would be added to the list of national anniversaries, and would be hereafter celebrated each year. The graves of Union soldiers on southern battle-fields will be strewn with flowers by the southern people when they learn, as they soon will, to appreciate the blessings the Union triumph brought to them, as well as the North, in saving a united country and the old flag for them, and for them not only, but human liberty in other countries. John Bright would not be an English minister to-day, nor would the liberal cause be so far advanced in Spain, but for the success of the national arms here; and England, which insulted us without punishment during the war, has since the restoration of peace been shaken to the foundation by the simple speech of a member of the United States Senate in his place on the floor of Congress.

DECORATING THE GRAVES.

At the conclusion of the addresses a committee of ladies was appointed to strew the graves with flowers. The committee proceeded to Wiltwyck and Montrepose cemeteries and Sharpe's and Houghtaling's burial-grounds, and deposited flowers upon some thirty graves. The committee took the greatest care that no soldier's grave should be omitted.

CEREMONIES AT MOUNT ALBION.

Sunday, May 30, will be long remembered by the citizens of Orleans County, as showing the intense feeling which pervades the citizen-soldiers towards their comrades who fell as sacrifices upon the altar of liberty.

The procession moved off promptly at 2 o'clock p. m., in the following order: Carriage with floral offerings; carriage containing maimed veterans; board of trustees; clergy; choir; invited guests; soldiers, numbering over two hundred; fire department, with full ranks; followed by a procession nearly a mile long. It is estimated that nearly eight thousand persons were at the cemetery during the exercises.

Thirty-seven graves were decorated profusely, the committee having been well furnished by our citizens. An American flag was placed upon each grave, with a card attached, upon which was written the name, rank, and regiment. After the graves had been decorated, the concluding ceremonies were appropriately carried out.

Introductory prayer, on entering the grounds, by Rev. Mr. Sawyer, of the Baptist denomination; decorating the graves by the committee, accompanied with announcement of the name, rank, and organization to which each belonged, by Captain Thomas Bell; prayer by Rev. Dr. Seager, of the Methodist Church; singing of the piece entitled "Plant Beautiful Flowers;" address by Lieutenant J. M. Thompson; singing by the choir and audience of "America," accompanied by the band; benediction by Rev. Mr. Bacon, pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

ADDRESS.

We have this day visited the graves of a few of that mighty host who, at the call of their country,

> "Gave to the earth their blood,
> Their lives for their dear native land,
> Their spirits to the hero halls above."

Loving hearts have prompted and willing hands have strewn with flowers the places where they sleep.

The flag under which they fought, and for the honor of which they died, has been planted above their breasts, and

beneath their country's starry banner and the starry heaven of their God they now repose.

These tokens of remembrance, of affection, gratitude, and respect, move not these sacred dead. Sculptured marble, storied urn, or floral offering can add nothing to the glory of their achievements or the luster of their renown.

Their country was in danger; they rescued it from the jaws of death. Its institutions were imperiled; they saved them from destruction. Foes of its own household sought the nation's life, and with their strong right arms our soldiers beat them down. Thrones, principalities, and powers most earnestly desired the downfall of the republic, and with shot and shell, with musket and saber, the Union army proclaimed to the nations that "the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

What higher, nobler, holier record can be made for them than by their lives and deaths they have written for themselves?

Although the observance of this beautiful ceremony neither makes the glory of these sleeping heroes more assured nor their repose more sweet, it is yet fraught with inestimable benefits, consolations, and blessings to us, the living.

It revives within the memories of those who were companions in arms together the recollection of the thousand acts of kindness shown one toward the other, in camp, around the bivouac-fire, in hospital, and on the battle-field, renews the feeling of brotherly kindness which then existed, and rekindles within their breasts the patriotic fires which burned so brightly that naught but death could quench the flame.

It consoles these mourning fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, for the loss of their brave dear ones, by the knowledge that those who survive to enjoy the institutions they died to preserve and maintain, appreciate the sacrifices they made, and are most profoundly grateful for the priceless legacy which, dying, they bequeathed.

And its observance blesses us all, in leading to a deeper and purer devotion to our country, an increased zeal in her welfare, a higher regard for her honor, and a more earnest resolve to so live and labor that the rich political inheritance which we have received shall be perpetuated and handed down to the generations that shall come after us.

May the lesson of this hour sink deeply into all our hearts.

May it teach to us a livelier benevolence toward the survivors, who, bruised, battered, crippled, war-torn, and maimed in the service of their country, may need our friendship and assistance.

May it cause us to remember with a kindlier sympathy

and a more liberal charity the widows and orphans of the heroic dead, who, deprived of him to whom they were wont to look for protection and support, may seek our aid.

And, above all, may it impress upon our minds and engrave upon our consciences that in a republic, *public* virtue can only be evolved from exalted *private purity and worth*, and that our obligations to our country can be best discharged by the cultivation of an enlarged intelligence, the practice of the Christian graces, the development of our highest manhood, and the faithful performance of our every duty.

Let us, therefore, at the graves of these noble dead, dedicate our lives to wisdom, purity, and virtue, to charity and truth, to our country and our God.

CEREMONIES AT FULTON.

Saturday, May 29, was Decoration Day. Notwithstanding the unpropitious weather in the early part of the day, promptly at 3 o'clock a large concourse of citizens gathered at the park, and, led by the marshal, Mr. J. W. Pratt, and a fine band, marched to the beautiful cemetery to commemorate the deeds of the departed defenders of our country. The entrance to the grounds was tastefully hung with the national colors. Within an arch of evergreen letters "In Memoriam" spanned the main carriage-ways; a long table, loaded with baskets of flowers, was near by, over which was the appropriate motto, "Garlands for the fallen brave." Hon. M. Lindley Lee named the order of exercises. Prayer was offered by Rev. George Sawyer. Profesor Brown, of Falley Seminary, read President Lincoln's address delivered at the dedication of the Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg. The hymn commencing

> "Peace to the brave, who nobly fell
> Beneath the flag, our pride,"

was sung.

Next, the committee of young ladies, dressed in white, with badges of red, white, and blue, with escort of assistant marshals and band, performed the impressive and touching ceremony of strewing flowers over the graves of the noble brave who lie buried there. The young ladies sung, as they moved to the grounds, Pleyel's Hymn, with words,

"Love unchanging for the dead,
Lying here in gloried sleep,
Where the angels softly tread,
While their holy watch they keep."

After the circuit of the spacious grounds had been made, and each little mound, containing a miniature flag, had been covered with the floral offerings, at the bugle's call all gathered around the speakers' stand, where the following gentlemen gave a brief history of and paid a fitting eulogy to the soldiers buried there, in order as ascribed to each by the chairman: Hon. R. K. Sanford, Revs. C. M. Hutchins and R. C. Houghton, Messrs. A. Hanna, C. H. David, W. C. Stephens, H. C. Howe, and C. T. Bennett. The several eulogies, numbering some twenty-six, were very fine and appropriate, and must have been pleasing to the numerous friends of the deceased soldiers. After another piece by the band, the president stated that, of the one hundred or more who had gone out from Volney and Granby, and who had been killed and buried on the battle-field and elsewhere, he would call upon J. H. Townsend, esq., to speak. Mr. Townsend then read the names of one hundred and fourteen soldiers who had volunteered from this place, the time of enlistment, letter of company, number of regiment, names of battles each had engaged in, time and place and manner of death, and where buried, together with brief words of eulogy of many he chanced to know. As he gave the record of this or that one, "*starved* at Andersonville" or "Libby Prison," a thrill of horror ran through the audience, and brought back fresh again the feelings of pity and anguish that filled the hearts of the loyal people during the dark days of the rebellion. In closing, he said, "If you will multiply the one hundred and forty names of those of whom honorable mention has been made this day by the number of towns in this county, and this by the number of counties in this State, and that product by the whole number of loyal States in this Union, you will have but an approximate cost of this terrible war. "But," said he, "there are some things the value of which cannot be computed—a man's honor, a woman's virtue, a *nation's life.*"

CEREMONIES AT FAYETTEVILLE.

[Extract from a letter.]

* * * * * * * *

No particular ceremony was observed either this year or last, and yet the soldiers' graves were not neglected in this place.

On May 30, 1868, myself and my three daughters strewed flowers over all the graves we could find in the cemetery. The present year we again remembered those who died for our country and for us, and with wreaths, crosses, and garlands made bright the last resting-places of our heroes. Among them was the grave of one who in days gone by had worked among those flowers, and who, while faithfully guarding the flag presented to his regiment by the ladies of this village, had sent us word not to neglect the flowers in his absence. It was fitting that over his head should be strewn the brightest blossoms from that garden, and, while thus scattering them, we looked back to the time when he gave his care to their culture, thence down to his march behind our flag to fight for us, that country might still be ours, and liberty an inheritance of our children's forever, and then on to that spring day when all of him left of earth was brought back home and consigned to earth again. Only his memory lives green and fragrant among us.

We have buried in our grounds but fourteen, but among them is one whom Salisbury gave up from its worse than living grave, and who, emaciated from starvation, utterly ruined in health, and broken, oh how broken in mind, yet had the blessing, denied to many such poor fellows, of coming home to die, and of having a wife's loving care at the last.

Then we have a three-months' man, who, going gaily from home, under Seward's prophecy of three months' suffering to crush the rebellion, contracted disease, and as truly died for his country as though shot in battle.

Memories crowded upon us as we went from grave to grave. Here lay one we had known as a child, and who had played with our boy before ever came even the distant mutterings

of the storm. A rebel prison-hospital gave him up a shadow of his former self—gave him up to death.

This one was single, a man in youth's bright morning; that one left many orphan children to mourn a father's loss.

Yonder lay a man whom the draft exempted, but whom even his years could not keep at home. This man's name proclaimed him of foreign birth, but he gave his life for the land of his adoption. Near by were those whose ancestors for generations back were born on the soil, but we know no difference now. All are ours—our heroes, who bought their country with their blood.

I am happy to say that my family were not this year alone in their remembrance of the dead. I applied to the sexton for information as to who else strewed flowers, and he gave me a paper containing the following names: Mrs. Goodrich, Mrs. Grinnell, Mrs. David Collins, jr.

I think there were also a few others, relatives of the soldiers, who brought flowers to decorate the graves of their own especial friends.

Hoping this letter will reach you in season to be of service to you, I remain, truly yours,

M. E. Joslyn Gage.

DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

CEREMONIES AT RALEIGH.

[Phonographic report from the North Carolina Daily Standard, May 31, 1869.]

On Saturday, May 29, 1869, Sedgwick Post No. 2, Grand Army of the Republic, Department of North Carolina, accompanied by a large number of the people of Raleigh and vicinity, paid their annual tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the fallen braves of the republic whose bones lie interred in the National Cemetery, by decorating the head-stones with flags and strewing their graves with flowers. The public offices and most of the places of business on Fayetteville street were closed. The Stars and Stripes were displayed from the capitol and at various other points.

At 3.30 p.m. the procession moved from Nash square in the following order: Grand Marshal W. H. Martin; Raleigh Brass Band; Sedgwick Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Raleigh, bearing the United States colors; detachment of the Eighth United States Infantry; orator, poet, and chaplain of the day, in carriages; State officers and officers of the city of Raleigh, in carriages; ladies and gentlemen in carriages; public schools of Raleigh; citizens on foot.

While the procession was moving a national salute was fired at the cemetery by a section of United States artillery.

Arriving at the ground, the band played "The Red, White and Blue," while the several organizations were taking their places upon and around the stand.

The exercises were opened with a very touching and eloquent prayer by the Rev. Henry Tupper, chaplain Sedgwick Post, Grand Army of the Republic.

The band played the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Captain T. F. Lee, chairman committee of arrangements,

in a few appropriate remarks, introduced the orator of the day, General M. S. Littlefield, who delivered the

ADDRESS.

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: Another year has come and gone since we assembled upon this sacred spot to commemorate the glorious deeds of our departed comrades. Again do we gather around these graves, with hearts filled with grief and eyes suffused with tears, to testify to the undying love of a grateful people for the memory of those who died that the nation might live. This is the second public observance of the occasion which, it is hoped, will occur yearly while there remains a heart loyal to the cause in which our brothers fell. We come, inspired by the spirits of our nation's defenders, to keep fresh and green the memory of those with whom we shared the privations and endured the hardships of the camp, the march, and the battle-field; with whom we have watched upon the picket-line and skirmished the battle front; by whose side we stood when surrounded by danger and death, where musketry answered back to musketry, and where shot and shell replied to shot and shell; with whom we have shared defeat, and with whom we have mingled and commingled where the hills and valleys were made vocal with the shout of "victory at last, boys, victory at last." These mounds, so carefully tended, so beautifully decorated, above which waves day by day the banner of the republic, mark the resting-place of men who died not as mortals ordinarily die, but as sacrifices upon the altar of liberty—that liberty which is as free and impartial as the love of God. These sleepers were patriot citizens. They were not men who thirsted for strife and blood; not adventurers who, from restlessness and curiosity, challenged peril and death; not marauders, whose motive was lust, whose object was plunder; not hirelings, who sold themselves as instruments of ambition; but patriots who, in the hour of our country's trial, volunteered for the defense of American union and American liberty. They regarded the National Federal Government as the ark of freedom, within whose sacred inclosure, deposited by the Divine hand, rested the charter of human liberty. For the preservation of that ark, as in ancient times, when the ark of God was in danger, the Israelites went up as one man to battle and death, so these patriots, when the ark of American human liberty was assaulted, rallied for its defense. They died, but they left a priceless inheritance to all the inhabitants of the land. The great object was to weld the entire American people into one

great and free commonwealth—one nation, one government, and one people. * * * * *

The division of the Union and the existence of two governments founded upon antagonistic and hostile principles, reigning upon the same territory, bound together by great natural and artificial thoroughfares, was certain to blast all prospects of national grandeur, curb the career of national progress, beget undying jealousies, entail constant and bloody strife—in a word, bringing upon the entire land the fate of the South American and Mexican republics. To prevent this the best blood of the nation sprang beneath our starry banner and freely gave their all for their country, for *our* country. They won for themselves a grave, for us a country. Aye, they died that we might live! These men died not simply that there might be one nation, one government, but that the sovereignty of the people might be vindicated and enthroned. That popular government is the only legal government is an ancient and fundamental principle of the American commonwealth: "All political power is vested in and derived from the people only." It is announced in the Declaration of American Independence; it is engrafted into the Constitution of our fathers. "We the people of the United States do ordain" were the royal words which imparted sovereignty to the document. Many wise men regarded a republican form of government as yet an experiment—that popular sovereignty was on trial. For nearly fourscore years the Federal Union had existed. The republic had proved itself powerful in war and prosperous in peace. Great achievements had been attained in science, art, agriculture, and commerce. Her dominions extended from sea to sea. The oppressed of every nation and clime flocked to her shores, and found it an asylum for the free. She had passed triumphantly through three wars, and had forced respect from every nation; her sails whitened every sea, and the munificence of her institutions was known and felt throughout the civilized world. Peace and contentment were hers. Still, the republic was an experiment; it had not been subjected to the throes of a revolution; conspiracy had not assailed her at home; her sons had not as yet deserted her standard and fought to strike her name from the roll of nations. But at last the time came, and, for the Union, in an unpropitious hour. The army and navy had been purposely divided and scattered, to be far from the capital when the blow should be struck which would decide whether she could stand or fall as a republic; which was to decide whether slavery should be the rule and freedom the exception, or freedom the rule and slavery the exception. Yes, the time came; the war-cloud gathered and broke over

our peaceful and happy homes, the monarchs rejoiced, the enemies of popular government mocked at the awful fear that darkened the land. Not a despot upon his throne but prophesied the dismemberment of the republic. England saw in the division the breaking up of that power which had twice written defeat upon her flag. She spoke words of encouragement and gave promise of succor to the South, but to be broken when the trial came, which clothed the contest in doubt, and left the South alone to fight the battles into which she had guided them. Why was this? She saw in the near future that Britannia would no longer rule the wave. Louis Napoleon, that artful monarchist, who rides before the people in a republican car, had listened to the manifestations behind his throne, greater than the throne itself, which had their origin in the success of our young republic, and he saw in the success of the rebellion the downfall of democratic governments. He rejoiced, gave his word to the South, and sent Maximilian to Mexico. These leading powers, with the long train of lesser lights that followed in their wake, hailed the beginning with exultations and joy. Yet they were the first to extend congratulations to the Government when Lee surrendered his sword at Appomattox. After a contest of four years, the like of which the world never saw before, we read through the glittering stars upon our shield the result—not a State lost, not one principle compromised or abridged. The same Constitution we received from our fathers, modified and amended by freedom's law, is ours, to watch over and protect the humblest citizen throughout the republic. This triumph of the Union was the triumph of popular sovereignty, and the question whether governments based upon the doctrine that the people are the source of all civil power can be permanent and successful, is forever settled. More than that, it proved that popular government, resting upon the will of the people, is the strongest government on earth. These men, whose graves are round about us died to settle this question. The result also demonstrated that the power of despotism can be broken and subdued; it proved that there was a power in the people to make themselves free and to preserve that freedom. Thus everywhere was imparted new courage for the advocacy and maintenance of popular rights.

* * * * * * *

The United States are to-day a mighty power in the world, a power that the oldest and most potent of the nations are constrained to respect and fear. The speech of an American senator, speaking by no other authority than that of truth, and on behalf of the people, shakes empires and causes monarchs to tremble as never did the words of Cæsar or Napo-

leon. Aye! the arms and deeds of the citizen soldier have crowned the nation with unparalleled dignity and power.

The result of this war is such an enlargement of the area of freedom that no slave now stands or breathes upon our soil. Civil rights are guaranteed to all, as American liberty is no respecter of persons. The power of the aristocracy is broken, as never was the privilege of voting and holding office so free as it is to-day. Never was the government of the nation and States so emphatically in the hands of the people. Never were the means of obtaining redress for wrongs committed so available. Never were the facilities for education and all means of improvement so free and universal as they are now. So much, my comrades, for the cause and the result.

Let us, in conclusion, look upon these graves where our brothers sleep in sorrow, yet not in anger; in grief and in tears, but not with vengeance on our lips; and, as we look, let us call the spirit of our lamented chieftain from his bloody bier and repeat his Christian words, "With malice towards none, with charity for all." Let us remember, in yonder graveyard rest those with whom we contended, with whom we fought, and remember they were American citizens, as our comrades were American citizens, and as we are American citizens—all children of one nation, one people. Whatever we may think of the cause for which they fell, let us drop upon their graves a tear, and cover with the veil of forgetfulness the past. Let us think and speak of them only as brave men, as honorable foes, and leave the rest with God. We cannot change the past, for that is beyond the control of human hands, but we can and must control the future, and it must be done in such a way that never again upon American soil shall hostile graves be thus closely dug and filled with American dead. This being the case, the question arises, how shall this be done?

The answer is, we must have a harmonious union among all the people, and increase the material wealth of the whole country. That these things must be done no sane man can deny. It is a duty incumbent upon every citizen who claims the protection of the law to sustain this government of the people. The country South is filled with regrets, and many of the people are bowing down with depression. Regrets cannot be changed for that which is in the past, but the cloud of depression can and must be lifted. Our interests and the general good of society demand it. Take a survey of the past, present, and future of our State: we will see we stand in the bright morning of our future.

It requires but the hand of industry to rest in earnest upon

the soil, and wealth in untold millions will leap from her bosom. The South has been backward in her material development by the indifference of her people. It has been a favorite idea with many that it was chance and the circumstances of life that made one part of our country more prosperous than the other; that placed the commerce of the nation upon a northern line and emptied the imports into the storehouses of our northern cities; that received our exports at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston; that landed the industrious foreigners and supplied them with homes in the northern and western States; that built the beautiful manufacturing towns of Lowell and Manchester to spin and weave our cotton; that opened the iron and coal mines of Pennsylvania and New York; that cleared the forests and broke up the prairies of the West, covered them with green fields, and dotted them with populous towns and cities; that built school-houses, where every child is educated, and churches, where all souls are blessed—that chance did this, and more. My friends, this has been a great mistake. Chance has been an idle, sleeping, and dreaming spectator, while these events have been forming by natural agencies alone.

The commerce of the country has been flowing upon a northern line because the southern ports have been practically closed by the people themselves. Nature has opened numerous harbors, wide and deep, and extended them far inland, in nearly every State in the South, and the cotton should be shipped direct to Europe instead of by the way of New York. The ship-building, too, should be done in the South, thus saving the transportation of the material.

Lowell and Manchester built by chance? No! Free labor and free schools located in New England the factories which spun and wove the southern cotton. Now that we have these elements of success, we may have the factories, and sell to them the cotton cloth as in olden times we did the raw material. We should no longer go to the iron and coal fields of the North when we have such an inexhaustible supply in our own State. The South has the land and raw materials, which at no distant day must call men and capital to her rich fields and fertile valleys: then all her people will be prosperous and happy. Let every effort be exerted for a full development of the resources of the State, thereby increasing her material wealth. Until we have done this, we shall not fully understand the lesson taught by the contest which filled these graves. That done, our duty has been performed.

Comrades, let us once more look upon the mounds of these

dead heroes before we part, and leave with them our pledge of affection, that yearly we shall recall the past, and yearly we shall come and strew their pathway to heaven with the fragrant flowers of spring; and if ever the hand of treason or foreign power shall strike that flag, we will revenge the insult, or join them in their slumbers.

Brave heroes! well do you merit these memorials of a nation's gratitude and admiration. No marble shaft, pointing to heaven, commemorates your deeds, but you all have a monument in every American heart, round which the garlands of memory bloom in undying verdure.

The remarks of General Littlefield were interrupted by frequent bursts of applause. After the conclusion of the address a salute for the dead was fired, one gun for each State whose sons lie buried here, one for the regulars, and one for the "unknown" dead. Afterwards James Font Taylor, esq., read a poem inscribed, "The Three Cities: Two Cities of the Dead, and the living 'City of Oaks.'" A hymn was sung by a class of children from Mr. Tupper's school. Rev. W. W. Morgan pronounced the benediction. The graves were then beautifully decorated with flowers, and a small flag was erected upon the headstone of each of the silent sleepers.

DEPARTMENT OF OHIO.

CEREMONIES AT CINCINNATI.

(Post Joe Holt No. 30, Lincoln No. 139, and McCook No. 170.)

THE SCENE IN THE CITY.

The city began early to raise its banners and the citizens to throng and crowd its streets. Business was quite generally suspended after the first hour or two of the morning had passed.

The merchants' exchange was closed. The post office was not open after 10 o'clock. The courts were not in session. There has seldom been a day in which so little business was done. All the city seemed animated by a single and common impulse to give up the day to the beautiful use to which it had been set apart.

THE PROCESSION.

Meantime the procession was slowly getting itself together on Eighth street. First came an escort of police, and then Walter's Band. Then marched in order as follows: Police force, one hundred and seventy-five men, under the command of Captain Robinson; Newport Barracks Band; a company of regulars from the Newport garrison, commanded by Colonel Mason; Companies A, B, C, and D, Cincinnati Zouaves, under the command of Colonel Kennett; Heidel's Band; post-office carriers, thirty-six in number; carriages, in the first of which were seated his honor the mayor, Lieutenant General Sheridan, Governor Lee, and Colonel Moore; others contained members of the city council, judges of the supreme court, and court of common pleas, and various other city officials; Joe Holt Encampment No. 30, Grand Army of the Republic; Menter's Band; Lincoln Encampment No. 139,

Grand Army of the Republic; McCook Encampment No. 170, Grand Army of the Republic; the Cincinnati Orpheus; Turner's Association; the Workingmen's Association.

The procession, though by no means a long one, looked well and marched well. The stirring music filled the air, thrilling with its martial strains the thousands who had assembled on the sidewalks. The bright colors of the Zouaves contrasted well with the sober blue of the regulars.

THE SILENT CITY.

All the morning the spacious grounds of the cemetery had been filling with those who were desirous not only of seeing the solemn ceremonies, but also of participating in them. The trains from the city had brought out their thousands; trains had come down from Dayton and Hamilton, all laden with those who were desirous of seeing the great gathering, and in private conveyances thousands more had come. By 10 o'clock a constant stream of carriages and of citizens was entering the grounds. Through the grand entrance the throng passed down the smooth drive, under the arch, on which were placed in letters of evergreen the legend, "Honor to our fallen braves;" under the bridge, and then into the grounds, so beautiful, so charming, so quiet, so peaceful, that to a fairer city were the ashes of the departed never taken.

The great objects of interest were the graves of the seven hundred and forty-five private soldiers. They were arranged in three different sections, a huge columbiad standing in the center of each, the graves being made around this in three and four concentric circles. No stone marks the resting-place of these nameless heroes; scarcely in observable mounds has the earth been raised; their occupants none of all the vast assembly knew.

Already at the head and foot of each grave fair hands had placed festoons of evergreen, fit prelude to the more costly decorations soon to follow. The columbiads, monsters death-dealing and destructive, were wreathed with garlands and flowers, and stood there as monuments, marking the spot where brave men were sleeping.

THE GRAND STAND.

About 11 o'clock the last special train from the city, having on board those who had marched in the procession, arrived at the cemetery. At once the long line began to march, and while the air was filled with the strains of a mournful dirge the head of the procession entered the ground. Slowly and with even step the great company marched along the broad avenue, the people thronging the gentle slopes on either side to witness their entrance. Then there came to the stand, which had been erected for the occasion, the head of the column, and halting, it stood while there filed by Colonel Moore, the chairman of the committee of arrangements; Mayor Torrence; General Lee, orator of the day; and the Rev. J. G. McKeown; the chaplain; the Lieutenant General of the United States Army; Judges Storer and Taft; Judge Noyes; the Rev. S. J. Browne, and others. These gentlemen occupied seats on the platform.

The scene from the stand, at this moment, was one never to be forgotten. Thirty thousand people were within sight. The air was trembling with the sweet and plaintive music of a superb band. All eyes were directed to the draped stand, waiting for the exercises to begin.

An ode by Professor Venable was then sung by a large and well-trained choir.

THE DECORATION OF THE GRAVES.

Then came the decoration of the graves, the central feature of the day, around which revolved all the other exercises. Into the three sections advanced those ladies to whom the pleasant duty had been confided of expressing the common feeling and desire which inspired the whole multitude. All were clad in dress of purest white, each had in her hands a basket of flowers, to each was assigned a particular section. At a given signal all stepped forward, and on the little mounds at their feet they cast their spring flowers. Not a grave was forgotten or neglected. No one so unknown as not to share in the glory of his fellow-soldiers.

The ceremony was not yet concluded when Colonel Moore stepped forward and introduced, in a few briéf and compli-

mentary words, the orator of the day, Lieutenant Governor Lee, of this State.

ADDRESS BY LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR J. C. LEE.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: Every act has its language; whether the act be of an individual, a society, a city, a state, or a nation, it has its language.

This act of this day, May 29, 1869, in Cincinnati, throughout Ohio, and the United States, has its significant, unmistakable language. Its voice speaks in the delirious music, in the heaven-painted, fragrance-bearing flowers, and in the vast presence of earnest, intelligent, patriotic people. Its tongue makes vocal alike the plain slab, the elaborate and proud monument, as well as the rough, unlettered head-board. This voice is heard, too, coming up from every county and State of the republic. Whether you turn North or South, East or West, upon land or water, out of the resting-place of soldiers and sailors comes this self-same voice. It speaks not merely of home circles broken, of hearts bereft, of dear ones gone, and of graves strewn with flowers and shaded with evergreens, but of man, of government, of union, of patriotism, of Christian civilization, and of God.

In 1863, in the sacred precinct of Gettysburg, a great and good man said:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long exist."

When these words were spoken their perfect truthfulness was conceived by the thinking, disinterested mind of the nation and of the world. Argumentation to prove it was to mystify and render doubtful. Its own statement contained its highest proof. Those who died at Gettysburg "gave their lives that that nation might live." Those whose graves you to-day decorate also "gave their lives that that nation might live." This day's great act says, "A new nation on the American continent, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, was assailed, its life demanded, and then you, disembodied patriot braves, threw yourselves between that attack and that nation. The foe fell and the nation lives." Where you are we cannot now come, but we can conspire with the earth and the sun, and bring to your graves flowers, "the forget-me-nots of the

angels." We can kneel at the foot-stones, and with bowed but uncovered heads, in the lingering presence of the great struggle, our ears crowded with your shouts of victory, and our eyes opened to spiritual visions, beholding you gathering to celebrate our national deliverance. We can allow the poor heart to fill to fullness, and say "Thanks now, and thanks forever."

All can see that there was involved in the late civil war a dislodgment of the authority of the United States within the rebelling States, and the setting up and maintaining in its place of the confederate government. To many nothing more or different appeared or yet appears in it. To many it was nothing more than a material, visible matching of arms and physical force, whose result was a greater aggregation of such physical force on the one side than on the other, and a mere suppression of the weaker physical force; that mere numbers and material munitions of war on one side exceeded and overwhelmed the numbers and munitions on the other; that nothing is achieved beyond that involved in a prize-ring mill between Allen and McCoole; that all questions of the predominance of this or that theory of government, society, or civilization are untouched, unaffected. To many it seems that the triturating, grinding, crushing agencies of the war wrought only such changes as are produced by mere blind, unthinking force. To such it seems that while secession, as a fact, was prevented by mere brute force for the present, nothing but the question of relative power—power to consummate and power to prevent secession—was solved. To such it seems that in the emancipation of the slave is again manifest only the fact of material force for emancipation greater than the material force against emancipation, and that superior force may be temporary, and that soon the inferior may become the superior force. They see in the loss of the labor of and the property in the slave to the master the same and nothing more than is seen when a horse is stolen or a granary burnt.

Comrades, there is something more, something higher, something more enduring achieved. These have not gone up out of a mere physical conflict. The light of their natural lives did not go out in the smoke and darkness and storm of mere physical battle. They and we heard not alone, in the rattle of musketry and roar of artillery, the mere explosion of gunpowder. They and we did not merely see in the slaves that fell in with the march of the army a temporary rescue by a passing superior force. Nor did they and we see the confederate displaced by the federal government, and the confederate armies surrender to the federal armies, and re-

gard them as mere compulsions by superior power. No, thank Heaven! No. Back of and over and above the physical and material conflict was the conflict of spiritual, immaterial forces. That conflict had long been gathering. For a long time was the battle being set in array. Ever since the "new nation" had been conceived in liberty and brought forth by the fathers—yea, even ever since the Dutch traded the first African for tobacco in Virginia had the antagonizing forces been gathering.

The words in which the fathers, in the presence of Great Britain and the civilized world, swore, "All men are created equal," were the foundations of the republic. Upon them the "new nation" was to be built. They constituted the articles of political faith. There was a partial failure in the full realization of their import. The fathers hoped and believed that such was their talismanic power, and such would be their purging and molding energy, that in a short time aught else than the equality of all men would totally disappear. They proved wise in their estimate of the good to flow from their faith realized, but unwise in their estimate of the growth, endurance, and power of its opposite. Instead of equality, liberty, and democracy expanding and strengthening and overshadowing the whole land, it was contracted and weakened and limited. Liberty and slavery were in antagonism. Planted upon the same soil, believed in by the same people, and recognized, if not sustained, by the same constitution, they went to the conscience of the same people for approval or disapproval. At first, stupefied by the inhaled virus and pressed by the night-mare of disease, the conscience pronounced in favor of slavery and against liberty. A still small voice sent from God went about whispering instruction to the conscience, and by degrees, very slowly at first, it began to review its former decision, and in good time it reversed itself, and declared in favor of justice and right, of humanity and God. Then, indeed, did liberty rise, and slavery fall. When the conscience of a nation shall cry out against an evil, then is that evil overthrown. It may linger for a time, but its overthrow is sure. With the American conscience now against slavery, the conscience of the civilized world having for a long time been against it, it felt that it was doomed. It could bear the cripplings of legislation; it could stand the exclusion from the territory northwest of the Ohio river; it could remain south of the Missouri compromise line so long as the conscience of the American people did not put the mark of Cain upon its forehead. But so soon as it became a moral outlaw in the eyes of the American people, it could no longer

brook the restraint of boundaries or compromise lines. To repel the presumption that it conceded this outlawry, it broke its silence, and demanded not only approval in conscience, but universal territorial rights. These last demands it was not able to enforce. Not only were they not acceded to, but concessions heretofore made were called in question. The clash of discussion was heard in every nook and corner of the land. Reason and logic, aided by wit and ridicule, crossed swords in the onset. The fireside, the pulpit, and the forum were places of debate, and at length the great issue took its place in the halls of legislation. In each and all the result was one and the same. Liberty gained steadily, and slavery steadily lost. The people represented in Congress declared against it, while it found temporary but ineffectual defenders on the bench and in the executive offices. These last were not sufficient to the great task of silencing the denunciation of conscience and an intelligent Christian nation. Overborne in argument, smitten by the upbraidings of conscience, and haunted with the ghosts of its own wrongs, it first assailed a cardinal principle of all progress and free government, freedom of discussion. More than that, it attempted to prevent freedom of thought. The press and the tongue were put in chains; the inner chambers of the head and heart were peopled by its spies, and even the subtle movements of thought put under espionage. * * *

To gather anything like a full and correct understanding of the mighty combination and potential forces aimed at human liberty in this conflict we must dwell, and dwell long, upon the fact that eight millions of people living within the confederacy, children of our Anglo-Saxon ancestry, fully believed that slavery was of God; they its protectors, you its destroyers; they the true champions of self-government and national independence, and you their adversaries.

The fact of their faith, their zeal, their courage, their susceptibilities in actual war, is by far more conspicious and important in attaining a proper estimate of the danger than any and all others. Let us turn from the history of its inception, growth, and maturity, and look at it in the light of rebellion successful. To measure the achievement of these dead and you their living comrades we may well inquire, what has been prevented and what secured? Success would have, as the the most palpable result, wrought the dissolution of the union of the States and in it the federal constitutional government. The latter could exist only in the former. All government other than that of the separate States must have disappeared. The line of territorial separation would have been one of mere arbitrary determination. No great natural

division existed. States conscious of individual weakness would have sought alliance with other States. Alliances must have arisen, one or more of which would have stood upon the antipode of human liberty. To these alliances States would have attached themselves, sometimes having territorial contiguity, sometimes governmental affinity, and sometimes neither. Agriculture, commerce by land and sea, religious tenets, and schemes of civil polity, as well as affinities and repugnances of race and nationality, would each and all have been clamorous and conflicting in producing or in failing to produce such alliances.

What prophet could divine the end? If with a written constitution of seventy-three years, with the weldings of the blood of three wars to achieve and maintain that constitution, and if with a national progress and development unexampled in all the past, the nation could not maintain its integrity, what eye could see, or tongue tell, the issue of federal disintegration? Forty separate State governments, in relative strength, varying from one to fifty, ready to open life in a family quarrel over the personal and real estate of their common father, without interstate treaties, without any one having within itself the elements of independence, with jealousies, suspicious, with slavery dominating in some and hatred of it in others, with boundary lines adjusted and adapted only to a condition of union in government, must soon dash themselves in ruin upon each other. Interstate polity would have become dwarfed, the highways of commerce and travel be cut at State lines, forays be rife on the borders, the weaker States become the prey of the stronger, and American wars be as common as, and tenfold more destructive than, those of the Indian tribes. But all these are of only minor consequence. There are yet two others: slavery would have achieved a triumph and established itself in America, where, of all countries in the world, the loudest pretensions were made in the name of liberty, and where to establish itself would be an achievement above all others. Conscious of its outlawry in the conscience of all other Christian people, it could and would have cohered in all its forces to preserve and perpetuate itself, and, unresisted by the weak and disagreeing States of this continent, would have had a long lease of life. It was of course doomed to die, but that death would have been put far off.

The other of the two consequences would have been the perishing from the earth of free government—government by the people—after having been instituted, and for a time maintained, by a people the best fitted for it, and under circumstances the most advantageous to be found on the globe.

Not alone that. The causes of the overthrow, and the character of the contest over it, would have been such as to make it most disastrous. Too plain to be mistaken, either now or hereafter, stood out these causes and the character of the contest. The causes were not of a sudden growth, and unperceived by the people. They came on and up steadily and slowly. They came not stealthily and under disguise, and thus attained an end not legitimately won. They were inherent, intrinsic, veritable opposition to free government by the people. The contest was not of doubtful character in the manner it was conducted and the agencies employed. Whatever of doubt existed at the opening of the contest, in the minds of the least observing, soon gave way. The fight early assumed a square facing of two directly opposite and hostile forces. One must fall before the other. All compromise, all avoidance, all flanking, all strategy were at an end. Nothing but the triumph of the one and the overthrow of the other was possible. Popular government must be complete in its victory or complete in its failure.

January 1, 1863, was the day since which it was possible to have only the destruction of one or the other of the combatants. The historian of the day, and he that is yet to arise, can and will read in the possibilities of the era only the exaltation or the destruction of the doctrine of popular government on this continent. * * * *

Four years have dropped in between us and the conflict. In those four years a vast volume of bitterness, of sadness, of hatred, jealousy, distrust, and political animosity has been buried. The soldiers that crossed bayonets in the field have mingled tears in our common burial-places. The waste places of war are being rebuilt. The old flag, with its constant increase in stars, is now the ensign of the whole nation. Labor and industry everywhere appear, and in lieu of the whip-crack of the overseer and driver, you hear the laugh and song of childhood on its way to school.

While we hear no more chains, and free thinking and writing and speaking everywhere prevail, shall we not, so far as in us lies, lose our animosities against the persons of our late foes, and while we ever hate the treason, stand ready, in the magnanimity of true soldierhood, to speed them on in the attainment of life's blessings. There was a providence in it, and while a madness and a blindness drove them to the initiation and prosecution of a war that ended in the destruction of what they sought to protect, they were working out one of the designs of the Will that is higher than ours.

As each year brings us to the cemetery, with the flowers

of the earth and the gratitude of earnest hearts, may you each, may we all come, under one flag, one constitution, in the sunlight of the same liberty, the trusting children of a common Father, "with malice toward none, and charity for all."

The Orpheus Society sang then, in an admirable manner, an ode that had been written for the occasion. The benediction was pronounced, and homeward the great concourse started. The day that had been dedicated to the dead was ended, its duties all discharged, the honors performed. The republic had again shown in what dear remembrance it holds those men whose aid she had once summoned, and with what perennial honors she will wreathe their memories.

TURNER HALL.

On Saturday evening the beautiful monument erected in Turner Hall to the memories of those of the Turner Society who fell in the war of the rebellion was formally dedicated, in the presence of a large audience, as large as the hall could hold, while many others who could not obtain admission were content to stand without, where, if they could not witness the ceremonies, they could at least feel the spirit which pervaded the air, and testify their sympathy by their presence.

When the hour arrived, the band commenced the exercises by playing the mournful air,

"Sad is my heart, joy is unknown."

after which the Turners sang, with great effect, the solemn dirge:

"Da unten ist Friede, im dunk'len Haus,
Da schlummert der Muede, da ruht er sich aus."

"Below here there is peace in this dark house;
There slumbers the weary, there he rests."

Colonel Gustav Tafel then delivered an eloquent address in German.

COLONEL TAFEL'S ADDRESS.

Comrades and Brother Turners: It is scarcely eight years since this whole country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was one vast camp; when North and South, East and West, there was recruiting, equipping, and arming, in order to decide questions diametrically opposed to each other, and

which by the progress of time had become irreconcilable but by the *ultima ratio*. "Freedom for all!" was the cry of the North. "Perpetuation of slavery!" was the surly response from the South. The last words of peace had fallen upon deaf ears, and in the harbor of Charleston the fury of war had been let loose by the 12th of April, 1861. Hundreds of thousands of the best men in the country fell in the desperate conflict. Untold tears were shed. Scarcely a house in the country where death had not entered; and to-day almost all forgotten already. Scarcely four years since the war closed, and already the tide of public life threatens to bury in oblivion the braves that perished in that gigantic struggle.

Colonel Tafel then enumerated the battles in which the Turners had participated, and in which fell those in whose honor this monument was erected. He spoke of the sin which our nation had committed for so many years in permitting slavery to exist upon our soil, and of the terrible expiation which we had made. He likened those who gave up their lives for their country in the late war to Quintus Curtius, the Roman youth who plunged into the abyss which threatened the destruction of Rome, and so averted the impending doom, and then apostrophized the dead as follows:

"Thus you, noble youths, whose names that marble bears, have, in the flower of your age, in the full vigor of your existence, moved by the noblest of all impulses, plunged yourselves into the abyss which threatened the country with ruin! The chasm is closed up, the fatherland is saved. Praise to you and immortal honor to your memory."

As Colonel Tafel uttered the last sentence the curtain which veiled the monument was removed, the guards presented arms, and a solemn silence, lasting for several minutes, fell upon the audience. They sat with bated breath, as those who stand in the very presence of death. At length the colonel resumed as follows:

"Eighteen members of our society have sealed their fidelity to its principles by their hearts' blood. This marble column, crowned with the Grecian helmet and sword, wreathed in a chaplet of laurels, whose present is it? Has some rich man, in a fit of patriotism, given from his abundance to have this work called into existence under the hand of a skillful artist? No! One of these volunteers who once left wife and child in order to protect them the more effectually at the front, has

for a whole year employed the hours which others devote to recreation after the day's toils to prepare this memorial to the fallen comrades. All honor and respect to him. 'Honor to whom honor is due.'" [Applause.]

CEREMONIES AT STEUBENVILLE.

(Post No. 74.)

At 1 o'clock the various delegations and orders began forming on North Fourth street, the right resting on Logan street, and at 1.45 o'clock the procession, headed by a band, marched in the following order: The speaker, press, and invited guests; music; widows of deceased comrades; Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society; city council; board of trustees of Monumental Association; artillery; music; Grand Army of the Republic; girls and boys with wreaths; American Protestant Association; music; orders of Temperance; orders of Red Men; orders of Odd Fellows; orders of Masons; music; citizens on foot; citizens in conveyances.

On Monument Hill, an eminence overlooking the beautiful grounds, to the right of the main entrance, a large crowd, including the Philharmonic Society, had gathered, and the procession slowly moved around the hill, from which a lovely view of the beautiful grounds can be had.

Near the base of the monument a platform was erected for the exercises of the Grand Army of the Republic, while the monument base was occupied by the Masonic fraternity, under whose auspices the corner-stone was to be laid.

At 2.50 o'clock the exercises opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. McDonald, of this State, followed by an address from Howard Mathews, Grand Master of Ohio, who spoke as follows:

Friends and Brethren: The ancient and honorable fraternity of Masons, when called upon, continue the immemorial custom of laying, with symbolic ceremonies, the first or foundation-stone of public structures.

In response to the request of the patriotic men and women of the ancient city of Steubenville and vicinity, the Grand Lodge of F. and A. M. of Ohio heartily unite in these offerings in memory of your patriotic dead.

Your proposed monumental structure will be a symbol of gratitude to perpetuate the name and fame of those who died to save their country.

Already there is laid deep in your hearts a record of grateful memories. Yet, when the marble shaft is complete and points to the sky, may it be visited by your children, and children's children, to renew their vows to cherish the soldier's memory, with a prayer that this noble government may live forever.

We now inaugurate your architectural labors, by proceeding to lay the foundation-stone of the soldiers' monument.

At the conclusion of the address two glass jars, containing—

List of officers, members, and date of institution of Steubenville Lodge No. 45, F. and A. M., together with the names of officers of the General Lodge of Ohio; also county, township, and city officers;

List of officers and members and date of institution of Meridian Lodge No. 234, F. and A. M.;

List of officers and members and date of institution of Union Chapter No. 15, F. and A. M.;

List of officers and members and date of institution of Jefferson Lodge No. 6. I. O. O. F.;

List of officers and members and date of institution of Lodge No. 143, I. O. O. F.;

List of officers and members and date of institution of Nimrod Encampment No. 3, I. O. O. F.;

List of officers and members of Mingo Lodge No. 21, I. O. R. M.;

List of officers and members and date of institution of Zion Lodge No. 16, A. P. A.;

By-laws of Steubenville Lodge No. 1, Knights of Pythias, with an old three-cent coin and an English sixpence;

List of officers and members of Philharmonic Society of Steubenville;

List of workmen and employés of the Soldiers' Monumental Association;

List of members, officers, and date of institution of Post No. 74, G. A. R.;

List of members and officers and date of institution of Spencer Lodge No. 181, I. O. G. T.;

—together with a history of the Monumental Association,

were placed in a copper box, the lid soldered down, and the box imbedded in the stone prepared for it, when the massive block, the corner-stone of the monument dedicated to the heroic dead, was noiselessly and solemnly lowered to its resting-place, a beautiful requiem from the Philharmonic Society alone breaking the death-like stillness of the large assembly. The band then chimed in, adding melody to the impressive ceremonies. The laying of the corner-stone was followed by the exercises of the Grand Army of the Republic. Rev. W. B. Watkins was introduced as the orator of the occasion.

THE ORATION.

Fellow-citizens: The privilege is granted me, on this solemn national memorial anniversary, of uttering a few words in keeping with the hour, an honor which I can never forget, unless I forget to be a patriot.

The custom of decorating with flowers the graves of fallen comrades, inaugurated by the Grand Army of the Republic, is a fitting and sacred tribute. There is something beautiful in the thought of strewing these flowers over the dead and of planting these emblems on their graves. In almost all ages and countries the dead have been buried in gardens. It makes the terrible burden of sorrow more endurable when we think of the cherished remains of those we love reposing underneath plants and flowers, where nature suggests a glorious resurrection of the dead, as every sunny spring-time awakens the verdure from its long sleep, and clothes it with a fresher beauty and a more exquisite fragrance than ever. To lure the mind to forgetfulness of the past, she has silently covered the deformities occasioned by war with a mantle of living green; she has hidden by trees and fruits and flowers the ravages of the invader; and we to-day, in the impulses of a fadeless affection, bring forth hope and gladness from the ashes of despair, and whisper words of faith and comfort in the ear of the disconsolate mourner, and with exulting tones say, while pointing to the skies,

> "See love, truth, and mercy, in triumph descending,
> And nature, all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
> On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
> And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

But we have met for another alike hallowed object. The Jefferson County Monumental Association was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the noble patriots of this county who gave their lives in

the sacred cause of country. They have thought that for this object no time could be more propitious than the time of peace, and that no day could be more auspicious for laying the corner-stone than the day when loyal hearts gather around the sacred remains of fallen dead, to garland with loving hands their passionless mounds. With solemnities suited to the occasion, and conducted by an honorable and ancient organization, with prayers to Almighty God for His blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, the work is to be done on this national memorial day. We trust that the monument will rise in correspondence with the beautiful symbolism of its design, as long as Heaven permits the work of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

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It was the beautiful saying of the Grecian orator, that "This whole earth is the sepulcher of illustrious men." Nor is it the inscription on the columns of their native soil alone that show their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, reposited more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. These men have lived, not for themselves, but for their country; not for their country alone, but for the world. They belong to history, as furnishing some of the best examples of disinterested and successful patriotism. They belong to posterity, as the instructors of all future ages in the principles of national liberty and the rights of the people. They belong to us of the present age by their glory, by their virtues, and by their achievements. These are memorials which can never perish. They will brighten with the lapse of time, and, as they loom on the ocean of eternity, will seem present to the most distant generations.

In the flight of their probation they were not passing over granite pavements, where only the strong-scented hounds of eternal vigilance might pass them, but they were walking over clay, where their very foot-prints abide and may be seen by all who come after them. Their work is a work vaster than we can measure; it is beyond our thought; they builded larger than they knew. * * * * * *

The band followed with music, when a poem, written by Mary Bynon Reese for the occasion, was read by Colonel W. R. Lloyd.

During the reading of the poem the Grand Army and the children with wreaths and flowers decorated the graves, the bands played a dirge and the minute-gun from a neighbor-

ing hill joined in with its deep-toned voice. Rev. McCurdy pronounced a benediction, when the procession re-formed and returned to the city.

CEREMONIES AT SALEM.

(Trescott Post No. 84.

ADDRESS OF MR. M. R. ROBINSON.

* * * * * * *

These graves we decorate to-day are those of the soldiers and martyrs of liberty. We may not forget that those soldiers of slavery, our enemies, were patient, enduring, earnest, and heroic. We cannot forget, if we would, that they won victories at our cost. We honor these virtues of a common humanity even in the enemies of our country; but, while doing honor to these, we still detest the men who could be disloyal at once to country and humanity—who as the myrmidons of slavery slew all these. No, while we labor for peace, for reconstruction of government, and restoration of rebel criminals to all rights and privileges compatible with public and personal safety, we may never forget the difference between loyalty to liberty and loyalty to slavery; we may never forget that it was slavery, with these armed and marshaled rebels, that filled our land with mourning and the oppressed of all lands with fear and despair. When we do forget or palliate their crime, we shall have forgotten the difference between treason and loyalty, between good and evil—shall have become moral idiots and fit only for slaves.

Posterity may forgive our Government that not one of all the millions of traitors whose bloody hands made all these graves—not one has expiated his crime by the laws of the republic. History may go further, and record it as an act of most honorable magnanimity, a new era of government. A new confidence in humanity, which justifies it in permitting traitors to go unwhipped of arbitrary punishment, may restore submissive rebels to the rights of citizenship. All this may be, but it can only be where impartial justice prevails. Our Government is trying the experiment, an experiment only practicable in a republic, and which must fail of success here, unless she concedes impartially all rights to all, with equal privileges before the law. There must be no privileged, no disfranchised class. Rich and poor we shall ever have, with other distinctions in society, because some men are born with capacity and others with incapacity for improving the oppor-

tunities of life. But, however marked the distinction of race or physical organization, all must have equal governmental protection in doing the best they can in the struggle for life.

* * * * * * *

And, after all, is not this policy of justice, coupled with magnanimity, the highest tribute we can pay to our noble dead? Was it for personal hatred, for revenge, for sectional hatred, or sectional prejudice, or sectional aggrandizement that they laid down their lives? Ah, no: as the ministers of justice and right, they sought, in the only possible way, on the battle-field the reunion of their country, a true union under a free government, administering just laws, before which the toiler, of whatever race, who in shop or mine or plantation furrow, earned his homely fare from day to day, should enjoy the price of his labor, should stand proudly the equal of his brother, though he might claim kingly birth and be recognized as a man of fashion, of leisure, of wealth, or of fame.

I appeal to you, the surviving heroes of the war, here on this day consecrated to the sacred recollections of your departed comrades, was it for any less than this you fought? Was it for a less high and noble purpose that your comrades died? Let, then, Congress enact such laws; let the President execute them North and South, on the Atlantic and the Pacific, now united with new promise of national prosperity and permanent union, and the work of our armies is perfected, and our soldiers, living and dead, are honored more than by hecatombs of rebels shot or hung; more than by monuments of most enduring marble; more than even by our beautiful offering of gratitude to-day. It honors them, because it makes practical the idea which to them was more than life; because it places our Government foremost in this practical confidence in the people; because it gives practical demonstration to all oppressed and waiting people, that a free, just government is possible.

How many men from our town and immediate vicinity went to the army I do not know, but I have the names of one hundred and seven soldiers from Salem and vicinity, or belonging to Salem regiments, who have died. Of these, more than eighty-eight died during the war; the remainder since its close. The remains of forty-six lie here with us in Salem. The others lie scattered here and there from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the lakes to the gulf. You have the names of those whose remains are with us. As a tribute to the memory of those whose graves are not here, and whose friends and comrades for the most part have not had the sad but desired opportunity of welcoming back even the ruins of the temples of their departed spirits, I will name

such as I have been able to obtain as the best honor I can do them to-day. [The speaker then read a list of eighty-three names.]

Others there are. Doubtless some of these, perhaps all are graves on which no comrade's hands shall drop flowers to-day or ever. But their works remain, and to-day we honor them none the less that it was not within the possibilities for the affection of kindred or the gratitude and sympathy of fellow-townsmen to bring them to the burial-ground of their homes.

All honor to those who fill these unknown graves. All honor to those whose *names*, as well as their graves, may be unknown. 'Tis the fate of individual humanity to be soon forgotten, much as we may covet immortality. Noble deeds are most enduring. Such are the monuments of the patriot dead.

After the conclusion of Mr. Robinson's address the band played a solemn and appropriate dirge, and the vast concourse of people gathered around a beautiful monument of evergreens, which was erected by the members of Post Trescott as a tribute of respect to the Salem boys who fell in battle, or died in rebel prisons, and were buried in unknown graves. It was a handsomely-decorated pyramid, that rose to the height of some twenty feet, from the top of which was draped a beautiful silk flag, bearing on its folds the motto,

"We did and will defend it."

In the center of the base, wreathed with evergreens and flowers, in golden letters, were the words,

"To our comrades buried in unknown graves."

On its terraces the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and soldiers not belonging to that order deposited beautifully-arranged bouquets, while forty-six misses, stationed at the forty-six soldiers' graves, scattered over them also handsome and elegant flowers.

Then followed the dedicatory address, delivered in a most impressive and forcible manner by our townsman Major J. S. Clemmer, as follows:

Comrades: We have again assembled in this cemetery, on this 30th day of May, in accordance with an established custom of our order, (the Grand Army of the Republic,) to visit and strew with flowers the graves of our fallen comrades. In addition to the ceremony of decoration we have erected

this monument of evergreens, so beautifully decorated with the choicest flowers of spring-time. In commemoration of our beloved, brave, and heroic comrades, who rest beneath these passionless mounds, and to those who sleep in unknown graves on the many battle-fields, we dedicate this monument. It will soon wither, fade, and perish, but as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us, there will be a monument in each heart, dedicated to their memory, ever fresh and ever green. The loyal people, whose government has been saved from foul treason's grasp, and placed upon a basis worthy of perpetuation, will not forget those heroes, but will erect a monument worthy of them and the cause for which they sacrificed their lives.

Comrades, in this cemetery to-day are the representatives, living and dead, of almost every battle-field from April 12, 1861, to April 9, 1865. As we love and welcome the beautiful sunlight, when the storm-cloud has passed away, so let occasions like the present sweeten our memories of departed comrades. As we look upon this monument of evergreen, we remember our enlistment and muster into the great army of the Union. Then came the sad partings with wife and children, brothers and sisters, father and son, mother and her darling boy, lovers and their sweethearts. Alas! with many their first was their last parting! Then we remember camp duty; the drill by squads, companies, and battalions, all preparatory to the long, weary march; the line of battle, the conflict, victory or death! We gaze upon these beautiful bouquets, so nicely arranged by the ever-kind and constant ladies; their beauty of color and symmetry of form remind us of the living features, form, and activity of our now silent and motionless comrades. The fragrance of their social qualities! oh, how vividly we remember that long chat around the camp-fires, upon the eve of battle, about country, home, and loved ones! We remember that dark, damp night, when we came into camp from picket duty wet and chilly, how kindly they invited us to share their blanket and half rations, and we drank from the same canteen.

"Oh! how those recollections of the past
Come rushing thick and fast."

It is very befitting that above all these commemoration decorations, dedicated to our fallen comrades, we raise that dear old flag they so nobly defended. Its stars and stripes never shone brighter; never did it more proudly wave than to-day over our happy, peaceful, and prosperous United States of America, now and forever free.

When we were called upon to defend our insulted flag,

there was but one lone star to guide the wandering fugitive to a land of freedom, and that beyond our boundaries. I need not name it, it is fixed forever in the blue above us; but to-day we have in our field of blue a constellation of thirty-seven bright stars, as firm and fixed, we trust, as the lone north star above us, welcoming and guiding all alike to our vast domain, forever consecrated to liberty, justice, and equality. * * * * * *

"We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the rebellion. What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds; let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided republic. If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as life and reason remain to us."

After some excellent music by the band, Judge Ambler, in a few well-timed and eloquent words, urged the propriety of erecting an enduring monument as a tribute to those from our midst who fell in defense of our rights and liberties. The suggestion met with a hearty response, and immediately the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to procure means and superintend the erection of a monument, and to report at one year from that day: Joel Sharp, J. Twing Brooks, Alexander Pow, T. C. Boone, and Amos Rank.

CEREMONIES AT CLEVELAND.

(HAMPSON POST No. 87.)

ON THE WEST SIDE.

Hampson Post No. 87, Grand Army of the Republic, met at its hall, No. 178 Superior street, Cleveland, and at 10.30 o'clock, sharp, marched quietly, without music, to the cars at the foot of Superior street, and with the Germania Band proceeded to the West Side market. Arrived at the market, they formed, and with the carriages containing the ladies' floral committee, who came from Roeder's Hall, marched in procession to the cemetery, the streets being crowded on both sides with a large concourse of people, notwithstanding the unpropitiousness of the weather, the rain pouring down as the procession entered the main entrance. Slowly to the strains of a funeral dirge the procession marched until it reached the Roger's monument, where it formed in open order, letting the ladies' committee pass through its ranks, and take position near the monuments. The people then formed in double lines around the mound; silence was commanded, and a solemn prayer was offered up by Rev. Moses Hill, at the conclusion of which the band played a dirge. The Hon. D. K. Cartter delivered the address.

ADDRESS BY JUDGE CARTTER.

He touchingly alluded to the solemn occasion which had called them together to strew flowers on the graves of the departed soldiers. He, too, had had a son who died in the service of his country, and he had himself strewn flowers upon his grave. He felt as if he could not speak—his heart was too full of sad memories. What most astonished him was that by some these ceremonies were regarded as a desecration of the Sabbath. Could it be that one of the most solemn rites of religion, such as paying tribute to the memory of deceased soldiers, of casting flowers on their graves, was considered desecration? The Lord forgive those ministers—Christian ministers—for the thought. In ages past came the declaration of God, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," written on tablets of stone, and is this solemn ceremony to be regarded as disobedience to that law? He came

here to remember this Sabbath day, by commemorating the life and death of our noble soldiers by strewing fresh flowers on their graves. They have suffered, they have bled, they have died for their country, that we might enjoy its blessings. There are no more Shilohs, no more Gettysburgs, no more Vicksburgs for them; no long marches, no more privations of camp and field. We now inherit the glories of all these battle-fields, which brought to us victory and peace. These are American honors, tributes to our nationality. I do not speak of all the glory of these battle-fields; they mark too much destruction mingled with this glory. These men died that liberty might live. They died that the intelligence of the country might be advanced. They died that our common schools might live. They died for the liberty of conscience, that we might enjoy its freedom. Ought we not, then, solemnly to strew these flowers over their graves this day? Would that the church could feel as we feel that this would cover not only the sanctuary of the pulpit, but the sanctuary of the dead."

After the conclusion of Judge Cartter's address the post re-formed and marched to the graves, twenty-three in number, each one designated by a small American flag, strewing flowers over each grave, mingled with wreaths and crosses. No words were spoken, but the tear-dimmed eye, alike depicted upon the countenance of stern men and gentle women, showed this to be no desecration of the holy Sabbath.

AT WOODLAND CEMETERY.

Long before the hour appointed all the streets leading to Woodland Cemetery were thronged with crowds making their way to the place on foot, in carriages, and by the street cars. The broad avenues of the cemetery, the walks, and that part of the not yet laid out lots, were also filled, and still the multitude increased. At the same time the Catholic Cemetery opposite was thronged in like manner by those who could by no possibility get within hearing distance of the pavilion where the speaking took place. The crowd was simply overwhelming in its immensity. At 2.30 o'clock the procession arrived, and following it came another multitude. The procession, consisting of the Germania Band, the members of Hampson Encampment, and the several committees, including the ladies' committee, arriving at the pavilion, the

exercises were opened by Captain W. C. Buntz, commander of the post, who read the order from the headquarters of the Grand Army for the observance of the day. He then announced prayer by Rev. W. F. B. Jackson. The great crowd stood with uncovered heads during the delivery of the impressive prayer, and then the hymn for the day was sung:

Beneath the summer sky,
How peacefully they lie,
At rest from wars;
Oh sacred hold the grave
Of each devoted brave,
Who poured his blood to save
The stripes and stars.

Captain Buntz then introduced General A. C. Voris, of Akron, who made the following address:

This day, for so many ages sacred to holy thoughts and noble aspirations, fittingly beholds a nation's gratitude manifesting itself throughout the breadth of a continent in these decorations.

All over the land to-day patriotic hearts, as we come together at the sacred resting-places of the nation's glorious dead to commemorate the heroic deeds of those who made the last long sacrifice—too frequently claimed of those who honored the call of patriotism when duty justified the terrible resort to arms—mingle their tears and revive their sympathies with those who lost their dearest earthly treasures in our late bloody struggle.

Our contributions in this behalf can be no sort of compensation to those whose hearts are broken by the calamities of the late war, and cannot restore what the nation lost in the persons of its truest friends and defenders; yet we can do much to assuage the personal and national grief by showing a just appreciation for their devotion, and a determination on our part to put a restored Government on such sure foundations that our children and our children's children shall be assured against the recurrence of like calamities.

Decorate these graves with the brightest flowers and of the richest odors, yet their brightness and spotless purity can never equal the luster of the virtues of the patriotic dead who fell boldly in the vindication of right and national honor; nor can their perfumes compare with the incense that rises to heaven from the altars upon which these patriotic sacrifices were consumed.

Appreciate as you will, you can never know what this people owe to the devotion of the citizen soldiers, who cheerfully put every earthly consideration into the scale, suffered

every privation, endured every physical suffering, met every danger, triumphed over every difficulty, and defied death itself, to give to you the beneficence of a just and permanent government.

These graves tell us that human happiness and human life were the priceless cost of the establishment of our institutions. To the lasting glory of these martyrs be it remembered, that they voluntarily did and suffered all because duty demanded it. * * * * * * *

Now here, among the remains of our martyred heroes, and as some measure of compensation for what they and their dear friends suffered for the public good, let us resolve to profit by the sad experience of the past, and adopt such policy for the future as will be most conducive to a realization of the benefits intended to be secured by our late great sacrifices, and to avoid the repetition of like disasters.

In a popular government like ours public duties attach to every citizen. The purity of the government, the liberality and permanence of its institutions, live and flourish in the people, die or become impaired in their neglect or apathy.

* * * * * * *

The history of the late treasonable war is written full of narratives of crimes so atrocious that the mere recital of them makes the blood chill in the strongest heart, and of calamities that desolated the fairest portions of our land, and caused anguish to every family throughout its length and breadth.

I point out these evils as an admonition for the future. If we realize the evils, we will be prepared for their prevention.

Instead of wishing to inflame a vindictive spirit toward our misguided brethren of the States lately in rebellion, I wish to say a few kind words for them.

We must cultivate relations of amity and cordiality with them. It is for our good as well as theirs. Our business interchanges, State political organizations, foreign relations, and the future existence of the Union, demand this. Let us, with a wise, statesman-like policy, bury our old animosities in a grave so deep that no resurrection may ever bring them forth again.

What a glorious work is before us! A country embracing all climes, productions, and peoples, with a probable future pregnant with a fuller realization of happiness, prosperity, power, and beneficence than ever yet was secured by man, with an expansive yet cohesive power that can only be arrested by the billows of the oceans limiting the boundaries of the continent, is in our hands, to be guided to that highest grandeur of empire, the rule of an intelligent, virtuous, and magnanimous people.

That all the States of the Union are to be co-existent and co-equal in our future greatness and glory are indicated by our national organization, the events of the war, and the dictates of wisdom.

We can afford to be generous toward the misguided people of the States lately in rebellion.

If they have capacity and disposition to adapt themselves to the new order of things, and it is to be hoped they have, we should give them a fair chance, with a liberal allowance for shortcomings, consequent upon education, prejudice, and bitter disappointments.

Better have ten millions of allies interested as much as we are in the development of a common country and the advancement of civilization on this continent, than have the same number of unsettled, discontented, and hating enemies standing in the way of progress. * * * *

They saw the poor African whom they owned and treated as their slave arise out of the conflict a free man, the only person benefited by it, unless the stripes the South received shall have a salutary effect.

I have seen many a battle-field strewed with the slain of the flower of their manhood, their cities and towns destroyed, their cultivated fields laid waste, and the *elite* of the South dressed in rags and their children begging bread. * * *

Need you be told, after such recitals, that they have felt the force of their chastisement?

They do know from whence their tribulations came, and all are profiting from the punishment. Their calamities should provoke our pity rather than revenge. * *

The South wants peace, law, and order. They know the war has left their political relations inseparably connected with the Federal Government, and though it is not the government of their choice, they realize that destiny has made them a part of the Union, from which they cannot escape if they would, and that no time in the future looks propitious for any change. As a people awake to their own interests, they must feel like putting themselves in harmony with that government with which they must forever act, and of resuming their share of political power as soon as possible. Whilst we cannot say that they are loyal as we are loyal, possessing the loyalty of affection, yet we must admit to them the loyalty of interest and self-preservation. We should expect expressions of disappointment and ill-feeling toward the victor, without making such manifestations of passion evidence of disloyalty.

In what penalties can a higher guarantee be secured than is already had in the acquiescence of the late rebellious

States in the demands of the General Government, the disastrous overthrow of those arrayed against it, and the recognized sequences of the war? * * * *

The mighty army that so lately astonished mankind by its achievements was the free-will offering of a people whose will is the law of the land.

It was a volunteer army, led into the field by the conscious pride and loyalty of the citizen, and supported through long years of trial, hardship, and awful dangers by conscience rather than passion.

When duty called the citizen flew to the rescue; father, son, husband, brother, relative, and neighbor, left all the endearments of society, family, relatives, and friends, and fearlessly assumed the relation of soldiers, labored through heat and cold, day and night, for years; met the privations of camp and campaign life without a murmur, cheerfully defied the dangers of miasmas and pestilence, courageously encountered the perils of the battle-field and the hazards of siege operations, and heroically met death itself in its most horrid forms, as an earnest of his loyalty.

No one can know the extent of these social deprivations till he has felt them in the field.

> "The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
> When duty to far-distant latitudes sends,
> With transport would barter whole ages of glory
> For one happy hour with wife, children, and friends."

These sacred remains eloquently tell us of the moral heroism that crowned the lives of the citizen soldiers of our late army.

Our sisters, wives, and mothers, what can we not say of their devotion? The holy encouragements they always gave to us to acquit ourselves like men. Their angelic ministrations, counsels, and contributions gave us more of hope in darkest hours of our tribulations than the success of battles. That God-speed they gave us as we departed for the field wrung them keener in the heart, that deep, pure fountain of woman's love, than man can tell. Think of their years of desolation, of solicitude and watching, for the safety and restoration of their loved ones. Who can measure the anguish and desolation of that broken-hearted wife or mother, whose dearest earthly treasures fell a sacrifice in the cruel war? Who can honor enough that Christian resignation that did bear the awful visitation of the war with the fortitude manifested by our American wives and mothers?

These supreme contributions for our country's sake make it exceedingly precious to us. Our calamities and sacrifices have chastened our pride, and made us willing to do justice.

We will only need to be reminded of the terrible cost our negligence caused to prompt us to be vigilant for the future. By the late awful penalties suffered by us as a people will we teach our children the benefits of a good government and the dangers of treason. If we have the wisdom to profit by this late lesson, a most glorious destiny is before us. With a reunited people, and a government in fact established upon the eternal foundations of justice and equality, with the fairest and most productive portion of the earth for our inheritance, as large as half of Europe; with a combination of interests, resources, and powers of development almost infinite; with a people possessing a vigor of thought, enterprise, and effort unbounded; with no mean distinctions in the way of honest effort, a patriotism chastened by the calamitous experience of a past, and strengthened by the efforts and sacrifices of the rest, guided by the light of past experience, determined to lead in the advance of the human race, and stimulated by honest individual and national pride, such as none but the American feels, may we hope to see the day when our national existence shall stand the most glorious political structure ever erected by the wit of man, the most potent on the face of the earth, rejoicing in the affections of its very subjects, and honored by every power on the globe.

We may indeed rationally expect this, with a purer patriotism to guide our destiny.

We will love our Government because it is the price of our best blood, our highest efforts, and greatest sacrifices, and those who have been estranged will be compelled to admire it for its magnanimity.

Under the guidance of Him that ruleth the nations of the earth, if we but profit by these lessons, may we dedicate our political temple to the future happiness of our children for all coming time, and hopefully expect the realization of our dedication.

The decorating party, divided into four divisions, then set about the duty of strewing the graves with flowers and wreaths, the band meanwhile playing dirges. Relatives and friends of the deceased soldiers accompanied the solemn processions as they marched about the grounds. There were one hundred and two graves to decorate in Woodland.

This part of the day's proceedings having been accomplished, the divisions were re-united and proceeded to do like ceremony at the Catholic Cemetery.

There was a vast crowd here as at Woodland, and the cere-

monies were highly interesting and impressive. The hymn of the day was sung by the choir, and the post commander announced Rev. J. F. Gallagher, of St. John's Cathedral, who made a few remarks. He said Bishop Rappe would have been present but for prior engagements which could not be neglected. The bishop had delegated him to appear in his place, and say that his sympathies were with the movement in hand. Who can blame us, said Father Gallagher, for doing this honor to the brave men who died in defending our homes and firesides, and to preserve the best country the world ever saw? It would be ungrateful to forget that they gave what all men prize most—their lives—for their country's salvation. After a few other remarks, Father Gallagher offered prayer, and the procession moved out of the cemetery to proceed to the Erie Street Cemetery.

Here the decorating of the graves was done as at the other places, but there were no other ceremonies. It was past 6 o'clock p. m. when the procession arrived and a drizzling rain was falling.

The number of graves decorated during the day was as follows: One hundred and two at Woodland, twenty-five at the Catholic Cemetery, thirty at the Erie Street, and twenty-three at the West Side Cemetery, making a total of one hundred and eighty-two.

THE OLD ARTILLERY.

A number of the surviving comrades of the Old Cleveland Light Artillery assembled at Woodland Cemetery, and at the conclusion of the main ceremonies proceeded to particularly remember and honor the graves of several of their old companions there and at the Erie Street grounds.

CEREMONIES AT YOUNGSTOWN.

(Couch Post No. 90.)

Post No. 90, Grand Army of the Republic, department of Ohio, formed at their headquarters at 1.30 p. m., May 30, and proceeded to the office of W. P. Jones, esq., the place

designated for depositing of flowers and reception of speakers, clergy, and lady committees, under the direction of C. C. Chapman, chief marshal.

Order of Procession.—Music; colors draped; ministers and speakers; Grand Army of the Republic; decorating committee, (ladies;) rear guard of the Grand Army; soldiers not belonging to the Grand Army; relatives of deceased soldiers; civic societies; citizens.

On reaching the speakers' stand the following order was observed: Music—"America;" reading General Order No. 21, by post commandant; prayer; music; calling roll of the dead; eulogies by General Sanderson, Colonel Nash, Messrs. W. L. Brown, R. B. Murray, A. W. Jones, R. E. Knight, W. G. Moore; oration by Rev. Samuel Maxwell, jr.; music—"O'er the Graves of Loved Ones Plant Beautiful Flowers;" decorating committee escorted in detachments, by Grand Army of the Republic, to graves designated by small banners; flowers strewn simultaneously, at signal of bugle, from center of cemetery.

The ladies were dressed in black and white, two to each grave, representing the past and the future.

CEREMONIES AT WOOSTER.

(Eliot Post No. 203.)

At 2 o'clock p. m., the hour designated, the procession began to form at Arcadome Hall, and soon after moved thence to the cemetery, under the direction of Post Commander Colonel J. H. Carr and Adjutant J. H. Stibbs, in the following order: Cornet Band; Martial Band; artillery; detachment Grand Army of the Republic, under arms; members of the post; all the other soldiers; ladies having charge of decorations; speaker and chaplains; mayor and city council and officers; fire department, Odd Fellows, and Temperance organization.

While the procession was moving from the public square to the cemetery the Wooster Silver Cornet Band played the "Grand Army March" and the "Mount Vernon March."

The assemblage, when the procession had reached the cemetery grounds, was collected in front and around the band wagon, which for the occasion was extemporised into a stand. After prayer by Rev. S. W. Miller, an original song, by Dr. L. Firestone, was sung.

When the singing was concluded the detachment of the Grand Army of the Republic fired a grand salute, and Dr. J. M. Weaver, the secretary, next in order read the list of deceased soldiers interred in Wooster Cemetery.

When Dr. Weaver had concluded reading the list, the ladies having in charge the decoration went to the eastern portion of the cemetery and there began the work of bestrewing the graves with flowers and the laying on of evergreen wreaths. It was pleasant, too, to see that the grave of him that seemed more unknown even than that of any of the others—that of Michael Leonard, the drummer-boy—was the recipient of special attention. It was given a very shower of flowers; and could his mother have witnessed the act—how tenderly it was done and the eagerness with which it was witnessed—gladness would have gone to her heart as tears came to her eyes, and caused it to overflow with a blessing for those who had so considerately honored the grave of her dear boy. During the ceremony of decoration the band played "Rest, Spirit, Rest," "Old Hundred," and the "*Andante* German," while the artillery squad fired minute-guns.

When the work of decoration was complete, the band called the people to the stand once more. Following this, the choir sang, sweetly and musically, the following:

Awake not their slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of brave soldiers, 'tis Liberty's mound.
Your deeds were all glorious, our Union to save,
Our own gallant sons, now asleep in the grave.
Oh, wake not the heroes, their battles are o'er,
Let them rest, calmly rest, on their own native shore,
While the Stars and the Stripes of our country shall wave,
O'er the land that can boast of the true and the brave.

Colonel Carr next introduced Captain A. S. McClure, who delivered the address:

Ladies and Gentlemen: God has wisely planted in the human breast a sentiment of respect for gallant deeds and of reverence for the heroic dead. Characteristic alike of savage and

civilized man, the operation of this feeling announces the existence of the noblest and purest emotions. In the whirl of civilization—in the rush for wealth, power, fame, public position, civic and military honors—so much cold-heartedness; so much base, unhallowed passion is displayed, that it is refreshing to see a nation or an individual turn from the gilded pleasures of life to decorate the resting-places of the dead.

The grave of an ancestor, bramble-grown and unnoted, proclaims the ignominy of the descendants; the graves of a nation's dead unhonored tell the mournful story of a nation's decay.

History asserts the unchallenged truth, that when a nation turns with cold indifference from the graves of those who in the fiery ordeal of battle protected its flag and built up its power, the elements of dissolution and decay are at work.

The living owe the dead honor, reverence, care. The violation of this natural obligation, whether by nations or individuals, furnishes the clearest evidence of debasement. Fortunately the American people are not open to the charge of criminal forgetfulness in this matter.

To-day the nation bends over the tomb of its blue-coated dead! In the roar of great cities, in the unbroken stillness of country vales, by the side of river, lake, gulf, and ocean, on historic spots disfigured by war, in sequestered cemeteries, unprofaned by blood, throughout the continental area of our vast domain, millions of gentle hands strew the offering of flowers, the pure token of the purest sorrow, over the ashes of our soldier dead. * * * *

Fifty-one soldiers' graves honor this home of the dead. The ashes of veteran and recruit, broad-chested, full grown man and promising boy, general and private, foreigner and native-born, father, husband, son, and brother, the representatives of every battle that covered the national arms with glory, made the national success brilliant, overwhelming, conclusive, repose in honorable slumber about us.

The startling history of that terrible conflict for American nationality we have this day covered up with flowers. Unpack these graves, and you will discover the ashes of men who wrestled at Bull Run, struggled at Shiloh, fell at Williamsburg, charged at Fort Donelson, rallied at Stone River, were slaughtered at Fredericksburg Heights, victimized at Chickasaw, ambuscaded in the Wilderness, who stood immovable as rock before the red tide of Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Antietam, who scaled the heights of Vicksburg, fought among the clouds of Mission Ridge, crossed the Alleghenies, the Cumberland, the Blue Ridge, changed base with McClel-

lan at the Peninsula, marched to the sea with Sherman, swept the Shenadoah with Sheridan, rejoiced with Grant at Appomattox; men who fell in the field, died in the hospital, wasted in prison, who left home round-cheeked with the solid treasures of health, and came back to die. Uncover these noble forms, and you can see the sad havoc of civil slaughter. You can measure the iron obligations of patriotism. You can estimate the heavy cost of their high devotion to the Union. Standing by their ashes, softened, humanized by the glorious story of their heroism, I fling aside hatred, I smother malevolence, I blot out the exasperating recollection of cruel wrongs to our common country, I welcome the returning loyalty of our misguided enemies, hoping the flag, institutions, nationality of this great republic, that cost such dear treasures of youth, manhood, and courage, may forever be devoted to peace and sacred to the hand of domestic violence.

In their lives there was nothing cowardly, in their soldiership there was nothing dastardly, in their death nothing ignominious. * * * * * *

Love for the great institutions our soldiers died to maintain, obedience to the laws their valor enforced, devotion to the Union their blood cemented, should embellish our lives. Should the storm of war cloud the bright destiny of the republic; should foreign foe throw down the gauntlet to us on sea or land; should monarchs combine to overthrow the liberal policy of the United States of America, a glance at these soldiers' graves will bring strength to defeat all these foes, to dissolve all coalitions, and to carry our flag triumphantly over every battle-field.

When the address was concluded the band played "The Faries' Quickstep," and then the choir sang the following dirge, "They have Gone to their Graves:"

They have gone to their graves in peace;
They sleep with the pious dead;
Their toils and cares forever cease,
And every grief has fled.

Cho.—Amid the countless throng,
Redeemed by atoning blood,
They sing the exulting song
In praise of a pardoning God,
And the grave shall yet restore
The form of the sainted one.
O, then, let us weep no more
That they to their rest have gone.

This brought the ceremony to the benediction, which was impressively pronounced by Rev. G. M. Preston.

CEREMONIES AT BAINBRIDGE.

(Post No. 255.)

The 29th of May was selected as the day of decoration. Twelve comrades were chosen as a guard of honor, (armed;) two were appointed to bear the draped flags. The guard formed with colors at the head of the column at 1 p. m., and marched to the church, where several appropriate addresses were made. The "long-roll" was then sounded, the guards fell into line, the chaplain leading the column, guards next, preceded by the colors, followed by thirty young misses, dressed in white, with blue sashes across the shoulders and wreaths of flowers on their heads; next the unarmed camp, relatives of soldiers; lastly citizens; and marched to the grave-yard in two ranks. When within three hundred yards the column halted, arms reversed, and with muffled drums and the "Dead March" played, marched to the cemetery. On arrival at the entrance column halted. The drums, chaplain, and speakers were sent to the last grave to be decorated. All the graves to be decorated were marked with flags. Guards and misses proceeded to the first grave, and one rank took each side of the grave. Order given "Front!" "Front rank, about face!" "To the rear, open order, march!" "Present arms!" at which command the flag-bearers touched the tips of their flagstaffs together, forming an arch at the head of each grave. The ladies now passed through the open ranks, on each side of the grave, strewing flowers as they passed. On passing the flag they right and left countermarched and resumed their original position at the foot of the graves. The order "Shoulder arms!" was now given. Then the name, rank, regiment, and other particulars relating to the deceased were read, after which the ranks were closed, and the column put in order for marching to the next grave. The same ceremonies were observed at all the graves, both white and colored. A wreath was laid on each grave, and a wreath made to twine around each monument. After the ceremonies at the last grave the doxology was sung, benediction pronounced, and the con-

gregation dismissed. The Grand Army of the Republic marched back to headquarters and separated.

CEREMONIES AT ALLEN CENTER.

(Post No. 264.)

This post met at 1 o'clock p. m. on the 30th of May, at its hall, and marched to the cemetery, where the chaplain, Rev. A. A. Burroughs, made an address. He spoke of the cause which had called them together, and of the brave fallen whose graves they were about to strew with flowers. After the address they marched in two ranks to the graves of the departed comrades, and completely covered them with the choicest flowers the country could afford. They then proceeded to the grove, in one corner of the cemetery, where they were addressed by the Rev. J. Whistler, a one-armed soldier and minister. With the national flag over his head, he proceeded to deliver an address of about three-quarters of an hour in length. There was a large crowd of people on the ground, and there were but few dry eyes to be seen among them, such was the eloquence and moving power of the speaker.

In conclusion, the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the post marched back to the hall in good order and there separated.

CEREMONIES AT SWAN, VINTON COUNTY.

(Butler Post No. 271.)

The hour of 9 a. m. was the time appointed for the services at Ilesboro', Fairview, and Ebenezer Chapel, Mount Zion, and Pleasant Valley grave-yards. The ceremonies to be conducted in Mt. Pleasant at 2 o'clock, p. m., in order that the several committees could report their proceedings and convene together.

Large assemblies were gathered at each place in processions,

including the Sabbath-schools and citizens, and marching around the tombs of the departed heroes, strewed them with flowers and sang national hymns. Comrade Louis E. Simmons addressed the crowd at Ebenezer Church in a most fitting and reverential speech, followed in a few remarks by Captain John S. Witherspoon. At Ilesboro' the ceremonies were conducted by J. H. Parrott, post commander of Butler Post, concluding with a few remarks and prayer by Rev. John Geach. At Fairview, Comrade Andrew Clark conducted the decoration, which was concluded with a few remarks by Comrade J. E. McVey. At the other two places Comrade J. S. Karnes attended to the decoration, and those graves were silently covered with flowers, leaving the ashes of the fallen heroes to rest in peace until Gabriel's trumpet shall arouse the sleeping millions.

Long before the hour appointed for the commencement a large crowd was quietly gathered in the little town of Mount Pleasant. Upon a given signal the members of the Grand Army of the Republic assembled and formed in two ranks near their hall, and were presented with bouquets, wreaths, and flowers, ingeniously arranged, and all those who felt inclined were invited to "fall in" and march in procession.

All repaired to the church, where the services were opened by Comrade L. E. Simmons, chaplain, by reading a portion of Scripture and prayer. Comrade Simmons then addressed the audience in a short speech, followed by Captain H. C. Jones, of McArthur. The reports of the several committees were then publicly read, showing what had been accomplished at other places.

The procession was then formed in front of the church, the Grand Army of the Republic in front, ladies next, and many citizens, and repaired to the graveyard, and decorated the graves of the fallen brave. The ceremonies closed with the pronouncing of the Divine benediction. The post operated over an extent of ten miles, decorating fifteen graves.

CEREMONIES AT GENEVA.

(GENEVA POST-No. 293.)

The procession formed at the town hall at the hour designated, and proceeded to the cemetery grounds, under the direction of Colonel Wolcott, Lieutenant Leslie, and Mr. P. F. Haskell, in charge of the Sabbath-schools of the village. The Progressive Lyceum of the Spiritual Society of Geneva, under the leadership of Mr. W. H. Saxton, was out in full force.

The stand was erected on the south side of the cemetery grounds, opposite the main entrance.

Rev. Mr. Tribby opened the exercises with prayer, and after music by Mr. E. D. Holden, Miss Holden, and others, general orders were read by Colonel Wolcott, together with the names of thirty-eight soldiers who enlisted at Geneva, and are now numbered with the dead.

After reading the names Colonel Wolcott introduced Rev. Colonel Anderson, of Ashtabula, who spoke for over half an hour with his accustomed energy and impressiveness. He had made no studied preparation, but the right words were spoken and in the right spirit. From a full heart he told the story, as but few can tell it, of the march, the bivouac, and the battle; the story of heroic suffering in the camp, the hospital, and the field; the never-to-be-forgotten story of the tears, the anguish, and the patriotic resignation of those whom the soldier left around the hearthstone at home, and of the glorious consummation of all—the death of human slavery on American soil and the blessed assurance that the American people loved their free institutions above wealth, above present enjoyment, above even life itself.

The brief address of the reverend gentleman will long be remembered by the great multitude who listened to it as one of peculiar pathos and power. We seemed again to be in the midst of those years of blood and strife when our ranks were thinned at home almost daily, that the wasted ranks of our struggling armies should be filled in the field. We seemed to again pass through those dark days of the war when the contest for us looked almost hopeless, and our

people went down upon their knees in an agony of prayer for the salvation of the country; when men wandered to and fro listless and dejected, and sought in the words of friends that hope and consolation which their own hearts could not afford.

After its conclusion the committee of ladies designated for the purpose, the members of the post, and a great concourse of citizens from the town and from abroad, proceeded to the mournful duty of seeking out the graves of the soldiers, each designated by a flag planted thereon, and cast upon them a profusion of flowers. Many graves were specially remembered by relatives and family friends. It was especially gratifying to notice the tokens of affectionate remembrance bestowed upon some whose parents have moved away.

A neat monument was erected to the soldiers who enlisted from Geneva and who are buried elsewhere. The name of each was marked upon the monument, and received the same tribute of respect as those buried in the cemetery. After this impressive ceremony was concluded, the audience again repaired to the stand and listened to a brief address from Rev. Mr. Barber.

After prayer by Mr. Barber, Captain Bowers, chaplain of the post, pronounced the benediction, and the audience dispersed.

CEREMONIES AT HENDRYSBURG.

(Post No. 294.)

Saturday, May 29, the post assembled at 8 o'clock a. m., and at 8.30 started on the march to Barnesville, *via* Mount Olivet, the distance being about nine miles. They proceeded to the cemetery north of Barnesville and decorated six graves. At each grave a few remarks relative to the services and death of each comrade were made by Comrade George W. McBride, and at the close prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, of Barnesville, late chaplain United States Volunteers. The post then proceeded, accompanied by a delegation of citizens and music, to the Southern Cemetery, and decorated the

graves of Lieutenant John Grimes and an unknown soldier, supposed to be from Indiana, who was killed in the early part of the war by a railroad accident. Some very appropriate remarks were then made relative to the duties of members of the Grand Army of the Republic by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell. With a few exceptions the citizens of Barnesville utterly failed to show the least respect for their fallen braves. At 12.15 p. m. they left Barnesville en route to Fairview, distant six miles, where they arrived about 2.30 p. m. They were met about half a mile from town by a delegation of citizens with music and banners, who escorted them to the hotel in town, where they partook of a bountiful dinner. After dinner a procession was formed, headed by the patriotic ladies of Fairview, with banners and flowers, and proceeded to the cemetery and decorated the graves of thirteen dead. Remarks were made at each grave describing the service and death of each, after which followed a short address from Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Fairview. Comrade Carter responded in a few remarks, thanking the citizens of Fairview for the kind manner in which they had treated the post. A splendid banner was here presented, upon which was the inscription, "They have died that we might live in peace" and "Union forever." Owing to the lateness of the hour, and the bad condition of the roads, it was thought the post would be obliged to postpone visiting Lewelsville, as the team hauling the music had entirely given out; but the citizens of Fairview gallantly came to the rescue with a fresh team, and at about 5 p. m. the post started for Lewelsville, distant about four miles, accompanied by a considerable delegation of the citizens of Fairview. They arrived at Lewelsville at about 6.30 p. m., found the citizens collected in the cemetery and decorating the graves of four soldiers. After a few remarks from Comrade G. H. Bustler, it was decided to postpone visiting Salem until Sunday morning, and the post returned home, where they arrived about 8.30 p. m., having traveled about twenty-five miles over very bad roads.

Sunday morning, according to previous arrangement, the post met at the hall in Hendrysburg at about 9 a. m., and,

accompanied by a large delegation of citizens, proceeded on foot to McKinney's Cemetery, one mile east of Hendrysburg, and decorated the graves of two soldiers, also the graves of two old veterans, Major McKinney of the revolutionary war, and Major McKinney of the war of 1812. After a short address from Comrade Taylor they returned home, partook of dinner, and then proceeded to Salem, where they decorated the graves of three soldiers of the late war and four veterans of the war of 1812. They were then entertained by a short address from T. H. Anderson, and prayer was offered by T. L. Shue, with which the ceremonies closed.

CEREMONIES AT NORTH LEWISBURG.

(Post No. 301.)

Sunday opened with a heavy rain, but cleared up about 9 o'clock, and at 10 the post and a large number of citizens repaired to the Methodist Episcopal Church and listened to a very appropriate speech by Colonel Todd, of Urbana. On leaving the church the company formed in procession and marched to Sugar Grove Cemetery, for the purpose of decorating the grave of Captain J. M. Butcher. The ceremonies at this place were exceedingly impressive. A short address was made by Colonel Todd and prayer by Robert Spain, after which came the ceremony of strewing the grave with flowers by members of the post. The procession then marched to Spain's Graveyard, the programme there being nearly the same as at the preceding cemetery, and at the close of which the company marched back to town and disbanded until after dinner. At 1.30 the procession again formed, some in wagons and carriages and others on horseback, and started *en route* for Mt. Moriah Cemetery, stopping on the way to decorate a grave at the Friends' Graveyard. A large number of persons had gathered at Mt. Moriah, and immediately upon the arrival of the company from Lewisburg the ceremonies began, which were the same as first described, with the exception of addresses being made at the graves (three in number) by Rev. Curry and Drs. Butcher and Wagstaff. Salem

being the next point in view, the line of march was again taken up. A heavy rain commenced falling soon after leaving Mt. Moriah, which interfered somewhat with the decoration ceremonies at Salem, but did not prevent the programme from being successfully carried out. The procession now started for home, making a short stop at Spain's Graveyard to pay a parting tribute to a grave which had been overlooked in the forenoon. A few very appropriate remarks were made at this place by the post commander (F. Hoisington,) after which the line of march was again resumed toward Lewisburg, reaching there at 7 in the evening.

The number of graves visited in the course of the day was ten. The brass band accompanied the procession in its rounds, furnishing music at the various graves.

CEREMONIES AT AKRON.

(Lewis P. Buckley Post No. 306.)

The chosen day (Sunday) dawned with a cloudy sky. At 9 o'clock a detachment of Post Buckley, Grand Army of the Republic, assembled at headquarters and marched to the Spicer Cemetery, where the comrades assembled around the grave of Peter Field, Sixth Ohio Volunteer Battery, who died of disease contracted in service. After a few words from Comrade Billow, the detail scattered their bouquets upon the grave and returned to the post.

As noon approached the streets were filled with the people from their homes and the churches, and when the procession started, at 1.10, the crowd had grown to a very great size.

The procession formed on Howard street, and proceeded west by Market street and Glendale avenue. First was Marble's Cornet Band, playing solemn dirges; following were Post Commander H. C. De Ross and his aids, J. A. Lantz and J. M. Marsh, in command of the first division of the procession; Senior Vice Commander W. Hadnett, with Junior Vice Commander A. Curtis and Adjutant W. Tolley, followed next, with Post Lewis P. Buckley No. 306, Grand Army of the Republic, fifty in number. By the post were borne the regi-

mental colors, heavily draped with black, of the gallant regiment once commanded by the brave soldier whose name is borne by the post. Each comrade wore on his coat-lappel a neat black-and-white badge, and carried in his hand a bouquet of choice flowers, which had been made by the ladies at headquarters on the afternoon before. Following were about one hundred and twenty-five honorably-discharged soldiers, also carrying bouquets, and commanded by L. B. Austin. The first division was closed by the orators and clergy, the mayor, city council, city and county officers.

The second division of the procession was commanded by Hobart Ford, and was made up as follows, each organization being fully represented: Liedertafel; board of education; Harmonic; Star Lodge No. 268, I. O. G. T.; Cascade Division No. 366, Sons of Temperance; St. Vincent's Brotherhood; Akron Cornet Band, also playing dirges; Akron Encampment No. 18, I. O. O. F.; Summit Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F.; German Benevolent Association; Akron Council (Masonic) No. 42; Washington Chapter No. 25, R. A. M.; Akron Lodge No. 83, F. and A. M.; citizens.

SCATTERING THE FLOWERS.

Meanwhile the soldiers under their commanders repaired to the various graves, and as they gathered about each one their commander would state who lay there, and in some cases a comrade would speak a few eulogistic words; and then, as they marched by, each man would scatter a few flowers upon the dust. Each soldier's grave (forty-two) was marked with an American flag, and many of them had beautiful floral ornaments from the hands of loving friends.

On the Masonic lot was placed a testimonial, richly decked with flowers, "To the memory of Companion Colonel M. M. Spiegel," One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, who died among the rebels of wounds received in the Red River expedition. About this memorial the fraternity gathered and sang its funeral songs.

While these exercises were in progress, the senior vice commander of the post, with a detail of men, the Akron Cornet Band, the St. Vincent's Brotherhood, and the Akron

Harmonic, went to the Catholic Cemetery, and decorated five graves there.

AT THE STAND.

When the graves, so far as found, were all decorated, the soldiers went to the stand which had been erected, and there went through the prescribed order of exercises.

At the call of the bugle the various societies assembled with them, and Mr. Lewis Miller acted as chairman, who, saying, "While it is more than appropriate that we sometimes refresh our memories of the sufferings endured by those whose graves we this day decorate, it is also appropriate for us to direct our thoughts to Him to whom we owe so great a victory as these have won," introduced the Rev. Carlos Smith, pastor of the Congregational Church of Akron, who made the prayer. A quartette then admirably sung the following excellent original song, "They Sweetly Sleep," by W. Milton Clarke:

They sleep, sweetly sleep, in the earth's kindly bosom,
Where wild grow the trees and the flowers bloom once more;
The roar of the cannon no more can disturb them,
For they rest from their labor, life's conflict is o'er.
From the din of life's battle they all have gone to rest,
And they sleep, sweetly sleep, in the love of the nation.

Tread lightly the ground where their kindred have laid them,
Where o'er their low tombstones the native trees wave;
Disturb not the turf mounds which affection has made them.
For the spirit of freedom shall watch o'er each grave.
From the din of life's battle they all have gone to rest,
And they sleep, sweetly sleep, in the love of the nation.

Marble's Cornet Band followed with the beautiful dirge "Rest, Spirit, Rest!" Ex-Governor Edgerton being introduced, then delivered the following address:

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: We have met here on this peaceful Sabbath day, here in this city of the dead, to commemorate the deeds and to do honor to the brave men who gave their lives to their country.

It has been the custom in all nations and in all times to honor heroic achievements. To perpetuate them, monuments and sacred temples have been reared and holy days set apart. So it will ever be while man continues to reverence virtue or admire valor, and where in the long annals of time, where

in the roll-call of fame, shall we look for nobler deeds or worthier names than our recent struggle can so abundantly furnish?

In these humble, peaceful graves around us lies heroes' dust. We come to do it honor, not by piling above it the stately monument or gorgeous temple, but to scatter with the hand of affection above these humble heads the sweet and breathing flowers of spring; to recall their manly deeds, their heroic suffering, and to lament their untimely death. When treason raised its standard of revolt and madly struck at our nation's life, the nation for a moment stood aghast at the appalling crime. Could it be that men reared under this government, which showered its benedictions upon all with such a lavish hand—a government that had only been felt in mercy and in love—could it be that these men really intended the treason they proclaimed?

The guns upon Sumter answered these questions and settled all doubts. Brave men all over the land sprang forth to the rescue. They vowed that though they themselves might die, the nation should live. They came from every avocation of life—from the workshop, from the farm, from the pulpit, from the bar; the poor, the rich, the illiterate, the learned. They flocked from the rocky slopes of New England, from the broad inland prairies, and from the golden-shored Pacific. They came of their own free will, for the nation that they loved was imperiled by traitor hands. This was a sight sublime; it was the poetry of American patriotism; it was the religion of national devotion. They came buoyant with hope, ready to do, and, if need be, ready to die. * * * * * * *

These brave men whose graves we have this day decorated were a part of this grand army of the republic; they shared in its toils, its perils, and its sufferings, and are partakers in its glory and undying fame. History has embalmed their deeds for all coming time. * * * *

Well may we exult in view of our achievements. Well may we rejoice even here, over the ashes of our heroic dead. But our exultations and rejoicings must ever have the tinge of melancholy, when we reflect that our triumph cost the lives of four hundred thousand men. We think of those who fell in the impetuous charge of battle, but sadder far was the lot of those who, far from the tented field, and chafing for action, languished and died in hospitals. But oh! sadder than all the lot of those who, without hope, pined in rebel prisons. Think of the thousands at Libby, at Andersonville, at Salisbury, hungry and starving, till their feeble, emaciated, and ghastly frames dropped off from their souls. Imagina-

tion can draw no more fearful picture than this, and humanity recoils in horror from the scene.

So it has ever been in the world's history and progress. Every great good, every new right acquired for the race, has been wrung out through human blood and agony. But humanity moves onward. "Where to-day the martyr stands, on the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands." No drop of martyr blood was ever shed in vain; it ennobles, it sanctifies the cause for which it was shed; it controls and sways the limitless future. Our thousands of soldier-martyrs, whom we this day honor, have sanctified freedom and made the future secure. They gave themselves to their country and to fame. Their deeds are the nation's heritage, its crowning glory, and let their humble graves all over the land be for all time the Meccas, the shrines of patriot devotion. Here let feeble age come, to recall the past and drop a tear to the memory of some fallen comrade; here let infancy come, to listen with throbbing heart to the tale of suffering and death; and here, when country is imperiled, let sturdy manhood come, to draw fresh inspiration and to vow anew for country and for freedom. These martyred dead have given their testimony to the rights of man and sealed it with their blood.

The Leidertafel, at the conclusion of this address, sang in their admirable manner. The Rev. W. F. Day, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of this city, then made the following address on "The Union Soldiers' Fight for Christianity:"

It was almost four thousand years since at Hebron, a city some twenty miles southwest of Jerusalem, occurred the first tender care of the dead of which we have any record. An old man whose life had been made up of wanderings, who in early life had journeyned from Central Asia to the shores of the Mediterranean, and from thence had gone down to Egypt to escape a famine, and had afterwards come back again to Judea, when near Hebron, saw the companion of his almost ceaseless wanderings stricken down by death, and lying a corpse before him. Now, apparently for the first time in his life, he becomes the owner of a foot of land, and that land was bought as a burial-place for his dead. There he buried Sarah; there a few years afterwards his own body was laid; there Isaac his son, and Rebecca, his son's wife, were buried; there Jacob laid away the body of Leah, his wife, and, when dying in Egypt, it was there that he desired his own body should be laid to await the day of resurrection. In the two thousand years of the world's history that preceded this, doubt-

less there had been other instances of like character, but this is the first on record. But though for more than two thousand years of the history of the world, running from the commencement of man, not a word is spoken of the feelings of the living toward the dead, not a mention made of a funeral or a grave, yet we may well suppose that never were bitterer tears shed than were shed by our first mother over the first grave of human kind. Oftentimes, as the sun kissed the western horizon, did Eve go to the grave of Abel to weep there, as myriads of her daughters have since done. Nowhere in history do these tender recollections of the dead stand out more distinctly than in the Bible. The instance we have referred to in the case of Abraham, in all its associations, is full of beautiful thought. It was not till after his wife was dead that he bought her a home. A little time passed, as the old man continued his wanderings, until, feeling that the golden bowl was breaking, he bade his son, when he should be dead, to carry his remains to his sepulcher home, and lay them beside those of Sarah, his companion. Soon after this, when Jacob was dying in Egypt, like a home-sick child, his desires went out for the home of his ancestral dead. "Bury me not," said the dying man, "bury me not here in Egypt, but carry my bones to our family home, that is in the cave at Machpelah." And so strong was this desire for a home with kindred after death, that when Joseph was dying he exacted of his brethren an oath that they would preserve his bones, and when they went up out of Egypt would take his bones with them, and bury them in the land that was to be their home. How strong, and tender, and beautiful this feeling, that thus seeks a family gathering of bodies after death, so that in the hearts of the living the *place* of the dead is hallowed with holy consecration. We sometimes sing, "O, bury me not in the deep blue sea." Did you ever think how that song sprang up out of the very feeling of which we have been speaking, that home-sickness that wishes to have the family together?

A poor Irish mother was immigrating to this country, and while crossing the ocean her little child sickened and died. The thought, however, of having her child buried in the sea, where she could never visit its grave or at last have her own body laid down beside it, was so terrible a thought to her, that she sought to conceal the death of her child until the ship should reach the land, where she could make a common home for the clay of herself and child. And so she pressed the dead body of her child to her bosom, and all day long, as the officers of the ship passed about, she would rock her dead child in her arms and sing over it lullaby songs or talk to it

with all the fondness of a mother's love. And this she continued to do day after day, straining her eyes in vainly looking for the distant shore, until at length decay had progressed so far that it told its story in the air, and the secret of the child's death could no longer be hidden; and, when they would have taken her child from her to bury it in the sea, she clung to it with agonizing screams, begging them to wait until they should reach the shore, where her child might be buried so that she could see the grave. Who of us does not feel that her sympathy in this represented our own?

How came all these soldiers' graves here? All these noble men did not die here. He whose remains honor yon mound fell bravely fighting at Shiloh, that one at Stone River, and that one at the sad battle at Chickamauga, whilst this one and that slowly fainted away into death in southern hospitals, hundreds of miles from this. How came their bodies here? The answer to that but rehearses the feeling of Abraham and Jacob and Joseph.

Many a poor widow spent almost her last cent to bring back the dead body of her husband to have him buried in their common last home. What availed it to talk of needless expense to her; to tell her that the Government would tenderly bury her husband and carefully guard his grave for time to come? What was this to her, if he were not buried at *home?* Talk of expense to her! What was her last dollar when weighed with the question, "Shall the body of my husband sleep among strangers or at home?" With such a question, what was money to her? For such an object not only would she part with her last penny, but she would pawn her heart's blood, that her dead should dwell together at home. It is this yearning of our sympathies for the dead that brings us here to-day.

And as one sees in this great crowd almost every household of our city and all the region about represented, he may be ready to ask why are *all* these people here? It seems proper enough that the relatives of the dead should come here to cover the soldiers' graves with flowers that have been bathed with tears, but why should all the people be here? What rightful part have those in this ceremony whose fireside circle was unbroken by this war? Such might be sympathizing spectators, whilst father, or mother, or widow, or orphan child comes to the graves of these soldiers to weep; but why should we, whose households were spared from death by war, why should we be so active in this work of love and tenderness? Are we not intruders in this? Oh, no! Not one of us to-day but, as he lays his votive offering on the grave of a soldier, may say this man was my brother,

my husband, my son. At one time when Jesus was surrounded by a crowd, and the mother who gave him birth stood with her children without wishing to see him, and it was told him, looking about upon those before him, he said: "Who are my mother and my brethren!" He answered his own question by saying: "My relatives are those who do my Father's will." * * * * *

If ever there was a war fought for God it was this war. I do not now raise the question as to whether the South were honest or dishonest, whether they went to war as patriots or traitors; it is no matter how we may regard these questions, it was a war for the interests of civilization against barbarism, and of religion against irreligion. One chief element of barbarism was an indispensable condition of slavery, and that was ignorance. It was considered by every southern man as absolutely necessary, in order to the continuance of slavery, that the slave must be kept ignorant, not allowed to read or write, and so plainly was this the case that they made it a penitentiary offense for one to teach a slave his letters; nor was this a dead letter, for persons were made to serve out long years in the penitentiary for no other offense than because they had taught slaves to read. Now, what a terrible barbarism was that with which the strong voice of law said to three millions of men, women, and children, you shall never be allowed to learn to read! It is through the eye that we receive most of our information, and yet the barbarism in slavery in forbidding the slave to be taught to read practically burned out the eyes of every one of those three millions of human beings, for of how little use were eyes to men who might not learn the alphabet? Is it said that these ignorant people were taught religious truths? Agreed; but how could religion ever be more than a mere enthusiasm or superstition to a people never taught to think? One of the very first levers that Christianity puts under barbarism to elevate it to civilization and christianization is the alphabet. There can be no intelligent religion among any people who are not educated, and the continuance of slavery was the continuance of barbarism among a people numerous enough in themselves to make a nation. It is for this reason that I affirm that these brave men took the side of God against barbarism when they went into this war.

But if there had not been a slave or even a colored man in the South, and this war had been fought on other grounds than it was, even then the Union forces would have been fighting on the side of God, for religion against irreligion. It is impossible that religion should prosper in the midst of tumult and war. Men's minds on fire by the excitement of

war are peculiarly unsuitable for receiving the mild influences of the gospel. Christianity is always prostrated by the excitement connected with a long civil war. As evidence of this, I might refer you to the last fifty years of the history of Mexico and the South American States. A moment's philosophizing over the nature of Christianity and the nature of war, shows you that Christianity must go down as war goes up. * * * * * *

Our offerings here to-day have seemed to be in genuine sympathy for these departed worthies. We shall, however, but prove the genuineness of our sympathy by seeking to deck with flowers the pathway of the living widow and orphan of these sleeping dead. Nor let us forget that there live among us as noble soldiers as were those who sleep. It was not for want of facing the leaden hail that these our friends and neighbors came back with life. They consented to the same sacrifice which cost these their lives. Their all was upon the altar, and the sacrifice could not have been more complete had they perished in battle. Let us then remember the living soldier as tenderly as we do the dead.

The Harmonic followed this with one of their excellent songs, and the chairman called upon the Hon. Samuel Galloway, who fortunately chanced to be present.

His remarks were essentially as follows:

Regretting that he was called to protract the lengthy service, he still was glad to be present, as he, too, was a citizen of Ohio.

While strangers, who cannot feel the sorrow for the brave that belongs to the bereaved relatives and friends, may not intrude upon it, yet all persons have the little keepsakes that tell that they have suffered. The associations of the grave give interest to it. When one is buried, the place matters little. "No matter where a man dies, so he dies a man," to be remembered by those coming after him.

No memory is so sacred, so sweet, as the patriotic Christian heart. In this Christian age we commemorate different traits from those popular in times past. Pharaoh had a grand regal tomb, and Moses was buried no one knows where, and nobody cares. Yet Moses is daily more remembered and respected as the legislator, the commander of the faithful, the leader chosen of God for his people. No one now would care enough for Pharaoh to put flowers on his grave.

No one knows the burial place of Paul, yet all love to honor him. On Mars' Hill he spoke the truth, immortalizing him; the truth which our fathers enunciated and embodied in our

laws and institutions, while Nero in his royal mausoleum is despised.

In the present we remember nobility of soul, in the past the race destroyer was illustrious. We live in a Christian age, in a better, freer, grander country. These boys fell that we might rise with the resurrection of a newer, nobler humanity. Now we are prouder than ever to say "American," the name having been baptized in blood, and we being more consistent with ourselves and our professions. The kind friends who in darker hours engaged in "commercial enterprises" and took confederate scrip now admire us. But during the war struggles the best heart of England was with us. Now all are with us. Now we are prepared to be the light-house to all the oppressed world, and to show, in our example, such a bright light of civilization, liberty, and freedom for all, as to prove Paul's words: "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men." When freedom and right have won their final victory, then may we hope to see our starry banner and the cross of Christianity prevailing together.

The quartette followed with the beautiful song, "Toll the Bell."

As the Rev. Edward Meyer was present, he was invited to read the poem he read at the dedication of the soldiers' monument on the battle-field of Antietam. .

Marble's Band then played "Just Before the Battle, Mother." The whole large assembly, led by the band, joined in singing the doxology, and were dismissed with the benediction by the Rev. Lathrop Cooley, pastor of the Disciples' Church of Akron. Thus closed the services, which throughout had been beautiful and appropriate, in no way infringing upon the sanctity of the Sabbath.

CEREMONIES AT DAYTON.

At 9 o'clock May 29 the inmates of the Soldiers' Home formed into a regular line, with an order and precision showing that they had not forgotten the stern discipline of former years. There were in the line one-armed men, one-legged men, men on crutches, and men on artificial legs. As they went through the military manouvers they were the objects of much attention from the assembled visitors. They were

of that grand army who had organized this festival, and it was just that they should have the credit for it.

Major J. B. Thomas led the column as the grand officer of the ceremony, then a military escort of the Grand Army of the Republic, the guests invited, the engine and hose company, and the inmates not belonging to the Grand Army of the Republic bringing up the rear. The band belonging to the Home played a requiem as it led the procession, while the tap of the muffled drum filled the minds of the mourners with a deep melancholy.

In this order the procession proceeded toward the Asylum Cemetery. Here it halted. In front of the tombs were displayed the military escort of Mr. Thoomy; then came, in a central spot, the orators of the day, the chaplain, the local manager and officers of the institution. The Grand Army of the Republic advanced in four columns, a member of the same standing at each grave with flowers in hand to deposit piously upon the sacred sod. The ladies, with basketsful of garlands, crosses, and wreaths, formed a circle; visitors in carriages halted in the distance to gaze upon the solemn and touching scene. Silence soon followed, and Chaplain P. M. Weddell, amid the imposing scene, offered up an eloquent prayer to the throne of God. After music by the band, Major J. B. Thomas, post commander, Grand Army of the Republic, delivered the following address:

SPEECH OF MAJOR J. B. THOMAS.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies, and Gentlemen: With sad and joyful hearts we hail the return of this hallowed day, laden with the recollections of the sufferings and achievements of the brave defenders of our country, and destined, as we believe, henceforth to be held in equal veneration with the day which gave birth to the republic. Many of our comrades repose within the deep stillness of this sylvan grove. We have assembled here to-day to do honor to their ashes, to place our floral tributes upon their graves, to pay to their memory the most touching tokens of our affection, gratitude, and regret. The beautiful ceremony we are here to perform will be observed to-day throughout the whole land, and will be perpetuated as lasting emblems of the nation's love for those of her sons who have fallen in

her defense. Who of you, comrades, have forgotten the long weary marches, the cold and dreary nights, and harassing watches, the sudden attacks of the foe, the hunger, thirst, and many other hardships and privations incident to camp life?

Let also the thoughts of this hour and the achievements of the past remind us of the objects and obligations of the noble order which gave birth to the day we celebrate. The Grand Army of the Republic has several distinct objects in view: First, to preserve fraternal feelings among those who have been brothers in arms, to unite them in a closer bond of fellowship, and, above all, to imbue them with an undying love for the principles which they fought to defend, and for which so much precious blood was shed. Second, to assist the families of deceased soldiers and to educate their children, which is indeed a duty that calls loudly upon the generosity of the survivors of the great conflict, and should be responded to from the inmost chords of the heart. To be fathers of the fatherless, to educate the children of the martyred dead, and teach them to emulate the self-sacrificing example of those who have left them to our care.

In the furtherance of this undertaking, we look to no other lands for precedents; we find the instinct in our own souls; we meet the approbation of your hearts; we receive the prayers and the blessings of the widow and the gratitude of the orphan, the favor of a kind Providence, and we are amply recompensed. Third. To aid returned comrades in obtaining honorable employment, and secure for them their proper position in the community. In carrying out the provisions of this clause, no trumpet announces our demands for applause from an admiring world. Silently, patiently, faithfully we carry on the good work. The battle-scarred veteran, with the worn look, the tired limbs, the hard longings for rest and sympathy, pining for words of cheer, is taken by the hand and welcomed with glad greeting by his companions, who, having stood with him in the hour of peril, can now best understand and supply his wants. Not alone do we look to his physical needs, but we also require that he shall accept that place in society which is ever given to merit, and which he could not have forfeited when he donned the uniform of liberty, and, leaving the plow and workshop, went forth, doubly armed in the consciousness of right and justice, to pour out his blood, if need be, in the cause his heart espoused. United in one eternal band of fellowship—assisting, cheering, and encouraging one another—our work is as grand as any ever intrusted to mortal hands to perform. When generations yet unborn shall read the history of our struggle, and

turn from its pages, red with the blood of brothers shed in the unholy strifes, to where a bright star shall beckon them on, and where a monument is raised to deeds of glory, there they shall see inscribed on its fairest scrolls the great triumphs of the Grand Army of the Republic, not less bright, notorious, or sublime that they were achieved while the angel of peace had spread his wings over our lands and the bitterness engendered by the war was passing away from our hearts.

Gathering within this grove, now sacred to the remains of so many of our departed comrades, the softening influences of the hour and the occasion are visible on the countenances of all present. Our noble dead are wrapt in the peaceful slumbers from which the last trump can alone awake them. Our hearts go out to commune with their spirits, even as the incense of these fair flowers, culled by the hands and watered by the tears of beauty, ascend in fragrance to Heaven. As we scatter these chaplets and garlands, fresh with the verdure and sweetness of spring, on each hallowed spot, and lay them with care on the soft carpet of green which covers every mound, we feel the awe of the moment, and the sacredness of the ceremony claims possession of our hearts; we feel the great importance of preserving and handing to our children pure and unsoiled the imposing and tender duties of this day and hour. The flag that floats above us, whose every fold is suggestive of the noble actions of those whom we now honor, whose every star is only one more gem saved to adorn these shrines, whose very rustling breeze, the security their sacrifices have rendered to it, are all combined to make the memory of this day a treasure to be cherished, honored, and revered.

The veterans standing in line then stepped forward and fixed at the head of each grassy mound a cross of evergreen decked with white flowers. The strewing of flowers by the ladies and misses followed.

An appropriate anthem was then sung by the young ladies of the Cooper Seminary, which completed the ceremonies at the graves.

In another part of the ground a platform had been erected for the orator, Colonel John G. Lowe, and the invited guests. A large banner was stretched upon the trees above. Behind this was a representation of camp life, which recalled the soldier to his experience of life in days gone by. Fourteen tents, large and snowy, were pitched up according to the old style four years back, when the whole land was vivid with

such pictures. A twelve-pounder was fired at intervals, and quite a large crowd gathered about, who listened with attention to the

ADDRESS OF COLONEL JOHN G. LOWE, OF DAYTON.

Soldiers and Citizens: Mr. Dix, the minister of the United States at the French court, just returned, recently wrote to a friend at home substantially in this language:

"I consider the habit of much public speaking in the United States a great nuisance; and nothing has made my residence abroad more agreeable than my consequent exemption from it."

Whether Mr. Dix thus expressed his opinion and experience as an auditor or an orator matters little to you or me; but when I shall have so shortly finished what I have now to say you will believe, as I assure you, that I am of the same opinion.

The custom of mankind in all time has been to continue funeral ceremonies but a few hours, or, at most, a few days. To "bury your dead out of your sight," and to regard a living dog with more of human interest than a dead lion, the consent of civilized man and the welfare of society unite in proclaiming to be, in the main, the dictate no less of enlightened piety than of wisdom.

Occasionally, it is true, some rare and signal man is entombed whose memory does not fade, and whose grave, as that of one of the few "immortal names not born to die," is visited by the curious or reverential generation after generation. Near the topographical center of the magnificent city of Paris, midway between the grand boulevards and the garden of the Tuilleries, in an octagonal area, containing some six acres, called the Place Vendome, stands a column of that name one hundred and thirty feet high, surmounted with a bronze statue of Napoleon I, and sheathed from base to summit with brass, molten into that form and covered with figures in *bas relief*, illustrating battle scenes and victories, from the cannon captured in his wonderful campaigns. On the projections near its base, and on the spear-heads of the tall imperial fence which incloses it, there have hung for now near fifty years wreaths of immortelles: some crisp and crumbling, some fading, and others fresh as the hour when they were plucked. They are the silent but significant testimonials of all those who come there from France, and out of it, who believe in the merit of the character and career of the French republic and of its great hero, of which and of whom and his marshals it may be truly said that they were

the first, since the time of Henry the Fourth, to slake the national thirst for glory. In a circular open crypt in the great rotunda and under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, within an immense sarcophagus of porphyry, surrounded with emblematical statues and mementos of his victories, are garnered at last the ashes of the great emperor, fulfilling the longing expressed in his will that they might "repose on the banks of the Seine, amidst the people he loved so well." Here, too, in every appropriate place, the wreath of immortelle may be always seen. On the banks of the Potomac, amidst the walks and grassy slopes he so fondly trod during his last days on the earth, reposes the dust of our incomparable Washington; and thither the traveler from home and foreign lands makes his way to bow in reverence and gratitude and catch a new inspiration for the cause of human justice and liberty. Again, a new shrine to visit for all sincere lovers of those who, whilst living, made or marked an epoch in the progress of humanity, the tomb of our patriot President Lincoln, only second "in the hearts of his countrymen," has been prepared and opened within the memory of us all.

But lo! here and now, in our midst and all over this broad land, what a contrast to the fact I have stated do we behold. It is not the isolated grave of the hero, martyr, author, artist, patriot, or genius that is visited with sympathy or reverence by the solitary tourist; but millions of intelligent people pause in their ordinary pursuits, and take time to assemble, with floral tributes in their hands, at the graves of tens of thousands of those who went to death from their midst. We have more than a hundred thousand historical sepulchers in the national cemeteries, at "Soldiers' homes," by forts and barracks, near populous cities, in quiet hamlets, and in the silent prairie and forest. To-day, the Chief Magistrate of this wonderful republic and high officers of state pretermit their important duties, and go up in company with the humble citizen, whose name is scarcely known beyond his door-sill, to testify at once their grief and admiration for the dead. And they are not attracted thither by "storied bust or monumental urn," by obelisk, or column, or pyramidal shaft, reared by art and labor at the command of wealth; but rather by the simple sod that covers the ashes of a patriot soldier.

> "The place
> Becomes religion, and the heart runs o'er
> With silent worship of the great of old!
> The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

What odors fill the land to-day! Sweet is the perfume of

flowers, but more precious are the perfumes of heroism and patriotism. The aromatic exhalations that rise after the heels of the untamed steed, as in his course he crushes the wild flowers of the desert, are said to be the richest of all the perfumes of "Araby the blest." So the blossoming hopes and lives that have been crushed out by the ruthless enginery of war in so many households of our country have made the whole air redolent to-day with the aroma of patriotic devotion. The grave of the humblest true soldier gives forth its tribute as well as those of Lyon and McPherson. The stupendous mortality in and for *the cause*, and this national recognition of it, have equalized all.

Now, how all this has come to pass we all do very well remember. It is a new story among men, but it has already been more than thrice told the world over. I will not repeat it; no, I will not give even the sum of it. When very many noisy and notable chapters in the history of the world are forgotten, it will be remembered and yet repeated. But what are some of the lessons it teaches to man as an individual, and apart somewhat from his political relations and obligations? Has the whole human race advanced a step by reason of the great civil war in the United States? Is it not reasonable to believe that man, as man, has been lifted by it into a little higher range of thought, a little out of himself and his old selfishness? * * * *

Fellow-citizens, if there has existed in the minds of the people of our country during the last few years any one sentiment more profound and universal than any other, it is the desire for peace throughout all our borders. This may be partly a sentiment and in part the shrewd conclusion of an enlightened self-interest. The land is weary of intestine strife and bloodshed: the delights of home and family and the quiet avocations of our diversified industry now cheer and charm us all the more because of the years when they were so fearfully interrupted. Even our young men appear to have ceased for the time to feel the chivalric emulation to measure strength and steel with any improvised foe. Peace, thrice blessed peace, is the aspiration of all; peace, without oppression or revenge; peace, with friendship and fraternity. To so pervading and settled a peace the thoughtful and good, and I believe a large majority of the people, are willing to contribute by every safe and sensible endeavor. * *

The confederate soldier fought for honor and fireside and family and his political rights, as he understood them. His devotion was heroic; his constancy and endurance were worthy a better cause. Through much tribulation they at last learned their fatal error, and now they are the chastened

children of our common country. Older civilizations have made much of their heroes, on whatever side they fought or in whatever cause they fell. They have perpetuated their memory, and have seemed to fear to lose it in their careful aggregation of national traditions. The triumphant successor to a throne or a dynasty, often won by the overthrow of its former possessor, has not only preserved the memorials of, but has reared monuments to, the conquered or supplanted. Although no national tribute to Cromwell, of England's modern rulers *facile princeps*, is found under the lofty pointed arches of Westminster Abbey, no whole-hearted Englishman fondly loiters there in study of its memorial scrolls and statuary without asking, "Why are his remains not here?" Under one *regime* in France Marshal Ney was ordered to be shot by a platoon of soldiers, and the next erected a heroic statue to his fame in the border of the beautiful garden of the Luxembourg, on the very spot of his execution. * * * * * *

Now, with these last thoughts in our minds I would cease to speak to you to-day. They are certainly in harmony with the better feelings of our nature; they are a feeble echo, in our sphere and relations, of the angelic acclaim at that advent, "On earth peace, good will toward men," and they do no dishonor to the dead nor injury to the living.

James Baker, Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, had composed an ode, inscribed, "Ode on Decoration Day," which was read by Dr. McDermot.

After the singing of a solemn dirge by the ladies of the Cooper Seminary the line re-formed and marched back to the building.

CEREMONIES AT ASHLAND.

Saturday, May 29, was almost universally observed by the citizens of Ashland and vicinity. At 2 o'clock p. m. the procession was formed in front of the town hall, and proceeded to the cemetery in the following order: Band; soldiers; choir, clergy, and speakers; decorating committee, composed of forty young ladies, each bearing a floral cross, bouquets, &c.; mayor and town council; citizens; carriages in the rear.

Colonel S. M. Barber, officer of the day, called the assem-

bly to order, and in a few remarks stated the object for which the day was set apart and observed all over our land as Decoration Day. He also read the names of soldiers buried in the cemetery, numbering twenty-eight. The exercises were then conducted in the following order: Martial music; music by the choir, "The Flag of America;" prayer, by Rev. P. R. Roseberry; music by the choir, "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die."

ADDRESS BY REV. J. W. SWICK.

Friends and Fellow-citizens: The task assigned me to-day is one I would far rather shun than seek. A sense of duty, and not personal inclination, influences me to address you on the present occasion; not a sense of duty in my ministerial capacity, but as a citizen, in respect to the heroic dead.

It is, dear friends, a gratification that we assemble here. Not as partisans we meet, not with a controversial spirit, that would rake the dust from our neighbor's character and lay bare the deformity of the system he maintains; but in obedience to the dictates of gratitude, with a common history, over whose facts to rejoice, a common interest to regard, and common hopes to cherish, we are here to record, in the sight of God and man, that we still appreciate the principles maintained by the pledges and sacrifices of such lives as those whose graves we decorate to-day.

This occasion brings up the reminiscence of the four-years' struggle in civil war, "a time that tried men's souls," a time when a fearful experiment was tried before the eyes of an overlooking world, involving no less than the rights of man.

Assembled as are among the graves of the heroic dead, do we, fellow-citizens, appreciate our advantages? And do you wonder at such an inquiry, and call it strange, far-fetched, and inappropriate?

Strange, indeed, if it would not be accounted an unwelcome query by some in this day, who have grown tired of the rehearsal of patriotism.

I am not personal, nor are these remarks confined to the present assembly; but I speak of a fact which every man's observation furnishes, which all history attests, that, individually and nationally, privileges long enjoyed often cease to be fully appreciated. From time immemorial it has been the practice of men to pay tribute to departed merit and fallen greatness. A stake or a slab rebukes our forgetfulness of former friendship; the portrait survives the treachery of memory, and the silent monument, as we near the majesty

of its presence, testifies of mortal strife, while festivals and anniversaries call up holy memories, that would otherwise lie in the grave of oblivion.

What is all this but the proclamation of nature against human forgetfulness? And why all this, if we need not be reminded? * * * * * *

And to-day we pay tribute to those of our neighbors, brothers, and sons, who, when our country's flag was trailed in the dust and our free institutions were threatened, went forth as a living breastwork between us and the enemy. We are reminded that we have sacred obligations to fulfill. Says Count De Gasparin: "Even in our age of armed frigates and rifled cannon the chief of all powers, thank God, is moral power! Woe to that nation that disregards it and consents to immolate its principles to its interest!" Christian men and Christian influences are the "salt of the earth," the light of the world. A vast field for Christian effort and enterprise lies open before us, extended wastes to be inclosed and rendered productive, uncultivated wildernesses, that might be converted into fragrant gardens and fruitful orchards and vineyards. Is the earth to be forever the scene of ignorance, vice, and crime; or may we hope that one day virtue, intelligence, and brotherly kindness will be the great zones that will encircle the globe? Then let us, in view of the great sacrifice made in the late struggle, lay aside our political prejudices, and turn our attention to the education of the freedmen, in whom we have heretofore legislated ignorance, and who have been thrown among us for instruction.

It is better we write our names in letters of love on human hearts than the curses and reproaches of those we may have injured or neglected should follow us. In the beautiful language of the east, "A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in the world to his fellow-man." When he dies, people will say what property has he left behind him? But the angels will say, what good deeds has he sent before him? Who will not also join in this noble resolve?—

"I live, not only for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.

But also

For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

Music by the choir: "The Faded Coat of Blue;" short addresses.

Rev. T. K. Dissette made a few remarks, in which he paid a worthy tribute to the cause in which so many had bravely offered up their lives, and their bravery and devotion to the land we love had compelled respect and admiration from foreign nations. Owing to an approaching rain-storm, these exercises had to be shortened.

Music by the choir: "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," the audience joining in the chorus.

Martial music: "The Assembly."

Martial music, the band marching to a station in the center of the cemetery, and the decorating committee to the several graves.

"Long-roll," signal for decoration, and almost instantly the graves of twenty-eight soldiers were beautifully clad in flowers and evergreens.

Martial music: "The Assembly."

Dismissal.

CEREMONIES IN GEAUGA COUNTY.

AT AUBURN.

On Sunday, 30th, the ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves was appropriately performed by the people. There are two cemeteries in the town, and at each the following order of exercises was observed: Music; prayer; music; oration by Elder O. Blake; decorating the graves; music.

As the day was rainy, the exercises were held in the meeting-house at each place, a procession being formed at the house, and marching to the cemetery.

ABSTRACT OF REMARKS OF THE REV. O. BLAKE.

Fellow-citizens: It is an olden story that, when the imperial city of Rome was threatened by the northern barbarian hosts with imminent destruction, all her people were called to her defense. The enthusiasm for the salvation of their beloved city from the vandal foe took such deep hold upon the masses of the people that the mothers and daughters brought freely of their jewels to relieve the exchequer of the country. Amid the throng, crowding to the treasury with their wealth of jewels, was a noble Roman matron, leading

her four sons, she saying "these are my jewels. I offer them freely for the salvation of my country. Let their noble forms, the pride of my heart, help to form a living wall to save our beloved city from the invading foe."

History is ever busy repeating itself. Often one deed of heroism, that arrests the attention and justly claims the admiration of the world, commends itself to our notice in its re-enactment on a broader scale, proving the first to have been only the seed from which sprung a rich and glorious harvest. In this light may we view this deed of the noble Roman mother. Centuries, with their year-beats, were faithfully chronicled on the face of the clock of time. Rome passed away. Nations rose and fell. Revolutions swept the earth as tempests sweep the sea, until, in God's own time, human liberty, like the weary-winged dove of Noah, found a resting-place on these western shores. Under the cover of her blessed wings noble men laid broad and deep the structure of a government of and for the people.

But in an evil or a thoughtless hour they left a hiding-place for oppression. As a nation we were aroused to this fact by the boom of Fort Sumter's guns on a quiet April day, in the year of grace 1861. At this hour, while secession was just leaping from its copper cradle, when it had grown strong, nourished by an administration more foul and loathsome to the spirit of liberty than the spirits of hell are to angelic purity, the daughters of Roman matrons came forth in the day of our country's peril from all over the North with their jewels, sons of their pride as well as their love, saying, "Oh! my country, take these for thy salvation." Time after time, as the tide of war rolls on, crowding hosts pass on to liberty's battle-field, singing their own requiem, "We come, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

To those whose thoughts wing their way to some lone grave, where softly blow the winds and gently fall the rays of a southern sun, let me say, it is not latitude, it is not longitude, that makes the grave truly hallowed. The gentle south wind sings the requiem of thy son or brother just as sweetly as the breezes of the north. The soldier's bed may be unknown to friendship's eye, yet the offerings of a nation's gratitude will breathe upon the sleeping form, for it has an ubiquitous power, unbounded by space and unlimited by locality.

We as a nation have been taught to revere the patriot, taught it rather as a traditional sentiment than a practical fact to be tried in the crucible of civil war. But may we not properly inquire at this point, have not the events of the

struggle just closed shown us the need that the flame of living patriotism burn on the altar of every heart? Many lessons are not learned by nations, only as experience, with its stern process, burns them into their history. It was a hard lesson for our nation to learn that their own chosen political creed is a truism, to wit: "That all men are created equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Our nation's practical contradiction of this creed for three-quarters of a century brought upon us the whirlwind of war. After breasting its fury for four years, shall we not learn that justice, truth, and right cannot be bought and sold in the market, without bringing bankruptcy to the participants in the unholy traffic?

It is useless to complain of corruption, fraud, plunder in high places, if a like spirit prevail among the people. If we would see honest, true men, and none but such, in official position, let that spirit be cultivated among the people. It is all in vain to look for honesty and purity in the administration of our government, while an unjustifiable greed for sudden wealth sways the masses. Let the divine injunction be heeded, "Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good." While private citizens tax their credit to a ruinous bankruptcy to gratify a morbid appetite for wasteful extravagance, Congress will be besieged for means to build a railway to the moon. While private greed seeks to cover each adjoining lot and barn with title-deeds, the kindred spirit infused into our government will find its gratification in the purchase of icebergs on the north and unmerchantable earthquakes on the south.

A spirit that brooks no discipline and casts disrespect upon proper and just authority in the family and the community, will show its reflex influence in disrespect for the laws of our country, and, as a last resort, will seek to corrupt our courts of justice.

As we stand by the graves of these fallen heroes, it becomes us, as good citizens, to swear eternal fealty anew to those firm principles of right that lie at the foundation of all good governments, for the perpetuity of which these brave men laid down lives as sweet to them as to any of us. They redeemed our national life from the grasp of a rebellion hell-born. With dying hands they have transmitted the trust to our keeping. Let us hopefully and prayerfully say,

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

AT CHARDON.

The procession formed in the following order: Guard, colors, and color-guard; Chardon Cornet Band; Grand Army of the Republic; soldiers of the war of 1812; speakers and clergy; ladies, bearing wreaths; Young Men's Christian Association; citizens.

To the call for the soldiers of the war of 1812 only one responded, N. H. Parks, of Chardon. It is stated by Mr. Parks that there are only three men left in the township who served in that war, viz: Mr. Parks, Ira Webster, and Deacon Young. The two latter were prevented from attending by illness.

The procession, being formed, marched to the front yard of the cemetery, where a stand had been erected for the speakers. The command being halted and properly fronted, a prayer was offered by Rev. C. T. Kingsbury, which was immediately followed by the address of Hon. D. W. Canfield, speaker of the day, at the close of which a dirge was played by the band. Then followed volunteer addresses by J. O. Converse, T. W. Porter, esq., and Rev. C. T. Kingsbury.

Immediately following the addresses came the decoration.

Before decorating the graves, the names of the soldiers of the township who died in the service and were buried elsewhere were read. For each a cross had been prepared, decked with evergreens, and a card attached.

The graves of nine soldiers were then decorated. In the decoration, as last year, the column moved to each grave, placing a cross of evergreens and flowers upon it. The name of the soldier and his regiment were announced by O. N. McGonigal, marshal of the day, and, as the column passed, each dropped a bouquet of flowers on the grave. After all the graves had been thus decorated, the column was again halted, and a salute was fired by guard and artillery, after which the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. P. Stephenson, and the procession returned in the same order as it came.

ADDRESS OF HON. D. W. CANFIELD.

Fellow-citizens: As the most important crisis in Grecian history was the commencement of the great struggle between

the supremacy of Macedon and the freedom of Greece, so the most important crisis in American history was the commencement of the great struggle between loyalty and rebellion. Coming events had cast their shadows before them, and, after the sword was once drawn, the only issue tendered to the loyal people of the United States was victory or submission. Then it was that the pulsations of the great national heart were so powerful as to shake the nation from center to circumference. Then the Chief Magistrate issued his call for troops, and from every part of our loyal country was that call answered. More than seventy-five thousand voices responded, "We are coming." Again and again was the request repeated, with the same response, until in almost every hamlet there was at least one vacant chair. Almost every father, as he gathered the remnant of his family around the family altar to offer up his morning devotions, forgot not to implore the God of Battles to shield and protect his absent son from the dangers of pestilence and the arms of our enemies. Almost every mother's heart was nearly bursting with grief, as she remembered the many dangers to which her son was exposed; neither did she forget, at morning, noon, or night, to ask the interposition of Heaven in behalf of the absent one, and that the great Ruler of the Universe would place His shield between her loved one and danger. And the hearts of the beloved wife and sister were filled with anguish and dismay, as they read of the terrible carnival of blood through which those to them dearer than life had, perchance, safely passed. Yet that was not an hour for tears, for

> "Vengeance, deep brooding o'er the slain,
> Had locked the source of softer woe,
> And burning pride and high disdain
> Forbade the rising tear to flow."

* * * * * * *

Fellow-citizens, it is a high privilege that every American citizen can take upon himself the same solemn obligation. It is a duty we owe not only to the dead, but to the living soldier. Nay more, we owe it to ourselves, our children, and our country; for in a few short years the last comrade and officer of the grand army will sleep his last sleep, and rest in a soldier's honored grave. We too will then be asleep in the strong embrace of death. Therefore, guided by the inspiration of the hour, may we likewise inspire the hearts of our children with that zeal and devotion to their country and her defenders which shall continue through all succeeding generations.

That this will be so I do not doubt, for before us is the

evidence. We see here represented the Young Men's Christian Association, which had its origin in the desire upon the part of its founders to promote intellectual, moral, and religious attainments. Intelligence and loyalty to God and the great truths of the Bible make better citizens and more devoted and loyal subjects to our government, while, upon the other hand, ignorance and immorality are the cradle of treason. We see here, also, members of the two leading fraternities of America and the world, the one actuated by the great principles of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," and the other by the abiding principles of "Faith, Hope, and Charity." How often has the sick and dying soldier felt the power of those "mystic signs," imparting new life, which enabled him to send his dying message to his wife and children. I doubt not there are those before me to-day who have seen, and perhaps felt, the benefits of those fraternal feelings, which embrace within their comprehensive grasp the whole brotherhood of man. The more ardent our attachments for our fellow-men, the stronger the links that bind man to man, the stronger will be our devotion to our government and country.

And before us to-day are many who mourn the untimely death of those who were dearer to them than life itself. Could the dead of the county of Geauga be brought back to life, what a tale of suffering and woe would they reveal to us. It is well that it cannot be. It would open afresh the terrible wounds inflicted upon many a sad heart. I would not do it if I could. But can the mother forget her son, the wife her husband, or the affectionate sister her lost brother? Others may forget, but these *never*. May we ever cherish tenderly the memory of our fallen countrymen. May we ever hold in sacred remembrance the government which they saved from dishonor, and ever entertain towards her institutions those feelings of affection which are undying as a mother's love.

ADDRESS OF J. O. CONVERSE.

Soldiers and Fellow-citizens: The ceremony of decorating the graves of the departed with flowers is much older than the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, under whose auspices it is now annually observed as one of national importance; but wherever it may have originated, or whoever may have first suggested it, surely none could be more touchingly appropriate and beautiful, and by its observance we in some measure honor ourselves, as well as those whose memory it is designed to perpetuate. So far as the simple

ceremony itself is concerned it might, perhaps, be as well, if not better, to let it pass in silence, for no words, however fitly spoken, can add to its solemn and impressive meaning; and yet we would do violence to the noblest promptings of our nature did we not attempt some feeble expression of what all so deeply feel on an occasion like this. * *

As I stand here, I seem to see a countless host of patriot martyrs, of every name and rank, passing in silent review before me, and at their head is the lamented Lincoln, who, when his great work was done, "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gave him to see the right," went up to heaven with the blessings of a redeemed nation and an emancipated race upon his head. Thousands of fair hands, all over this sorrow-stricken land, have woven garlands of beauty to deck the graves of the fallen defenders of the Union, and all the people, from the President down to the humblest citizen of the republic, are doing homage at these lowly shrines to-day. Nor can we forget that there are graves unnumbered, scattered in lone places over every State of the rebellion-cursed and war-desolated South, which friendly footsteps seldom or never approach, and which are garlanded only as nature with her own emerald garlands all the earth in this glad morning of the year. I hold in my hand some flowers plucked in the cemetery of the Union dead at Andersonville, Georgia, and sent me in a letter by a friend who has been engaged during the last few months in teaching the freedmen at that place; and, while you see them, think of the victims of rebel persecution and hate, begotten of the fell spirit of slavery, who are sleeping in that unhallowed ground! Unhallowed did I say? No, it is not unhallowed; for by the ashes of our unreturning braves it is hallowed forever. But, wherever the honored sleepers lie buried, there is one eye that ever watches over them, and it is a consolation to know that their battles are over, and they rest in peace.

> "The storm that wrecks the winter sky
> No more disturbs their deep repose,
> Than summer evening's latest sigh,
> That shuts the rose."

Have you never thought how appropriate is the spot selected for the resting-place of the dead of Chardon? Go and stand among the graves on that gently-sloping hill-side, overlooking that broad green valley, as the setting sun is shedding a halo of glory over all the western sky, and its last rays are gilding with unwonted beauty every shrub, and leaf, and flower, and, as you behold that landscape, say if you could ask for a lovelier place to rest when life's journey is

ended. Many sad yet sacred associations cluster around that inclosure, and many hearts throb and many eyes glisten with emotion at the thought of dear ones who are sleeping there. Nothing that art can do should be left undone to render it still more attractive. And year after year we should visit it to pay this grateful tribute to the memory of our departed soldiers; and, when we shall have followed them, and our voices and hands shall be stilled forever, let other voices speak their praise and other hands decorate their graves, that their memory may be green as the grass that grows and beautiful as the flowers that bloom above them as long as pure and unselfish patriotism is honored among men or gratitude finds a place in the human heart.

ADDRESS OF T. W. PORTER, ESQ.

Fellow-citizens and Comrades: The onward march of time has again brought upon us our national day of mourning, with the sad memory of tried and trusted comrades who, in the prime of life, full of manly vigor and courage, have, in as noble a cause and in as heroic a fight as any in which man's blood has ever been shed, laid their lives upon their country's altar, a sacrifice for their country, its free institutions, and the perpetuity of its freedom forever.

No other nation upon the face of the earth exhibits that feeling of gratitude, that veneration for its silent heroes, who sleep the sleep of death in unnumbered graves, on countless battle-fields, that is felt and realized by the people of this republic.

Comrades, how great a boon it is to have fought the battles of such a people, to have maintained, for them and for us, a government endowed with such liberal freedom for all men, all races, and all nations!

This is not only a day meet for national mourning, but it is a day that, while we mourn, we too may rejoice that the strife has not been in vain, that the blood of these comrades whom we mourn has not been shed in a "lost cause." It is a day, too, in its sacredness, that will bind the hearts of our countrymen nearer together, and kindle anew the fire of patriotism, the love of country and the flag.

On behalf of comrades and soldiers, permit me to tender to those who have so kindly aided us in decorating the graves of those brave men who sleep in yonder cemetery our heartiest thanks and warmest gratitude. This large assembly reminds us all that, however lowly the station of him who fell in his country's defense, he will need no titled glory to be remembered in the hearts of his countrymen.

ADDRESS OF REV. C. T. KINGSBURY.

Fellow-citizens and Soldiers: I cannot well allow this opportunity to pass without saying a word at least as an expression of respect to the honored dead. That heart must be hard indeed, and that mind unable to appreciate the blessings we this day enjoy, that is not stirred to its profoundest depths by the recollection of the deeds of daring and of peril brought to mind by this anniversary. How our minds go back to the scenes of a hundred battle-fields fought over in 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1864, and to the keener anguish of hospitals and prisons, and to the wail of woe that went up from widowed wives and orphan children and bereaved parents from every portion of the land during those years, until the nation's heart was made to thrill with ecstacy by the intelligence of the last surrender. And then, ah! how soon was occasioned the nation's deeper gloom, greater peril, and intenser determination to make her victory complete, and fully subdue her enemies, by the assassination of our then recently re-elected President! When we look at these scenes, and survey still further this world's history, we wonder not that it has been said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!"

We would honor the dead. We would scatter choicest flowers over the places where their bodies slumber. We would speak of their noble deeds, and teach our children to respect and cherish their memories. We would do more: we would show ourselves worthy the inheritance perpetuated to us, under God's blessing, as the result of the sacrifices they made, by a course of virtue, temperance, and fidelity to truth and the Union, which shall transmit the institutions of literature, liberty, and religion, unsullied, down to the latest generations.

AT HAMPDEN.

REMARKS OF ALBERT HALE.

Fellow-citizens: Another year has passed away since we met to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of our departed heroes, the loved ones whose noble deeds we love to cherish, who offered their lives on the altar of our common country. To-day we meet again to renew those tokens of remembrance, cherish their virtues and noble deeds, and wreathe around the green sod that presses their noble forms a garland of flowers, and drop over the resting-places of our noble dead the tender tear.

We can never, no, never, forget our soldier boys! We, their sires and mothers, will pass away and be forgotten; but the noble deeds of the defenders of liberty and the rights of humanity will live when earthly thrones, kingdoms, and empires have passed away. Their names and the cause for which they bled are recorded upon the pages of history, to be read and admired by the latest posterity.

The occasion that has brought us together to-day is calculated to carry our minds back to the time that tried the souls of men and women in our then distracted country. We had become so accustomed to the threats and insults of the southern chivalry, that we had come to regard them in the light of an old adage, "A barking dog never bites." How little did we regard the threats and acts of the southern slave-power during the ever-memorable winter which followed the election of Abraham Lincoln! We read of their warlike preparations with careless indifference—the withdrawal of one State after another from the Union, the seizure of forts and war material, and the mighty preparations for the reduction of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. Slow, slow were we to believe that all this dread array and menace meant war of the darkest dye, till the cloud burst like a peal of thunder from a cloudless sky, as the intelligence flashed over the land that Sumter had fallen, and the South had inaugurated civil war in earnest. The nation stood aghast. All hearts were appalled. We all remember the Sunday that followed the fall of Sumter, when handbills were thrown into the midst of worshiping assemblies, "To arms! to arms!!" accompanied with a quotation of Scripture by H. W. Beecher: "Speak to the people that they go forward." The order of exercises in many places was changed to patrotic appeals to the people. The ensuing week brought the call for seventy-five thousand men. Before another Sabbath came the first blood had been spilt in the streets of Baltimore on the 19th of April. Massachusetts' noble sons were the first martyrs in the terrible conflict that ensued, and ended in the sacrifice of a half a million of human lives. * * *

Such was the condition of things at the commencement of and during the conflict. The destinies of our republic seemed at the time to hang in awful uncertainty. Call for men succeeded call, till the country trembled beneath the tread of the mightiest armies known in modern warfare, and the whole land seemed one vast military encampment. How anxiously we watched the progress of the regiments to which our loved ones were attached! and, oh, the intense anxiety we felt when the news came that the Seventh, the Twenty-ninth, the Forty first, or the One Hundred and Fifth had met the

enemy in deadly strife! Long will be remembered the bloody scenes of Shiloh, Chickamauga, Perryville, Mission Ridge, and Stone River, where our brave boys fell. How the heart saddens at the remembrance of the first intelligence that our dear ones were numbered with the wounded, slain, or among the missing, perhaps to undergo untold horrors in a southern prison! How the heart sickens when we recall the scenes and sufferings of Libby, Belle Isle, and Andersonville! The recollection of those times seems almost like a dream. We would gladly dismiss them from the mind, but we never can. But we must not dwell on these sad recollections. And, while we strew over the graves of our noble dead the sweet fragrance of the vernal bloom, let us be comforted by the consolation that they have fled to the union of kindred spirits beyond the din of battle, away from the conflicts of earth, as we trust, to reap immortal bliss in the fields of the blessed. We can only give for them a sigh for the past and a smile for their souls up in heaven. But we have other duties to discharge. Our blessed Saviour said, "The poor ye have always with you." We have in our midst the widows and the orphans of those who have fallen in defense of liberty. They should be remembered with kindness, tender sympathy, and charity, a debt we justly owe the friends of the fallen brave.

A word to our surviving soldiers: We congratulate you to-day, on this interesting occasion, on your safe return to the peaceful pursuits of life, to enjoy the peace your valor won. You went forth to battle for God and humanity. Your watchword was,

"The Union forever,
And curs'd be the hand that our country would sever."

A kind Providence has shielded you in the day of battle, and permitted your safe return to the embraces of loving friends, and you are permitted to participate in this sad and interesting ceremony of showing respect to your fallen comrades.

May this solemn anniversary ever be remembered and as sacredly observed as that occasion which assembled, year after year, the daughters of Israel to bewail and lament the sad fate of Jephthah's daughter. You have helped to conquer the most stupendous rebellion the world ever saw. You have sent treason bellowing from the field, stamped with infamy and shame, and its infamous leader branded with the curse of Cain, to wander a vagabond on the earth, a scape-gallows, a hiss, and a by-word, till Almighty God calls him to a final reckoning.

AT MONTVILLE.

At an early hour on May 29, in obedience to the call of the Grand Army of the Republic, many citizens and the soldiers of the late war from the vicinity of Montville, assembled on the common, near the Disciple Church, and formed a company, under command of Captain Almer B. Paine, who occupied most of the time until noon in military evolutions and drill. Before noon, however, the military, escorted by martial music, marched to the cemetery, and stationed small flags over the graves.

The procession was formed about 1 p. m., under the direction of Captain R. H. Baldwin, Captain A. B. Paine, and A. McNaughton, marshals of the day, its right resting near the Methodist Episcopal Church, in manner following, to wit: Guard; colors and color-guard; Montville Martial Band; soldiers of the war of 1812; clergy; ladies, bearing wreaths; members of Independent Order of Odd Fellows No. 312; Sunday-schools; citizens.

The call for soldiers of the war of 1812 was responded to, and five came forward and took their places in the procession; four of them are residents of this town: Asa Underwood, Caleb Wintersteen, Mr. Skinner, and Mr. Estabrooks. Mr. Bartholomew, from Hartsgrove, who was a fife major in the army of 1812, was present, and gave satisfactory evidence that he is still master of his profession.

All things being ready the procession took up its line of march for the cemetery, and halted in front of the speakers' stand, where the procession broke ranks and gathered around the stand.

A prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Flower, of Thompson. Rev. Alvin Burgess delivered a short but appropriate address, and was immediately followed by Rev. Mr. Flower, speaker of the day.

At the close of Mr. Flower's address a call was made for S. E. Clapp, esq., who responded to the call in an impromptu speech of some fifteen or twenty minutes' duration, which was well received and highly applauded by all present.

At the close of Mr. Clapp's remarks a dirge was sung by

five selected singers, in concert with a cabinet organ. Immediately after the music followed the

DECORATION.

The wreath bearers, consisting of sixteen young ladies, escorted by A. McNaughton, marshal, moved around the cemetery and deposited a floral wreath, bouquet, and also a cross composed of evergreen boughs, upon the green turf that covered the remains of each honored dead. Immediately after the decorating ceremonies the guards marched around and fired a salute over each soldier's grave, being seven in number.

The procession then re-formed and marched back in the same order in which they came and halted opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church, where, after an expression of thanks from Captain R. H. Baldwin, they disbanded and each went his way, feeling happier for having had an opportunity of paying a small pittance of the interest on the debt of gratitude which our country owes to those valiant heroes for what they have done for the cause of liberty and human rights.

The members of Lodge No. 312, I. O. O. F., were out in full regalia.

The stores and shops of the village were voluntarily closed during the exercises.

CEREMONIES AT SPRING GROVE.

At 12 o'clock the vast crowd was called together by ex-Governor Dennison. After a few remarks by him, the following exercises were proceeded with: Music by the band; prayer by the Rev. A. G. Byers; song by the choir; address by Colonel H. B. Wilson; song, "*Unter allen Wipfeln ist Ruh*"—Mænnerchor; address by Hon. C. N. Olds.

At the conclusion of these exercises an original hymn was sung by the crowd to the tune of "Old Hundred," with magnificent effect.

The following poem, written by Mrs. K. M. Sherwood, the talented wife of the Secretary of State, was read·

Aye, bring the fadeless evergreens, the laurel and the bay,
A grateful land remembers all her promises to-day;
And hearts that gave their treasures up when manhood was the price,
Now bring their sweetest offerings and bless the sacrifice.
It is no soulless pageantry o'er half-forgotten deeds
Which draws from painted history the spirit of its meeds!
In the pale and anxious faces that gather in the crowd,
Is found the brave, sad story of the conquest and the shroud.

Aye, bring the fadeless evergreens, the laurel and the bay,
They serve a nobler purpose now than under Roman sway;
We'll twine them for our heroes with the cypress and the yew,
And weave them into garlands with the rosemary and rue.
The emblems of the conqueror, the emblems of the dead,
Shall rest, a silent homily, above each sleeping head,
While victory is whispering of battles nobly won,
Sweet peace shall quiet sorrow with her touching, tender tone.

Aye, bring the queen of flowers—the roses red and white—
Though we name no haughty Lancaster or York-devoted knight,
We sing of greater deeds to-day, of greater battles won,
Of freemen wrapped in freedom's flag when freedom's work was done.
Aye, strew the dew-wet roses—each liquid drop a tear
From eyes grown dim with weeping above the soldier's bier,
For as their dying fragrancy fills all the summer morn,
So from the tomb of patriots is heroism born.

Aye, bring the pale white flowers, fresh and sweet to look upon—
There are no purer symbols of the noble spirits gone—
The sweetness floating from them comes to gladden us to-day.
Like memories of cherished friends forever passed away.
Aye, bring the stately flowers, the haughty *fleur de lis*,
For never was it emblem of a truer royalty.
To-day its crested head above a private's grave may toss,
And yet no braver he who wore the helmet and the cross.

Aye, come with flying banners and with stately martial tread!
With muffled drums and music gather 'round the honored dead!
And thus, with bowed heads standing, while we watch the maidens come
And strew our humble offerings on every sacred tomb—
And while the fires of sorrow burn in many a tearless eye,
Or hearts less used to grief bow down in speechless agony—
Oh, will not then this earnest prayer arise to every tongue,
"God give to us such men as these whatever trials come."

CEREMONIES IN PREBLE COUNTY.

AT EATON

The graves here were decorated by the Ninety-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, who held a reunion July 11. After the meeting a procession was formed, little girls in white, bearing beautiful wreaths, and boys with evergreen crosses, who, with the Ninety-third Regiment, citizens, and the Eaton Cornet Band, proceeded to the cemetery, where a stand had

been erected. Speeches were made by General Wood and others, and divine services were had. Then the children spread their garlands on the thirty-seven soldiers' graves, which were completely covered, as well as the monument over the graves of the forty soldiers buried here during the war of 1812 with the Indians—battle of Fort St. Clair.

The town was crowded and all business suspended. The decoration was postponed from May 29 on account of the reunion.

IN EATON TOWNSHIP.

Nearly five hundred citizens attended the memorial exercises in Eaton on Saturday. Rev. Mr. Holbrook delivered an impressive address, and was followed by Mr. William Allen, of that township, in a few remarks. There was martial music and singing, which added to the interest of the occasion, and the entire exercises were appropriate, reflecting due credit upon the patriotic citizens of Eaton, who, while they shrank from no duty during the war, will always be foremost in honoring the names of her fallen heroes.

IN CAMDEN.

The patriotic citizens of Camden turned out to the number of nearly a thousand on Sunday to lay their tokens of remembrance upon the graves of their fallen soldiers. The services were peculiarly impressive, and everything passed off in excellent order. Prayer was offered by Rev. L. Waugh, and eloquent and appropriate addresses were made by Rev. A. Heath, pastor of the Baptist Church in Camden, and Rev. Mr. Encell, of Wellington. A nicely sodded mound was erected in the cemetery, on which was a tablet inscribed, "In memory of our fallen soldiers, who are buried far away."

CEREMONIES IN LORAIN COUNTY.

AT ELYRIA.

The services in honor of the Union soldiers who fell in the late rebellion took place at Elyria on Sunday, May 30. At

2.30 p. m. the people began to assemble in front of the town hall, and by 3 o'clock Court street was filled with citizens, on foot and in carriages. At that hour the procession was formed under the direction of Major G. D. Williams, assisted by X. Beck and Dr. George E. Sloat, in the following order:

Disabled soldiers, in a carriage tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreen boughs; Dr. Thayer's fine circus band, who volunteered their services for the occasion; soldiers on foot, each wearing a black rosette, with flowers in the center, and each carrying a bouquet; the Elyria Silver Band; sixty young misses dressed in white, each bearing a wreath of flowers and a bouquet inclosed in a wire basket; relatives of deceased soldiers; citizens on foot; citizens in carriages.

Soon after 3 o'clock the procession began to move with slow and solemn tread to the plaintive notes of a dirge by the band, and proceeded directly to the cemetery. With reverent emotions the throng passed under the archway which spanned the main entrance. This arch was covered with evergreens and ornamented with flowers, and in the center was a pendent tablet, on which the following was inscribed:

"Whether on the tented field,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

And on the obverse side:

"Here sleep the brave who sank to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

On arriving at the summit of the grounds the procession halted, and Rev. R. L. Chittenden offered a fervent prayer for the blessing of Almighty God upon the exercises about to be performed in memory of the heroic dead. The march was then resumed, and, on reaching a soldier's grave, the name of the deceased was announced by Dr. L. D. Griswold. The young misses then approached and tenderly deposited their fragrant flowers upon the mound; and thus were all the graves of soldiers visited, the band meanwhile adding a solemn interest to the exercises by their soft, plaintive strains.

After the graves had all been visited the exercises were continued by the chaplain offering a prayer, followed by a

dirge by the band. Rev. William C. Turner was then introduced, and proceeded to deliver a highly appropriate and impressive address, which was listened to with deep interest by all who were within hearing distance.

In the rear of the platform was a tablet, bearing the names of the Elyria soldiers who are buried on distant battle-fields.

The return of the procession was hastened somewhat by the rain, but everything was conducted in the greatest order and decorum, befitting not only the occasion, but the day.

IN OBERLIN.

The services in Oberlin were performed on Saturday, and were of great interest to the hundreds who participated. The procession was very imposing, and a short address was delivered by Professor Shurtleff at the conclusion of the ceremony of strewing the graves with flowers. The music was furnished by the Elyria Silver Band.

CEREMONIES AT MARTIN'S FERRY.

By 1 o'clock the town began to wear a holiday appearance. The different places of business were being closed up, the Sunday suits were put on, and all were wending their way to headquarters. From the country the farmer came bringing his wife and daughters, and their baskets of wild flowers, gathered out from among the mosses of the quiet far-away woodland. The soldier boy, from his home in the country, came with his faded cavalry jacket buttoned to the throat, as if for review. The same spurs which had urged his horse on to the front in the stirring years a little while gone were that morning taken down from the smoked kitchen rafter and brightened up, while sad memories filled his heart, memories of a younger brother who sleeps "just across the river" at Fredericksburg, where shot and shell lie as thickly as do stones on the old home-place. The mother—there are "silver threads now in her hair"—goes to the garden, just where the palings are rotting and have fallen over among the rose-bushes, and gathers the flowers which bloom there. Then

the tears *will* come—memory is crowding them out from the heart wherein is enshrined the noble life of her dead boy. How many flowers yet live on the graves that were tear-bedewed?

On the head-stone or head-board of each soldier's grave the ladies had hung a wreath, inside of which was pendent a large and beautiful bouquet.

At 2 o'clock there was a lively and busy time at headquarters. Professor Wallace's band was playing at the Odd Fellows' Hall, while the members were getting ready to take their place in the procession.

The procession was formed: Soldiers of 1812; guard; colors; guard; band; speakers; soldiers; Odd Fellows; citizens; and marched thence to the cemetery, the band playing a dirge. On arriving at the flower table the column marched in "open order," and received the floral offerings from the ladies, thence passing on strewed each grave until every one was visited. The procession moved slowly and solemnly. The parents of some of the soldier dead were there, and as the graves of *their* boys were being strewed, their feelings found vent in tears—sad, sorrowful tears; and the soldier boy's heart, which of necessity used to be steeled against sympathy, sorrow, and suffering, was broken into by the tears of these mothers. Many an eye was filled with tears and many hearts heaved with emotion. The green grasses of summer echoed back no sound of the foot-fall; all was quietude, save the sobs of patriot mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. The shadows which come and go beneath the branches of the old walnut trees kiss the flowers and are gone back to heaven. The unwritten music of the birds is softened to a minor key, and is in unison with the feelings of all.

Owing to the admirable arrangement of the committee appointed to designate the soldiers' graves, not one was overlooked. They had placed a flag-staff and a flag at the head of each grave, which told at once where they slept.

The graves all strewn, the procession was re-formed around the flower table, when Rev. W. H. Morton offered a fervent prayer, after which he addressed the large concourse assem-

bled. He was followed by General H. C. Capehart, who spoke ten minutes, and closed by reading a poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Lizzie A. Capehart.

Dr. J. M. Todd was next introduced, and said:

Members of the Benevolent Societies, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Comrades: We are assembled to-day no less in response to an invitation of a noble organization, having as its twin corner-stones patriotism and benevolence, than, I am sure, the ennobling emotions of our own hearts, to honor the gallant dead, patriot heroes, freedom's defenders, tried and true. We are here to-day in our various capacities unitedly to bless the memory of those who regarded the claims of business and the ties of family and home subordinate to those of country, and leaped into the din and carnage of fierce battle, many, oh, how many, never to return, to save us a country and a home. While we gather in this, one of God's first beautiful temples, to scatter on the graves of fallen heroes these floral emblems of affection, let us not forget the "unreturning braves," who sleep beneath southern skies, far away from home and friends, and over whose graves wave the dark plumes of death in solemn silence, undisturbed by even a falling tear; nor our brave compatriots of the navy, who in coral beds sleep beneath the dark blue sea, who went down like the immortal crew of the Cumberland, firing as they sank and cheering as they died. Let the heroic deeds of these martyrs of liberty live bright, fresh, and fragrant in our memories as these beautiful flowers, and inspire us with thanksgiving and praise to the Lord of Hosts, who hath made and preserved us a people. This is a day sacred in the calendar of the nation. All over the land are processions moving in solemn silence to the more silent graves of the brave. * *

Invincible heroes, they submitted without a murmur or regret. I saw a man once lying on a battle-field, his eyes glassy in death, staring wildly at an open photograph in his hand. His last look was at wife and child, and his last thought was with them far away in their cottage home. I knew not who he was, but I buried him, and on his frail head-board I engraved "Unknown." I hesitate not to aver that, though he died lovingly scrutinizing the faces of loved ones, his spirit, as it winged its way up through the smoke of that sanguinary field, looked back again and again, and still again, to see if the old flag yet floated in triumph. Let us then decorate the graves of the nation's saviours with the first fruits of the floral season, and weave a garland of amaranth for each. Here let us draw inspiration for the great

battle of life, and dedicate ourselves anew to the consummation of the work for which the soldier fought and died. Let us commend the lessons of the hour to our children, that they may study well the price of our redemption. What more auspicious occasion than the present? for when is the heart more impressible than at the grave of a friend; and who can boast of a better friend than the one who died that we might be happy? Let us as a nation, for long generations, hold in sacred observance a day for these solemn rites. As I before remarked, there is no man-worship in this. All that we propose to honor is the exalted spirit of our braves as exhibited in their lives, a striking instance of which occurred under my immediate observation at the battle of Stone River. On that fearful Friday evening were brought to my hospital two soldiers of tender years, about the same age. Both had evidently enjoyed the kindly training of Christian mothers, and both were unusually interesting. They were mortally wounded, and I informed them that they could live but a few hours. I removed the bloody blue and gray, clothed them in nice clean garments furnished by the Ladies' Aid Society of Northern Ohio.

On making my rounds after midnight I found the boys lying side by side on a little straw. As I approached them, the rebel asked if I would write his mother a letter and tell her how hard it was for him to die so far away from her and home. "Tell her I ask with my dying breath that she forgive me for dishonoring the flag she taught me to love. Tell her I die in bitter remorse of having fought against my country and her glorious banner, and though I die a rebel, I die in deep anguish for my wrong-doing." The young Union soldier by his side, who had been an attentive listener, with a face beaming with celestial luster, asked me to write to his mother, and tell her "while I regret to leave her childless, I know she will not complain when she hears I don't regret to die in defense of the old starry banner which she enjoined me never to disgrace. Oh, I know she is willing to make the sacrifice, and I am ready to die." Morning came, but the spirits of the young soldiers had taken their flight, and I buried the young Ohioan and Texan on the banks of that beautiful river where they heard their last tattoo, and after life's fitful fever they sleep well, until the last great reveille and the final "roll-call."

Among the Egyptians and the Romans the skeleton filled a prominent place on all festive occasions. Its ghastly outlines were embowered in flowers, its eyeless sockets looked out on the tempting viands, and its nerveless ears drank in the sounds of revelry by night. To the old heathen its pres-

ence was of the brightest import. To them there were no "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, standing dressed in living green;" no land of pure delight beyond the present life. The grave to them, body and soul, was an eternal prison-house, whose everlasting darkness was impenetrable. How to secure from the fleeting hours the greatest amount of pleasure was their only ambition. And what more powerful incentive could they have to appropriate every passing employment than the brevity of life, the certainty of death; and the skeleton emblem thundered forth these solemn truths from out its fleshless throat. Whilst we gather to-day around the moldering forms of our comrades and friends, let us appreciate the great truth embodied in the presence of these skeleton forms, and learn, too, that time is short, death is certain.

Let us kindle afresh the fires of loyalty and fidelity on the altars of our hearts, and renew our pledges of life and sacred honor, to transmit to posterity untarnished this matchless government of ours, bought by the blood of our fathers, and baptized with the young blood of our own households. We live not for the present. We have new duties coming with each hour; but we owe to our children and children's children obligations most solemn and imperative. We are each a part of that great current of humanity that touches the beginning, the middle, and the end of time. Let us not forget the fraternal duties we owe each other, our responsibilities to our country and our God, and always remember that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

At the conclusion of the addresses the procession was again formed and marched back to the town hall, where the crowd was dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT MEDINA.

(McClure Post.)

Flags, draped in mourning, were hung out through the village and one stretched across the street from Phœnix block to Castle's. At the cemetery everything had been arranged in exeellent order and taste. Over the gateway was built a beautiful arch of evergreens, crowned with handsome bouquets, and flanked by American flags, while across the center ran the legend,

"To our fallen heroes—Their memory still lives."

By 1 o'clock in the afternoon the streets in the village were thronged with people from the country. The procession started from the hall about 2 o'clock, and moved to the cemetery to the music of the Lodi Cornet Band and a martial band of fifteen or twenty performers, the cannon in the park firing minute-guns and the church-bells tolling. Following the Grand Army boys, who were uniformed and under arms, were the ladies having charge of the decoration, over a hundred in number, bearing in their hands and arms flowers, wreaths, and evergreens; then a party of little girls dressed in white, carrying baskets of flowers; then citizens—men, women, and children—by hundreds with their floral offerings.

The ceremony of decoration was performed by the ladies, four having been appointed for each grave, while our soldiers buried in the United States cemeteries and on the fields where they fell, were remembered, each one, by hanging wreaths on a large cross erected in a central part of the graveyard; and on the top of the cross, as the crowning memorial act, was placed an elegantly-made evergreen circle, inclosing a bouquet of choice flowers to the memory of him who had "Charity for all, and malice toward none," the nation's martyred President.

The address of Mr. Galloway was delivered in the cemetery at the conclusion of the ceremonies, and was listened to by a very large crowd.

After music from the band, and the song, "My Country 't is of Thee," by a glee club, the day's proceedings ended and the crowd dispersed, but subsequently assembled at the Congregational Church, and listened to a sermon in honor of the occasion from Rev. C. N. Pond, from Romans xiii, 7: "Honor to whom honor."

This expression is elliptical. The other parts of the verse show that supplying the words omitted it would read, "Render honor to whom honor is due."

Religion requires that we should render first and chief honor to God, because He is best and greatest. His greatness exceeds the sum of all other beings. His goodness is the source of all goodness. He is infinitely great, and infinitely good. Therefore the highest honor is due to him.

But while religion requires supreme honor to God, it also demands that we should pay appropriate honor to our fellow-men. Children should honor their parents, citizens their rulers, society its benefactors. All should respect and reverence the good and the great in every place and relationship. To these we are to offer no adulation, no "hero-worship." "Hero-worship" is idolatry. We are simply to bestow upon them such tributes as man may rightfully offer to his fellow-men.

With all others whom we honor we should not fail to remember the worthy dead. We should thus remember them because it is their due. Obligations are not all canceled by death. The will of a deceased man controls his estate. From the grave which has closed over a parent, children cannot turn away with the feeling that all filial duties are at once discharged. The debt of respectful remembrance and cherished affection still remains. We all feel that it is desirable to have a place in the memory and hearts of others after we are gone.

But it may be said that to honor the departed can do them no good, because they perceive it not. To this we answer, how can it be known that the dead have no knowledge of this world's affairs? Possibly they may have an accurate perception of what transpires on earth. True, we cannot admit the belief that our departed friends are always hovering around us, for that is impossible. To illustrate: if the mother of a large family is called away, and her children are afterwards scattered far and wide, she cannot in unseen presence constantly attend them all. She is not omnipresent. She is finite, and is limited by her finity. But though the spirit of the dead cannot be always with every one of their friends, yet it is possible they know well the events of this world, and are pleased with the honor we pay them.

But even if they perceive it not, it is of value to them. The worth of praise is not solely in its coming to the ears of the one praised. Should a worthy ruler be honored only by the few who chance to be within his hearing? He should be honored by all, for so his power to rule well is increased. Praise rightfully bestowed even in one's absence helps his character and influence, and so is of value to him. * *

We remember, too, their deeds in the field, their endurance, bravery, and tenacity. Take, as an illustration of it, the crisis struggle of the rebellion. Lee's army had swept across the line into Pennsylvania, and battle was joined at Gettysburg. Treason victorious there would have won all. This the traitors knew. They planned for success. On that memorable day the batteries opened a chorus of death more

terrible than was often known even in this terrible war. Then came a lull. The quiet was so profound that the singing of a bird near the Union headquarters rung out as sweetly as if the song were never to be interrupted. Then came the determined charge of the rebel infantry. With a fierce war-cry and "savage insolence, as yet untutored by defeat," on they rushed, dauntless as demons. Shot, shell, and the blaze of musketry checked them not. They advanced to the very muzzles of our guns, determined to sweep away the ranks of the Union. "But they met men of equal spirit and greater tenacity." The national forces stood like rock, hurled back the tremendous onslaught, and rebellion staggered away defeated to its own place. We do well to honor valor like this.

But there were other deeds than those of the bloody field. Other enemies than man assailed them. Deadly disease came upon them, and many fell in its embraces. How can we speak adequately of the sacrifices of these? In the proud field of strife the soldier may even dare to die; but to sink powerless and die without striking a blow, ah! that is a sacrifice. We shall remember their heroic patience in hospital and prison. We count it a part of their service to country, for if there must be a war, these things must attend it.

We remember, too, that there are many with bodies partly living and partly dead. Full many a limb has in that southern soil perished back to its mother dust. Full many an empty sleeve remains, a cenotaph, an empty tomb, on which you can almost see inscribed, "In memory of an arm once lifted for freedom, now lifted no more." * * *

The best honor we can bestow upon the dead is in deeds of devotion to match theirs. They died in the service of their country and ours. In her service we may live. Eternal shame awaits those who prostitute to base uses the rich bequest of freedom preserved at such cost. Who, on soil consecrated by sacrifices like these, will dare to live a base, selfish, worthless life?

Standing by the graves of the dead, let us gather thence an incitement for the living. Devoting ourselves to God and our country, to Christ our only king, let us cherish better purposes and truer aims, while striving to render "honor to whom honor" is due.

CEREMONIES AT NEW LISBON.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock the bells were tolled, during which nearly all the business houses in town were closed,

and the people began to assemble in the vicinity of the court-house and the hall of the Grand Army of the Republic. At the hour designated the procession was formed, under the chief marshalship of Colonel S. J. Firestone, assisted by Captain J. A. Myers, Major J. L. Straughn, Major J. B. Mills, Adjutant William M. Hostetter, and Comrade L. B. Nelson, in the following order:

The New Lisbon Silver Cornet Band; a martial band; twenty young girls, dressed in white, with red and blue sashes, and each carrying a handsome wreath, across the center of which was a white satin ribbon bearing the name of a deceased soldier; the orator of the day and officiating clergy; the national flag draped in mourning; members of the Grand Army of the Republic and others who were engaged in the military service, carrying wreaths and bouquets; citizens generally.

From the hall of the Grand Army of the Republic the procession marched to the German Burying-ground, where a wreath and flowers were deposited upon the grave of Louis F. Flugan. The procession then marched to the cemetery, where it was joined by a large concourse of people who had preceded it to that place.

The assemblage then gathered around a temporary monument, erected for the occasion, "In memory of our absent fallen comrades," and bearing the names of the forty-nine deceased soldiers who entered the service from that vicinity, whose remains were not taken home. An appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. King, of Pittsburgh, after which the choir sang the beautiful and appropriate dirge, "Toll the Bell! the Brave are Sleeping."

Rev. J. F. Jones then delivered a brief and eloquent address, the substance of which was as follows:

The object of our meeting is to perform a duty, not more obligatory than consistent with our sentiments and feelings. We assemble around the graves of our patriotic soldiers who laid their lives upon the altar of our country, to testify our reverence for their memory and for the cause in which they died. We are here to fulfill a promise which in the dark days of the rebellion we most solemnly made, that the men who periled their lives to preserve the Union should never

be forgotten. We are here not only to fulfill that promise, but to renew it. We decorate these patriot graves with wreaths and flowers which, while they fade and wither, represent our affection, which does not perish.

If our hearts accompany our hands in this ceremony, we are here to renew our allegiance to the cause of our free country, the cause in which these soldiers died. There were times during the rebellion when our ablest statesmen were appalled, and the firmest hearts gave signs of fear. It seemed to us that we had put forth our greatest effort. The balance in which the hopes of a continent were poised trembled with uncertainty. We owe our victory and our peace, under God, the shadow of whose right hand fell upon every battle-field, to the Grand Army of the Republic, one noble division of which sleeps beneath the soil made sacred by their blood, while the other mingles with us, enjoying the fruits of their sacrifices. While we cherish the memory of the dead, we are not to forget the living. We owe our warmest sympathies to the families made desolate by the war. We owe a debt of gratitude to the soldiers who survive the dangers of the camp, the march, and the field. Let them never be forgotten. Let us mingle our prayers with our floral offerings, that God may smile upon our land and preserve to us the enlarged liberties we now enjoy.

At the close of the address Bourne's hymn was sung by the choir to the tune of "Pleyel's Hymn."

The procession then re-formed and visited each and every grave in the cemetery, and halted while the name and military record of each soldier was announced, after which one of the young girls placed a wreath upon each grave and the comrades and others strewed it with flowers.

Returning to the monument, it was decorated with the remaining flowers, after which music by the Silver Cornet Band and a brief prayer and benediction by Rev. D. V. Hyde closed the interesting and impressive ceremonies.

CEREMONIES AT PERRYSVILLE.

The 30th day of May being the anniversary of the decoration of the soldiers' graves, the veterans in and about Perrysville assembled at Coulter's Hall early on Sabbath. Although the day was cloudy and threatened rain, the Lou-

donville Band was in attendance, and at 10 o'clock a. m. the procession started for St. John's Church. The soldiers, marching in military order, by command of Captain Gladden, filed into line, and the proceedings were opened by prayer by Mr. Welty, after which a committee of soldiers was appointed to distribute the wreaths and flowers on the graves of the fallen slain, which having been done, they again resumed their places in ranks and marched to the wagons, when the procession returned to Perrysville. By order of Captain Gladden the soldiers reassembled at the hall at 1.30 o'clock p. m., and at 2 o'clock, attended by the band, they started for the Perrysville Cemetery, the soldiers bearing the wreaths with which to decorate the graves, and carrying in advance of the flag a green mound, on which were written the names of those Union soldiers who sleep on southern battle-fields. When they had arrived at a suitable place in the cemetery they again formed into line, while the Rev. Mr. Warner opened the services by prayer; after which, while the band played an appropriate piece, the committee again proceeded, with flowers, wreaths, and bouquets, to decorate the graves. This having been done, they returned to the church and were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Warner.

The soldiers now marched back to the hall, when, by a suggestion from Captain Gladden, they resolved to meet on the 30th of every month of May for this purpose.

ADDRESS BY REV. THOMAS CORWIN WARNER.

The occasion which calls together the present assemblage is one peculiarly interesting to every patriot and freeman of America. We meet with the members of that patriotic organization the Grand Army of the Republic to make an appropriate public acknowledgment of our indebtedness, as individuals and as a nation, to the brave defenders of our free institutions, who in our country's late struggle with a gigantic rebellion fell fighting for all that is dear to the true American heart.

How beautifully appropriate, as an expression of the honor in which we hold these fallen heroes, is the act of decorating the graves where they lie sleeping till the reveille of resurrection's morn shall be sounded by Gabriel.

While to-day our hearts are filled with sadness, there is mingled with it an honest pride for the record so noble left by these brave men as a legacy to American freemen.

Many a mother to-day sits dreaming of the boy she gave to her country; and though the glistening tear-drops chase each other down her cheeks, the heart says, "Thank God he died in such a cause." Others are clad in the habiliments of mourning, sad mementos of companions dearly loved, yet not so dearly but that, with a fervent "God bless and protect you," they could bid them go at their country's call. Orphan hearts are bleeding, yet rejoicing, for fathers lie sleeping in southern glens and northern graveyards who died that America might live.

The nation to-day pays a tribute of respect to those who have died for the preservation of our government and to maintain the supremacy of the laws.

I am truly happy to be permitted to bear an humble part in this ovation to our fallen soldiery. * * *

Many graves there are, graves of our own brave boys, over which no loving hand will to-day scatter sweet flowers; no tears will fall upon the cold clay that covers their mortal remains. There are fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters that earnestly crave this poor privilege; but, alas, in many cases we know not where these loved ones sleep.

In one corner of my mother's parlor stands a captain's sword and belt. It, with a picture of him who formerly wore it, is all that is left to *her* of an idolized son; to *me* of a loved and affectionate brother—

"Round our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story,
How our noble 'Willie' fell."

When at Shiloh the tide of battle ran fierce and high, he fell while leading his men on in that final and desperate charge which decided the fortunes of that terrible day. Kind friends incoffined his remains, and started with them for Ohio. But corruption claimed his manly form as its prey, and at Fort Henry his body was consigned to the grave. The river flowing by sings his only requiem, and all the tears that fall upon his resting-place are heaven's dew drops. We think it sad, indeed, that we cannot have the poor privilege of caring for the sacred spot where he sleeps; and oh, how we should love to kneel there to swear unswerving allegiance to the cause in which he fell.

Much of our sadness would be alleviated did we but know that to-day some *loyal* hand would decorate, as a precious privilege, our "Willie's" grave. But if we know sadness,

how much more sad must be the hearts of the many who do not know where their loved one's lie, or whether, indeed, they ever received a proper burial.

While our hands have been decorating the graves of the soldiers who lie sleeping here in our own quiet graveyard, let our hearts weave bright garlands of praise and twine them around our memory of the many who in graves unknown await the summons to come forth. Let the act here performed be emblematic of our reverence for every fallen son of America, whoever they may be, wherever they may sleep.

Never, *never* let us forget the self-sacrificing devotion of our country's defenders. Green as emerald is the grass that grows upon their graves, but it, when the sighing winds of winter shall chant a solemn dirge among the leafless branches of the trees, will be withered and dead. Shall the grateful emotions called up in the heart by this day's services be equally short-lived? No, *no!* Among the memories we carry with us to the grave, may the remembrance of our soldiers and their deeds of patriotic valor shine fairest and brightest of all.

And may the blessing of the God of peace rest upon this land and people henceforth forevermore.

CEREMONIES IN CLARKE COUNTY.

AT SPRINGFIELD.

Nearly two thousand people assembled at Ferncliff. The exercises at the speakers' stand, near the entrance of the grounds, began at 3 o'clock with an appropriate prelude by the American Cornet Band, followed by the singing of "Old Hundred" by the company present, led by a quartette.

After an impressive prayer by Rev. Thomas Collett, and the singing of "Olivet," the opening address, entitled "Peace," was delivered by Rev. R. L. Colwell, of the First Baptist Church, as follows:

It is proper, as we assemble here among the graves of the heroic dead who gave their lives in defense of our liberties, that we should do them honor by giving some expression of our grateful appreciation of the fruits of their toil, of their patriotism, and of their sufferings; precious fruits, purchased at fearful cost of human life—a price which, though beyond all computation, they deemed not too great to pay for the

boon of national peace. I am persuaded that none would presume to say that among all the thousands of patriot soldiers slumbering beneath American soil there lies one who regarded his life as too dear to be given in exchange for this best of all earthly blessings.

Though we may at present be unable to comprehend the value of that peace to-day enjoyed throughout our common domain, because we cannot anticipate all the numerous results which shall yet be wrought out in the happy era which is but just beginning to dawn upon us, yet surely the contrast between the bright present and the dark past, which must unbidden rise in the memory of every American citizen on this occasion, cannot but aid us in the task of putting proper estimate upon the invaluable legacy bequeathed to our beloved country by those whose names shall ever be revered, and to whose patriotism and valor we pay a willing homage—the legacy of a national peace, which extends its protecting wing alike over the East and West, the North and South; which penetrates, by the cheering rays of its light, what were once the dark regions of strife and oppression; which sends the sunshine of prosperity into the hitherto squalid abodes of poverty, and the ample doors of whose spacious temple stand open to all and every one of the universal brotherhood of man, who love justice, liberty, and loyalty. * *

Methinks, amid the din of battle, the terrible clash of deadly implements, where the elements of loyalty and treason met in dire conflict, and where thousands of true-hearted patriots fell bleeding and gasping in the fearful gulf between our country's salvation and its ruin, were heard the soul-inspiring notes of the angel of peace, as he sang "peace on earth and good will to men."

Let us then value as they did good government, maintain with integrity its principles, and willingly as they pay the sacrifice it demands at our hands.

The second address of the occasion immediately followed, delivered by Rev. M. W. Hamma, of the English Lutheran Church, and entitled "Sacrifice."

ADDRESS OF REV. M. W. HAMMA.

Nothing can more vividly bring to our minds the subject of sacrifice than the occasion for which we have met together, and the scenes that crowd upon us in this solemn place of the dead. It is to recognize and praise a great and worthy sacrifice that we have to-day left our homes and our business, and walk with solemn tread among the graves of the illus-

trious dead. It is quite appropriate, therefore, that we speak of the subject of sacrifice as we come here to honor the memory of those who died to save and bless their country. Around these graves, where sleep the nation's martyrs, 'tis well that we think and talk to each other about the worth and glory of sacrifice.

We justly hold up the American soldier who willingly perished to perpetuate the republic as worthy of the highest honor that men can bestow upon their fellows. That spirit of sacrifice that led the citizen to forsake his home, his friends, his family, his business, and enlist in the hard service of a soldier, brave the dangers of the camp and the field, and accept the probabilities of death, and that too under circumstances the most horrid and distressing; a spirit that led to such sacrifice as this in behalf of one's country is worthy to be named the spirit of the martyr. But as we contemplate the glory of this sacrifice we cannot forget the vast and beneficent results it achieved. What untold blessings have been purchased for the race in the saving of this free Christian government can only be fully revealed in the increased happiness and enlarged freedom of the generations yet unborn. The mighty interests that have been preserved, the principles that have been established by these precious lives, are of such magnitude and importance to the welfare of the human race, that their loss would have been immeasurable ruin to the world. By the valor of these mighty dead, free government has been preserved from perishing from the face of the earth. By their strong arms the foe that sought to destroy this "land of the free and home of the brave" was driven back from his contemplated ruin, and victory was brought to crown the noblest armies and the noblest cause that ever sought the arbitration of war.

All those broad and lasting reformations that have lifted the race to higher manhood and higher nationality have been the result of the sacrifice made by those whose hearts have beat the truest to God and humanity. All that is worth remembering, all that is worth cherishing, all that is worth perpetuating among the sons of men, in government and freedom, has been bought, sealed, and consecrated by the sacrifices of those who were willing to toil and suffer, to watch and pray, to go to prison and to death, that others might live and be free. And what is true of government is true in every department of human life. Every advanced position in the development of true science has been gained by toil and personal sacrifice. Every attainment of art that has come into immortality came into birth and growth through sacrifice.

And need I remind you of the attainments made, in man's behalf, by sacrifice, in the sphere of morals and religion? Need I show you here that the greatest blessing that God ever bestowed on man cost the greatest sacrifice that heaven could command, before that blessing could be secured? Our redemption from sin and eternal death came not but by the sacrifice of God's eternal Son, "who became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," that he might bring man to glory, honor, and immortality.

Yea, sacrifice is the great plan of God by which he achieves man's greatest good and his own greatest glory; and without it no great blessing has ever come from heaven to earth, and no liberation, no freedom, no advancement of the truth, and no redemption from sin and death to man.

Why, then, should we ever question the propriety of the sacrifices of this war for the attainment of the great ends of human liberty and Christian civilization? No; let us not question the right of such a sacrifice, but, as citizens of the same glorious country with these fallen heroes, among whose graves we stand, let us rather lay our hands upon our busy-beating hearts and swear eternal allegiance to the flag and the principles for which they died. And if human foe ever again dare imperil our liberty, so dearly purchased, let us vie with these mighty defenders of the republic's life, and like them be willing to die rather than yield the boon purchased for us by patriotic blood; and, as we bend reverently over these glorious graves and decorate them in honor of these martyrs of liberty, let us listen to their pleading voices as they seem to-day to come up through the yielding sod telling us the story of sublimest patriotism. Let us listen to them; they can tell us how nobly to live, and tell us, too, how grandly to die.

The singing of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," to the tune of "America," was the prelude to the closing address on "Decoration," by Rev. P. H. Mowry, of the Second Presbyterian Church.

ADDRESS OF REV. P. H. MOWRY.

The long agony of the terrible conflict is over, and many days of peace have dawned upon us; but we are assured that those who fell fighting for the victorious cause are not yet forgotten. The signal honors and tender homage which combine to designate this as Decoration Day prove that we hold their names and their achievements in lasting remembrance.

It is meet that we should adorn these graves with flowers,

for flowers are nature's most appropriate symbols of the feelings that animate our hearts on this occasion. Whether wrought into wreaths, or strewn in rich profusion over these honored sepulchers, they beautifully express the sadly sweet experiences of kindred and citizens who have been mutually bereft by the hand of war. It is a feeble but fitting tribute we pay to those whose warfare in our behalf terminated in the repose of death. Yonder, perhaps, beneath that swelling mound lies one whose flame of life went out after weeks of lingering pain in the hospital and far away from home. There is one who, touched by the finger of God amid the din of conflict, suddenly fell asleep, and

> "The great intelligences fair
> That range above our mortal state,
> In circle 'round the blessed gate,
> Received and gave him welcome there."

Amid the flame and smoke of battle or the scenes of quiet heroism that characterize the soldier's dying couch their spirits went back to God, but their moldering bodies are a precious legacy intrusted to our keeping.

A few years ago and we had no freshly-made soldiers' graves on which to strew the tokens of our chastened sorrow; but what bloody havoc those four years of carnage made! And now every country church-yard and city cemetery throughout the land holds somewhat of the precious dust of our fallen heroes. The discipline of that ordeal, numbering its victims not by tens, but by hundreds of thousands, has not been in vain. The principles for which we fought give a sacred significance to the day we celebrate. These ceremonies are important only as they serve to keep alive our sense of obligation to that noble army of martyrs—our fathers, sons, and brothers—who died for the integrity and perpetuity of the nation.

By the thronging memories of the past, by our high destiny as a people in the future, by the solemnities of this hallowed hour, let us not forget, but remember with substantial tokens of our tender care, the widows and orphans of those at whose graves a nation pays its tribute of respect to-day.

Thus, not only by symbolic ceremonies, but by noble deeds of kindness, shall we embalm our heroes in our hearts and perpetuate their renown to the latest generation.

The services were closed with the singing of the doxology, and the benediction by Rev. J. F. Reinmund.

AT SOUTH CHARLESTON.

The ceremonies at this place were of a very impressive character, nearly the entire population taking part in them.

A procession was formed at 3 p. m., consisting of Sabbath-school children, (each bearing a small flag,) Masons, Odd Fellows, and citizens. All in the line were well provided with bouquets. The procession marched to the cemetery, about half a mile outside the corporation, where each soldier's grave was marked with a flag, and a mound near the center of the grounds was beautifully decorated with the national colors.

A brass band escorted the company to the cemetery, where, as the procession filed past each soldier's grave, a bouquet was deposited upon it. The rain interfered with this part of the programme, and the company dispersed at an early hour, after prayer by Rev. Mr. Coffin and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Schofield.

CEREMONIES AT WELLINGTON.

Decoration Day was observed at Wellington on the 31st of May, and, after decorating the graves of the soldiers, an address was delivered by Chaplain George W. Pepper, United States Army:

ADDRESS.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow-citizens: In responding to your invitation to speak at this solemn and beautiful ceremonial, I feel that no happier event ever befell me, no prouder emotion ever flattered me. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, this is indeed a splendid and a consecrated scene! Brilliant though it be, it is only a small and insignificant portion of that mighty chorus which commemorates in speech and song the brilliant gallantry and sublime heroism of the patriot dead. Upon the banks of our great rivers, in the log huts on the Platte, the Rio Grande, where the shaggy pioneer bears aloft the Stars and Stripes, emblematical of civilization, is this day held with becoming reverence. In the valley of the Sacramento, in the golden gorges of the Yuba, away in the deserts of Alaska, the great and illustrious deeds of the heroic dead are mentioned with devotion.

The dead soldiers of the Union! How grand the text!

They went to death with all the radiance and enthusiasm of the noblest chivalry. By faith they subdued slavery and rebellion. Though thousands of them have no splendid mausoleum to enshrine their ashes, though no pomp marshaled their deaths, yet their memory is sweet and their usefulness eternal as the duration of liberty. In a cause just and holy they suffered the loss of all things, laying down willingly their lives in dungeons, and even with a rapture imploring the stroke of martyrdom!

Since that fatal April morning, rich with roses, when the first traitorous shot was fired at the flag of the Republic, many a noble form that marched to the music of the Union has gone to rest. Long is the necrological list—sad, yet magnificent.

The youthful and impulsive Ellsworth! the quiet and beautiful Winthrop! the heroic Lyon! Mitchell, with his genial face and kindly heart, schooled in philosophy and science, trampling on the prizes of lettered ambition! McCook of the lion heart, breathing out his life, and in the agonies of dissolution preaching to assassins the gospel of the Union! McPherson, having his soul's life in the great cause of the country, sank beneath the blows of infuriated rebels, gaping upon him with their mouths as a raving and a roaring lion. Even now, as I speak, the silver tones of his voice, as I heard it on that fatal day in July, seem to float to us, and it will ever reverberate down the records of a brave nation's history.

How does the wave of the Chattahoochie seem to redden with his blood and to murmur his name!

His companion and trusted friend, General Rawlins, eloquently and beautifully said of him, that by the oblation of his death he was raised to a higher command, the command of the celestials! Surely the gallant McPherson is there, listening to the music he loved so well, while his soul dwells on the enshrined image of one, the power of whose eyes had cast a spell over his life. Time would fail to tell of the brave thousands who fell on every battle-field of the Union. Andrews, the student soldier, who had earned every leaf of his honored laurels, bearing the boldest witness to the Union and the Constitution of his country! Lytle, wielding a power to which all difficulties yielded, great as a soldier, but gentle as the flower which he loved to train! Smith, the stripling, who defied the giant power of rebellion in its strongest defenses with indomitable heroism, planting the banners of the republic where no power can cast them down nor trail them in the dust. Then those master minds, Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Reynolds! The spectacle of our martyrology grows upon us and oppresses us. The heavenly archives have filled up with

no mean names, the seal of the living God touches many a brow as noble victim after victim falls in this warfare! Eternal in their dazzling beauty, they look down upon the impotence of chains and rebel prisons, while they walk in triumph and sing of a victorious Union. Is it nothing to honor their example and experience? Is it nothing to point to their labors, peril, and splendor? Should not such models be contemplated, so that the nation may never want heroes? Would that I could strew their graves with these rare violets, and that they remained of perpetual beauty, bloom, and fragrance! Pale, dreamless sleepers, their memories are dearer to their country now than when their life-blood ebbed away. They fell in the war for the Union! Their graves by day shall be watched over by the flowers of red, white, and blue, and by night the constellated stars! Their names and deeds will never be forgotten. They will live in the hearts of their countrymen. Wherever freedom plants her standard they will be hailed as the champions of human rights. Americans will always keep their memories green.

The beautiful actions of women, whose loving hands wreath flowers, emblems of purity, are the most sacred pledges that the patriot dead will be remembered. The statues of Themistocles in Greece long fired the Grecian heart. So let our spotless shafts of marble perpetuate in imperishable characters the undying fame of the dead soldiers of the Union.

* * * * * * *

Robert Emmet, old Ireland's brightest patriot, and the half million Union soldiers who died for this republic, splendidly indicate and establish the grandeur and eternal growth of human liberty. The prisons, the graves, the fields, the gallows-trees, where the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of martyrs, and the noble army of reformers suffered and died, are triumphant guarantees that liberty is from God, and that its success is as certain as His throne.

How grand the patriotism of our own people in 1861! Never on our soil was there a prouder pomp, not when mustered for Washington. The march of brave thousands to the seat of war was unparalleled. A country with such sons can never perish. All nations had representatives in the grand armies of the Union. How true the thrilling lines:

"Comrades! around our camp-fires bright,
Here's to our starry banner
That flies across the brow of night;
God's choicest blessings on her.
And while men worship freedom's name
They will man each deck and cannon,
And fight for freedom all the same
By Hudson, Rhine, and Shannon."

The ceremonies and services of this hour also remind us of the valor displayed by our dead comrades. In active warfare the life of a soldier is very different from that which is beheld on the day of review, when he appears marching with the regiment, dressed in a gay attire, his bright bayonet glittering in the sunlight. On the field of battle the scene is different. Hardships, great and manifold, gather around him there. He has to confront a ruthless and unscrupulous foe, who is sweeping on to meet him, with destruction blazing in his view. Who has been able to read of those terrible engagements in Virginia and the West, under Grant and Sherman, without a shuddering horror?

> "Where rushed the steeds to battle driven,
> Where shook the hills by thunder riven,
> And louder than the bolts of heaven
> Far flashed the red artillery."

The bravery of our troops is the admiration of the world. Infinitely bright are the halos of glory which encircled the brows of these renowned battalions. These valiant defenders of our liberties were the princes of the land. They belonged to its aristocracy, the people. They were your brothers and mine—the purest of the pure and the bravest of the brave. They thought that liberty was worth blood, and they nobly died for freedom and for right.

These remarks of mine would be incomplete and graceless were no allusion made to the patriotism and loving devotion to the dead soldiers of the fair women of the land, the elegance of whose mind is best reflected in the graces and charms of their persons. Imitators of the dignified Cornelia, who made her sons less worthy of the country that gave them birth than of their own great mother, who taught them how to die in defense of its liberties, it was their delightful task to add the captivating influence of beauty and persuasion to the cause of liberty. It was their approbation that sent thousands to war; it was their prayers that steeled the arm of the soldier and crowned his brow with the wreath of virtue. In their flushed and exulting beauty, the ladies of the nation encouraged the youthful soldier to win their affection by deeds of glorious emulation. Like the heroes of France, they were commanded "to go first and deserve well of their country." Glory and honor to the ladies of America, who, throwing aside the shields of their physical weakness, followed in the wake of the battle-storm, ministering to the suffering and dying soldiers on the field and in the hospital! What could be deeper in its patriotism, more holy and loving in its devotion to the dead, than this labor of love in deco-

rating by woman's hands the soft, rich earth and the quiet, grassy graves where our heroes lie buried?

Requiescant in pace, the unreturning brave! Ye died not in vain! With the courage of patriots, and with a love of Columbia holy as the saints, burning as the lovers, heroic as the martyrs, ye have gone to your reward. May your beautiful memories be pious, glorious, and immortal!

DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CEREMONIES AT PHILADELPHIA.

(Posts Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 12, 19, 27, 50, 55, 71, 161, 163.)

The second annual return of Decoration Day was this year observed more generally than was the case last year.

On Saturday Posts 12, 19, and 55 participated in the ceremonies of decorating the graves in the cemeteries in the immediate vicinity of their headquarters. Two of these posts are located in Roxborough and Frankford, and at each of those places the people made the occasion a general holiday and participated in the display. Post No. 55 had charge of Frankford. The procession, which was a large and imposing one, formed on Main street, at 2 o'clock, where a large crowd was gathered to witness the demonstration. When formed the line was in the following order, under the command of Captain William Tell Street: Squad of fifteenth district policemen; band; color-bearer; color-guard, composed of twelve little girls, dressed in white; Post 50, Grand Army of the Republic; Soldiers and Sailors' Union; delegations from churches of Frankford; firemen and citizens.

As the factories and workshops closed at noon, nearly the entire population was on the street, and followed the procession to Cedar Hill Cemetery. In addition to the bountiful supply of flowers borne in the line, the people on the sidewalks carried large quantities. In passing the police station and house of the Washington Fire Company the bells were tolled. At the cemetery a stand was erected for the use of those who were to take part in the ceremonies of decoration. Here, as elsewhere, the soldiers' graves were designated by small flags, and around each was gathered little knots of relatives or friends, who came to pay their floral tributes, independent of those given by the post.

The ceremonies at the cemetery consisted of a prayer by the Rev. J. Thompson, a national anthem by a chorus of about three hundred male and female voices, and a dirge by the band. Hon. E. C. Lee then delivered the oration. The ceremony of decorating the graves was then proceeded with, the post being divided into squads for the purpose. At the close of this the people again assembled around the stand, where addresses were made by T. T. Coulston, Thomas Murphy, J. Ford Lutton, J. N. Gregory, and others.

At Roxborough, Post 12 took charge of the ceremonies. The day was observed generally, factories and mills closing in order to give the workmen and operatives an opportunity to participate.

Post No. 12 assembled at their hall, on Main street, about 8 o'clock, preceded by a band of music, and, accompanied by one of the companies of Colonel Thomas's regiment, marched out to the Roxborough Cemetery, where they found a large assemblage of ladies and children, who were placing the graves in the proper shape to be decorated. The procession marched up to the monument erected by the Pennsylvania troops to the Virginia cavalry who fell at Wood's barn in the revolutionary war, where the band played a solemn dirge for the departed braves.

A large quantity of flowers of various kinds had been contributed by the ladies of the ward, and these were taken possession of by Post No. 12, whose members were now divided into sections, under command of different officers. The band now struck up the dead march, while the members of the post proceeded to strew the graves with the offerings of the relations and friends of the gallant dead.

The young ladies of the different Sunday-schools rendered efficient service in the decoration, and the sight was a most beautiful one.

A beautiful monument, erected to Miss Hetta A. Jones, who perished from sickness contracted in hospitals, was also liberally strewn with flowers and a guard of honor placed around it. At the close of these ceremonies the post and spectators assembled around a stand erected in the cemetery. A prayer was delivered by Rev. David Spencer, after which

Captain William M. Runkel delivered an oration. He was followed by Horatio G. Jones, Messrs. Pancoast, Johnson, O'Given, and the benediction was delivered by Chaplain Pancoast.

Post 19, under command of Major A. R. Calhoun, took charge of Monument Cemetery, and proceeded there on Saturday afternoon, where about one hundred soldiers' graves were to be found.

Upon arriving at the grounds prayer was offered by Comrade William Vanderkirschen, chaplain of the post, and at the conclusion an oration was delivered by Comrade Major A. R. Calhoun. The graves were then strewn and decorated with flowers, bouquets, and wreaths, the band meanwhile playing dirges. The ceremonies were witnessed and participated in by an immense throng of both sexes, the majority of whom, ere they departed, left tokens of their individual regard for the virtues of the departed soldiers.

One of the most beautiful and affecting incidents at this cemetery was the decorating of the grave of Miss Anna Ross. Every member of the post passed by her resting-place and deposited upon the mound his offering, and at the close the entire grave was completely covered with flowers.

On Sunday there was a much more general observance of the day. Every post, except those mentioned above, turned out to honor the memory of their dead comrades, and although early in the morning there was every appearance of a storm, this did not prevent a full attendance of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic with their friends.

Post No. 5, Captain Robert C. Hicks, took charge of the new Philadelphia Cemetery, twenty-five graves; Philanthropic, twenty-four graves; Machpelah, thirty graves; Mutual, ten graves; the Catholic Bishop's Cemetery, eight graves; St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Cemetery, nine graves; Ronaldson's, twenty-five graves; Jews' Cemetery.

The post assembled at Kater Hall at noon, where two beautiful guidons were presented to the command by Mrs. Margaret Blank, a lady who gave a husband and five sons to the army. A bountiful supply of flowers had been furnished by friends, and they were placed within a hearse, which

formed part of the procession. This hearse, with its glass sides and canopy, composed of the army flag, made a very conspicuous feature in the display. An omnibus for the accommodation of maimed soldiers and ladies was provided.

A detachment of Fritz's Zouaves, under command of Captain Morgan, volunteered as an escort to the post, and on the march was a guard of honor to the hearse. The Liberty Military Band preceded the procession. The several cemeteries were visited in the order given above, and at each the graves of the soldiers were designated by small flags, and all were plentifully and beautifully decorated. At Machpelah Cemetery the railing surrounding the cemetery was draped with flags, and the center walk had near the entrance an arch made with the American flags, and beneath the keystone was suspended a portrait of Washington. At Ronaldson's Cemetery the main entrance on Shippen street was beautifully decorated with American flags, while in the cemetery a number of large flags were displayed. The post, upon entering the different cemeteries, decorated the graves, the band meanwhile playing dirges. At Philanthropic Cemetery an oration was delivered by J. T. Pratt, esq.

At the request of a lady, a detachment of the post was sent to the burial-ground of All Saints' Church, Fitzwater street, near Twelfth, to decorate the grave of Captain A. Cunningham, and also the graves of two soldiers who lie one on each side of the church.

Post No. 6 took charge of the cemeteries at Fisher's Lane, St. Stephen's Methodist Episcopal Church, Trinity Lutheran Church, St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, Market Square Presbyterian Church, Zion Evangelical Church, First Presbyterian Church, Haines Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Mennonite Church, German Baptist Church, and St. Michael's, the aggregate of graves decorated being ninety-four. The post turned out in large numbers and, the citizens furnished a very liberal contribution of flowers. The procession was formed under the command of Captain James Byram. Before starting, a meeting was held at town hall, where a prayer was delivered by Rev. A. H. Lang, and an address delivered by Colonel William McMichael. The several cem-

eteries were then visited and all the graves beautifully decorated.

Post 27 (colored) took charge of Lebanon. The display made by this post was a very fine one. The procession formed on Washington Square, and, with the Societies that took part, made up three divisions, the whole under the command of Post Commander Jacob Purnell.

At the cemetery the band played a dirge, Rev. J. Underdive delivered a prayer, O. V. Catto made an address, Colonel James Given delivered an oration, and addresses were delivered by others, the whole being interspersed with music. The ceremony of decorating the graves was a very impressive one, there being an abundant supply of flowers, and the female friends of the deceased soldiers being present in large numbers to give their individual offerings.

Post 19 visited Laurel Hill, Mount Vernon, and Mount Peace, where the usual programme was observed—dirge by the band, prayer and address by S. W. Pennypacker. A color-guard accompanied the post. One of the incidents of the day was the visit of Charles W. Clothier, chaplain of Post 161, to the grave of a comrade, who lies in one of the cemeteries in the lower part of the city. Quietly and alone he decorated the grave of his friend.

Post 71, under Post Commander Colonel West Funk, accompanied by Company I, Fritz Zouaves, under command of Captain Morgan, and Beck's band, proceeded to Wharton-street Methodist Episcopal Church, where a solemn dirge was played and the graves of three comrades were decorated. The Weccacoe Legion had been in advance of the Grand Army, and had strewn the graves of its members with flowers, so that they were literally covered with them.

Swedes' Church Ground was next visited, and the graves of five comrades were there decorated, the band, as before, playing a solemn dirge.

From the Swedes' the Union Cemetery was visited, where seventy-five graves were decorated. Here some of the graves were covered with flags, and flags were tastefully suspended from the trees, forming a very pretty appearance.

Lafayette Cemetery, at Ninth and Federal streets, was vis-

ited in the course of the afternoon, where the band played as before, and flowers were profusely strewn over the graves of one hundred comrades.

The cemetery attached to the Ebenezer Methodist Church was visited by Post 71, and there the graves of five comrades were covered with flowers.

The members of the Grand Army of the Republic were dressed in black suits, wore white gloves, and black badges with gilt lettering. They had with them a glass-inclosed hearse, in which the flowers were borne to the several cemeteries. They were followed by a large number of persons. Appropriate addresses were delivered at the Ebenezer, Wharton-street, Union, and Lafayette Cemeteries, by Mr. Burton J. Kollock, and at the Ebenezer bouquets of handsome flowers and baskets of the same were presented by the daughters of Mr. Harkins.

The Weccacoe Legion, composed of members of the Weccacoe Engine Company, who enlisted in the war, accompanied by the active and honorary members of the company and a full band of music, proceeded to the following cemeteries, to decorate the graves of twenty-two comrades, who either fell in the strife or died in hospitals. The legion was fully equipped, and the members of the company were dressed in black suits, and wore mourning badges. They visited the Wharton Church Cemetery, Union, Mutual, Machpelah, Lafayette and Ronaldson's Cemeteries, at each of which a solemn dirge was played. At the Wharton-street Church Cemetery appropriate remarks were made by J. W. Hicks, who said that it ought to be a pleasing task at all times to strew with flowers the graves of those who had died in defense of the institutions of their country, and he knew of no better way to keep them in greateful remembrance. Mr. Joseph L. Fortescue spoke briefly at Union Cemetery, referring to the fact that the Weccacoe Engine Company had been prompt to respond to the call for men when the Union was threatened, and that of those who went out from that single organization the bodies of twenty-two had been brought home, given an honorable burial, and their graves covered annually with flowers to keep them in remembrance.

At Ronaldson's Cemetery the president of the company, Mr. Joseph R. Lyndall, made an address, in which he related a touching incident of the mother of a young member of the company slain at Gettysburg walking all the way from Harrisburg to the battle-field to recognize and recover the body of her son. The services throughout were of a highly interesting character.

The graves of the fallen soldiers in Mount Moriah and Woodland Cemeteries were intrusted to the care of Post 163, E. C. Heine commanding. They arrived at Mount Moriah Cemetery at 3.30, and were there met by the Fredonia, Morning Star, and Protection Councils of the Order of the United American Mechanics, and the Fredonia and Fairview Councils of the junior branch of the organization. A line was formed, and all of them marched in solemn procession to a portion of the cemetery where some three hundred graves of brave soldiers were clustered together. A hollow square was then formed, the color-bearers advancing to the center. The ceremonies were opened by J. J. Joyce, jr., chaplain of the post, who read a portion of the service for the dead and offered up an eloquent prayer. The orator of the day, Comrade John T. Walton, M. D., delivered a touching and effective address, and during its delivery was given the closest attention. The graves, about one thousand in number, were then decorated with flowers and miniature flags.

The Woodlands Cemetery was then visited, where an address was delivered by Chaplain Joyce, and the same ceremonies observed in decking the last homes of one hundred and twenty brave men who there repose as at Mount Moriah.

At both these places the throngs, composed largely of ladies, were immense. All seemed to fully appreciate the nature of the cause that had called them together, and but few left either spot without leaving a visible token of the affection and honor in which they held the memories of those who had surrendered their lives in their country's cause.

Post No. 161, Colonel George P. McLean commanding, and Post No. 2, Colonel S. B. W. Mitchell commanding, assembled at Broad and Race streets, and marched to the

Mechanics' Cemetery, Islington Lane, to decorate the graves of soldiers in the Mechanics' and Odd Fellows' Cemeteries. They were accompanied by the Philadelphia Fire Zouaves and a detachment from the Gray Reserves, also members of United American Mechanics and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and the Washington Band, the whole preceded by a hearse, draped with American flags and decorated and filled with flowers. They were followed to the cemeteries by a large concourse of persons.

The Mechanics' Cemetery was the first visited, and on the arrival of the procession at the grounds they were received by the committee in attendance appointed specially for that purpose. After entering the ground a solemn dirge was performed by the band, after which prayer was offered by C. W. Clothier, chaplain of Post No. 2. The ceremony of decorating the graves then took place, when eighty in number, under the care of the general superintendent, were strewn with flowers.

After leaving this ground, the same posts, with those who accompanied them, visited the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, where a solemn dirge was also performed, and prayer offered by C. W. Clothier, at the close of which General Bodine introduced General Joshua T. Owen, who made a suitable address. The occasion was also enlivened by a number of anthems sung by the choir of the Green-street Methodist Episcopal Church. After these exercises the ceremony of decorating the graves took place, there being over three hundred and fifty upon which flowers were strewn.

At the Glenwood Cemetery the exercises were of a very interesting character. The large number of graves, numbering about eight hundred, to be decorated, brought together a large concourse. Posts Nos. 1 and 8 had charge of the matter, and in addition to those belonging to the posts, a large number of children from the Northern Home were on the ground, and assisted in placing flowers upon the graves of the soldiers. The Metropolitan Band played a solemn dirge, and appropriate speeches were made. The ground in which the soldiers are buried was set apart by the Glenwood Cemetery Company.

THE SOLDIERS' ORPHANS.

One of the most pleasing features connected with Decoration Day was the parade and review of the soldiers' orphans on Saturday morning, in Independence Square, in obedience to an order of George F. McFarland, superintendent of soldiers' orphans. Between 11 and 12 o'clock the orphans, to the number of about eight hundred children of both sexes, assembled in the square, where a large number of ladies and gentlemen had assembled to witness the unusual and interesting exhibition. The bright, healthy, happy faces of the children and their neat attire spoke volumes for the good care which they receive at the various homes from those who have charge of the institutions.

At noon the roll of the drums from the drum corps attached to the schools brought the line into order, which was ranged on either side of the main avenue, and the children were reviewed by his honor Mayor Fox, ex-Governor Curtin, General Van Vliet, representing Major General Meade, Colonel George F. McFarland, members of councils, &c. The boys stood at a salute, the girls courtesied their welcome, and the several drum corps beat a salute as the distinguished party passed along the line. At the close of the review the line broke into four ranks by a "right face," which was executed with great precision and promptness, and then passed through Independence Hall to Chesnut street, and thence over a short route to Concert Hall.

The right of the line was assigned to the Chester Springs schools, Major Solomon Gabel, one of the largest of the State schools. One hundred and fifty-two boys and seventy-five girls were in line, uniformly and neatly dressed. They carried a small white banner, having upon it, "We represent the dead of one hundred and forty-three regiments."

The Catholic Home, numbering forty soldiers' orphan girls, came next. They made a fine appearance, and received much attention.

Following them were the soldiers' orphans of the Northern Home, under command of Captain Mark Deans. They numbered one hundred and ten boys and seventy girls, the boys

having small wooden muskets, which they handled like veterans of the line. Their marching and evolutions received frequent applause. They carried a banner, having upon it, "We represent eighty regiments.'

The Lincoln Institution, Captain J. K. Dexter, next in line, numbered about one hundred, and presented a very handsome appearance in their neat uniform. They had a banner, with the following inscription: "Our sires have left the field, but we, their sons, will take their places, and, like them, guard our dear native land." On the reverse, "We represent the dead of forty regiments."

The Church Home, numbering about sixty girls, under command of Captain McCracken, a little fellow less than three feet high, followed next. They were dressed uniformly, in good and simple taste.

The soldiers' orphans of St. John's Orphan Asylum, numbering about fifty, dressed in gray uniform, were next in line. They looked and marched well.

The Colored Soldiers' Orphan School Home, near Bristol, were in line under the charge of Superintendent S. A. Batturs. The captain was H. G. Cooper, aged fourteen years. They had in line fifty-four boys and forty-one girls, out of one hundred and twenty inmates now in the home. This school was the last established under the State charity, but their appearance indicated that they had been well instructed and kindly cared for.

There was quite a display of flags at half-mast along the route, and the sidewalks were crowded with spectators, who appeared to be much gratified at the appearance of the children in line. On reaching Concert Hall, where a large number of ladies and gentlemen had assembled, the children marched in and occupied seats near the platform. Upon the platform were placed the banners carried in the procession. Ex-Governor Curtin occupied the chair, while seated near were Mayor Fox, General Van Vliet, Rev. Dr. Hutter, Wayne MacVeagh, esq., and others. Mr. Francis Nell introduced Mayor Fox, and, after the applause had subsided, his honor spoke as follows:

The most eloquent address I could make would be to pre-

sent to the people of Philadelphia the picture which my eyes now behold. However, as the arrangements for this occasion are now completed, it is now merely my province to call those present to order and to introduce the Rev. Dr. Hutter, who will ask the blessing of Providence upon our proceedings.

After prayer by Rev. Dr. Hutter, of the Lutheran Church, a song, written for and dedicated to the soldiers' orphans, by Francis Wells, esq., was sung.

The Rev. Mr. Phillips Brooks was then introduced by Mayor Fox. Mr. Brooks, after welcoming the children to the hearts of the Philadelphia people, said:

Let me say to you that your coming up here on Decoration Day seems to me very much like the times when the regiments were coming back from the war, when, a regiment coming back and marching through our streets, we got a little sniff of how things were going on there, when the ambulances full of wounded men were dragged up to our hospitals; and then we felt so ashamed of ourselves that we were not soldiers, and felt never more determined to do what we could, that we, as well as they, would fight it out to the very end. I say this feels very much like such a day as that. You come up here, bringing with you the atmosphere and almost the very tone of the war again, and making us think "the war must go on and on to the very end." "Why," you may ask, "have we any more war, are we to fight more?" My dear children, you know very little about it. The war that your fathers and brothers were engaged in was an eternal war; it was a war for what was right. And as long as there is a right and a wrong in the world that war will be going on. Precisely the war that was going on on the Mississippi will be going on in our churches, our homes, and school-rooms—will be going on where there is a child to fight. There is no child anywhere who will not find somewhere in his life a right thing and a wrong thing fighting together, and it is his place to go into that war and fight forever. This is what I want to say, and this is the sort of inspiration I wish to inculcate.

The Chester Springs School sang the "Soldier's Grave," after which Captain Mark Deans made an address. The children from the Lincoln Institution and the Church Home sang the song, "Mother, is the Battle Over?" with good effect. A piece entitled "Our Heroes" was recited by Lieu-

tenant Fitter, of the Chester Spring School, after which Colonel MacVeagh made a brief speech. Major A. R. Calhoun followed with an address, and after recitations and singing by the children of the Northern Home and Lincoln Institution ex-Governor Curtin was called out by Mayor Fox.

Mr. Curtin was applauded heartily, and, when order was restored, he said, after a few preliminary remarks:

When the Pennsylvania soldier realized the danger of the picket or the charge, he also realized that this Commonwealth had pledged her faith to support and care for his poor dependent ones. This State, of all the States, was the only one which had gathered from the highways and by-ways the orphan of the soldier, and that orphan would grow up and prove a living glory to his State.

Notwithstanding the undeniable propriety and merit of a public measure of this character, it was nevertheless a fact, that the legislation necessary to carry out this great act of justice was stubbornly resisted in our legislature. The speaker warned his hearers to stand by the good and true men who were willing to do this great justice, until not a soldier's destitute orphan should fail to have a comfortable home, a fitting education, and a moral training that will make a useful man or a useful woman. In the course of further remarks, Governor Curtin urged his hearers not to fail to sustain our promise to the crippled and sick soldiers of the war. This great Commonwealth, like a good, kind, Christian mother, had opened her arms and received to her bosom the soldiers' orphans. Let her not forget her pledge in other respects.

During the afternoon the pupils of the Chester Springs and the Bristol schools were entertained at the Soldiers' Home, and soon afterwards left for their homes.

POST No. 5.

Post No. 5 met at Kater Hall, at 12 m. Here the post was presented with a beautiful pair of silk guidons by Mrs. Margaret Blank. Major J. T. Pratt, post commander, presented them on behalf of Mrs. Blank, saying that she gave five sons to the Union army, and her husband was also a soldier. Captain Hicks, post commander, received the flags on behalf of the post.

At 1 o'clock the post proceeded to the various cemeteries

alloted to it by the committee, marching down South to Broad, down Broad to Passyunk road, where a detachment visited the New Philadelphia.

"Philanthropic" was next visited. Here there was a large concourse of people. Women and children came with flowers to unite with the soldiers in strewing the graves of their fallen comrades. At this place a stand was erected, and Post Commander J. T. Pratt delivered an oration suitable to the occasion. In his remarks he said:

Again we come to pay a tribute of respect and affection to the memory of the patriot dead. Again, with hearts everflowing with gratitude, we bring garlands of flowers and evergreens to bedeck the mounds beneath which brave men sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

A year ago we gathered here, but there is no trace left of the sweet-scented flowers which we then scattered. The summer sun, the rains of autumn, and the frosts of winter not only withered the flowers, but the green grass also, and the houses of our dead looked like the barren waste until the return of spring, which has not only brought verdure to the graves, but has caused us to revive the recollection of deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice performed by the brave men whose valor we come here this day to commemorate.

As each year we honor the memory of our revolutionary heroes by celebrating the anniversary of the day on which they declared the independence of the colonies, so let us, on the return of each succeeding year, come to these mounds which cover the ashes of the heroes of the great rebellion, and strew them with the choicest flowers of spring, remembering that they preserved the priceless gem of constitutional law and social order which our fathers died to establish.

Let us have a national holiday devoted to this ceremony, so that succeeding generations may learn lessons of wisdom from the history of the past few years; so that none hereafter who become dissatisfied with the working of a mild and beneficent government, will, to gratify their selfishness and ambition, raise the standard of treason; that none hereafter "will draw the sword of Washington in the name of liberty, unless they are quite sure that it is such liberty as the sword of Washington achieved."

I say it is like a dream; the enlistment and muster; the parting with friends and kindred; the drill and the march; the fatigue and cold; the hunger and thirst; the camp and hospital; crossing mountains and streams; digging trenches and breastworks; seeing our comrades fall in deadly strife

or starving in prison-pens; the removal of the wounded and burial of the dead; the humiliation of defeat and the glory of victory; the triumph of complete success and the welcome home. All these things have been realized, but we cannot do it now.

All did not return. Four hundred thousand lie sleeping in soldiers' graves, and we have come here to do honor to their memory.

"Sleep on, brave hearts, the flag you bore,
Throughout the land your flag shall wave;
Your brave comrades when the war is o'er
Will plant that banner o'er your grave."

And more, we will see to it that the sacred cause in which they fell shall continue triumphant. This shall be a nation of freemen. Here upon the soil of America, consecrated by the best blood of the republic, the great principle of man's capacity for self-government shall be proven. If you enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty, if you have a united country, bound by ties of government and brotherly affection as strong as it is held together physically by its rivers and mountain ranges, it is due to these brave men, who stood like a wall of fire between you and destruction.

We are willing to forgive our erring brethren of the South. We cannot honor *their* heroes without doing injustice to the memory of our own.

Comrade Pratt spoke at some length, after which the graves of the soldiers who were buried in "Philanthropic" were decorated, and the post next visited Machpelah, Mutual, Catholic, (Bishop's,) St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal, and Ronaldson's, and then dismissed. They were accompanied by the Liberty (military) Band throughout the whole route, and from the throngs of people that filled the streets and cemeteries they must have felt a deep interest in the ceremonies.

ORATION BY COMRADE WM. M. RUNKEL.

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: To be the orator of the day on such an occasion as this demands of one the keen sympathies of a Socrates and the eloquence of a Cicero. Neither of these attributes have probably fallen to my share, yet to me is delegated the privilege of appearing before you as a representative soldier, to pay, so far as words can, a tribute to the memory of those brave fellows who but a few short years since mingled their laughter with ours, and filled a

place at the happy fireside of home. It is, indeed, a sad holiday. It marks another epoch in the history of our great country, and testifies to the world the love, the veneration, and respect with which the American people treasure the memory of those brave men whose bones now slumber beneath the green sod on countless hill-sides and valleys, and whose last bivouac has to-day been decked with roses and violets, and bedewed with affectionate tears. What more graceful homage, what more fitting tribute could a grateful, a thankful people pay? My heart warms with affection, and my thoughts fly back to the days of privation and peril, and I hear again ringing in my ears, as of old, the glad shouts of a thousand tongues, as some new act of generous sympathy, done by those at home who never for a moment forgot us, reached the ears of the soldier as, footsore and weary, he marched onward. He thanked you then, and to-day it is for us, who in the kind providence of Him who doeth all things well were permitted to escape the deadly bullet and pestilence, to again bless you for your sympathy in our cause. Your pleasures we share, your sorrows are ours.

Here, in this silent city of the dead, surrounded by the green leaves and verdure-clad hills, is a most fitting place for us to assemble and pay tribute to the memory of the departed. Here, surrounded by those whose habiliments of mourning betray the recent grief, it is for us to commiserate with the sorrowing. Here, where before us is the blanched cheek and trembling lip, speaking the feelings of the heart, is it becoming in us to eulogize the memory of those who, though dead, yet live, fresh and green, in the hearts of kindred and friends. Here it is, with deep submission, our privilege to look with thankful eyes to Him who has permitted us to assemble and render to the memory of those heroic souls, whose lives have been sacrificed that we who are here to-day might enjoy the serene happiness of living beneath the fostering care of a government of our own choosing—a government erect and high, a sovereign power among the nations of the earth. Here, where the sweet flowers mark the last resting-place of him who shared with us the toils and sorrows of the picket-line. Here, where through the dim vista of the past we see the sparkling eye of him who learned to climb the rugged hills of our own beautiful Wissahickon, and whose youthful feet pressed the green sod, now hallowed by covering his remains, is it meet for us to assemble and strew with evergreens and flowers the graves of our late comrades. Sad, sad, indeed, is the contemplation of the picture.

But a short span since, in the measurement of time, there stood before us him who to-day lies in yonder grave. Happy

in the peaceful security of home; nestled, as it were, in the band of holy brotherhood; filling his place in the fireside circle, or at the family altar, he still exists in the mind's eye, a pride and a pleasure to those who knew him best. Gradually the war-clouds gathered, thicker and more foreboding they become, until, with a crash which thrills the world with wonder, the storm, with death and disaster in its wake, is upon us. Down it sweeps upon the affrighted and wondering people; onward, rushing madly, it gathers in its embrace the dissatisfied elements in its path, and then, like the cry of some watchful sentinel, is heard the firm demand of the Government. To the rescue! The cry is faintly heard above the ravings of the storm, but louder and louder it rises upon the air, and as the hand of the foe is lifted to strike, him whom we loved so much, erect in the majesty of his youthful manhood, and with determined eye and glowing cheek, stands an immovable barrier of patriotism between his Government and the hand that would destroy it. Home, parents, wives, children are lost for the moment; his country needs and asks his services, and, for the nonce, forgetful of the ties and comforts of home, he seizes his sword, and, with streaming eyes and aching heart turns his face towards the foe. And this is the American volunteer! This is the man to whom we this day pay a tribute of love. Search history for a parallel. Nowhere can his equal be found; and prouder to-day is the patriotic American of the valor of her soldiers than were the Grecians of their mighty Alexander; and justly so, for certainly, of all the nations of the earth, none could compare with the rank and file of the American soldiery. Educated to the highest standard; brought up amid peace and plenty; endowed with all the refining gifts of an enlightened society, he sacrificed all—without money, without price—for his country, and that, too, at a moment's notice. And of this material were the men who sleep under the sod of countless battle-fields, beneath a strange sun. Let us not forget them. Their memories are dear to us, and friends whose sympathies are awakened by the solemnities of this scene, and whose hearts throb with emotions beyond the power of human wisdom to control, look to us for that homage so justly due. None more than myself can feel a deeper interest or a greater sorrow that the love-offerings we have bestowed upon the graves that surround us cannot reach the mounds rising over the remains of those who fell, and were buried where they fell, or the brave sailor, whose grave was the stormy billows of the ocean. They are not forgotten, nor will they be so long as Sol, that ever-silent sentinel of the day, shall walk his beat, or a spark of patriot-

ism be left in the bosom of an American citizen. Long after the incidents which have caused them to make the sacrifice shall have passed and be forgotten, save as a matter of history, there will be still clinging about the hearts of many the memory of faces and forms, who, alas, have gone never more to return. Let your mind wander back to them. No mark is there to tell where they fell; no kindred hand is there to deck their graves with flowers. No, far away in the valleys of Virginia; beneath the burning suns of the Carolinas and the southwest, their bones lie, returned by this time to the dust from which they came. But can we forget them? No kind friends, sorrowing parents, brothers, sisters, and wives, are there to-day; yet as we deposit the delicate mignonnette upon the grave of him whose body rests here, let our lips breath forth a silent prayer to heaven for the everlasting peace of a soul lifted, let us hope, far up among the angels of God's ever-enduring kingdom, and renew, with more force than ever before, the promise to cherish and perpetuate the memory of him who, though parted from us in body, yet lingers in our hearts a never-decaying monument of honor and sacrificing patriotism. * * * *

I have but little more to say, and yet I cannot leave you without a parting word of thanks to the patriotic citizens who have to-day contributed so much toward making this occasion one worthy of record and commemoration. To the ladies, whose sweet smiles and delicate hands have done so much, we owe a debt of gratitude, and it gives me pleasure to be thus able to thank them publicly for their interest and zeal in behalf of the soldiers. They deserve well at our hands, and, if I mistake not the spirit of the men who have withstood the shock of battle, their fair cheeks shall never blush at the want of courage or courtesy on the part of the American soldier. Through you we have made this most essentially a home occasion, and with good reason. Here about us lie the bones of those who in life were our personal friends and companions; whose laughter mingled with ours; who shared our sorrows and our joys. Cut off in the flush and full vigor of their manhood, a nation mourns in common with us for their loss. Look lightly upon whatever faults may have been theirs; seek to remember only their virtues, and in future years, when the record of this day shall have been passed into the hands of posterity, let it be said that we did our duty, and our duty only; and finally, when with careless tread you wander by the grass-grown mound which covers the inanimate form of the sleeping warrior, lift your eyes to heaven and say, with the poet, that

'He died for you and I."

CEREMONIES AT MONUMENT CEMETERY.

(Post No. 19.)

This post assembled at their hall on Saturday, and marched to Monument Cemetery, to them having been assigned the duty of decorating the numerous graves of soldiers at this place. The comrades were attired in black suits and fatigue caps.

A large number of ladies was at the cemetery and warmly greeted the post. A platform was erected in the center of the cemetery, upon which was Beck's Band. A committee having been detailed to mark the graves of soldiers, the band filled up the interlude by playing several dirges.

After prayer by Chaplain Vanderbenker, Major A. R. Calhoun, the orator of the day, was introduced, and spoke as follows:

Comrades of the Grand Army and Friends: My feelings on this occasion must be so like your own, that you will not be astonished that I find difficulty in giving them words. But if we could speak to-day our thoughts, the most taciturn would be eloquent, from his heart would come the sorrow for the dead, while memory recalled the noble heroism of the comrades, we come here to honor, and the eye, kindling at the thought of their glorious deeds would keep back the tear sorrow sent from the heart. When the first terrible pang of a great grief is past, after the grave has closed over those we love, there comes a feeling of melancholy akin to joy, and we remember not the heart-rending as the pale face and rigid form are lowered into the grave. We recall only the happy days, the noble actions, the kindly words, and our memory of the dead becomes a heart-purifying pleasure.

Comrades of the Grand Army, the offerings we bring to-day are not for children, though many a mother's darling sleeps in a soldier's grave. It is for her to mourn her stalwart boy who died that his country might live; to us he is still a comrade, influencing us in our yearly meetings, as when long ago he stood by our side and cheered us amid the horrors of battle. I see women about me with chaplets and wreaths, but to-day the husband is forgotten in the hero, and the flowers will be scattered on a soldier's grave. In our broad Union there is not a hamlet without its soldiers' orphans. Many of the young who brought us flowers to-day have slain sires sleeping in this sacred ground, but the garlands are not for a

parent's grave, to-day they will be placed on the tomb of the patriot.

Comrades who stand around me, let memory lead us back to the comrades of long ago. Let us again see beside us the manly faces that kept us up in the hour of strife, and feel again the stalwart arm's touch as we stood in the ranks of death. Theirs were hearts that never faltered and lips that never paled. Vividly they stand before us to-day, and we call to mind the onslaught some comrade died repelling; some terrible leaden storm that smote him by our side; some prison-pen, where, dying, he still spoke of God's fair land. That comrade you loved as a brother. But to-day mere friendship is forgotten, a higher and holier impulse leads us to do honor to the dead. Though your brother, the playmate of your childhood, the companion of your school-days, and your comrade in the field were sleeping here, forget to-day the ties of consanguinity, for a higher relationship binds you to him. Fathers, sons, friends, and brothers, sleeping here in soldiers' graves, we visit you again, and, placing on your breasts the first floral offering of the land you died to save, we proclaim you the children of immortality, the ever-living heroes of freedom.

This is a fitting day for such a celebration. Four years ago it witnessed the surrender of the last armed foes of our country in Louisiana and Texas; and to us, the living soldiers, it brought the joyful news that from the Rio Grande to Maine, and from the lakes to the gulf, there was the lasting peace for which we fought, and to secure which the men we honor to-day died. Nature, in harmony with the time, which henceforth must be sacred, has called out the beautiful flowers which we strew on the mounds of the fallen.

The scenes being enacted here are but the prototype of thousands of others, in every hamlet and city and mountain and glen of our land, where a Union soldier is sleeping and a loyal heart is found to do him honor. By the broad Susquehanna, along the Delaware, up the Lehigh, and on the banks of the Alleghany, the friends of the Union, the surviving comrades, are gathered to deck the graves of the dead. By the waters of the northern lakes, and down the sweeping hills to the southern gardens of death, the "long-roll" of patriotism has called hundreds to each spot where a soldier of the republic sleeps. By the rocky coast and the busy villages of New England, by the slopes of her everlasting hills, and on the banks of her historic streams, the men who lived to see the land they fought for restored are doing honor to those who died that the land they bled for, might be saved.

But let us look beyond the cemeteries, where marked

graves give the names of the fallen, and where friends can reach them with floral offerings. Let us think of the bleaching uncoffined bones about which the wild flowers grow on the mountain or in the jungle, or which, washed by the ceaseless pulsations of the ocean, are rocking 'neath the waves on which in life they guarded so bravely their country's sacred shore. And let us consider the thousands of graves marked with the solemn word of "UNKNOWN." Yes, my comrades, they are unknown to the world, but known to us. Unknown the name, but known he was a soldier and a comrade. Unknown his age, whether laughing boy or grey-haired sire, but known he was a man who laughed at danger when duty called. Unknown the country of his birth or the altar at which he knelt, but known he was an American by birth or adoption; a son of the republic who sealed his love with his life. Unknown what color the all-wise Creator gave to the soldier sleeping below, but known he was a man. He struggled for freedom. He fought by our side. He wore the blue uniform of our army. His cheer rang out with ours in the hour of victory, and he died with his face to the storm of death. And whether the life-blood poured earthward from the breast of the white man or trickled from the swarthy brow of the negro, we ask not; we only know he was a comrade, and in that name, age, birth, religion, nationality, and color are forgotten. All soldiers at least receive like honors in the grave. * * * * * *

In our land there are other graves which we must approach with feelings of reverence, the places where sleep the patriot daughters of the republic—the women who fell in working to relieve the wounded, many of whom live to bless them. Have we not seen them, comrades, like ministering angels, in the long wards, where the soldiers blessed them when they passed? We remember some women, with a soft step and low, sweet voice, whose very presence drove pain away, and we have heard with sorrow that death claimed her ere her work was done. Here in the shadow of this monument sleeps such a one—a woman whose love of country was shown in action, and whose sympathy with suffering was stronger than life. Day and night, for years, she worked for the soldier, and thousands live to bless her name. With a heroism as grand as that ever shown by a martyr she laid down her life for her country; and, my comrades, to-day we will lay our tributes on her grave. Need I name our sister, Anna Ross. No, each comrade here knows her; and, as the years go past, we will gather to her grave, and pay tribute to a noble woman, a pure patriot.

It would give us pleasure to-day could we all gather around

a tomb in the center of far-off Illinois, and decorate with the prairie flowers he loved so well the grave of our comrade chieftain, Abraham Lincoln. Each State should yearly send its floral contributions, and the soldiers he loved should place them on his mound, in the name of the two millions of men who sprang to the defense of our land at his call.

Comrades, our labor of love and duty is about to begin. The living army is renewing the bond that binds them to the dead. The flowers we scatter will soon fade and die, but the holy memories will ever remain. Each year the graves in the army of the dead will increase one by one. At the sound of the mystic bugle-call we must pass to "the ranks of our brothers gone before." Yet, as the years roll around, and the living comrades grow less, a deeper, holier solemnity will be attached to those decorations. I can see, not far ahead, one living sentinel of the Grand Army left—a gray-haired, tottering old man, moving through the sleeping ranks and placing on one grave a typical flower.

The world will gaze with wonder and admiration on him, and nations yet to be free will shout his name as a battle-cry. He, too, will be mustered out, and the saviours of America will be numbered with the dead, and the graves where they sleep will be leveled with the plain. But ere the story of their valor dies out, or the result of their heroism ceases to affect mankind, the rivers by which they sleep will be dry, and the mountains where they fought will be level with the dust.

Comrades of the army at rest, again we come to the place where

> "On fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And glory guards, with solemn round,
> The bivouac of the dead."

The post was then divided into squads, a number of ladies joining in with them, and proceeded to the duty of decorating the graves. Each comrade of the post dropped a flower upon the grave of Miss Anna Ross. Many choice garlands were laid upon some of the graves by the fair hands of relatives or friends, independent of the profuse decorations made by their comrades.

Post 19, Commander A. R. Calhoun, was also in active service on Sunday, to them having been assigned Laurel Hill, Mount Peace, and Mount Vernon Cemeteries.

The post assembled at its quarters, and marched the entire distance to Laurel Hill in the following order: Post

officers; Liberty Cornet Band; K Company, Baxter's Fire Zouaves, Captain Rulon, as escort; A Company, Post 19; detachment of four companies, of forty zouaves, (one hundred and sixty men,) as escort to the colors; Companies B, C, and D, Post 19.

Upon arriving at Laurel Hill Cemetery the procession was formed, colors in front, and marched to the center of the beautiful grounds, where Chaplain Vanderbenker delivered a fervent prayer. The band then played a dirge, when Comrade Samuel W. Pennypacker was introduced, and delivered the following oration:

Comrades and Friends: We meet here to-day in obedience to an order. The grand commander of the Grand Army of the Republic has selected this as the day for the decoration of the graves of our fallen comrades, and nothing more than the word of command should be needed to insure our compliance. But a stronger feeling than the soldierly instinct of obedience to authority brings us together among these mounds and lettered stones. When death has entered a household and stricken down some youth who had with high hopes and great promise just commenced the contest of existence, his friends bear him hither, offer prayers for his quiet repose, and heap the earth over his head.

Their task is then done. They depart, saddened for the moment, but their homes are untouched and their hearts unbroken. There is one less at the business mart, and a face is missed at the places which it used to haunt, but it is soon forgotten. Those who are bound to him, however, with closer and nearer ties—the sister who has made him the confidant of all her little troubles and leaned upon him for support; the brother who played with him in the childish games of their boyhood, and who is attached to him by a thousand reminiscences—come here together in the twilight of many a summer eve to strew flowers upon a grave which is still dear to them. In sorrow they recall the merits of him who is dead, and sadly talk of the incidents which were common to them all.

It is well for them to do so. It is well that there are moments when the selfishness and hollowness of the world can be forgotten, though it be at the call of sorrow. It teaches the holiness of affection, and that honor always is due to virtue. We come to-day to the graves of our dead, not as friends, for the ties that bind us to them are far stronger than those of friendship, but as brothers, united more closely to

them, by blood. The memories of toils and privations to which many succumbed—of perils in which only fate determined who should perish—make men more than kindred.

We come like those nearest ones to scatter the fragrance of flowers, and briefly to recall the virtues and noble deeds of those who are gone. It is little, but it is all we can do. It was more to staunch their wounds, to quench their dying thirst, to say a few words of cheer when the eye began to fade and all was growing dark as they approached the shadowy vale; but the time for these duties has passed. The pain is over, the slumber is deep. There is nothing left for us now but to offer this slight tribute to their memories, and feebly, tremblingly we do it. It is a melancholy satisfaction that we can lay our wreaths upon their tombs, though with unsteady hands and aching hearts.

And who are the men who have so suffered and have won such honor? It is almost useless to make a response. The history of the present age has been written with the points of their bayonets and with the edges of their sabers. The fame of your country among those nations abroad which are burning to follow in its path is but an echo from their muskets. You know them well. They used to be on the same ball-ground with you when you were boys. They are the sons of your neighbors, whom you met daily in the street or in the parlor. They are, perchance, from your own hearthstones.

They are the men who stood shoulder to shoulder with you when the odor of burnt powder filled your nostrils and the minie bullets were singing about your ears. It was their fate to be stricken and yours to return, but you can bear testimony that they never faltered; they shunned no difficulties, and they shrank from no dangers. When the path of duty lay before they advanced, and when it was necessary to resist a coming foe, they stood. With the promises of a future before them colored as vividly by imagination as are yours and mine, with all the associations of the present endearing them to a life that as yet had been very sweet, they never wavered.

CEREMONIES AT GERMANTOWN.

(Post No. 6.)

[From an official report.]

A personal and careful examination of the records and the grave-stones of the burial-places, by members of the commit-

tee of the Grand Army of the Republic of this post, revealed the fact that one hundred and four soldiers, sailors, and marines are interred in twelve of our graveyards. Of these, ten lost their lives in the war of the Revolution, most of them in the battle of Germantown, almost upon the spot where they are now buried; twelve in the war of 1812; eight in the war with Mexico; and seventy-four in the suppression of the late rebellion. While strewing with flowers the last resting-places of these latter heroes, we resolved that the memories of their illustrious predecessors should be properly honored, and special attention was given to the mounds beneath which sleep those by whose sacrifices we were established a nation. The ceremonies took place on Sunday, May 30.

The post was drawn up in column, closed *en masse*, under command of Captain James Byram, post commander, in front of the town hall, while in rear and flank a dense mass of men, women, and children had congregated.

The meeting was called to order by General Louis Wagner, chairman of the committee of arrangements, and, after a dirge by the Independent Brass Band, of Manayunk, the Rev. Mr. Lung, of Third Baptist Church, opened the services with prayer. Colonel William McMichael was next introduced, who delivered an eloquent and effective address, which was listened to with great interest and amidst much applause.

At the conclusion of this address the post marched to the cemeteries in their order, accompanied by the people on foot and in carriages. The bouquets, crosses, wreaths, &c., numbering over five hundred, had been placed in ambulances owned by the fire companies of the town, who also tolled their bells as the parade passed. Everywhere flags were displayed, draped and at half-mast; and amidst a deep and mournful enthusiasm we gathered to deck with the choicest of nature's floral offerings the graves of our dead "boys in blue."

Fisher's Lane Cemetery was first reached. This is one of the oldest graveyards of the town; it is not connected with any church, and in it are buried sixteen soldiers, many of them killed but a short distance from the yard in 1777. The

band played a dirge while the members of the post decorated the graves, which were here and in all the cemeteries marked by small flags.

From Fisher's Lane the post marched to the burial-ground connected with St. Stephen's Methodist Episcopal Church, where the Sunday-school received the parade, singing an appropriate hymn, amidst which, and after prayer by the pastor, Rev. M. A. Day, sixteen graves were strewn with flowers.

Trinity Lutheran Church-yard was next visited. Ten soldiers are here buried, and their graves were properly decorated, after prayer by the pastor, Rev. L. E. Albert, D. D., and during the singing by the Sabbath-school scholars.

The Cemetery of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church came next in order. The pastor, Rev. Albra Wadleigh, in his robes, and accompanied by his vestry, received the procession at the gate, and, reading a portion of the beautiful burial-service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, led them into the graveyard. Five soldiers are here buried, and their graves were decorated, whilst the choir, consisting of twelve boys, chanted psalms proper for the occasion.

In Market-Square Presbyterian Church four soldiers are buried. A short halt was made here, and amid music by the band a sufficient number of comrades entered the yard and placed on each grave a tribute of remembrance.

Zion Evangelical Church-yard, (German) was next reached. The pastor, Rev. R. M. Lichtenwalner, with the Sunday-school, received the parade, and conducted it to the rear of the church, singing a German hymn, where four soldiers have found their last earthly rest. After prayer these graves were decorated. The prayer of Mr. Lichtenwalner was in English and was most fervent and to the point. Among other petitions he prayed that "General Grant might make as good a President as he was a general at Fort Donelson, at Vicksburg, and at Appomattox;" also, "that if there were any rebels in the land they might be converted of their rebellion, and, if this could not be, that the country might be relieved of them," to which latter especially all present seemed to respond with a hearty "amen."

In the cemetery of the First Presbyterian Church a detachment decorated four graves.

The graveyard of the Haines-street Methodist Episcopal Church contains the earthly remains of twenty-four soldiers, and, as if conscious of the preciousness of their charge, the pastor and members and Sabbath-school scholars vied to outdo one another in their individual contributions of flowers. The large graveyard was filled to overflowing with people, and a profusion of flowers of all kinds covered the graves of our comrades long before the post reached here. After prayer by the pastor, Rev. G. D. Carrow, D. D., the singing of patriotic and solemn hymns by the school, and amid the playing of a dirge the comrades deposited on each grave their contribution of esteem and remembrance, after which the parade moved to the Mennonite Burying-ground, where one soldier's grave was found and decorated.

At Concord Graveyard three soldiers, one a sergeant in the Mexican war, lie buried. Their graves were visited and decorated.

Continuing the route up Main street, the cemetery of the German Baptist Church was reached. By a judicious arrangement the graveyard had been kept clear of the crowd, and in its shady, green recesses, under the wide-spreading branches of noble pines, four graves of soldiers were found and covered with flowers. During the ceremony the children of the Sunday-school, in beautiful accord, sang hymns of patriotism.

The next and last ground visited was the graveyard of St. Michael's Lutheran Church. This cemetery is but a short distance north of the old Chew Mansion, where the principal fighting of the battle of Germantown was done, and among the thirteen soldiers buried in it are several who fell while assaulting the British forces intrenched in said house, among them the gallant Major James Witherspoon, of Germantown.

The post found the church beautifully decorated with the Stars and Stripes, and they were received with singing by the Sunday-school. After prayer by the pastor, Rev. C. W. Schaeffer, D. D., all the remaining flowers were distributed upon the various graves. So abundant had been the supply

that the green hillocks were actually buried in crosses, wreaths, and bouquets.

Here ended our duties, and amid historical associations of peculiarly impressive bearing we finished ceremonies that, we trust, will continue from year to year so long as the memory of the suppression of a causeless and wicked rebellion shall remain in the land.

ORATION OF COLONEL WILLIAM M'MICHAEL.

Friends and Comrades: The Grand Army of the Republic, an association formed of the survivors of the Union armies, the objects of which are to keep alive the memory of the great struggles of the late war, to preserve its exalted principles, and to extend a charitable care to those widowed and made fatherless by its afflictions, has designated this day for the decoration of soldiers' graves. This society, deeply impressed with the sentiments which it advocates, and sensible how much religion must enter into their proper exercise, would not conduct any of its ordinary or secular proceedings on the Sabbath, but the ceremonies in which we are about to take part are so solemn in their character, that we have felt that there is a fitness in the day upon which this anniversary has fallen; that there is a religious sacredness as we commemorate what is noblest in the actions of the dead by these tributes of flowers, the purest, the fairest, the most beautiful of things that are living, and, as gathering by the graves of those who died that the nation might be saved, we renew our own pledges to maintain the power, the integrity, and the unity of the republic.

The events of the rebellion are still of such recent occurrence, and were for so long a time the familiar incidents of our own lives, that it has not yet taken its true place among the great epochs of history. And yet how noble the purpose of our people, how glorious their achievements. Where can we find their equal save in the early struggles for Grecian independence, when Athens and Sparta and all that noble band of States united with patriotic valor and resisted and defeated the aggressions of Asiatic despotism? The Roman wars, full as they were of dramatic interest, of the pomp and pageantry of conquest, of boldness and vigor, and often adorned by striking examples of manly virtue, were the means of aggrandizing the state, but not of extending the liberties of the citizen, of establishing an empire which, sapped by its own licentiousness, crumbled by oppression and decay, and has left to us a history stained by cruelty, and the

ruined monuments of a misused civilization. Napoleon fought, it is true, for France, but fought chiefly that France should be an empire and he wear the imperial crown, and, exhausting the nation's strength in ambitious endeavors, dug the tragic grave at Saint Helena, and made another Bourbon possible in a land still throbbing with the glorious aspirations of its revolution.

Ours was a different cause. It was was incited by no imperial ambition, inflamed by no political lust, stimulated by no greed for territorial aggrandizement; but was the great uprising of a free people, a grand and gigantic effort to maintain what to us was noblest, best, and dearest in life, nay, what was dearer than life itself, the honor of the flag which is the emblem of our nationality, the proud name of our country, whose history is our most cherished possession, the dignity and the perpetuity of our government, a government which, born amid the bloody throes of the Revolution had been tested alike by the sharp conflicts of foreign war and the angry contentions of internal political disputes, and under which our country had gone on steadily advancing in power and prosperity, welcoming with open arms to its shores the oppressed and adventurous of every nation, transforming by its beneficent influences the degraded peasant of the Old World into the active citizen of the New, and expanding from the thirteen feeble colonies into a great community of States, swarming with an intelligent population, and enriched by the productions of all the branches of successful industry. It was the consciousness of the value of our great possessions, and the appreciation of the priceless blessings of freedom which we enjoyed, that moved us to undertake the struggle, and which sustained us through its long years of privation, suffering, and death. We look back upon it with pride, but it is a pride tempered with sadness. We rejoice as once again the flag waves undisputedly from the Chesapeake to the gulf. We recall exultingly the prodigies of valor by land and sea which restored the national authority, and feel a just gratulation that the declaration has at last its true fulfillment in the liberty which is now accorded to every citizen, without regard to race, condition, or color; but the head is bowed and the heart is heavy when we think of the brave men who fell and of the homes made mournful and desolate by their loss. Oh, noble army of martyrs! who fell in the fury of the battle, or wasted amid the agonies of the hospital and the prison, not yours to witness the salvation of the republic for which you fought so bravely and which you loved so well. But the comrades with whom you battled tell with pride the story of your valor, the nation which you

saved inscribes your names highest among its heroes, and a merciful God, forgetting your human transgressions in the purity of your patriotism, shall reward you in that better world where strife shall be hushed and wars shall cease.

In all the movements of the war Philadelphia bore a large and important part, and Germantown, the locality in which we are to-day assembled, was conspicuous for the service which its citizens rendered and the interest which was here displayed. There was, indeed, much about your history and surroundings to keep alive patriotic impulses. Within a short distance stands the old Chew mansion, still bearing the marks of the engagement which was carried on about its walls, a reminder of the times and a monument of the courage of the struggles by which our liberties were first established. Soldiers of the Revolution, the war of 1812, and of Mexico, lie buried in your graveyards; the old houses scattered through the town form a link between the historic past and the present, and many of the descendants of those who took part in the battles and deliberations of the Revolution contribute their share to the movements of our own time. These, and the traditions which they preserved, united with the sentiment of a community earnestly devoted to the Union, gave a quick response to the first summons for help and an unwavering adherence to the loyal cause during all the trials and vicissitudes of the rebellion. In furnishing volunteers for the army, in contributing money towards the public needs, in forwarding supplies and comforts to the soldiers in the field, in ministering to the wants and alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded, and, above all, in exhibiting an unchanging faith and an earnest, outspoken, and vigorous adherence to the government, Germantown was nowhere excelled. The news of the attack on Fort Sumter and the call for troops had scarcely reached here before companies were forming and drilling and recruits crowding the regiments which were accepted for service. Nor was this a momentary enthusiasm; for, as the ravages of war depleted our armies, the places of those who had fallen were courageously filled by others pushing forward to join their brothers "gone before." The Ninety-fifth, One Hundred and Sixth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, One Hundred and Fifteenth Infantry Regiments, Baker's California Regiment, Rush's Lancers, and the Eighth Cavalry, were largely recruited in this locality, while many of your brave boys joined the regiments of New York, New Jersey, and other neighboring States, and in the most arduous as in the most brilliant exploits of the war bore a conspicuous part, as the distinction which they gained, and, alas! too, the mortality in their

ranks, bear witness. Many of the gallant fellows who went from here glowing with hope and fervent with patriotism fell by the way, "marching to glory and halted by death." Newhall, Gowen, Hobbs, Dorr, Elliott, Collett, the Tunisons, are a few only of the many whose precious lives were sacrificed. These flowers, so fresh and beautiful, with which we shall adorn their graves, may wither as they droop sympathizingly by the tombs of the departed, but the fame of these noble dead shall endure with unfading effulgence.

The spirit evinced here found ready co-operation throughout the land as each loyal State vied with the other in patriotic efforts in responding to the call to arms.

That call was heard by Plymouth Rock, 'twas heard in Boston bay,
Then up the piney streams of Maine sped on its ringing way.
New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's green hills, it kindled into flame;
Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little frame.
The empire city started up, her golden fetters rent,
And meteor-like, across the North, the fiery message sent.
Over the breezy prairie-land, by bluff and lake it ran,
Till Kansas bent his arm, and laughed to find himself a man.
Then on by cabin and by camp, by stony wastes and sands,
It ran exultant down the sea where the golden city stands;
And wheresoe'r the summons came there rose an angry din,
As when upon a rocky coast the stormy tide comes in.
Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straightway the sons arose,
With flushing cheek, as when the east with day's red current flows,
Hurrah! the long despair is past, our fading hopes renew;
The fog is lifting from the land, and lo! the ancient blue!

The war was so full of dramatic incidents and stirring events that we might readily select from the many interesting pages of its history some one to dwell upon to-day, or find grateful occupation in recalling the military career of our honored dead. Among the most brilliant of the earlier actions of the war was that dashing charge of Frémont's body-guard, when Walter Newhall and his gallant comrades rode down into four times their number of rebel infantry, slashing, sabering, dispersing, and routing their foes with a reckless valor that rivals the stories of knightly prowess, and the memory of which thrills me like a trumpet. There was the heroic assault on Fort Mahone at Petersburg, when the brave Gowen was killed; the hard-fought battle of Chancellorsville, where the dauntless Elliott received his mortal wound. The history of one comrade would lead us through the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, Yorktown, and the seven bloody days on the Peninsula, Antietam, Gettysburg, and that last magnificent campaign which ended in Lee's surrender at the Appomattox; another, perhaps, was with Thomas and Rosecrans, sharing in the decisive engagement at Mill Spring, the victory at Stone river, the desperate

conflict at Chickamauga, and that series of brilliant combats by which Bragg was sent reeling, routed, and demoralized from Chattanooga, and the flag planted victoriously on Lookout Mountain. This one shared the privations and triumphs of the siege of Vicksburg; this one went marching through Georgia with quick-brained Sherman, and another was in that famous battle in the valley, when our army, staggering and wavering under fierce and unexpected blows, was redeemed, restored, reorganized, and hurled back with an impetuous fierceness which sent the rebels whirling out of Winchester before the indomitable spirit of glorious Phil Sheridan. In all of these we could find much upon which we might linger, but I shall not attempt the narration. There is an eloquence in the events before which human speech is silent.

There is a grave which we cannot visit to-day, but which will be remembered wherever soldiers gather to honor the loyal dead; there is a tomb towards which our people will turn with loving sadness—the grave at Springfield, the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. He was the great type of the courage, the endurance, and the suffering of the American soldier; for although he wore no uniform and bore no arms in the rebellion, yet he shared in all the noblest aspirations of the soldiers, sympathized in all their privations, partook with all the fullness of his generous nature in the rejoicing which crowned their campaigns, and at last perished, like so many of them, with sudden and violent death. He was, too, not only our President, but as such commander-in-chief, and let us never forget that to his sagacity in recognizing the ability of our generals and his fidelity in sustaining them we owe our successes. When even the most patriotic were dismayed, he was unshaken; when the strongest wavered, he still was resolute; he suffered with patience, he conquered with mercy, and if, indeed, it was permitted to his prophetic vision to forsee that his life itself must be laid upon his country's altar, he approached that sacrifice with the same unquestioning cheerfulness with which he had given to the nation's cause the best efforts of his strength, his brain, his heart.

With his memory and that of our noble dead fresh in our minds, let us offer now these floral tributes to the departed. You, noble women, who tempered their sufferings by your gentle ministrations, and stimulated their valor by your enduring courage; you, their friends, who sustained their endeavors and applauded their achievements; and you, my comrades, by whose side they fought, in whose arms they died, decorate with these lovely emblems their graves, hallowed and glorified by patriotism. And, as we stand by their

tombs, let us pledge ourselves anew to the holy cause in which they died—the cause of civilization, of justice, of universal liberty. Let us maintain inviolate the public faith, preserve unsullied the national honor, increase the advantages of free education, purge legislation of the corrupt practices which pollute it, and exact for public office ability and integrity. Still let us extend a welcome to the oppressed of every nation, still protect the rights of the humblest beneath our flag, and, mindful of the sacrifices by which our country has been saved, let us by these sacred ashes "highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall nor perish from the earth."

MEMORIAL SERMONS.

In accordance with the request of the post, the following-named gentlemen accepted invitations to preach memorial sermons on Sunday evening:

Rev. A. H. Lung, Third Baptist Church, Wister and Wakefield streets.

Rev. S. Farrington, First Unitarian Church, Chelton avenue and Green street.

Rev. Thos. A. Gill, First Baptist Church, Price street.

Rev. G. D. Carrow, D. D., Haines-street Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. W. E. Ijams, Second Presbyterian Church, Tulpehocken and Green streets.

Rev. M. A. Day, St. Stephen's Methodist Episcopal Church, Main street, below Bringhurst street.

Rev. C. W. Schaffer, D. D., St. Michael's Lutheran Church, Franklinville.

Rev. J. Helffenstein, Market-square Presbyterian Church.

Rev. R. M. Lichtenwalner, Zion Evangelical Church, (German,) Rittenhouse street.

Rev. Wm. P. Hellings, Third Baptist Church, Main and Upsall streets.

All of the sermons were replete with patriotic sentiments, and abounded with touching tributes to the departed, and kind words were addressed to the living.

AT GLENWOOD CEMETERY.

(Post No. 8.)

Post No 8, Grand Army of the Republic, assembled at the hall, Thirteenth and Spring Garden streets. Great interest was manifested when the soldiers' orphans from the Northern Home arrived in two large four-house omnibuses, one filled with boys, the other with girls. Flowers were provided in the hall and also in the yard in front of the building. These were conveniently arranged in bouquets, wreaths, &c., and each visitor provided himself with as many as he cared to carry. Punctually at the time announced the line moved up Spring Garden street. About six hundred members of the post started in the procession, and the number was increased by the time the cemetery was reached to nearly a thousand. A vast throng of citizens in addition followed in the line.

Upon reaching the cemetery the post halted, and formed in open order. The little ones marched through the extended lines saluting, that attention being gravely returned by the members of the post. This scene was very sweet and touching. The children were remarkably well favored; the boys manly, straight, bright-eyed; the little girls modest and well behaved. The boys were dressed in army-blue jackets, with guilt buttons, and dark-mixed pantaloons. They are ranked *a la militaire*, according to merit, and such as wore the diminutive shoulder-straps and *chevrons* seemed quite sensible of the distinction. The girls were dressed in light brown, trimmed with blue, and wore tasty little straw hats, with blue trimmings. The evident care taken of the children was the subject of universal comment. The boys carried several little banners in their line. On one was inscribed,

"Soldiers' orphans from the Northern Home."

Another bore the inscription,

"We represent eighty regiments."

A third bore these touching words,

"Pennsylvania's wards."

On the reverse side of the last-named was written,

"Our sires have left the field,
But we, their sons, will stand,
And like them bravely guard
Our own dear native land."

Many a father's heart beat hard and many a mother's eyes filled as they read this simple verse, and saw the little band marching with heads uncovered. In effect, the whole interest seemed to center about the children. They were what the dead had left.

In this order the soldiers' graves then were reached; the children first, afterwards members of the post, then ladies and gentlemen at will. The graves, about seven hundred in number, occupy a level space about fifty feet wide by three hundred long. This area was completely cleared, no persons being allowed within it but the officers of the post, members of the band, and choir singers and the children.

The services were commenced with prayer by the Rev. James Neill. After the reverend gentleman had concluded his remarks a company of very charming young ladies advanced. Each was laden with little flags, and had a small retainer at her back with an additional supply. A flag was affixed to each mound of earth, after which the ladies retired. Then the children sang, "America! 'tis of Thee," accompanied by the band, and very well they did it too. The hymn was, of course, sung in unison, but the fresh young voices sounded most pleasantly.

The decoration by flowers was then proceeded with. The boys and girls were ranged at regular distances about the open space, and attendants bore after them large baskets of flowers, loose, made up, and in every variety. The small company had been well drilled, and knew exactly what to do. Quickly, but with soberness and without confusion, they apportioned the flowers among the mounds about them. Many of them had a full consciousness of the solemnity of the occasion, and all behaved like little men and women.

This ceremony performed, Rev. Mr. Neill delivered the following address:

Fellow-citizens: This is emphatically the nation's Sabbath, a day consecrated through all the land for decorating the graves of our fallen soldiers—a ceremony the most impressive we have ever witnessed; one by which we express not only the dear recollection in which we hold the departed, but the high esteem in which we hold the principles and institutions for which they fought and fell. Could we in any

other way reach their condition, had we any other way more appropriate or effectual, we would gladly take it, but their condition is beyond the reach of our sympathy, and not affected by our kindness. Still it is meet that the survivors of the departed dead who lie here silent in their graves should by these ceremonies seek to impress the living rather than influence the dead.

There is not one of us whose heart was not touched with the deepest sorrow as he witnessed this struggle—star after star fading from our national banner; not one of us but sent up a fervent prayer to the God of Washington and the nation that he would defend the right, give the victory to our armies, and permanence to our government. To prayer was added service, the service of men who rushed at the call of Mr. Lincoln, who rushed to our standard and the battle, dared the danger and braved the death. The nation not only responded by its million and a half of men, who rushed to the lines of the battle and stood between us and our enemies, but it poured out its attention upon the sick and wounded in the field and the hospitals, and gave such care as the soldiers of no other nation ever realized.

Dear was the price we paid for our rights; terrible was the sacrifice made in consequence of the rebellion. And there is not a soldier who sleeps here, not a board that marks the resting-place of the fallen hero, but speaks to us from the ground against the enormity of the national sin of slavery. It was a sin that died deeply, and that required a vast amount of sacrifice of treasure and life to wipe it out, to wash it from the national garment. But, thank God, the stain has been washed out, though it was in the blood of three hundred thousand noble men. High was the price, terrible the sacrifice; but we have met none of our noble army who lived to return from the battle but have said to us, if the exigencies of the nation would have required it I would go again, would risk my life again, would even die, if necessary, to maintain the institutions and the nation that I love. And if we could call to-day the spirits of the departed from their high abode, as they witnessed these solemn ceremonies on this occasion, and if we were to ask them, we would hear the response ringing all along through these beautiful songs, and mingling with these anthems, If I were on earth, I would go again and make the same sacrifice for the sake of my country and its government. True; and our duty now is just to keep alive these feelings. There is no apparent danger now; there is nothing now, apparently, calling on the sons and brethren of the departed to do battle as they have done, to stand where they have fallen;

but though the sky may now be without a cloud—as quiet as a summer evening—the thunder may roar, and the lightning leap, and danger become imminent; and though we hope that this country may live in peace until the great archangel shall sound his trump, yet the occasion may come for the survivors of the departed heroes to stand in the breach for the preservation of the institutions and principles dear to the American heart. Love of God is first, love of the flag second; and these circumstances are for the purpose of cultivating and deepening these feelings.

With some few additional words, and paying a glowing tribute to ex-Governor Curtin for his care of the soldiers and his interest in their widows and orphans, the reverend speaker closed his address.

Upon the conclusion of the address the ranks were again formed, the soldiers' graves in the other portion of the cemetery visited and decorated. Before issuing from the place, the post, on its way homeward, marched around the monument of the "Scott Legion," depositing thereon the flowers that were remaining.

CEREMONIES AT LEBANON CEMETERY.

(Post No. 27, Colored.)

This post and the Colored Women's Lincoln Association performed the decoration services at Lebanon Cemetery, which contains quite a number of the bodies of colored soldiers. Prior to the interesting ceremony J. C. Bowers pronounced the following oration:

Soldiers and Fellow-citizens: Another year has passed never to return since we last assembled to strew with flowers the graves of our departed heroes, to pay a tribute of respect to their memory.

The result of the four-years' struggle demonstrated the wisdom of the Great Creator in overthrowing the machinations of man. The war was inaugurated for the extension of human slavery, to render it national instead of sectional. The Government and people, North, South, East, and West, (except a minority of radical Republicans and Abolitionists) had no intention to interfere with the system; but so great were the losses and ill-success of the Union army, attributable to

their not striking at the root of the rebellion, (slavery,) that they finally determined it must be wiped out, or they would be forced to surrender to the confederacy.

That determination was consummated, the confederates were routed, "horse, foot, and dragoons," and to-day we live in the freest country on the face of the globe, a country where all men are born free and equal, and will very soon enjoy life, liberty, (civil and political,) and the pursuit of happiness throughout the United States.

When the Government found it necessary for self-preservation to call upon the colored men of the nation (who at the outbreak of the war volunteered their services, but were indignantly rejected) to assist it, there was a tremendous excitement among both soldiers and citizens. They exclaimed it was a white man's war, and "niggers" were not wanted. They were cowards, many remarked, and would run at the first fire from the enemy, and many other idle tales were circulated.

They had forgotten, and perhaps many of them had never heard of, the black heroes of the Revolution—that the very first blood shed was Crispus Attucks's, a black man. They had forgotten Major Jeffry, also a black man, who, during the campaign of Major General Andrew Jackson, in Mobile, filled the position of "regular" among the soldiers.

In the charge made by General Stump against the enemy the Americans were repulsed and thrown into disorder, General Stump being forced to retire in a manner by no means desirable under the circumstances. Major Jeffry, then but a common soldier, seeing the condition of his comrades, and comprehending the disastrous results about to befall them, rushed forward, mounted a horse, took command of the troops, and by a heroic effort rallied them to the charge, completely routing the enemy, who left the Americans masters of the field. He at once received from the general the title of "major," though he could not, according to the American policy, so commission him.

Governor Eustis, of Rhode Island, in his able speech against slavery in Missouri, December 12, 1820, gives the following testimony: "The blacks formed an entire regiment, and discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defense of Red Bank, in which they bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor." In this contest it will be remembered that four hundred men met and repulsed, after a terrible and sanguinary struggle, fifteen hundred Hessians, led by Count Donop. The glory of the defense of Red Bank, which has been pronounced one of the most heroic actions of the war, belongs in reality to black men.

"In the attack made upon the American lines near Croton River, on the 13th of May, 1781, Colonel Greene, the commander of the regiment, was cut down and mortally wounded, but the sabers of the enemy only reached him through the bodies of his faithful guard of blacks, who hovered near him to protect him, and *every one of whom was killed.*"

Dr. Harris, a revolutionary veteran, in an address delivered in 1842, before the Congregational and Presbyterian Anti-slavery Society, held at Francistown, New Hampshire, said: "I fought, my hearers, for that liberty you enjoy." Then liberty meant something. "I served in the Revolution, in General Washington's army, three years under one enlistment. When stationed in Rhode Island the regiment to which I belonged was once ordered to a flanking position. This pass was everything, both to us and to the enemy; it was a post of imminent danger. They attacked us with great fury, but were repulsed. They were reinforced, and again attacked us with more vigor and determination, and again were repulsed. Again they were reinforced, and attacked us the third time with the most desperate courage and resolution, but a third time were repulsed. The contest was fearful. Our position was hotly disputed and as hotly maintained."

"One of my objects," said Dr. Harris, "in stating these facts, is this: there was a black regiment in the same situation—yes, a regiment of negroes—fighting for liberty and independence; not a white man among them but the officers, stationed in this dangerous and responsible position. Had they been unfaithful or given way before the enemy all would have been lost. Three times in succession were they attacked with most desperate valor and fury by well-disciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve our army from capture. They fought through the war, were brave, hardy troops, and helped to gain our liberty and independence."

General Jackson gave his testimony in regard to the soldierly qualities and courage of the black troops at New Orleans in 1814. I think it has been fully proved that in all the great conflicts in these United States the colored men have displayed as great courage, loyalty, and patriotism as any other class of her citizens. We are all aware of the deep hatred existing against colored troops in the late rebellion by the white people. In this and other States the governors issued proclamations forbidding their transit over their territory, and compelled them to reach the seat of war by steamers or sailing vessels to avoid being mobbed, as was the case in this city on several occasions, one being a sergeant major

in a South Carolina regiment, who escaped by reaching and finding shelter in the house of a colored citizen, followed by a band of desperadoes.

Fellow-citizens, it would be superfluous for me to recount to you the daring deeds which characterized our departed brethren on many a hard-fought battle-field. No danger, not death itself, deterred them, but amid the roaring of the cannon, the bursting of the shell, and the sharp crack of the rifle, dealing blood and carnage, cutting down thousands and tens of thousands of their comrades, they continued to rally under and bear aloft that flag which they so dearly loved, and pressed forward, as was attested by their immortal deeds at Port Hudson, Olustee, Fort Wagner, Petersburg, Charleston, Richmond, and other places too numerous to mention, and aided greatly in compelling the confederate army to surrender to the great hero of the age, the illustrious General U. S. Grant, (the black man's friend, the man of few words but great deeds,) at Appomattox Court House, Virginia.

In bringing my remarks to a close, for I will not weary your patience, permit me to say those men did not die in vain, but gave liberty, citizenship, and participation in the government (both State and national) to you, and to me, and to our people throughout the whole country. We can boast of our senators and representatives, our lieutenant governors, our ministers and consuls general to foreign nations, and ere long, no doubt, "our senators and representatives in Congress assembled." We can truly exclaim, "The world moves." * *

Let us teach our children to go and do likewise, and continue the good example set them by their fathers and mothers. It is right and proper that we should meet together at stated periods to strew with the beautiful flowers of the field the graves of those now sleeping their last sleep until the final resurrection, and let our children dedicate the 30th day of May in every year to commemorate the memory of those heroes who sacrificed their lives in defense of their country.

Ladies of the association, you have accomplished noble deeds worthy of all imitation, but press forward in your glorious enterprise, and by patience and perseverance the great object of your organization, the rearing of a monument to the memory of the departed, will be accomplished, and not only the present, but generations yet unborn will point with pride and pleasure to the marble shaft pointing heavenward, and rise up and call you blessed.

The line was formed in the following order: First division: Post commander, Jacob Purnell; post adjutant, John W. Simpson; sergeant major, John Diton, jr.; Delmonico Cor-

net Band; Post 27, F. Griffith commanding; Excelsior Reserves, E. B. French colonel commanding; soldiers and sailors' orphans, in charge of the C. W. Lincoln Association; Soldiers and Sailors' Union, (not members of the post,) Alex. Coots marshal; G. U. O. O. F. and A. Y. M.; Garner's Drum Corps; Banneker Institute; Union Beneficial Association; Union Leagues Nos. 577 and 666. Second division: Marshal, E. C. Cornell; aids, William J. Turner and J. W. Williams; Excelsior Band; Delmonico Association; Lone Star Association; Capitol Association; Brickmakers' Association; Williams Association; Apollo Association; Waiters and Workingmen's Association. Third division: Marshal, P. P. Brown; aids, William R. Decordever and James Walters; Hannibal Band; Sons of Conference; Sons of Luke and Light; Hod-carriers' and Laborers' Union; J. Walters Union and Beneficial League; Coachmen's Associations Nos. 1 and 2; citizens; marshal, C. V. Colly.

With an untiring zeal the various organizations marched the very long distance to the Lebanon Cemetery, where Colonel Givin made the following address:

Comrades: Our duty and our pleasure call us here to-day. We come to prove that our love and affection for our dead comrades are not nor cannot be blunted by time. We come with the first offerings of spring, to decorate their graves and place ourselves in mute converse with their departed spirits, to renew the scenes, acts, and thoughts of a four-years' war—a four-years' contest—with freedom on the one side and oppression on the other, in which a nation's life was saved, a government, powerful before, made more powerful still, by breaking the shackles off of four millions of people, and assuming the position of a free government, not only in name, but in fact, and in which struggle these our comrades gave up their lives. It is well that we are here; it is to the honor and credit of each and every one of us, because these departed heroes were our comrades in the battle and brothers to our hearts. It is doubly to the credit and honor of these our friends, who come to-day to assist us, and our hearts go out in praise and thankfulness to them; for while they thus honor our fallen comrades, they show to us how dear to them were the principles for which we fought.

I am not capable of doing justice to my subject here; you should have selected some other orator; for where a man's

heart is so deeply interested, his lips are too weak to express his feelings. These soldiers who sleep the sleep of death around us, who are with us now in spirit although lost forever to our sight, were my comrades, and in that word comrade is more of meaning than my tongue can express. In the same fields with me they bared their breasts to the storm. I was with them in their night-watches on the picket-line, when every moment the fight was expected to begin; I was with them in the camp and its fatigues; I broke their bread and ate their salt; I shared their food with them by day; I shared their blankets with them by night. I was their comrade on the march; I was their comrade in the battle. I was their friend always. Who, then, has a better right to be here and assist in this decoration? Who would be more recreant than I if I had have failed to be here? Yes, comrades of the past, as you stood by me and guarded my tent in your lives, so I will guard your tents, the grave. While I live no ruthless hand shall desecrate them, no lying tongue shall slander your fair name.

Stranger, tread lightly there, for beneath that rude mound of earth a patriot hero sleeps, who gave up life, kindred, everything, that this nation might live, and that we might enjoy its blessings. Ah! but he was black. Yes, the same God that made him black made you white, and that same God will judge you and him when you appear before His judgment seat—not by your color, but by your acts.

Time presses on, and the duty for which we come is yet unperformed.

Colonel Givin concluded his remarks by speaking words of consolation to the widows and orphans of his deceased comrades.

Addresses were also made by Messrs. O. V. Catto, J. C. Wears, and Comrade J. W. Brown, all of which were replete with patriotic sentiments. The graves of the soldiers were then beautifully decorated, after which the party returned to the city.

A delegation of the post appropriately decorated the graves of their comrades in St. Thomas's Church-yard.

CEREMONIES AT GETTYSBURG.

(Post No. 9.)

In Gettysburg the ceremonies were directed by a committee of the post located there, who selected Saturday afternoon

for the exercises. The day was hot and sultry, notwithstanding which a large number of persons from the surrounding country gathered in, and by 4 o'clock the streets were thronged with old and young, most of them bearing bouquets to be strewn on the graves.

Captain A. M. Hunter acted as chief marshal, with Wm. H. Rupp and Wm. P. McCartney as assistants. At 4 o'clock p. m. the stores and places of business were closed, and the procession moved from the Center square, amid the tolling of church bells and the firing of minute-guns, in the following order:

Hearse, draped with national flags and decorated with floral offerings, drawn by four gray horses, under charge of Dr. T. T. Tate; Gettysburg Cornet Band and Drum Corps; Gettysburg Zouaves, Captain Norris; Franklin Zouaves, Captain Eicholtz; squad of United States Infantry, Lieutenant Turtle; children of the National Soldiers' Homestead, with banners representing the States having dead buried in the National Cemetery, the girls wearing blue dresses with white sashes, and each carrying a bouquet, the boys in dress uniform; faculty and students of the College; Sabbath-schools of St. James's (Lutheran) Church, Methodist, and Reformed, the children carrying bouquets.

The procession, having reached the National Cemetery, formed around the base of the monument, within the semicircle where repose the remains of the Union soldiers who fell in the battle of Gettysburg. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. W. H. Deatrich.

J. Howard Wert, esq., followed with the annexed prologue:

In discharging the duty assigned of delivering the introductory remarks on this occasion, I can think of nothing more entirely appropriate to this time, this place, and the object which has assembled this vast concourse, than the words which the nation's President once sent forth from this spot to the world. By them this cemetery of our nation's defenders has become hallowed to the memory of millions as no other words of mortal could ever hallow it. Those few words, beautifully appropriate as a portion of the exercises at every burial-ground where sleep those who wore the blue, are particularly so here, where originally delivered. They contain a pathos, a fullness of meaning, a

sublimity, to which nothing could be added by the finest periods of the orator or the grandest imagery of the poet. They are destined to live in the world's literature as long as the free cherish the names of Gettysburg and Lincoln.

He saw in this field on which twenty-four thousand men bled to perpetuate our Union the beginning of the end. He saw that end, and then his mission was suddenly terminated by the foul assassin's hand. He died a martyr. He died to live forever on fame's roll in the grateful recollections of millions yet to be.

Twelve days before his assassination I saw him on that memorable Sabbath day which told the doom of the rebel capital, watching, amid the bursting of shell, the groans of the wounded, and all the horrors of war, the conflict which told the world the confederacy was of the past. Then, in that hour of final victory, his face wore the same expression of calm, patient faith which beamed forth when he delivered these immortal words:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The college choir then sang, "Oh, Soft be the Sleep of the Braves," written for the occasion by Mr. E. T. Horn, during which flowers were handed over to the orphans of the National Homestead, and by them strewn on the soldiers'

graves in the National Cemetery. The ceremony concluded, Professor H. Louis Baugher delivered the following

ADDRESS.

In former days there was not a school-boy in the land whose ears were not made familiar with the refrain,

"New England's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie!"

But to-day it is not New England's dead, nor yet Pennsylvania's dead, but THE NATION'S DEAD, that we celebrate; and it is to the nation's honor, as well as that of the dead, that they have not been left to lie "on every hill" and in every dale, but have been thus gathered into cemeteries; that as in life they stood shoulder to shoulder and made common cause in battle, so in death they may not be divided.

We, the youngest civilized nation, in common with the oldest civilized nation, are noted for the reverence we have for the dead. In that far-off land, the cradle of civilization, the most enduring monuments are those to the dead. Joseph, in Egypt, did not think it amiss to give commandment, in his last hour, concerning his bones. The patriarchs took special care to bury their dead. The kings of Israel were dishonored if they were not buried in the sepulcher of the kings, and, in fact, to be without burial, or to receive, as it is expressively called, "the burial of an ass," was regarded as worse than an untimely birth. Ruth, in her beautiful tribute of affection to Naomi, said not only, "Whither thou goest will I go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," but added besides, "where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried!" The same feeling possesses man now, and every one has a choice where his final resting-place will be. It is just as fitting, therefore, that the nation gather and watch over the mortal remains of the fathers as that the children share her fostering care. If these dead could rise and give commandment concerning their sepulcher, where could they find a better allotment than that here given, where they "sink to rest by all their country's wishes blest!" Here, side by side, are two cities of the dead, wondrously alike, yet remarkably different; alike in saying to every one that treads their streets, "*memento mori*," but different in the emotions they call out and the lessons they teach. There is "Rachel weeping for her children;" there are brought to mind old-time associations, bonds of relationship, ties of friendship—broken, severed—and the heart is poured forth in personal affection; there, there is meditation on character—so good a

father gone! so precious a mother! so devoted a husband, and a wife so loving and kind! children, so much the joy of the heart, cut down like the flowers; and there is a friend of one's youth! And as we wander through that silent city we perhaps think of the loved and lost as "not lost, but gone before!" There, there is a certain selfish devotion and sorrow! But here, we rise to a higher plane of feeling. Here, it is not personal relationship that calls out our emotions, it is not individual character; but here, we do honor to great and noble principle, to renowned deeds, to self-sacrifice. There, we mourn that the loved ones are gone and we shall see their face no more in time; here, we rejoice that there were found those who counted not their lives dear unto them, if they might save their country; here, we set to our seal, "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;*" here, our faith in human nature is strenghthened, when we find the testimony of the adversary, "all that a man hath will he give for his life," so gloriously refuted, and that there are things dearer to men than life itself, and among them is one's country! * *

It is the nation that commemorates the day. In East and West, North and South, fresh flowers, the grateful return of earth for heaven's kind influences, are scattered as a thankful tribute to the memory of the patriot dead. How peculiarly appropriate that this be done here, on this famous hill that all the world knows of, because it was the scene of one of the battles that may truly be called decisive of the world's history. Here the rights of man fought with their enemies and triumphed. What wondrous changes have come upon this scene! You who often looked upon that apple orchard, blooming with promise or laden with fruit, who of you ever thought it would to-day be a cemetery and already count its dead by thousands; who of you that often came out to look at the lavish beauties of nature in those circling mountains and that vast expanse ever thought the hills of Gettysburg would echo the roar of battle and her fields be covered with the slain? But what was scarcely dreamed has passed into history; and as ye call to mind those perilous, wearisome, uncertain days of July, 1863—as you recall the advance, the repulse, the trembling balance of the battle, and finally the endangered and almost lost barely saved—you will certainly come with gratitude and strew these heroes' graves with flowers. They laid their bones upon the altar of their country, and upon their bones thus laid we place these flowers, not only in token of gratitude and *in memoriam*, but that as the perfume of the flowers disperses itself in the fragrant air, so the spirit of their deeds may be breathed in by us, and make us emulous of their example. Nor let us forget, while giving honor

to whom honor is due, that there is a God that ruleth among nations, and that, whilst everything is prepared against the day of battle, safety and victory are of the Lord. To the Lord of Hosts, then, from whom all blessings flow, let us to-day, beside these graves of the instruments in His hand of preserving the nation, give thanks that we have a country free and undivided!

At the close of Professor Baugher's address the national hymn, "America," was sung.

Rev. E. Breidenbaugh pronounced the benediction, and the exercises at the monument closed with the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

The orphans then passed into Evergreen Cemetery, and deposited floral offerings on the graves of the Union soldiers buried there, after which the military and citizens returned to town.

CEREMONIES AT READING.

(Post No. 16.)

Saturday, the day selected by this post for the decoration of soldiers' graves in the vicinity, though very warm, was highly favorable for the discharge of the solemn duties due to the memory of our departed heroes. At a little before 10 o'clock Penn and Sixth streets were crowded with citizens to witness the formation of the procession in East Penn Square. A short time thereafter the procession moved in the following order: Chief marshal, Henry Beckhardt; aids; Company A, First Reading Reserves; guard of honor detailed from First Reading Rifles; Snyder's Band; Post No. 16, Grand Army of the Republic; ambulance containing disabled soldiers; barouche containing orator and clergy; ladies' committee in carriages; Friendship Lodge No. 7, Junior Order of American Protestants; Perseverance Council No. 19, J. O. of A. M.; Sons of Victory; Reading Council No. 40, S. O. of A. M.; delegations of Perseverance and Resolute Councils, U. A. M; carriages containing mayor and city councils.

While the procession was moving through the streets the

bells were tolled, flags were displayed at half mast, and business was partially suspended.

Aulenbach's Cemetery was first visited, where a dirge was played and a prayer offered by Rev. L. Peters, after which the graves of soldiers therein buried were decorated. Reforming, the procession moved to the Lutheran Cemetery on Neversink Hill, where similar ceremonies were performed, and a prayer was offered by Rev. T. A. Fernley. The Catholic Cemetery was next visited, where a dead march was played by the band, followed by the decoration of seven graves, after which the line of march was taken up for Charles Evans Cemetery, which was reached about 2 o'clock. Thousands of men, women, and children were here assembled to witness the solemn ceremonies. Over one hundered graves were decorated in this beautiful cemetery. After the performance of a dirge by the band, a prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Fernley, which was succeeded by the reading, by W. S. Monyer, of the general orders of the commander-in-chief and of the State commander of the Grand Army of the Republic with reference to the observance of the day.

Major Oliver C. James, of New York, (formerly a resident of Reading,) was then introduced, who delivered the following excellent address:

THE ADDRESS.

Comrades: We are met together to-day to give expression to a feeling deep-seated in the American heart, a feeling never expressing itself in our eminently practical lives except when seriously and imperatively demanded by the greatness and justness of the occasion. A nation of earnest workers, we have little sympathy with that peculiar element in the composition of all Latin human nature which gravitates to holidays and fete-days, which loses sight of the spirit of an anniversary in its enjoyment of the idleness inseparable from it.

Holding, as we certainly do, the first place in the march of modern civilization and progress, conceiving enterprises and completing works of such magnitude and utility as to dwarf the aqueducts of Rome and sink the pyramids of Egypt—working out the destiny of our country with intelligence, industry, and zeal—we regard the ceremonies and enjoyments of holidays with indifference, if not with contempt. Busied as we have been since a million of men modestly laid

down their arms to enter into civic lines, we have insensibly allowed the great events of the recent sanguinary struggle for the preservation of the Union to recede rapidly into the shadows of the past. Gettysburg and Appomattox have been enshrined on history's luminous pages with Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, Palo Alto and Churubusco; and perhaps this is in perfect consonance with the spirit of our progress—forget the bitterness, forgive the fault, but remember the eternal principle secured to us by the victory! Yet from the retiring perspective of this view we wish to rescue the memory of the four hundred thousand heroic spirits who willingly laid down their lives to perpetuate to succeeding generations the legacy inherited from their immortal ancestors. * * * * * *

As the retiring officers of the great American Revolution formed the order of the Cincinnatus, and made membership transmissible to their descendants, and the disbanded soldiers of the late war with Great Britain formed societies for social and benevolent purposes, so did the living Union army, after the great Washington reviews, organize the Grand Army of the Republic, for the purpose of mutual aid and counsel, of preserving the friendships and associations formed in the field, of fostering and nurturing loyalty to the government, of defending, protecting, and supporting, so far as might be possible, the helpless widows and orphans of the war, and encouraging by moral support, if not sustaining with material aid, our wounded and helpless comrades, and, lastly, to transmit, by ceremonies such as these, the cherished memory of the fallen in imperishable green. That the Grand Army of the Republic is a secret society, open only to honorably-discharged officers and soldiers of the Union army, cannot be urged as an objection by the great body of our fellow-citizens, who know how necessary to permanent life, in all bodies or associations of individuals, these secrets are. We have connected with and as leaders in our organization some of the noblest, ablest, and best men in our land. Many of our most devoted patriot soldiers and sailors are enrolled among our members, and we are rapidly increasing in numbers. We have now reached more than half a million, and are daily growing stronger and stronger. There is freedom of opinion and action upon all political subjects; "no party test or political restriction is imposed upon any one as a condition of admission to membership," and we have among us men of all political creeds, men who differ widely in their opinions of measures of administration and national policy. We are all united, and will stand steadfast together unto death in devotion to the Union; in this, however diverse in other

respects, we are heartily of one mind, a solid square of brothers, impenetrable and unconquerable. * * *

It has been my fortune to have lived for longer or shorter periods beneath the rule of some of the best governments in existence, to have gazed upon some of the fairest scenes on the earth's surface, to have visited lands rich in all that the world esteems—lands which boasted of wealth and power in the world, when we were but a fringe of people along an extended seaboard; yet nowhere do I find a higher development of intelligence, a greater degree of happiness among all the people, a wider range of liberty and freedom, greater security to the individual and the community, or a more perfect ideal of human government than in this my own native land. In little more than three-quarters of a century we have eliminated the only perfect government on the face of the globe—by the people, for the people, of the people—and all the populations of older lands are so conscious of this fact, that by peaceful negotiations and concessions, or through most fearful and bloody wars, assimilation to our institutions and the principles of our governmental administration is being achieved. Nor are we at a stand-still; with the advance of intelligence the ideal is elevated and the real is being made to approach it. The world is moving onward and the order of the day is progress; all men recognize the fact, and all seem to feel that there is a spirit—a mighty, commanding, and uncontrollable spirit—in the age. There is energy in every department of life; men are coming into action either as individuals or associated together for their mutual benefit. The times are stirring, ominous, advancing, and improving; progress characterizes everything; the history of the last few years must stand alone and in bold relief in the annals of the world. Our part in it is the most prominent, and to sustain us in this advanced position at the most critical period in our country's history these the heroes whom to-day we honor laid down their lives and forever took their places amid the grand host whose deeds illuminate the history of humanity.

After the oration had been concluded the band played a dirge, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. A. S. Leinbach. The graves were then visited and strewn with flowers.

An interesting feature followed the decoration of the soldiers' graves, which was the visitation by the entire post of the graves of Mrs. Rosa C. Nicolls and Mrs. Henry Ruth, two most estimable ladies of the city, who rendered efficient

services during the war. A green sprig was deposited on these graves by each of the comrades of the post, while the band played a solemn dirge.

At 3.30 o'clock the decorative ceremonies were concluded, when the procession moved to the city and dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT MINERSVILLE

(Post No. 17.)

Decoration Day was observed at Minersville on Saturday, May 29, with the enthusiasm usual with the citizens of that place on public occasions of this character.

The arrangements for the due observance of the day were made by Post No. 17, Grand Army of the Republic, (the first post organized in the county,) and they were of the most complete character. An invitation had been extended to every Sunday-school in town to participate in the ceremonies. All business-places in town were closed from 1 to 5 p. m., and minute-guns were fired during the passage of the procession through the principal streets.

At 1 p. m. the Sunday-schools assembled at their various rooms and the post mustered at its quarters. Each school was preceded by the choir of the church with which the school was connected. At 2 p. m. the column of parade moved down Sunbury street from headquarters of Post No. 17, in the following order:

Chief marshal and aids; orator of the day and escort in carriages; Lawrence Drum Corps; Post 17, Grand Army of the Republic; soldiers, sailors, and marines; choir of Welsh Independent Church, (ninety-five members,) and Sunday-school, T. Z. Thomas, marshal; banner in mourning; Welsh Methodist choir, (fifty-four members,) and Sunday-school, J. R. Davis, marshal; Welsh Baptist choir, (one hundred and fifty members,) and Sunday-school, J. R. Evans, marshal; English Baptist Sunday-school, D. W. Danenhower, marshal; German Lutheran choir, (seventy-five members,) and Sunday-school, J. L. Laubenstine, marshal; German Reformed choir and Sunday-school; English Lutheran choir and Sunday-school, (fifty members,) B. F. Sheeder, marshal;

Episcopal choir and Sunday-school, (seventy members,) J. P. Jones, marshal; Methodist Episcopal choir; Goddess of Liberty upon a wagon; infant class, (one hundred and ten members;) emblematic banner; Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, (one hundred and fifty members,) Isaiah Wells, marshal.

At the head of this school was a car drawn by a horse, and under escort of four boys detailed from the school. Upon this car sat a young lady, daughter of Mr. I. H. Richards, personating the Goddess of Liberty mourning the untimely death of the host of her brave defenders who fell upon the battle-field.

At the head of the main body of the school, and between it and the infant class, was carried a beautiful banner, prepared for the occasion. Upon the face was a representation of a soldier's monument, drawn specially for this banner.

Following the banner came the main school, one hundred and fifty strong, each boy and girl of which carried a bouquet of flowers.

The parade was under command of James Levan, commander of Post No. 17, Grand Army of the Republic, and his assistants, Comrades John Jenkins and W. D. H. Mason.

The procession marched in this order to headquarters of Post No. 17, where the whole column was massed in front of the speakers' stand.

The combined choirs of all the churches then sang a hymn with great effect. After the singing Colonel A. B. Gorgas appeared upon the platform, and in a few remarks introduced the orator of the day, Rev. William M. Dalrymple. The orator reviewed briefly the rise and inception of the rebellion, the patriotism evinced by the American people, the labors, dangers, and sufferings endured for our sakes by the soldiers who sleep beneath the sod, the triumphal close of the war, the return of our surviving soldiers, the happiness and peace of the country since the close of the war, and our duty of revering the memory of the departed soldiers.

After the oration the choir sang another hymn, after which the Sunday-schools marched to the various cemeteries near the place, each Sunday-school being accompanied by a special

detail from the post. The various schools were assigned as follows:

Union Cemetery, English Lutheran Sunday-school.

Union Cemetery, Episcopal Sunday-school.

The ceremony at this place consisted of singing by choirs and brief speech by Rev. I. Thompson Carpenter, after which the members of the schools and the post decorated the graves with flowers.

German Lutheran Cemetery, German Lutheran Sunday-school.

German Lutheran Cemetery, German Reformed Sunday-school.

The ceremonies were substantially the same as the above, the services being conducted by Rev. Daniel Sanner.

Welsh Baptist Cemetery, Welsh Baptist Sunday-school.

At this place the graves were first decorated, then a hymn sung by the choir, address by Rev. Mr. Griffiths, singing another hymn.

Congregational Cemetery, Welsh Congregational School.

Congregational Cemetery, Welsh Methodist School.

Here a hymn was sung. An appropriate address was made by Rev. D. Davis in English and Welsh, after which the graves were decorated by the schools.

Methodist Cemetery, Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school.

Here the choir sang Montgomery's mournful hymn:

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground."

Rev. H. M. Dalrymple made an appropriate prayer, after which the graves were decorated by a detail from the school of twelve boys and three girls. While this was being done the choir sang another hymn.

The graves of soldiers in the two Catholic Cemeteries were decorated by details from the post. The decoration in all the cemeteries on the part of the post consisted in putting upon the grave a laurel wreath, a small American flag, and a bouquet of flowers. Each child carried a bouquet, and these were scattered profusely over the graves.

There sleep in the various cemeteries near the place sixty-four dead soldiers and every grave was decorated.

CEREMONIES AT HAZLETON.

(Post No. 20.)

The members of the Grand Army of the Republic and other returned soldiers assembled in large numbers, and the citizens generally, both of Hazleton, the adjacent villages, and the neighboring country, united in the patriotic duty of honoring the memory of the heroic dead.

At 3 p. m. the procession formed at Hazle Hall, in the following order: Hazleton Liberty Band; orator of the day and clergyman; girls, dressed in white, and boys, carrying flowers; Eckley Brass Band; Eckley Zouaves, Captain Thomas Weiss, thirty-two muskets; Hazle Post No. 20, Grand Army of the Republic; returned soldiers, not members of the Grand Army of the Republic; citizens.

The procession marched to the New Cemetery. After prayer, and a dirge by the Liberty Band, Mr. H. E. Sutherland delivered a patriotic oration, and was followed by Rev. W. Hasskarl, LL. D., who addressed the audience in German. The graves of the deceased soldiers in the two cemeteries were then visited and strewn with flowers.

CEREMONIES AT CRESSONA.

(Post No. 29.)

The ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves was observed at this place on Sunday, May 30, by Post 29, Grand Army of the Republic, accompanied by the clergy, Sabbath-schools, various civic societies, and a large concourse of citizens.

The procession was formed at the hall on Front street in the following order: Methodist Episcopal Sabbath-school; the reverend clergy; Evangelical Sabbath-scoool; Hendron Lodge No. 556, I. O. of O. F.; Camp No. 73, P. O. S. of A.;

Valley Lodge No. 104, Knights of Pythias; Post No. 29, Grand Army of the Republic.

The floral display was most profuse, nearly every one in line bearing their tribute, some of them being most beautiful.

At 3 p. m. they started and proceeded to the cemetery, the gateway to which was dressed with the national colors, entwined with evergreen, and draped in mourning, the whole surmounted by an appropriate motto. On the arrival of the procession at this place the Sabbath-schools arranged themselves on either side of the entrance, singing an appropriate hymn, the various societies opened their ranks, while with uncovered heads the post marched through, taking the right. The societies in the same manner followed in reverse order, the schools bringing up the rear, and the procession marched to the west end of the cemetery, where a large hollow-square was formed, with the clergy in the center.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. H. A. Neitz, followed by singing by the schools and an address by Rev. George S. Broadbent. At the conclusion the procession proceeded to the graves for the purpose of strewing them. These were designated by a small flag, bearing the name and regiment of the deceased. On each grave was first placed a wreath and beautiful bouquet, after which each comrade dropped a floral offering upon every little mound. As each organization reached a grave it halted until its members had dropped their offerings and then marched on, so that when all was finished the graves were literally covered and heaped with flowers.

At the conclusion the square was re-formed and an address delivered by Rev. H. A. Neitz. Then followed singing by the schools and prayer by Rev. Mr. Broadbent, after which the assemblage was dismissed with the benediction.

CEREMONIES AT WEST CHESTER.

(McCall Posts No. 31 and 80.)

At 9.30 o'clock in the morning the post assembled at its headquarters, and, preceded by the West Chester Band,

marched to the court-house. The court-room was decorated with flags and flowers, and was well filled with people, the larger number being ladies. Ziba Darlington, a soldier of the war of 1812, being observed among the audience, was escorted to a seat of honor in front. Soon after the arrival of Post 31, Post 80 arrived, they having been invited to participate in the exercises. The members of this post are composed of colored men of the vicinity who braved rebel bullets in the late war. The exercises opened with the invoking of the blessing of Almighty God by Rev. Joseph S. Evans, chaplain of the post. After music by the band, Colonel Smith, commander of the post, introduced the orator, General Joshua T. Owen, of Philadelphia. Here is a synopsis of his remarks:

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies, and Gentlemen of West Chester: We meet to-day to celebrate, for the second time, the beautiful custom inaugurated by the Grand Army of the Republic, the strewing of the graves of those who fell in our defense. It is a custom destined to become American, and is worthy of us. All people who have preserved their freedom, who have observed the duties of religion and kept their faith in God, have in heart and mind sentiments of gratitude. How can these sentiments be better illustrated than by thus meeting annually about the graves of those who fell and decorating them with these mementos. As the vernal showers annually return and the earth teems with these flowers let this custom be observed.

For the first time in the history of the world a nation has lifted up a people, a race crushed to the earth for centuries, and placed them on an equal footing with the dominant race, thus asserting in the most powerful manner that our people were honest in their ideas of self-government, that all men are equal before the law, and that governments derive their just rights from the consent of the governed.

Our government sprang into life as an experiment, and although the people were not trammeled with the forms and traditions of centuries, like those of Europe, yet, unfortunately for them and for rapid progress, they were burdened with slavery. Our fathers, for the sake of cheap labor, accepted the curse which made its baneful influence felt all over the land, until, through the instrumentality of Lincoln, we were freed from it. Year after year we kept on compromising, each one increasing the difficulties. The war came, and say what reason you will, state rights, or what not,

to every true man the war was because of slavery and to wipe out slavery from our records. At the first call for troops, our young and lusty men, from the hills and valleys of our beautiful land, sprang to the rescue of our country. Women, with hearts thrilling with courage, the most powerful inspirers of men, knit, sewed, prepared clothing, and forsook for the moment their daily avocations, to work for the soldiers in the front. The crowned heads of the old world gloated over our disintegration, and lovers of liberty were ready to despair, lest we should fail. Our people were unprepared for the struggle; unfaithful public servants had deprived them of the arms of war; yet, rising above all difficulties, they marched on to victory. In four years we had brought into existence such a war power as the world had never seen. Our army shook the very earth beneath its tread, and, discarding commander after commander, we found at last a man to lead it to victory. The cloud of war had scarcely lifted when it disclosed him who, with all the fiercest passions of his nature aroused, was so ready to throttle his enemy to death, living next day peacefully with his family. The sound of the gun was still reverberating through the hills, when our army melted away, and the soldier had passed into the quiet citizen. History knows no such parallel and can never do it justice. War is a stern reality, and cannot be trifled with. On every hill-side graves are found, monuments of its fearful ravages.

Our people, with a wonderful unanimity, accepted as an annual custom the strewing of the soldier's grave. We are at peace, enjoying the blessings of freedom, and it is eminently fit we should thus keep green the memory of the fallen. The custom will inspire our young men with the same devotion for their country which inspired those who fell. In the hard practical life of the American people we need something to enable, something to induce men to aspire to higher thoughts. It is by inspiring our people so that we shall rise to be the most moral, religious, and freest people in the world.

Let our women, the fairest flower, bring flowers to strew, and let her smile only on him who lives for the right, endure the presence only of him who practices virtue, and let her frown, which sends dismay to every heart, be for him who does not. Let us hail the recurrence of this day as a means of drawing us from ourselves and to induce us to recognize the common brotherhood of humanity.

At the conclusion of the address the post, by a unanimous vote, tendered its thanks to the orator and to the ladies for

their bountiful donations of flowers, the band played, and a benediction was pronounced by Rev. John Bolton. The two posts, headed by the band, then proceeded to Greenmount Cemetery, the rear being brought up by a carriage bearing the crippled soldiers. As they entered the inclosure the band played a solemn dirge, and with slow and measured tread the cortege passed through the grounds. Each soldier's grave was marked with a tiny flag, the banner under which he fought and for which he gave up his life. As each grave was passed, every man, reverently raising his hat, dropped a flower upon the mound. When the last man in the line had paid his tribute, the grave was covered with blossoms.

From Greenmount the cortege proceeded to the colored cemetery, where the same ceremonies were gone through with. "They fought and died for the same glorious old flag," said one of the bravest and best officers that ever swung a saber.

At 2 o'clock the line was again formed and proceeded to Oakland. The sun had now become intensely warm, and the walk to the cemetery was a long one. Again the mournful dirge was wailed forth as the post entered the gates of the cemetery. The hillocks which mark the last resting-places were strewn with flowers; none were forgotten. Here lie some of the bravest and most distinguished of Chester County's dead—Roberts, McIntire, Bell, Carruthers; yet the most touching epitaph is written on a tomb of a non-commissioned officer, Corporal Carter:

"Died from effects of starvation at Andersonville, Georgia."

Quite a large crowd of citizens was present at this cemetery, the majority of whom were ladies. From Oakland the party came back to the Friends' Burying-ground, where, under the shadow of the meeting-house of that sect, whose mission is peace, lie the bones of several soldiers. These decorated, the party marched to the court-house and was dismissed.

On Sunday a committee of four, appointed by the post, proceeded to the burying-ground at Marlborough and decorated the grave of Thomas W. Parker. Another committee appointed by the post proceeded to the Christ Church Grave-

yard, Philadelphia, and decorated the grave of General G. A. McCall, both late members of the post.

Fifty-two soldiers lie buried in the town.

CEREMONIES AT HUNTINGDON.

(Post No. 33.)

One of the most interesting features of the occasion was the arrival of a delegation of soldiers' orphans from the Cassville school, consisting of over one hundred boys and girls, in charge of the principal of the institution and other teachers and officers, all neatly uniformed and tastily dressed, with banners in profusion and martial music, forming a scene which could not be regarded without feelings of solemn and touching interest.

After music by the Silver Cornet Band of Huntingdon, the procession was formed in the order previously announced, and thus proceeded to the cemetery on the hill, where the exercises were as follows:

Hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," sung by the soldiers' orphans of Cassville school.

Rev. J. W. Plannett, chaplain of the post, then addressed the Throne of Grace.

This was followed by the reading of general orders from the military commander of the Grand Army of the Republic by W. F. Cunningham.

Milton S. Lytle, esq., orator of the day, was announced, and addressed the assemblage as follows:

Soldiers and Citizens: On this memorial occasion, this second recurrence of our new national anniversary, we have assembled, at the request of the surviving soldiers and in response to the sympathies of our own hearts, to render some token of honor and veneration to those who went down to death in that great struggle which is still so fresh in our remembrance.

We are here, my friends, for the purpose of placing wreaths of flowers and evergreens on the graves of our fallen comrades whose remains lie in this cemetery. This simple service is in honor of men for whom the last sad rite was not performed when they were borne to this final resting-place, men who

took their lives in their hands and boldly ventured and lost them in defense of the country they valued more than self. If we were to come here with each return of this beautiful season, and place the richest garlands on their mounds, if we were to shed floods of tears that could never be dried, if we were to inscribe their names on entablatures broad as the earth itself, the debt which we as a people owe them could never be paid. How spiritless, how inexpressive, how insignificant, is all that we can do or say to manifest our admiration and gratitude, compared with what they deserve. *

Among the many results secured by these annual offerings of honor and respect, the soldiers who are now here as citizens not only re-open the hearts of a generous and grateful people, but keep alive fraternal feelings among themselves. They are reminded again of the many occurrences of the war, the earliest as well as the latest. They think of the conflicts on the Peninsula, commencing almost with the disembarkation at Fortress Monroe, continuing up to the very gates of Richmond, including the Seven Days' Battles, and ending when our army took refuge at Harrison's Landing. Then followed the withdrawal from the James river, the second disaster at Bull Run, and the retreat into Maryland, where, under Providence, we were permitted to retrieve the glory and reputation of our arms. I see those here who may well remember that September day on the banks of the Antietam. They have not forgotten the silent march of the night before, when not even a whisper was allowed in the ranks, not a sound that could warn the enemy of their movements. Rapidly passed the remaining hours that separated foe from foe, and soon as the dawn dispelled the darkness

> "The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
> Like a herald in haste, to the chieftan's door,
> The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
> Telling the battle was on once more."

Then came the hurried order to "fall in," and the ready obedience on the part of the troops. The long line was formed across the fields, and the steady advance began. Forward the column went, over the ground newly turned for the autumn crop, through the woods that hid for a moment the battle's smoke, over fields well filled with the ripening corn, and over fences that intervened. On, still on, they pressed, undismayed by the bullets that whistled above their heads or the gaps that were made in their ranks. There was no hesitation, no halting, until volley answered volley in the deadly strife.

> "See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder,
> Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!"

However minutely I might describe that drama of danger and death, I could add nothing to the knowledge of those around me who were actors in it. Perhaps I can remind them of no circumstance they are not already familiar with. Be it said to their lasting honor, that they went on that day where troops had never gone before, and where none went afterwards. * * * * *

I cannot believe that any fail to realize and appreciate the sacrifice that has been made in defense of our personal safety, in maintenance of free government, and in support of the integrity of the Union. Though we are not here to do honor in the durable and lasting manner in which it should be bestowed, though this ceremony is to be plain and unostentatious, yet we may trust that it will so sink into our hearts that the glory of their deeds and the light of their example will never fade.

Song by the soldiers' orphans, "O'er my Father's Grave."

The "Decoration Ode," written by a comrade in arms, Corporal I. J. Atkinson, was then read by R. McDivitt, esq.

In accordance with previous arrangement the wreath-bearers then proceeded to the grave of each soldier, already marked and designated, and deposited upon each the grateful tribute of love, the floral wreaths prepared for the occasion by the hand of affection and watered by the tear of friendship.

The doxology was rendered by the Silver Cornet Band, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. J. Ker, which concluded the solemn and imposing exercises of the day.

CEREMONIES AT MONTROSE.

(Post No. 41.)

Post 41, Grand Army of the Republic, of Montrose, with honorably-discharged soldiers, sailors, marines, and citizens, participated in the observance of Decoration Day on the 29th. A beautiful cross was erected in the cemetery to the memory of those left on the field of battle or buried near the general hospitals.

CEREMONIES AT ASHLAND.

(Post No. 43.)

Sunday, May 30, will long be remembered in Ashland as one of the most sorrowful and rejoicing of days.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The procession formed on Center street, right resting on Seventh street, at 1 o'clock, in the following order:

Captain L. C. Leib, chief marshal; aids, A. P. Wenrich, Frank Bensinger, Thomas Humble, M. M. L'Velle; clergy, Rev. Messrs. Washburne and Duenger; drum corps, George Daniels, major; Grand Army of the Republic, Captain Metz, marshal; (this organization numbered over one hundred wounded, maimed, and honorably-discharged soldiers, and made a very fine appearance;) Grand Army of the Republic from Mt. Carmel; Patriotic Sons of America, Newt. Riefsnyder, marshal; Black Hawk Council, American Mechanics; Cadets of Temperance, Daniel Heil, marshal; Hower's Citizens Band, N. Hower, leader; Washington Hook and Ladder Company, Charles Garner, marshal; Locust Mountain Lodge 528, I. O. of O. F., George H. Helfrick, marshal; Taylor Lodge 226, I. O. of O. F., L. Badorf, marshal; Shillar Lodge No. 84, John Schneider, marshal; Red Men, Japanese Branch No. 56; St. Joseph's Beneficial Society, J. B. Sherman, marshal; Lincoln Temple of Honor No. 84, D. L. Hile, marshal; ladies' committee; Dushe's Cornet Band, George Dushe, leader. The following delegations from Girardville were in the procession, John Crawford, marshal: Drum corps, William Nattrass, major; Olive Branch Lodge No. 224, D. T. Hendrick, marshal; Division of Sons of Temperance; Colorado Star Lodge No. 25, Alfred Wells, marshal; then came the citizens' carriages of Ashland and vicinity.

ROUTE.

The procession moved at 2 o'clock to Brock's Cemetery, where the ceremonies were conducted as follows: Dirge by the band; music by the choir; Rev. Mr. Washburne de-

livered the prayer. Thence to the Irish Catholic, where the services were the same; from this they went to the German Catholic. Now the procession formed again, marched down to the Masonic Cemetery, thence to Fountain Springs Cemetery, where, after the ceremonies, General Reifsnyder introduced to the vast audience S. H. Yocum, esq., who, in a short, brief, and patriotic speech, pregnant with the memories of the late war, vividly described the trials, sufferings, and final victory of the Union soldiers in their gigantic efforts to preserve the Union of their fathers and the Constitution which the heroes of '76 handed down to their posterity.

CEREMONIES AT ST. CLAIR.

(Post No. 47.)

By the arrangements, as completed on the morning of the 30th May, the line formed on First street, opposite the post room, at 1 o'clock, under marshalship of Comrade Lieutenant Clay W. Evans, and taking up the march proceeded in the following order: Chief marshal, C. W. Evans; St. Clair Union Cornet Band; pastors of the Methodist Protestant Church, Methodist Episcopal Church, and Episcopal Church; Post No. 47, Grand Army of the Republic; carriage, containing ladies of choir; Methodist Protestant Sabbath-school of St. Clair; Methodist Protestant Sabbath-school of Wadesville, and roll of honor; Mineral Lodge No. 285, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Anthracite Lodge Ancient York Masons No. 285; Perseverance Section, Cadets of Temperance No. 16; Bee Association, (Welsh;) Washington Camp No. 75, Sons of America; Eagle Temple of Honor and Trust No. 43; Lincoln Lodge No. 92, Knights of Pythias; citizens.

On arriving at the cemetery the band played a dirge, after which the Rev. Mr. Owens, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave utterance to a prayer filled with Christian pathos, love, hope, gratitude, and forgiveness, and invoking divine blessings on our future as a nation.

After prayer a hymn, "Come and Rest, ye Weary," and before leaving the grounds another, "They Sleep in the Val-

ley so Sweet," was sung by the choir with all the fervor the solemnity of the occasion could create.

The strewing the graves with flowers was then carefully attended to; and the ceremonies concluded, the line of march was again taken up and marshaled to the St. Clair Burying-ground, the Welsh Burying-ground, and the German and Irish Catholic cemeteries, and thence to the Flowery Field Burying-ground, about one mile outside the borough limits.

The Rev. Samuel Horwell and Rev. Thomas H. Burrows each made a very impressive prayer during the ceremonies in the St. Clair and Welsh burying-grounds, and at the Flowery Field Rev. Mr. Owens made another prayer and delivered a very able address.

At the last-named burying-ground the members of the post were drawn up in line, and each presented with a bouquet of flowers by the children of the Wadesville "Band of Hope," expressing by the act a most commendable spirit of patriotism in the rising generation.

It was ascertained that there are fifty graves in this district, and it has been recommended to the post by their committee to have blocks of marble, with suitable inscriptions, placed on each grave:

1st. To give the soldier's resting-place that distinctive prominence that will keep his memory always fresh, and at the same time hand down to succeeding generations tangible proofs of a people's gratitude for the services of the country's defenders.

2d. To facilitate the labors of the committee on occasions like the present, and at the same time insure that none are overlooked for want of some distinguishing mark.

For the present small flags have been used, having printed on them the name and regiment of each deceased comrade, to be used also as markers and emblematic tokens on decoration days and other occasions.

CEREMONIES AT FRANKFORD.

(Post No. 55.)

In accordance with general orders, a committee of Post No. 55, consisting of nine comrades, and, on motion, the post

commander, Edwin A. Ashmead, were appointed to carry the same into effect. This committee was assisted by other committees appointed by the various religious denominations in the place. With but one or two exceptions all the principal places of business were closed, and the citizens of the town observed it as a general holiday. Although the entire population took an active part in the decoration ceremonies, yet there seemed to be a feeling and solemn quietness over all.

The ceremonies were under the control of Post 55, of Frankford, and the Sailors and Soldiers' Union of the same place.

At 2 o'clock the line was formed, under the command of Captain William T. Street, assisted by Comrade William Grew, in the following order: Squad of policemen, fifteenth district; color-bearers; color-guard, consisting of twelve small girls dressed in white; Post No. 55, Grand Army of the Republic, Edwin A. Ashmead commanding; Soldiers and Sailors' Union; congregations and Sunday-schools of the various churches of Frankford; firemen and citizens.

At 2.30 o'clock the line, headed by a band of music, moved down the east side of Main street to Adams, countermarched up Main street to the Cedar Hill Cemetery. Large numbers of flags and banners were carried in line by members of Post No. 55 and of the Soldiers and Sailors' Union.

The Sunday-school children were provided with appropriate mottoes, and were literally loaded down with rare and choice flowers and evergreens, donated by the inhabitants and those living in the vicinity; the pupils of the Forest grammar-school alone sending, unasked, over two hundred and fifty bouquets.

A stand had been erected within the cemetery for the accommodation of the speakers and singers, the latter comprising almost all the choirs of the different churches in town.

As the rear of the line was winding its way into the cemetery Charles H. Wilson, esq., called the vast assemblage to order. Prayer was then offered up by Rev. John Thompson, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after which a national anthem was sung, the chorus being composed of more than three hundred male and female voices. This was followed by patriotic airs by the National Cornet Band, at the

conclusion of which the president introduced the Hon. Edward G. Lee, the orator of the day.

The address of Mr. Lee was brief and to the point; his eloquent and patriotic remarks were frequently applauded.

At the conclusion of the oration Post No. 55, Grand Army of the Republic, the Soldiers and Sailors' Union, citizens, and the children of the various Sabbath-schools, were formed into line and marched to various parts of the cemetery, where lie the bones of more than one hundred of the departed braves. Upon the green mounds that denote the last resting-places where, in their quiet and dreamless sleep repose the dead heroes, flowers were thickly scattered.

The monument erected to the memory of those who fell in defense of their country, and which stands in the center of a circular lot set apart expressly for their burial, was literally covered with flowers and evergreens.

The graves of those who were buried in the different churchyards were decorated by special committees appointed for that purpose. As soon as the decoration was completed the vast assemblage was called to order, when the national airs were rendered by the band and national hymns sung by the choir. This was followed by eloquent addresses by Rev. Thomas P. Coulston, pastor of the Baptist Church, Rev. Thomas Murphy, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, O. S., Rev. J. Ford Sutton, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, N. S., Rev. J. N. Gregory, pastor of the Swedenborgian Church, and Dr. Robert Burns.

The programme for the day being fully carried out, the line was re-formed, and at 6.30 o'clock, as the sun was sinking in the west, passed slowly out to solemn music, thence to the main street of Frankford, and was dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT HARRISBURG.

(Post No. 58.)

May 29 the people of Harrisburg, both citizens and the military, took part in decorating the graves of our soldiers who are interred in the cemeteries thereabouts. The orphans

from Whitehall school arrived there in the forenoon and also participated in the interesting proceedings.

Comrades and honorably-discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines assembled at the camp of Post 58, Grand Army of the Republic, Barr's Hall, corner of Second and Locust streets, at 12.30 o'clock.

Resident and visiting clergymen, heads of departments, mayor, and president of city council, military schools, firemen, and citizens assembled on Locust street, between Third and Second, at 1 o'clock p. m., and moved in the following order of procession: Harrisburg Silver Cornet Band; members of the Grand Army of the Republic; soldiers, sailors, and marines; soldiers' orphans from Whitehall school, one hundred and twenty in number, accompanied by drum corps, and carrying a handsome United States flag; resident and visiting clergymen; heads of departments; mayor and president of city council; First City Zouaves; Sabbath and day-schools; citizens.

After entering the cemetery inclosure the procession proceeded to the center of the grounds, the band performed a dirge, after which prayer was offered by Rev. George W. Halderman.

After the prayer all present joined in singing the hymn written for the occasion by Captain J. T. Boyle, of the Auditor General's Department:

> Lord of the earth, the sky, the sea,
> We raise our hearts in praise to Thee,
> And ask Thy sacred presence while
> Through flowers we make the sad graves smile.

Rev. W. Y. Brown, in consecrating the flowers, spoke as follows:

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Prominent among the sacred dust which lies entombed in these beautiful grounds are the mortal remains of our comrades and fellow-citizens, who died in the service of their country during the late war. We are here to-day to perform the fitting and the sweetly-solemn service of strewing their honored graves with choicest flowers, in humble and grateful remembrance of them and of the cause to which they gave their lives. We come not to eulogize the dead; they need no eulogy of ours; they have a higher praise—the immortal record of action as daring and heroic as it was tragical and glorious. Words can-

not add to their fame. A grateful people have engraven their names upon the tablets of living hearts, and their fame is as imperishable as the soul of man is immortal. They gave their lives to humanity and the inalienable rights of man. It was not simply the life of the nation that was in peril, but the very existence of liberty, of free government on earth. In vindicating that cause they have not only crowned their names with immortal glory and forever associated them with one of the grandest epochs in history, but they have conferred upon mankind blessings whose value cannot be estimated by the science of arithmetic or be described by the art of oratory.

How eminently befitting therefore for those who share these inestimable blessings, secured by their blood, to garland their graves with choicest flowers.

Comrades, in the performance of the honorable and pleasing part of the solemn services upon this occasion which you have been pleased to assign to me I accept—in the name of the immortal heroes whose mortal remains here lie entombed in a soldier's grave; in the name of all their illustrious comrades who sleep in honored graves in every part of our beloved country; in the name of thousands more whose graves, though unmade or unmarked and unknown, we nevertheless remember; in the name of the soldiers' widows and their tears; in the name of the soldiers' fatherless children and their sorrows; in the name of liberty and law, bought by the best blood of the nation—I accept these lovely flowers, created by our Heavenly Father and Saviour Jesus Christ, in manifestation of His adorable goodness and love, and woven into these beautiful garlands by earnest, loving, and patriotic hearts and hands, and I hereby consecrate them to the sacred use of this "memorial service," by permitting them to kiss and embrace the dear old flag of our country, for which these dead gave their heart's blood; and

"Long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Hymn by the soldiers' orphans; dirge by the band; firing of salute by First City Zouaves; strewing flowers, first by the soldiers' orphans, after which comrades and friends proceeded to strew flowers over the graves, while the band discoursed solemn music.

At the sound of the bugle the assemblage again gathered in the center of the grounds.

Singing by the soldiers' orphans.

REMARKS OF REV. G. W. HALDERMAN.

Rev. Mr. Halderman, being called upon for a few remarks, replied as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow-citizens: This has been a very befitting occasion. I very well remember that during the progress of the recent war, and especially during its first beginnings, when the old flag was presented to the volunteer who left his fireside and his friends and his comfortable home to battle for his country—I very well recollect that one promise we made was, that if that old flag should be carried over battle-fields victorious we would wreathe garlands of flowers about the brows of those who carried our national banner through shot and shell. I also remember that we promised, should the soldier fall upon the battle-field, that this nation would take care of his widow and his orphans, and I am proud to-day to say that this nation, and especially the State of Pennsylvania, is nobly redeeming the promise and the vows she then made. Why, I remember my friends that this was one of the battle-cries. It generally was the peroration of the speech that was made by the man who presented to Pennsylvania regiments the emblems of our country; and to-day we have been strewing flowers over the graves of those who have fallen in defense of their country. This Government, and especially Pennsylvania, has been taking good care of the soldiers' orphans; and when we lift up our eyes we can almost see the monuments looming up in the distance which we promised to rear to their memory. My dear friends, should we forget all this? Their memories will never die, their deeds will never be forgotten, their career will never stop.

Those flowers that we have strewn upon their graves are fit emblems for an occasion like this. Look at that flower! To day it was fresh; to-morrow its fragrance will be gone; it will have faded and died—it is fading now! Perhaps its fragrance even now is gone. But that fragrance is not dead—it is not wasted! Perhaps some inhabitant across the ocean will inhale the fragrance of those flowers we have strewn upon these graves to-day. Although that soldier is dead, and his body is moldering in the dust; although like the flower he is withered, his life, his career, like the fragrance of that flower, never dies. We are now reaping its benefits, and so are the nations beyond the ocean. The result of the recent struggle has started a wave which is rolling on and on. It has crushed oppression and slavery; and it will roll from the rivers to the ends of the earth, and its last wave will stop only in eternity.

At the conclusion of the addresses all present joined in singing "America."

The ceremonies were ended by the singing of the doxology.

The procession then proceeded to St. Patrick's Cemetery, where, after services by Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan, the ceremony of strewing flowers was gone through with. The ceremonies concluded, the procession moved into the city, via Second street to Market square, where it was dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT ERIE.

(Post No. 67.)

Sunday, May 30, between 1 and 2 p. m., the Grand Army of the Republic line-of-march was formed and started for the grounds. First came wagons loaded with flowers, then a number of carriages with the officiating minister, the orator, wounded soldiers, etc., all well provided with floral offerings. Then followed the battle-torn banners of the gallant Eighty-third and One Hundred and Forty-fifth Regiments, and behind them, as on many a warlike march in days gone by, came about one hundred veteran soldiers, all loaded with beautiful wreaths and bouquets, making one of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed.

The entire route was thronged with accompanying spectators.

The exercises consisted of an anthem, sung in excellent style by a choir from the Union Musical Association, after which a brief but eloquent prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Dobbs, of the Seventh-street Methodist Church. Captain C. L. Pierce then delivered the following address:

Comrades: We are about to perform one of the most beautiful and solemn rites of our order. We are assembled to show our reverence for the graves of our departed comrades, and to offer these fragrant tributes of our affectionate remembrance of their worth while living.

Death humbles all, and in the grave there is no superior rank.

We come not to adorn the tomb of a mighty conqueror, but to deck the graves of our dead soldier friends, and the

humblest private of them all to-day receives an honor equal to those who are known to fame.

Let us with great tenderness lay our tribute upon each grave, for he whom we deemed least in this world may be, for aught we know, the peer of the greatest now.

In this we do but express the broad charity of our order, which embraces every honorable soldier and sailor of the Union, dead or living, whether now in the service or discharged therefrom, together with the families of those who have fallen, without regard to race, religion, or political creed.

We only know that those whom we would thus honor died for their country; and we are sadly reminded that vast as is our membership, it scarcely outnumbers our dead; remembering whose valor and patriotism we might well exclaim, "The republic has a grander army dead than living!"

It is well that the day set apart for the public expression of our tenderness for the last resting-places of departed comrades is made national, and that throughout our whole land the people, loyal and true, unite with the Grand Army to honor the valor, reverence the sacrifice, and bless the memory of the citizen-soldiers, who in the brightness of youth and strength of manhood went fearlessly forth to meet death that the country might be saved.

To us who survived the fearful years of war, and who were permitted by the goodness of God to return to the old familiar places and to the society of our families, no such great honors are due. We did our simple duty as American citizens, no more, and we ask only the approval of our countrymen, not their homage.

But to the memory of those who died, who closed their eyes on earth when to them it was brightest, who showed that love for us all, than which no man can show greater—in this, that they laid down their lives for us—how can we be extravagant in our devotion?

Soldiers are human; very few are perfect models of Christian manhood; they are no better, no worse, than other men; but when they are baptized in the fire of battle and suffer martyrdom for their country's sake, a grateful people will always exalt them to a certain degree of saintship.

It seems most appropriate that sometimes our decoration day occurs on Sunday. It is no sacrilege to perform these sad rites on a holy day, and I have no apology to offer therefor.

These dead soldiers and sailors in their lifetime fought a good fight in the cause of true religion, and opened the Holy Bible to millions who could only receive its truths by "word

of mouth," because of the tyrant's necessity, the forced ignorance of the bondman. * * * *

How they met death, in what diverse forms and under what circumstances, it were strange to relate. One lingered for months in a hospital, and then died so quietly that the attendants knew not the moment of his soul's departure. Disease had so wasted him that his spirit wafted away like an autumn leaf.

Another was shot dead by the lurking foe, where he had stood for two weary hours at his post on the picket-line, just as the longed-for relief was heard mustering the reserve. Another died in prison, wild and delirious, the victim of slow torture, starving in a country full of corn, and parching on burning sand in sight of the most refreshing shade. Another died on the door-stone of his old home, whither he had been tenderly borne, lingering in spite of death until the sympathy of friends and his own great joy killed him.

More fortunate, as a soldier would consider it, were those who met death in battle with their country's enemies, who perished where the roar of the batteries, the rattle of musketery, the thundering tramp of squadrons of horse, and the wild fitful cheers of the combatants were commingled, and men not mad with blind rage and hate, but fired by the spirit of the hour, reveled in the grim joy and delirious whirl of battle.

When at last our tardy monument is raised to perpetuate their memory, and another generation has taken our places, some stranger may read the names engraved thereon, and ask, "Who and what were these soldiers?" Let the answer be, "Most excellent husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons in the family; useful and law-abiding members of society; citizens and young pillars of the commonwealth; heroes in war."

The country is at rest, the war-cloud has passed, and we see the bow of promise. We are victors, and we can afford to be magnanimous. I exhort you as one who has seen the punishment of the South, who has seen the destruction and bereavement of southern homes, to welcome kindly and joyfully every rebel who truly returns to the bosom of our great common family.

There are mutterings of discontent, but these are symptoms of returning reason. Let us be patient and generous. The stormy sea never became calm in a moment, save at the command of Jesus of Nazareth. May He walk the troubled waters of American reconstruction and still the tempest with the sublime words, "Peace, be still!"

The choir then rendered most beautifully the song, "Where

Dwell the Dead?" after which Commander D. Charms issued his orders as to the decoration of the graves, and the line countermarched from the stand and proceeded to the spot where the proposed Erie-County soldiers' monument is to be erected. This is the site of graves for the unknown dead, and the comrades all contributed floral offerings to the sacred soil. They then divided into squads, and each, accompanied at every step by hundreds of spectators, visited the soldiers' graves, and reverently strewed upon each a portion of the bouquets and wreaths carried for that purpose.

All then returned to the stand, where a hymn from the choir closed the ceremonies, and the command was dismissed. In the evening the comrades attended divine service at Mr. Dobbs's church.

CEREMONIES AT CORRY.

(Post No. 70.)

The ceremonies of Decoration Day were observed in Corry, on May 30, in a very impressive manner. At 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon the comrades of Post 70, Grand Army of the Republic, to the number of about fifty, marched from their headquarters in Wright's block to the cemetery with muffled drum. Each comrade wore the post badge, and carried bouquets of flowers. They were accompanied on the march by a large concourse of citizens.

The ceremonies at the cemetery were opened by Rev. A. M. Collins, of the Christian Chapel, with prayer. Then followed singing, and the reading of Order No. 21, Grand Army headquarters, by Post Surgeon J. M. Palmer. The next ceremony was strewing the graves of the fallen soldiers with flowers. The comrades marched from grave to grave, and, as they passed each silent sleeper, deposited the floral offerings over his last earthly resting-place. The graves were literally covered with these tokens of affection to the memory of the bravery and sacrifice of the honored dead. The names of the soldiers buried in the Corry Cemetery are as follows: Amasa F. Barton, Norman L. Bartlett, John J. King, Joseph

Stoll, and —— Northrup. The exercise of singing followed. After the singing, C. O. Bowman, esq., delivered the following oration:

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Veteran Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic: In pursuance of the order of the grand commander of your organization you have assembled here this day to perform a most solemn and sacred duty, the observance of which is one of the peculiar features of your order. For the living to repair occasionally to the last resting-place of a departed friend or relative, and strew flowers over the grave of such friend or relative, is at all times an act calculated to awaken in the heart the tenderest of human feelings. But when we contemplate the fact that more than four hundred thousand men in these United States, veteran soldiers of the late war through which our country has just passed, have associated themselves together in the bonds of a fraternal brotherhood, who are this very day and hour standing by the side of the last resting-place of more than two hundred thousand comrades that have fallen in defense of the rights of man—are this very day and hour decorating the graves of those two hundred thousand comrades with flowers, plucked with a careful hand from every field, hill-top, and valley throughout this broad land—we must regard the occasion as one more than calculated to awaken in every patriotic breast feelings of the most profound veneration and deepest solemnity. Hereafter the thirtieth day of May (the day fixed upon by the organization to which it is your pride as well as privilege to belong as the day for the performance of this most solemn ceremony) will be, I make no doubt, declared by resolution of Congress a holiday, dedicated and set apart from other secular days in the year, so that all patriots in the land may participate in the ceremonies by you this day performed. * * * * * *

One word to the young by whom I find myself surrounded on this occasion, and I conclude my remarks. You should bear in mind that you have no guaranty for the future. The wind that sings a silent requiem, as it passes in mournful cadences through the tall grass that shades the graves of dearly loved but now departed ones, should admonish you that life is short, and that now is the time to prepare for the great final change that awaits us all. And while, standing beside these new-made graves, we should duly appreciate the solemnities of the day and the occasion, with a full consciousness that ere we all meet again, after the conclusion of the exercises this afternoon, sepulchral winds may fan our foreheads and cypress trees shade our tombs—should this

be our destiny, may even such a separation be but a parenthesis in our connection, that shall terminate in an eternal union in those fields of light, in that better country beyond the stars, where we may never hear the utterance of that word—that heart-breaking word, that word known only amid the mutations of time—"Farewell."

Singing was the next exercise, after which Rev. J. T. Protheroe, of the Episcopal Church, pronounced the benediction.

In the evening the comrades of the post attended in a body services at the Episcopal Church. The church was decorated with flowers, and the chancel-rail draped with the American flag, surmounted with a large bouquet. In prominent view, in large letters, was the motto, "To our Patriot Dead." The services were conducted by Rev. J. T. Protheroe, the rector of the church, and were of a very appropriate and affecting character. A very large congregation was in attendance, and the deepest interest manifested throughout.

CEREMONIES AT CATASAUQUA.

(Post No. 74.)

The ceremonies of Decoration Day at Fairview Cemetery, on Sunday afternoon, May 30, passed off very beautifully. The comrades of the post and other soldiers and citizens met at the hall at 2 o'clock, p. m., and after due preparation formed in front of the Hall at 2.30 o'clock. The line of march was then taken up to the cemetery in the following order: Chief marshal and aids; Catasauqua drum corps; Stars and Stripes, craped and borne by eight comrades of the post; the speaker and committee of arrangements; the post and other soldiers; citizens of Catasauqua and vicinity.

On arrival at the cemetery the procession proceeded to the soldiers' monument and formed in line. The roll of honor was then called by a comrade, and answers relating to place, cause, and time of death of our dead heroes given by another. The speaker, Comrade Hunsberger, of Allentown, was then introduced by the chairman of the committee, and

after delivering a few appropriate remarks the comrades were divided into squads and proceeded to decorate the graves.

The ceremonies being over at the cemetery, the procession again formed and marched back to the hall, where it was dispersed. At 6.30 p. m. the comrades again assembled at their hall, and at 8 o'clock attended the Old School Presbyterian Church, having been previously invited to be present by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Fulton, who delivered a beautiful and impressive sermon to returned soldiers.

CEREMONIES AT MIDDLETOWN.

On Saturday, the 29th May, Post 78, Grand Army of the Republic, joined in the observance of Decoration Day with one hundred and sixty orphan children from the Mountjoy Orphan School, dressed in uniform. Rev. G. G. Rakestraw, of Harrisburg, delivered the address.

CEREMONIES AT PITTSTON.

(Post No. 89.)

Sunday, May 30, was duly observed in Pittston. At one o'clock the members of the post began to assemble at their hall, where the reports of the committees were received and the final arrangements made, the citizens, especially the ladies, having responded most cheerfully to the request of the post. A large and varied assortment of flowers was already prepared in wreaths, bouquets, etc. At the Pittston Cemetery the largest number of soldiers was buried. Here the following ceremonies took place:

Cyrus Campbell, acting as marshal, delivered the opening address. He extended a general invitation to all to take part in the solemn ceremonies of decorating the graves, and invited the assembly to be present at the evening meeting. These services belong not wholly to the Grand Army of the Republic, but to the American people, to commemorate the

lives and death of the brave boys who sacrificed their lives upon their country's altar. He then introduced the Rev. David Davies, who offered up a short and impressive prayer; after which, at the suggestion of the Rev. B. D. Thomas, the large concourse of people joined in singing the hymn:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Mr. Campbell then introduced Rev. B. D. Thomas, of the Baptist Church, who spoke in the following terse and eloquent terms:

Friends, Citizens, and Patriots: I need not inform you of the purpose for which we have met; that is not merely a matter of knowledge, but of feeling, to every true patriot and citizen. You have looked forward with considerable interest to the proceedings of this day. It is an occasion in which you are enabled to give outward expression to experiences that can never die. I can conceive of no service more deeply interesting and profoundly significant than that which has called us together. It is simple, but it is sublimely beautiful. It is silent, but it is resonant of the sweetest language to many a wounded heart. It is unostentatious, but it is admirably calculated to call forth the nobler feelings and experiences of our nature, and to fill the soul with admiration for that which is great and good.

There is a sense in which the ground whereon we stand is holy. Beneath this sod there lie entombed the bodies of heroes whose blood was the purchase-price of that which we hold most dear. To her noble sons and brave, who breathed forth their heroic souls on the field of carnage and of blood, America owes her present and future glory. They fought with dauntless courage and heroic grandeur that constrained well-nigh the whole civilized world to stand in admiring wonder, for the sustentation of one of the finest political superstructures of this or any other age. Thousands of them went forth into the bloody scenes of conflict with a noble willinghood, and, under the inspiring influence of convictions that were sacred and divine, they gave themselves up as willing sacrifices on the sacred altar of their country, and every drop of their blood, as it gushed forth from their throbbing hearts, added strength, vitality, and glory to the constitution, and, with a voice that was distinct and unmistakable, cried aloud to Heaven for the triumph and establishment of the right. * * * *

A few of those who fought in the honorable service of their country rest here, others not far distant. Some of us have come to-day with flowers to decorate their graves,

others to bedew those graves with tears. Our service is deeply interesting and significant. It indicates that the memory of the fallen is fragrant in heart experience. That, although their bodies are fast dissolving into dust, their deeds of bravery and devotion in their country's cause are not forgotten. And now let us learn the lesson of mortality. We are decorating graves with flowers, and it may be that before another year has sped its round garlands will be brought to beautify for a few short hours the resting-place of some of us. The flowers are not more perishable than the hands which strew them.

And now, my friends, in whose cause we are especially met to-day, you who stood side by side with the fallen on the field of blood, you who have won for yourselves a high position in the affections of all true and loyal citizens, by reason of your patriotic devotion to your country's cause, you have nobly distinguished yourselves in the best earthly service. But I would embrace this fitting occasion of inviting you to enter into a service yet more sublime, and to consecrate yourselves upon an altar yet more sacred. The most splendid earthly laurels are corruptible and fading, but I invite you into a service where their beauty never fades, and their glory is undying. By the remembrance of your fallen comrades, by the influence of every solemn consideration that these graves are calculated to inspire, and by the value of your immortal souls, I would urge you to have your names inscribed on the muster-roll of the King of kings, that, after life's toils are over and the battle-strife is done, you may receive the plaudits, not of a grateful nation, but of an assembled universe.

It is needless to say that this address was responded to in deep and sympathetic harmony by every heart present.

Mr. D. M. Jones then read a poem prepared for the occasion.

Mr. Davies then pronounced the benediction, after which the Grand Army of the Republic began the work of planting small flags upon the graves and strewing them with flowers. From six to eight hundred witnessed the touching scene.

> "Some, as they went, the blue-eyed violets strew;
> Some, spotless lilies in loose order threw;
> Some did the way with full-blown roses spread,
> Their smell divine, and color strangely red."

The following-named burial-yards were visited: West Pittston Cemetery, Jenkins and Harding, Head of the Valley, Mount Zion, Exeter, Lackawanna, Lampman, Odd Fel-

lows', Catholic, Blanchard, Hamtown. At the Odd Fellows' Cemetery some three or four hundred people had assembled to witness the decoration.

This ended the afternoon services.

In the evening the post marched from its hall to the Presbyterian Church, where divine services were held. Rev. G. N. Parke preached a very appropriate sermon from the text, "Whatsoever ye eat, or drink, or do, do all to the glory of God."

CEREMONIES AT MYERSTOWN.

(Post No. 93.)

The 29th day of May was observed in Myerstown as Decoration Day. The post met in its hall at 1 o'clock, when each comrade supplied himself with a mourning badge and flowers, which were procured by the ladies and citizens. A portion of the Holy Scriptures was then read and a hymn sung. The post commander then ordered the post to fall in, in two ranks, comrades first and citizens to follow, when they marched to the different cemeteries, with the Stars and Stripes at the head. Arriving at the grave of each comrade they filed around it, when a portion of the Scriptures was read and a hymn sung. The adjutant then stated such facts about the deceased comrade as were known. The post decorated thirteen graves. After they had finished they returned to the hall and were dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT WILKESBARRE.

(Post No. 97.)

Saturday, May 29, was the day selected by this post as the time to decorate the graves of deceased comrades.

At 12.30 o'clock the post assembled at its hall, where it was joined by a delegation from Coalville and one from Plymouth.

At 1 o'clock the bells began tolling, and soon after the

right of the procession formed at Market street and Public square, each person having in his hands flowers made into wreaths, crosses, and bouquets, headed by the Good Will Drum Corps. They paraded through some of the principal streets. Following in carriages were the children of the home, those who had been made orphans by the late war. Along the route flags from stores and residences were flung to the breeze draped in mourning.

The procession, returning to the public square, filed into the court-house yard, surrounding a platform upon which the orphan children were seated.

After a national air by Rippard's band the orphans, under direction of Professor Jeffries, sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee," when Colonel Reichard introduced Major Osborne, the orator of the day, who, in an oration of twenty-five minutes, spoke eloquently and feelingly of the beautiful custom about to be observed and of the object and aim of the Grand Army of the Republic.

After he concluded a detachment under Major Schluembach were sent to the Forty Fort Cemetery, and another, under Captain Plots, to the Old Graveyard and the Jewish Cemetery, the main body, under Colonel Reichard and Comrade Clapsaddle, going to Hollenback Cemetery.

Reaching the plot known as the "Soldiers' Lot," the procession surrounded the beautiful knoll, the orphans singing "Send Them Home Tenderly." It was a touching sight, these fatherless children standing around the graves of their fathers.

Chaplain Hunt made an impressive prayer, after which the doxology was sung and a benediction pronounced.

Returning to the plank-road, Captain Plotz's detachment joined the procession, which marched to the public square, where the visiting delegations and the orphans passed in review. The post commander made a few suitable remarks, when Post 97 returned to its hall and was dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT SCRANTON.

(Posts Nos. 101 and 109.)

PROCESSION.

Grand marshal: Post Commandant J. A. Price, of Post No. 101; Assistant marshals: Senior Vice Commander D. M. Jones, Post No. 101; Post Adjutant of Battalion E. W. Pearce, Post No. 101; Post Commandant D. P. Birtley, of Post Stevens No. 109, Providence; officer of the day, Wm. H. McConnell, Post No. 101; Dunmore Silver Cornet Band; Washington Guards, Lieutenant J. J. Carroll commanding, twenty-two muskets; Post No. 101, Scranton, numbering sixty-six members, each carrying bouquets and wreaths of flowers and every tenth man a flag; Post No. 109, Providence, numbering twenty-six men, carrying flowers, etc., as above; Hyde Park Drum Corps; Fire Zouaves, Captain Mulligan, seventeen muskets.

After the procession was dismissed, the decoration detachments prepared their floral offerings, and set out, one to Hyde Park, one to Dunmore, and one to the Pine Brook Cemetery. Twenty-six graves were decorated.

EVENING EXERCISES.

At 7.30 o'clock Washington Hall was filled to overflowing to witness the closing exercises. The hall was appropriately decked with flags, and the stage was occupied by the Dunmore Silver Cornet Band, the members of the Musical Union, the speakers, etc., of the evening. The meeting was called to order by Dr. I. F. Everhart, who introduced Rev. A. A. Marple, who made the opening prayer. The opening hymn, "Love Unchanging for the Dead," was then sung by the Union. Music by the band, "Hail Columbia," followed. Post Commandant J. A. Price delivered the opening address, in which he treated of the spectacle afforded by the whole people uniting in the solemn duty of decorating the graves of a myriad of soldiers who had offered up their lives willing sacrifices for their country's good. The nineteenth

century was the first to see such an offering, and the American people the first to set the example of such a memorial. He closed with a statement of the objects and aims of the establishment of the Grand Army of the Republic. "America" was next rendered by the Musical Union in fine style.

Chaplain Weiss, of Post 109, Grand Army of the Republic, delivered an elaborate address, entitled "Our Illustrious Dead." This was a scholarly production. It was, in a great measure, historical in its character, embracing a great range of examples from ancient and modern history, showing the rise and fall of nations, and the respect paid their illustrious dead. In closing he said, "Let us learn new lessons of patriotism as we stand by the side of the glorious dead, engraving them indelibly on our hearts, and let us impress them upon the hearts of our children, that they may not forget the price of liberty and independence."

The beautiful quartette entitled "The Patriot Mother's Prayer" was then sung.

The Rev. Mr. Nobles followed in an address full of anecdotes and humor, which nevertheless was deeply imbued with the spirit of the occasion, and left a favorable impression upon his hearers. Music by the band, "Red, White, and Blue," and the singing of the "The Star-Spangled Banner" by the Musical Union followed.

It was here announced that Rev. Mr. Logan had not arrived, consequently no address by him could be expected. The Union then sang the closing hymn, "Blessed are the Martyred Dead."

Rev. Mr. Bevan pronounced an appropriate benediction, and the events of the day were at an end.

CEREMONIES AT WHITE HAVEN.

(Post No. 103.)

This post proceeded to the decoration on the afternoon of May 30, in the following order: White Haven Drum Corps; comrades of Post No. 103; returned soldiers and citizens.

On arriving at the ground and while entering an appro-

priate piece of music ("Tread Lightly where the Sleeping Hero Lies") was performed by the choir of Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. Salmon following with prayer. Music again by choir, during which the comrades of the post were deployed, one on each soldier's grave, with wreath and bouquet, and at a given signal by drum the offering was made.

Then followed an oration by G. L. Halsey, esq., touching upon the relative merit of each deceased soldier around him. His remarks were received with general satisfaction. The ceremony closed with the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Mr. Salmon.

The post regretted exceedingly that the Rev. W. C. Hesser could not participate in the ceremonies during the day, owing to an appointment, though his touching and eloquent address from the pulpit to the comrades of the post and a large congregation in the evening compensated for his absence during the afternoon.

CEREMONIES AT CURLSVILLE.

(Post No. 111.)

The ceremonies in Curlsville took place in accordance with the following order:

Comrades: The 30th day of May having been set apart by the commander-in-chief for the purpose of decorating the graves of our fallen comrades and otherwise commemorating the memory of the heroic dead by befitting ceremonies, there will be a memorial sermon appropriate to the occasion delivered by Rev. Joseph Matur in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Curlsville, on Saturday, the 29th of May, at 3½ o'clock p. m. Comrades will meet at their hall at 1 o'clock p. m.

A cordial invitation to be present is extended to all whose hearts grow warm in memory of those who, having sealed their devotion to their country by death, now sleep their last sleep on distant battle-fields and in unknown graves.

By order of W. L. HALL,
Post Commander.

W. C. Pritner,
Post Adjutant.

CEREMONIES AT COLUMBIA.

(Post No. 118.)

THE PROCESSION.

The procession was formed on Second street, right resting on Locust, Captain Harry Mullen, chief marshal, and Lieutenant George Souders assistant, and moved up Locust street, at 3 o'clock, in the following order: Band; clergy, [*non est;*] burgess and town council; school board; orator; soldiers, bearing flowers; Post No. 118, Grand Army of the Republic, Adjutant Budding commanding, sixty members; returned soldiers of Wrightsville, Dr. L. L. Rewald marshal, nineteen men; Chicquesalunga Tribe No. 39, I. O. of R. M., S. B. Clepper marshal, one hundred and twenty-three members. The Great Prophet of Pennsylvania, M. J. Weaver, and Great Junior Sagamore and Deputy Great Sachem, Adam Schuh, were present; U. O. of D., John Metzger marshal, thirty-four members; Riverside Council No. 160, O. U. A. M., A. A. Harper marshal, sixty members; Junior O. U. A. M., Owen Clark marshal, a fine-looking body of young men, all under twenty-one years of age, twenty-two in number; Evergreen Lodge No. 81, Knights of Pythias, E. A. Becker marshal, thirty-one members; Columbia Fire Company, George Sprenger marshal, sixty members; Vigilant Fire Company, James Haughey marshal, forty-eight men; a large number of citizens.

Arriving at the cemetery, a hollow square was formed around the graves of our fallen heroes.

A committee of ladies, assisted by a committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, proceeded, while the band played a dirge, to decorate the graves of forty-six soldiers with flowers and garlands.

After which private Charles Shreiner delivered an impressive and eloquent prayer.

The opening hymn was then sung by a selection of ladies and gentlemen of the church choirs.

Major A. C. Reinoehl, of Lancaster, then delivered the following

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: On this solemn memorial occasion half a million of the survivors of the Union army, together with the patriotic men and women of our common country, are assembled throughout our fair land to honor the memories of our fallen braves. With muffled drum and wailing fife, with measured step and moistened eye, and hands laden with spring's flowers, the children of Columbia's soil seek this day the silent streets of the cities of the dead to deck the graves where freedom's martyrs sleep. * *

But while we gather around the graves of those who came home to die, or whom loving friends brought back to sleep in a loyal soil, let us place a garland and drop a tear to the memory of our private soldiers, whom the hand of affection could never reach when they fell on the far-distant battle-field or sank under the hellish torture of southern prison-pens. Our private soldiers! What a volume would the unwritten history of each one fill! What deeds of valor of these nameless heroes of the war have been performed! deeds of purest patriotism, acts of loftiest heroism! for no army bulletin mentioned *their* names, no newspaper columns teemed with *their* deeds; but, sustained by those principles that led them forth, they silently endured the heat of battle, the toils of the march, and the tedium of the trenches. They sleep in every valley of the South, on every plain, in every thicket. On the rugged steeps of Lookout Mountain their comrades hollowed for them rude graves, on the sands of South Carolina the cactus blooms where they sleep, and the Potomac and Pamunky flow by the banks made holy by patriot tombs. Andersonville and Salisbury, plague-spots on the page of history, will yet be Meccas of America, for here sleep the victims of the *illustrious* guest of Fort Monroe; sleep softly, rest from the pangs of hunger, the fire of fever, and the crack of the rebel-guard's rifle; and all that could be done for them has been to inscribe upon their rude head-boards the sad word, UNKNOWN.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

A word to you, comrades, and I have done. You belong to an order whose objects are sacred and the membership of which embraces veterans whose deeds of valor, in freedom's cause, through coming time "will fill all the world with wonder." To belong to the Grand Army of the Republic is an honor which the proudest of the land may well covet, for

its members wear the old corps badges of the rebellion. How the mind goes back to the bloody days of 1863 and 1864, when those who wore those badges on their caps and breasts stood a living wall between treason and our hearthstones. There we see the acorn, worn by our gallant Seventy-ninth at Perryville, Chickamauga, and when Sherman marched to the sea. There is the white star, which gleamed amid the battle-smoke of Lookout Mountain; and the Maltese cross, that shone amid many a battle made memorable by the heroic Army of the Potomac. There is the arrow, and swift as its flight was the march of the legions that wore it when they severed the confederacy; while the sight of the four-bastioned fort recalls the "gallant little Tenth," which won its insignia from the captured walls of Pulaski, Sumter, and Wagner, and the ramparts of Fort Fisher. What thoughts of the glory that wreathes garlands of immortelles around these badges, what tears for the gallant boys who wore them, and whose eyes will never brighten at the sight of them again. Those badges are worn now by thousands of veterans of our order, who prize them as highly as the soldiers of Napoleon prized their cross of the legion of honor, for they are mementos of holier fields than Austerlitz or Jena; they recall battles fought for humanity and freedom, and not for kingly power.

You are no political organization, banded to support any party. Your object is to support your Government and to maintain its honor, and stand by each other in the protection of your interests. You are to see that the widow and the orphan do not cry for bread, and that your disabled comrades do not suffer want, and to preserve those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together, with the strong chords of love and affection, the comrades in arms of many battles, sieges, and marches. And, last of all, it will ever be our sacred and solemn duty to remember the fallen heroes!

And, concluding, I can but recall the beautiful and appropriate words of the address of our grand commander, Logan:

"If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

"Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us, in this solemn presence, renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier and sailor's widow and orphan.

"Let us also remember the gallant dead who sleep in far-off fields, near whom is marked that saddest of words, 'Unknown.'"

After which the closing hymn was sung by the choir, "Blest are the Martyred Dead."

CEREMONIES AT MECHANICSBURG.

(Post No. 128.)

Post No. 128, together with a number of citizens, visited Chestnut Hill, United Brethren, Bethel, Lutheran, (Churchtown,) Silver Spring, New Kingston, Trindle Spring, and Methodist Cemeteries, and strewed the graves of those interred therein, who fell in fighting for the preservation of our laws and in protecting the Stars and Stripes and its liberties, with "love's choicest language, flowers."

Upon arriving at each graveyard the chaplain of the post delivered a short eulogy and prayer, after which, with martial music playing the "Dead March," the column moved through the cemeteries, strewing each lonely mound of their departed comrades with wreaths, crosses, and flowers.

After the return of the post and friends they repaired to Franklin Hall, which was crowded by citizens who had gone there to participate in the concluding part of the exercises of the day. For the purpose of organizing the meeting, the following gentlemen were nominated and unanimously elected officers thereof: President, R. H. Thomas; Vice-presidents, S. P. Gorgas, Captain T. F. Singiser, Dr. E. B. Brandt, Alexander Wentz, Colonel D. H. Kimmel, Major S. B. King, George Starbird, and William Armstrong, a soldier of the war of 1812.

The president thanked the citizens there assembled for the honor conferred upon him, and in a few eloquent and appropriate remarks stated the object of the meeting, after which the Silver Cornet Band discoursed a very beautiful piece of music. Comrade Clar. D. Rockafellow, on behalf of Post No. 128, stated the objects of the Grand Army of the Republic. Captain William Penn Lloyd followed with an

oration, which was in every respect a happy effort, during the delivery of which he was frequently applauded, evincing that the feelings of the vast audience there blended in harmony with the sentiments that he so eloquently and beautifully expressed.

Next followed the Rev. J. H. McGarrah, who delivered an impromptu address that was received with rounds of applause. He said:

Mr. President: Though I stand before you unprepared to make a lengthy address, yet, sir, if I at any time or under any circumstances fail to raise my voice in sympathy for the brave men who died that this great nation might live, may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue be forever palsied.

He briefly referred to the customs of the Grecians decorating the graves of their heroes with flowers, weapons, and ornaments; to the veneration of the Swiss for Winkelried and Hofer. Shall we be less grateful than they? Glancing at the condition of the country before the war, and at the circumstances of its origin, he threw (justly, too) the loss of life and all the evil consequences that have arisen in consequence of the war upon the South. He looked at the result of the struggle, and thanked God for the preservation of the nation's life and liberation of an oppressed race, and closed his remarks, which were listened to with the most profound interest, by saying: "Let us then annually, as the season comes around, strew the graves of our fallen heroes with flowers, and thus show them that we bear them in grateful remembrance as they sleep in their beds of honor on the wooded heights of Gettysburg, on the crimsoned hills of Virginia, and on the blood-stained banks of the Potomac, until a louder clarion than that which called them to arms shall call them to a blessed immortality."

Dr. J. Nelson Clark spoke briefly of the ceremonies of the day, giving instances where father and son, brother and brother, lay side by side in the graveyards that day visited—laid there because they had fought for the Stars and Stripes. He then spoke of the thousands he had seen carried out and buried at Andersonville, and hoped and believed that their graves would to-day receive the tokens of love as did those here. The deepest silence prevailed as he read the names of soldiers whose graves had been visited on Saturday.

CEREMONIES AT TREMONT.

(Post No. 136.)

On Sunday afternoon this post met at its hall, preparatory to taking up the line of march to the different cemeteries of the borough, where the remains of some of our departed comrades lie buried. At three o'clock the Tremont Band appeared in front of the hall, and, the post having formed, fell immediately in the rear, each member having been provided with a bouquet of flowers. Next in order came the Tremont Lodge, I. O. of O. F., followed by Washington Camp No. 76, P. O. S. A. Then came the Sabbath-schools, headed by the several clergy. The procession looked very imposing as it moved forward at the deep, dull sound of the bass drum, commingled with the solemn notes of the church bells as they tolled a sad requiem over the "cities of the dead." As it neared the German Reformed and Lutheran Cemetery the band struck up a beautiful dirge, full of touching solemnity. The post halted on the outside, opened order, and the different organizations passed in to the right and left, and took up the positions assigned them. The post then advanced to the center, a prayer was offered by the Rev. F. Klinefelter, after which the solemn ceremony of strewing the graves was performed with touching tenderness. This being done the procession re-formed and proceeded to the Catholic Cemetery, where there was no further ceremony than that of strewing the graves, which in itself was a sermon not to be forgotten in a day.

Having paid their tribute of respect to comrades buried here, the procession countermarched to the Methodist Episcopal Cemetery. Here was gathered a vast concourse of people to witness the solemn ceremonies. The same sad rites were performed here; a prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Cracker, of the Evangelical Church. "America" was then sung with the spirit and understanding. Rev. Mr. Barnhill, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then followed in a most beautiful and well-prepared oration, which reflected much credit on the speaker. After the oration a hymn, enti-

tled "Our Beautiful Flag," was sung. The Lord's Prayer was then offered, Mr. William Garrett leading, a hymn of praise was sung, and the vast audience was dismissed.

CEREMONIES AT LIONESTA.

(Post No. 147.)

In accordance with arrangements previously made by this post the ceremony of decorating the graves of the heroic dead was performed on the 30th May. The comrades of Post No. 147, together with a number of other soldiers not belonging to that organization, and a large concourse of citizens, assembled in the Presbyterian Church, and after a beautiful hymn had been sung by the choir, took up their line of march for the cemetery. On arriving at the grounds the ceremony of decorating the graves was performed, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Ralph Roberts, and another appropriate hymn sung. Rev. Ralph Roberts, the orator selected for the occasion, then made a most beautiful and affecting address. After the address was concluded the benediction was pronounced, and the audience retired.

CEREMONIES AT BUTLER.

(Post No. 156.)

There are twenty-five soldiers' graves in the three cemeteries surrounding Butler. Wreaths and bouquets of flowers were prepared by the comrades, assisted by ladies and friends of the soldiers, on Friday, May 28.

On Saturday morning, May 29, a comrade was detailed to plant a small flag, draped in mourning, on each grave. At 1 o'clock the post met in their hall, and, with their post banner and United States flag draped, marched to the court-house. Soon after the soldiers' orphans, thirty in number, from St. Paul's Orphan Home, near Butler, Pennsylvania, under charge of Rev. Linberg and lady, and Professor Philips,

entered, the orphans each carrying a small flag draped, a wreath, and a bouquet of flowers.

The order of exercises in the court-house was as follows, viz:

Music by the brass band; reading of general orders by the post adjutant; prayer by Rev. Stevens; opening remarks by the post commander; oration by Rev. John Gailey; followed by Comrade A. M. K. Storrie, acting inspector general department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic; benediction by Rev. Brugh.

The procession then formed in front of the court-house in the following order: Music; Post No. 156; other soldiers; soldiers' orphans; citizens generally; and then marched to South Cemetery, where the soldiers' graves were decorated by placing upon them wreaths, flowers, and bouquets; and also a small flag was placed on each grave by the soldiers' orphans. The procession then visited the Catholic Cemetery, and from thence marched to North Cemetery, where the same ceremonies were observed as in South Cemetery. The ceremonies closed at the grave of Adjutant A. G. Reed, of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers. The flag under which he fell was planted over his grave, and the soldiers' orphans encircling his grave repeated the Lord's Prayer in concert.

Comrade John M. Greer, of this post, proceeded to Saxonburg on Saturday morning, and, assisted by others, decorated the graves of nine soldiers in that vicinity.

Comrade Storrie, acting inspector general, by his presence with us on that day, rendered efficient and valuable service to the post.

CEREMONIES AT GREENSBORO'.

(Post No. 158.)

[Extract from a letter.]

The post met at 10 o'clock a. m. at their hall, marched to the grave of Comrade Thomas Henington, near Mapletown, where a large number of citizens met and joined in decorating

the grave. A suitable address was made and prayer offered, after which the procession returned.

At 1.30 p. m. the procession re-formed, crossed the river to the graveyard in New Geneva, where the Sabbath-schools joined us in decorating the graves of Comrades James Woods and James Gray. General Order No. 4, department of Pennsylvania, was read, and prayer offered, after which we re-crossed the river to Greensboro', accompanied by the Sunday-schools of Geneva. At the landing we were met by the Union Sunday-school and a number of citizens, who joined in the procession now moving towards the Methodist graveyard. As we passed the Presbyterian Church the Presbyterian Sunday-school joined us. Arriving at the Methodist graveyard, the procession filed in and decorated the grave of Comrade William Ballou; marched thence to the Presbyterian graveyard, decorated the grave of Comrade William Yeager, after which we occupied the church.

The Greensboro' Sabbath-school sung several pieces of music suitable to the occasion. The commander made a few remarks in relation to the ceremonies of the day, after which he introduced Comrade Dr. Patton, of Smithfield Post, who made a very able, satisfactory, and interesting address.

Thanks were tendered the speaker, the Geneva, Union, and Presbyterian Sabbath-schools, for the part they had taken in the ceremonies of the day.

The grave of Comrade Myers P. Letus, in Dunkard township, and about three miles from this place, was decorated by soldiers and citizens of the neighborhood at the request of this post.

The grave of Comrade William Evans, about two miles from this place, was decorated, at the request of the post, by the Sabbath-school that meets in the public school-house No. 7, Monongahela township, a detail from the post superintending.

CEREMONIES AT MERCER.

(Post No. 169.)

The post met at its hall at 2 o'clock p. m., according to previous arrangement, formed in procession and marched to

the old burial-ground, and having decorated in a becoming manner the graves of two comrades, prayer was offered by comrade Chaplain W. T. McAdam.

The procession was then joined by the children, teachers, and managers of the Soldiers' Orphans' School, and by a large concourse of citizens, and marched to the new cemetery, and performed the decoration ceremonies over the graves of nine comrades. A monument of flowers was then erected in honor of brave comrades whose remains rest in other places. This monument was then surrounded by the children of the Soldiers' Orphans' School, comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, and citizens who were in procession, and the song entitled "The Soldier's Boy" was sung by the orphan children. Prayer was offered by comrade Rev. W. T. Dickson, after which the following address was delivered by comrade Chaplain W. T. McAdam:

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow-citizens: Beautifully touching are the unpretending tokens with which affection has in all ages decorated the graves of the beloved departed. As we musingly saunter through the cemeteries, with which earth is full, how often do our pulses quicken, our hearts throb, and the big tear well up unbidden to the eye, while we contemplate some little device of love or memorial of tenderness on the marble slab, and view the rosebush, the shrub, the evergreen, and the sweetly blushing fragrant flowers, which love's hand has planted and nurtured around the little hillock reared over the ashes of the dead. There is something sacred as well as beautiful in these tributes of affection to departed loved ones. They express the deepest, tenderest, and holiest feelings of the heart. Mary, with her bundle of spices, very early in the morning at the sepulcher of her crucified Master, strikingly symbolized the impulses of millions both before and since her day. They go to the grave to weep there, to seek balm for their wounded hearts from the God of consolation, to deposit the wreath, to plant the shrub, or to strew the flowers, as a token of their love or memorial of the sleeper's virtues. * *

The memories which this occasion evokes, are not, however, memories of unmitigated sadness and gloom. The darkness is relieved by a broad field of bright glorious sunshine. The sufferings and sacrifices of the war were not in vain. They bore and are still bearing a full harvest of the richest fruits. Their results will be felt by unborn millions

to the remotest ages. They placed our government in the van of nations, so that it towers up sublimely above the empires of the world, and its resources, its greatness, and its power are felt and acknowledged over an area as wide as the limits of civilization itself.

The war likewise knocked the shackles from the limbs of four millions of slaves. Not a foot of our territory is now stained and blighted by the withering curse of human vassalage. All men now stand as equals before the law—"redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." All men are now disencumbered of all legal hindrances, are permitted to run unobstructed the race of life. When this new order of things is fully inaugurated, and when all men, stimulated by the incitements of competition, devote their energies to the business of self culture and to the development of the unbounded resources of our territory, our progress will surpass the wildest dreams of fancy. Under the approving smiles of a beneficent Providence a bright magnificent future awaits our country.

The question is here suggested. Why is it that we are here in the enjoyment of life and so many of our comrades sleep their last sleep? It cannot be alleged in explanation that they encountered a hostile foe, and faced the storm of iron hail more frequently and more fearlessly than the living. Facts would not warrant the explanation. It cannot he accounted for on the presumption that they were better men than we. It can only be resolved into the sovereign pleasure of the sovereign Lord. We can only triumphantly say with Jesus, "Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Let this consideration, therefore, have its appropriate influence on our hearts and lives. It was the kind protecting care of our heavenly Father that shielded us from the pestilence that stalked through the camp, and from the missiles of death on the field of combat. "A thousand fell by our side and ten thousand on our right hand, but they did not come nigh us." With the mantle of his providence spread over us he led us safely by the hand "in ways that we know not and by paths that we have not known," till he brought us back to our homes and our families, and to all the immunities we now enjoy. Cold and insensible, indeed, must be our hearts, if we do not return him the tribute of grateful acknowledgments for such discriminating acts of kindness and care, and testify our gratitude by a conscientious aim to please him in all that we do.

But this is not all. He invites us to higher immunities and nobler privileges. He invites us to enlist with "the sacramental host of God's elect," under the banner of the cap-

tain of salvation, and promises for bounty that we shall inherit an unfading crown and kingdom. On our compliance, he will lead us safely along through the trials and conflicts of our spiritual warfare, and when fully arrayed in the moral equipments suited to the society and scenes of "the better country," his own gentle hand will pillow our heads on the bosom of Christ, and bear us up to his celestial courts. His service is pleasant, "his yoke is easy and his burden light." Under his leadership the trials of life will "soon and forever" come to an end.

The children then sang "Dare to do Right," and the assemblage dispersed.

CEREMONIES AT WHARTON.

(Post No. 169.)

The members of this post marched from their headquarters, with colors and drums draped in mourning, and wearing the badge of mourning; next came the citizens, ladies in the rear of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the gentlemen bringing up the rear. On nearing the graveyard they reversed arms, when the solemn strains of the dead march upon the muffled-drums sent a feeling of solemnity to the hearts of all present. On reaching the graveyard, the Grand Army of the Republic marched to the foot of the first grave, opened ranks, faced inward, grounded arms upon the grave, knelt down, raised the hat with the left hand and reverently dropped the flowers—the most choice which God had given us—raised, took arms, and marched to the next, and so on until the colors had waved and flowers been strewn over the grave of each sleeping comrade.

An appropriate address was delivered by Comrade F. M. Cunningham.

CEREMONIES AT FRANKLIN.

(Post No. 176.)

The ceremony of decorating soldiers' graves was observed in a befitting manner at Franklin on Saturday, 29th of May.

Nearly three thousand people assembled before noon. There were in attendance large delegations from Oil City, Rouseville, and Tarr Farm. In the delegation from the last-named place was included Post No. 176, Grand Army of the Republic. A procession was organized, which moved through the principal streets. A meeting was then held, appropriate addresses were delivered by Captains Sowden and Galbraith. The music was furnished by the Tarr Farm Cornet Band.

CEREMONIES AT KITTANNING.

Saturday, May 29, was properly observed in Kittanning by a large number of citizens. In accordance with a previous plan, at the tolling of the bell a number of soldiers and citizens repaired to the office of Colonel Sirwell, where a large procession soon formed, and led by the colonel, and accompanied by the band, marched to the new public schoolhouse, where the children were assembled. Here about three hundred children, headed by their respective teachers, joined in, each carrying a beautiful bouquet, and all marched to the court-house. On their arrival the meeting was called to order on motion of F. Mechling, esq. E. S. Gelden, esq., was elected president, John P. Brown, esq., and Colonel P. Templeton, vice presidents, and A. L. Robinson and John Smullen, esq., secretaries. Mr. Golden, in brief but appropriate remarks, stated the object of assembling together on the occasion, referring to the tendency of such acts in keeping in grateful remembrance the noble deeds of the soldier and the cause in which he imperiled his life, and in making permanent and perpetuating the cherished institutions of our country by making us a united people.

Mr. Golden concluded by introducing ex-Governor Johnston, who spoke as follows:

Ladies, Gentlemen, Dear Children, and Citizen Soldiers: We meet to-day to perform a melancholy, although patriotic duty. The graves of the unselfish and true-hearted soldiers of our common country are to be decked with flowers and evergreens, the genial growth of the favored land whose supremacy among the nations of the world, whose integrity and

nationality, these brave men successfully maintained against the forces of domestic treason and the machinations and unhallowed purposes of foreign enemies.

Whilst, in remembrance of the patriotic sacrifices in our behalf in the defense and support of the best government known or recorded in the traditional or written history of our race, we honor the illustrious dead, and shed a tear of sorrow over their departed remains, let us on this day commemorate and indorse for all future time the great truth, that we are one people, a common kindred, using one language, guided and controlled by our common and accepted love of order and law, and constituting one society, of conscientious convictions of the great and overpowering elements of moral and religious truth; that we are a nation in the true philosophy of the Frenchman's declaration, so beautifully rendered by the departed statesman Daniel Webster, "One and indivisible, now and for ever."

But when we have decorated with beauteous flowers the graves of the dead whom we know and venerate our task is not done. There are those over whom no funeral note was sounded; for whom no sheet or shroud was provided; who heard no mother's prayer over the departing spirit, no widow's anguished cry or childhood's consolations upon their first entry into the dark shadow of the valley of death—those whose tombs in your national cemeteries are marked "Unknown." I have visited these depositories of the dead, and whilst fond recollections and feeling hearts have planted evergreens and inscriptions upon the worthy and patriotic known ones, I have shed a tear over the unremembered and unknown dead. Pardon me. The word is misrecorded. They are not the unminded dead. Many a tear of a fond mother over a cherished son, the deepest heart-felt sorrow of the widow, and the true affections of the warm heart of the affianced lover, have been freely poured forth over these lamented and departed braves. It is true, not as with us, falling upon the cold, cold, grass sod that we know covers the remains of those we love, but upon the heart warm and true of the mourner, which remembers and cherishes their memory. * * * * * * *

But I detain you too long from the more important duties of the day. Go forth to your cemeteries, and as each little hand or gentle heart plants the flower upon the grave of the dead, may a prayer escape from the heart that the great God of love may preserve among the nations of the earth fraternity and peace, so that these sad sacrifices may no more occur among enlightened peoples.

After the address the assembly marched to the Catholic graveyard, which they entered, and in slow procession passed around each soldier's grave, strewing it with flowers and evergreens. They next entered the "Old Graveyard," and there performed the same ceremonies, after which they proceeded to the cemetery, and there closed the patriotic rites over the tombs of the heroes whose bones are there resting.

CEREMONIES AT NEW BRIGHTON.

Decoration Day, under direction of the Grand Army of the Republic, was very appropriately and creditably observed in New Brighton. The ceremonies took place between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock p. m., in which the various societies, Masons, Odd Fellows, and Good Templars, and the citizens generally, participated.

The ceremonies in the cemetery, after a wreath of evergreens and flowers had been placed on each soldier's grave, consisted of prayer, singing, an oration, and a poem.

The orator of the day was Rev. James R. Mills, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His address was full of pathos, eloquence, and patriotism.

Captain Eberhart, of Post 108, Grand Army of the Republic, read a poem, which he wrote expressly for the occasion.

CEREMONIES AT NAZARETH.

[Extract from a letter of Comrade T. L. W. SCHULTZ, Post No. 74.]

Decoration Day was very well observed here on Saturday, the 29th of May, about two thousand persons participating in the ceremonies.

At 2 o'clock p. m. the procession was formed in the public square; the church-bells were tolled; the procession moved to the Moravian Cemetery, headed by the Nazareth Band. A company of surviving soldiers and all the school children attended. Bishop H. Shultz made a very impressive speech.

The young ladies of the town decked the graves. Thence the procession went to the Lutheran and Reformed Cemetery, where Rev. Mr. Shmidt addressed the public in German. The number of graves decorated was eight.

No post existing here, I arranged with two citizens the aforesaid programme, and had the pleasure to meet with a grand success.

DEPARTMENT OF RHODE ISLAND.

CEREMONIES AT PROVIDENCE.

(Posts Nos. 1, 10, 12, 13.)

The order of exercises previously announced by General Rogers, department commander, was carried out by the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic residing in this vicinity with commendable spirit and alacrity. The veterans of the several posts, clad in the old blue coats they had worn in the service, assembled at 9.30 o'clock on Exchange Place, where a platform had been erected and appropriately draped and decorated. Here, at 10 o'clock, appropriate services were held in the presence of a very large concourse of people. After music by the Pawtucket Cornet Band, prayer was offered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Clark. An eloquent and thoughtful address was then delivered by the Rev. Augustus Woodbury, late chaplain of the First Regiment Rhode Island Detached Militia.

ADDRESS OF REV. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.

Comrades: The custom which you to-day observe has upon it the sanction of long antiquity. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the offerings to the dead were regarded in the light of sacred duties. On certain days, such as the birthday or the anniversary of the death of those whose ashes were preserved with pious care, the tombs or graves were crowned with flowers, and offerings were made, consisting of garlands and other tokens of affection and remembrance; oblations were presented, victims of sacrifice, wine, milk, wreaths of flowers, and other valued articles. In the Christian Church the practice of visiting the graves of deceased friends upon certain days prevailed as early as the fourth century of our era. In the Catholic countries of Europe it is observed, even at the present time, with a faithful and affectionate piety. * * * * * *

My comrades, there was no failure in those men who died before the victory was won. I have faith to believe that no life thus given is ever lost. I have even faith to believe that even the defeats which we suffered, humiliating at the time though they were, yet served to accomplish the final result; because they strengthened our purposes and gave a deeper and more earnest character to our determination. I may well repeat those magnificent words of Demosthenes in his oration on the crown, when he burst forth in that impassioned strain of eloquence with which he vindicated the memory of his fallen countrymen: "No, my countrymen—no, men of Athens —ye have not failed. It cannot be, it cannot be, that ye have done wrong in undertaking the battle for the freedom and safety of all. No, I swear by those who died in the battle-front at Marathon; by those who conquered in the sea fight at Salamis and at Artemisium; by the many and brave who now lie in the public sepulchers—to all of whom alike, and whether they fell in the hour of victory or defeat, the state awarded a glorious burial; justly, too, for that which was the only work for brave men to do they all did; that which the Deity allots to each they all submitted to." It is said that when Demosthenes spoke this remarkable apostrophe, he appeared "like one suddenly inspired by the breath of divinity." I can well imagine it. For the spirits of the brave departed rose up before him as he eulogized their courage, and the gods seemed to him to smile upon his efforts in behalf of their favored heroes.

Certainly the cause for which we have contended was no less sacred than that which demanded the sacrifice of those Grecian youth. Certainly no age has witnessed more illustrious deeds than those which have glorified our own annals. Men and women whom we have familiarly known in the quiet intercourse of daily life, and little thought of their possessing any remarkable qualities of character, have repeated the story of ancient heroism. We little thought ten years ago that there were such splendid possibilities lying latent beneath the surface of our American life as the war of the rebellion developed. We little dreamed that in the student's solitary chamber, in the lawyer's office, in the merchant's counting-room, in the mechanic's workshop, and farmer's grain-field were to be found the young men who should prove themselves worthy to stand by the side of the great soldiers of the world, and eminently fit to lead the armies of the republic to victory. And, with all our reverence for the women of America, there were very few of us who believed that there was in them a better virtue than ever Spartan mothers showed—that hospital, camp, and field,

aye, that the lonely and bereaved home, should tell such touching and animating tales of woman's fidelity, endurance, fortitude, and self-sacrifice. Believe me, heroism is not altogether a thing of the past, and saintliness has not all gone into the skies. I am sometimes amazed when I think that these quiet men who pass me in my daily walks have stood firmly in the thickest of the fight and have bravely met the shock of contending armies. I am impressed with even a profounder admiration when I stand by the grave of the fallen soldier, and think that he and such as he have willingly given their lives for me and mine, for their country, their duty, and their God. Bear with me, comrades. I do not mean to praise you; it is enough to state the simple actions of your soldier life.

One of the most gratifying facts in connection with the volunteer service in our armies was the readiness with which our young men of all classes and conditions entered into the strife. The preservation of the republic required all to forget the artificial distinctions of social life. The poor and the rich, the obscure and the conspicuous, men of low and high degree—if there be any such—stood shoulder to shoulder in the strife, shared the same exposures, the same privations, hardships, dangers; combated the same difficulties, endured the same toils, faced the same deaths. Men, too, of dissimilar color and of various nationality forgot their differences in the face of their country's peril. Beneath a black skin beat a loyal and brave heart. The foreign-born citizen stood up as firmly as the native in defense of the institutions of freedom amid which he had found a shelter and a home. There were none too proud and none too humble for the nation's need. Men of hard and of tender nurture discovered that duty and danger made them all equal. When the time of trial came their countrymen could perceive no difference in their bearing, for the spirit of patriotic self-devotion equalized their fidelity and heroism. Together they stood in the ranks, fronting the same foe; together they sleep in death. Side by side their names will be inscribed upon the monumental marble which a grateful State raises to their memory, for together they have won the crown. Shall any envious lips belie their patriotism, and seek to falsify their virtue? I envy not the feelings of that man who, from whatever motive, seeks to detract from the character of the soldiers of the republic. He speaks to his own shame, because he declares that he cannot appreciate the glory of a brave and generous act. To derogate from living valor is mean; to cast contumely upon the names of the dead is base and vile. Blasted be the hand that would strew aught but flowers on the patri-

ot's grave! palsied be the tongue that would utter its slanders upon the memory of our fallen comrades!

To us have these dead patriots whom we commemorate to-day bequeathed the task, not only of defending their memory from private and public foe, but also the duty of imitating the fidelity which their lives and deaths have signalized. We will remember their valor, and the remembrance will animate our own. They died that the country might live—free, happy, prosperous. The cause for which they died we are prepared to maintain at whatever cost. The liberty for which they fought and shed their blood must be made an accomplished fact for all within the borders of the republic. Who touches that to wound it challenges our strength. I make no boasting on your behalf. But, if ever foreign or domestic enemy threaten our national peace or our national life, and the country shall again call for defenders, the response, which will run through all the ranks of this Grand Army will be, "We are ready; come weal or woe, come life or death, we are ready, 'with a heart for any fate,' to do the duty which our country asks." I fervently pray that the red ploughshare of war may not again be driven through the national life. I echo the wish of the gallant soldier who has been called to the chair of state. Peace we desire, and peace we need to bind up the wounds of the republic and recuperate her strength. But the safety of the state must ever be the supreme law. When that is imperiled, the voice which will come from the honored dead we know, and that voice we shall obey.

But there are other duties, not so conspicuous, but not less imperative. Those who died for the nation have left a sacred charge in our hands. The widow and the orphan claim our sympathy and our aid. There are hearts bereaved, there are homes made desolate, there are vacant places around many a hearthstone. To-day the tear will start afresh, and the heart throb anew with the old longing love.

> "Durum. Sed levius fit patientia
> Quidquid corrigere est nefas."

It is indeed hard. But what the Divine will does not permit us to alter can be made more tolerable by patience.

It is for the bereaved to endure the trial with a submissive resignation and trust. It is for us to comfort. We cannot call back the dead. We cannot lose the glory of their sacrifice. For them there is no more hunger or thirst, no wearisome marching, no sinking beneath the heat and the burden, no agonizing strife. "The Lamb shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe

away all tears from their eyes." But can we not, in some measure, supply the place of the dead, by administering to the living such aid as we are able to bestow? Certainly a grateful community will not forget their needs.

But, commander, ere we proceed to the special duty of the day, there is a single word yet to speak. There are many graves which our eyes will never see, and on which no flowers will be placed, except those which nature's kindly hand will strew. Many of our friends are buried where they fell,

"Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

Upon the earth which covers them the leaves of autumn fall and in the spring-time the grass grows green. The south wind breathes their requiem as it sighs mournfully through the forests and over the plains. They do not need our care. We can safely leave them to the tender offices of nature and the unforgetful love of God.

Comrades, the flowers which now we bring will fall upon the graves of those whom once we loved and who still are very dear unto our hearts. There are no closer or stronger ties than those which are woven amid the scenes of a soldier's life. These friendships which have been formed in camp and field are most enduring. With these men you have intimately lived. Together around the watch-fires you have whiled away the slow hours with song and story. Together you have paced the weary round of the midnight guard, together occupied the picket outpost, together you have stood in battle array, perhaps together have borne the pains of the hospital and the cruelties of imprisonment. The hand that met your own in cordial grasp, the eye that brightly responded to your glance of friendship, the voice that answered cheerily your fraternal salutation on the morning of the day of battle, could reply to you no more forever ere the day closed. The hand was stiff and cold, the eye dim, the voice silent. It is a peculiarly solemn experience this course of life amid daily deaths—this quick and sudden severance of ties which bound kindred souls to one another. But, thank God, these ties cannot be broken, and friends live still with each other, though some have already crossed the flood and others stand upon the hither side. True love never lets its object go, and friendship, when it has become a glorified memory, becomes even stronger still.

"But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more."

A few years will pass away and we ourselves will fall out

of the ranks. Our course will have been run. Our warfare on earth will have been accomplished. For us all the inevitable hour will strike. Until that time though there may be no easy service for us, still let there be no spirit of unfaithfulness or neglect.

Let the voice of duty ever hear our glad response. Let the fragrant incense of our fidelity and devotion rise continually to our God. Then shall we lie down to our final rest with peaceful souls. Perchance some living hand will scatter flowers above us, and in some loving hearts our memory will be kept green and fresh.

The exercises at the stand were terminated with the benediction, pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Caswell, president of Brown University.

At the conclusion of these exercises the posts formed into marching column, and moved from Exchange Place, through Washington Row, in the following order:

Brevet Brigadier General Horatio Rogers, department commander; Brevet Brigadier General Charles R. Brayton, senior vice commander; Slocum Post No. 10, Grand Army of the Republic, Colonel Henry Allen, commander, sixty-five men, mounted; a beautiful American flag, presented to the post on Wednesday, May 26, was carried in the column; Pawtucket Cornet Band, twenty-three pieces, William E. Gilmore, leader; Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, Colonel Edwin Metcalf, commander; there were two detachments of this post, a mounted detachment of twenty-five men, under immediate command of Captain Cheney, and a second detachment of one hundred and twenty men on foot; platoon of police, under command of Sergeant James H. Warner; What Cheer Band, twenty-one pieces, D. Tonge, leader; Post No. 12, Grand Army of the Republic, Brigadier General Francis J. Lippitt, commander; forty men, dismounted, formed the column; Easton Drum Corps, John Easton, drum major; Post No. 13, Grand Army of the Republic, First Sergeant Robert F. Nicholai, commander, forty-eight men, dismounted.

The route of march from Exchange Place was to Grace Church Cemetery, where Post No. 12 visited the graves of the sleeping heroes and piously strewed them with the floral

offerings. This post afterwards took the train for Kingston, to visit the grave of General Rodman.

From Grace Church Cemetery the column marched to the foot of Olney street, where Commander Rogers resigned command to the several post commanders, and the posts proceeded to the various cemeteries and executed the duties assigned them.

VISIT TO GENERAL RODMAN'S GRAVE.

Rodman Post No. 12 proceeded in the Stonington train, at 12.30, to Kingston station, *en route* for the last resting-place of Brigadier General Isaac P. Rodman, after whom the post was named. They were some fifty in number, and were accompanied by the newly-organized What Cheer Brass Band, under the leadership of D. Tonge. They carried in their ranks the tattered flag borne by the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment, of which General Rodman was formerly colonel, at the battle of Antietam. With the post, among other guests and dignitaries, were the following: General James Shaw, jr., member of the national council of administration; Captain William W. Douglas, assistant inspector general on the staff of General Logan, commander-in-chief, and Captain Demętrezco, captain of artillery in the Roumanian army.

On arriving at Kingston depot the party transferred themselves to several coaches provided by Mr. John N. Taylor, and were speedily taken to Rocky Brook, the former residence of the lamented general, in whose honor the demonstration was made. Dismounting at the factory, the post re-formed, and, headed by the band, which played solemn dirges, marched to the cemetery, about half a mile distant. They were joined on the route by a company of South Kingston veterans, who had served in the army in various regiments. A large gathering of the citizens of the town accompanied the line. The beautiful and impressive services at the grave were a fitting tribute of honor to the deceased. The procession formed in order, partly encircling the burial lot; the band played Pleyel's Hymn; a most appropriate prayer was made by the Rev. S. W. Field, chaplain of the post, and a beautiful and touching address was made by the Rev. Augustus Woodbury, a

member of the post, and former chaplain of the First Rhode Island Regiment.

The ceremony of strewing the flowers on the grave was then proceeded with. Many elements combined to render the scene peculiarly a touching one. The surviving family of the lamented general were accorded a position within the lines and greeted with the most respectful deference by the officers of the command. The military then proceeded to decorate the grave, not far distant, of Private Samuel Curtis, of the Fourth Rhode Island Volunteers. After returning to the Rodman Cemetery, a prayer was made by the Rev. E. S. Wheeler, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Wakefield, and formerly chaplain of the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York. The band played the doxology, and the last-named clergyman pronounced the benediction.

CEREMONIES AT NEWPORT.

(Post No. 2.)

The exercises here were according to programme previously announced, the cortege embracing all the military of the city except the Aquidneck Rifles, with a battalion from Fort Adams. The post captain of the French line-of-battle-ship Jean Bart also participated, by invitation, with the French consul, for whom carriages were provided in the procession. The fort band also contributed to swell the cortege. Guns were discharged half-hourly from the fort, and all business was suspended, and the stores closed, during the moving of the cortege and the subsequent ceremonies.

Arrived at the cemetery, the military were drawn up in line and the ceremonies preparatory to the decoration were conducted from a platform erected for the purpose, on which were the principal personages in the procession.

After music by the band prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hill, rector of Emanuel Church, when an address, brief, eloquent, and beautifully and touchingly appropriate, was delivered by Colonel T. W. Higginson, of which the following is an imperfect report:

We meet to-day for a purpose which has the dignity and

solemnity of funeral rites without their sadness. We commemorate not a new bereavement, but an old one; and not around a freshly-made grave, but beside those already clothed by nature with grass and flowers. To nature's signs of tenderness we add our own. Not "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," but only blossoms to blossoms, laurels to the laureled.

The great volunteer army of the nation was long since disbanded. Its tents were struck, its camp-fires put out, its muster-rolls laid away. But there is another army that no presidential proclamation could disband, no general orders reach. We stand amid its camping-grounds. These white stones are its tents, its muster-rolls are in our memories, its camp-fires burn in our hearts.

We who survive can well remember the strange emotions with which we first put on uniform and went into camp. To call it a sense of novelty is nothing; it was as if we had learned to swim in air, and were striking out for some new planet. All was romance to us; we were romantic to each other.

Now that romance is long past; we have returned to common life. Every day we unconsciously change, and in a few score years only a few tottering forms will represent that disbanded army. But those who died in the service will never grow old to us; no change, no common-placeness will affect them. They will always seem objects of romance; time cannot touch them. You read their ages on their tombstones, and they will always seem of that same age. When we are fourscore, they will still have the beauty of their youth and the prime of their manly strength.

But for these sacred associations war would seem an unmixed tragedy. "What does a victory seem like?" was once asked of the Duke of Wellington. "The greatest tragedy in the world, except a defeat," was the answer. Our success in the late civil war would seem the next saddest thing to failure, but for the freedom and union that it secured, and the tender emotions which this day calls forth.

Last year I recalled to your memory that great soldier of Napoleon, surnamed "the first grenadier of France," La Tour d'Auvergne. After his death the emperor ordered that his heart should be intrusted to his regiment, that his name should be called at every roll-call, and some comrade should answer for him, "Dead upon the field of honor," *Mort au champ d'honneur*. We have intrusted the hearts of all our heroes to this consecrated ground, and when you presently hear their muster-roll read, your hearts will again make answer for each, as they answered at last year's celebration, "Dead upon the field of honor."

This was followed by a poem by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, pastor of the Unitarian Church.

At the close of the reading the names of the honored dead were read by an officer of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Hill. Three volleys were fired by the Newport Artillery, and the assemblage dispersed.

CEREMONIES AT BRISTOL.

(Babbit Post No. 4.)

The post assembled at its headquarters at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 29th day of May. A procession was formed soon after on High street, consisting of the members of the Grand Army, of the Bristol Artillery, First Light Infantry of Bristol, Warren Artillery, and King Philip Fire Company, followed by carriages containing officers late of the army, the orator of the day, the clergymen of the town of Bristol, and the town council. Following the Grand Army was a floral car, containing the beautiful floral gifts of the citizens of Bristol to be strewn upon the graves of our dead soldiers. The column, under the command of Post Commander Charles A. Waldron, soon after 2 o'clock, took up its line of march through Church, Hope, Franklin, Thames, and State streets, to the common. The committee of arrangements had there erected a platform, decorated with the national flag, draped in mourning appropriate to the occasion. After a dirge by the band, prayer was offered by Rev. J. J. Peck, and an address by Comrade Nathaniel T. Sanders. The column then marched to Juniper Hill Cemetery, where were the graves of Major J. Babbit and Comrade Charles De Wolf. Appropriate remarks were there made by Rev. I. S. Jones, when comrades performed the sad but pleasant duty of decorating these two graves with floral offerings. King Philip Fire Company, of which Major Babbit had been foreman, placed upon his grave a most beautiful anchor and cross, composed of the choicest flowers.

The procession then marched to the North Burial-ground,

where were buried thirty-four of the sons of Bristol. Flags were placed upon the grave of each comrade, and the name attached thereto upon a slip of paper. The Grand Army was then broken into details, for the purpose of strewing the grave of each fallen one with flowers, and when that duty was performed to detach the name and bring it to the adjutant, by which it would be known that no comrade had been left unnoticed. Remarks appropriate were here made by Rev. G. L. Locke.

The duties of Decoration Day having been performed, the column again took up the line of march to the common, where, after a dress parade, they were dismissed.

ADDRESS BY COMRADE N. T. SANDERS.

Comrades, Soldiers, Ladies, and Gentlemen: One year ago was commenced this impressive and appropriate custom of decorating the graves our dead soldiers with flowers. To-day we continue that custom which we began a year since, trusting that it may be continued from henceforth every returning spring-time, so long as one comrade shall remain, even though old age has taken from him the strength of youth and led him to the confines of eternity, or so long as there shall live one who can say my husband, or my father, or my brother, died fighting for the preservation of our country.

These few whose memories we revere to-day could not save the nation, but they did what they could. Yea, they laid down their lives. What greater sacrifice could they make? None other is recorded greater but that of the Man of Sorrows ascending the Hill of Calvary, and bearing upon his own shoulders the instrument of his own death, at once the sacrifice and liberator of the world. We may refer to the brave ones who fell at Thermopylæ and at Marathon. We may look back to those who fought at Bunker Hill and at Lexington, but none did more than our dead.

You who survive the conflict of arms, you who bear with you the marks and the scars of battle; you with the empty sleeve and the maimed limbs; you, too, must participate, though in a smaller degree, in their glory.

Do you remember when, in 1861, the alarm was sounded and the first gun was fired on Sumter, whose booming tones reverberated throughout the land in every city, town, and village? Do you remember how every heart leaped up and every eye glistened, how every tongue seemed sealed and men and women felt what they could not utter? How

mothers, pressing their sons to their hearts, and with tearful eyes helped them to gird on their armor? How fathers bid them God-speed and fight like men? How wives with aching hearts tearfully sent their husbands forth to battle? How man after man, clad in soldier's garb, marched to the seat of war? Do you remember that company in the old Second Regiment, composed of the flower of our young men, as on that wet, rainy morning eight years ago they marched away to the music of the rattling drum and the shrill notes of the fife? Then recollect that many of those brave boys never came back, but consecrated this day and drenched southern soil with their life-blood falling on the field of battle, no memorial to mark their last resting-place; but their memory ever remaining with you, comrades, who saw them fall, and with you, parents, and you, brothers and sisters and wives, who to-day do them reverence.

Your recollection goes back to the dark days of the rebellion, when defeat upon defeat brooded over us like death; when the ranks must be filled again and again; how the young men stepped forward and filled up the thinned regiments, and helped to give our State that proud history which she deservedly earned for her part in putting down the rebellion.

Our recollection goes back to many a battle-field, comrades, in which you participated. Yes, to the time when the rebel hordes had beaten back our bleeding, torn, and shattered columns into the borders of the old Keystone State, and the whole North seemed threatened. You never will forget how the storm of battle gathered and broke upon the crest of Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. How that battle swayed to and fro, now seeming victory, and now defeat. Our General Reynolds, bravest of the brave, had fallen mortally wounded, and defeat seemed our portion, when night spread her mantle of darkness and of mourning over the bloody scene. What the coming morning was to bring forth only a just God knew. That morning rose, lighting up a scene most thrilling and most strange. That peaceful country town stood aghast, with pale and anxious men and women. The mighty preparations of battle, greater than history had ever known, were going on. The heavy rumble of artillery, the tramp of armed men, the bugle-peal, the gallop of horsemen, all told the fearful preparations for fierce and deadly combat of two hundred thousand men, and made that beautiful July morning seem like the closing day of time.

You who were in the old Sixth Corps, under the noble and gallant Sedgwick, recall how you marched and toiled, through that long and weary night, to reach the field of bat-

tle. The old Sixth came up on time. As the tired and weary columns appeared upon the field, cheer upon cheer greeted their arrival, for the army had well-nigh received a fatal blow. Longstreet, in a tremendous onset, preceded by a murderous discharge of artillery, with that terrific rebel yell, had charged upon our left wing. Wavering, it was saved by the timely arrival of Sedgwick, when darkness then closed over the terrible scene.

Scarcely had the day broken the gloom of night when the booming of artillery and the crash of musketry ran all along the line. Those of you now present of the old Second Regiment remember that terrible morning, when, in the midst of awful carnage, Wheaton's brigade was hurried from the left to the rescue of the right, and the line wavering was again advanced, and the whole line stood firm as the everlasting hills, after assault upon assault, and the rebels gave up almost in despair.

But one more effort must be made. That afternoon three hundred cannon belched forth from brazen throats death and destruction to the sons of men, and made the earth tremble, and wrapped the two contending armies in clouds of smoke and shut the sun from view. Then advanced the rebel columns. In splendid order and with colors flying, in solid phalanx, on they came. On and on they came in splendid order; not a man flinched. Three lines deep they were. Up to our very lines they came, when the order sounded along the line, "*Make ready*—FIRE!" One murderous discharge, and, like the vanishing of a smoke-wreath, the first line had bitten the dust.

Yet on they came, undismayed, into that charnel house of death, and, with shriek and yell, into our rifle-pits they jumped, and bayoneted our gunners at their guns. Up rose their shout of victory. But that shout was soon to be changed to dying groans and the cursings of defeat. Now we poured in the grape and canister upon them, hurling death, destruction, and defeat. Their line was shattered, broken, and backward surged; then, crumbling into fragments, rushed from the field. Up went the shouts of victory from the whole Union host, and Gettysburg was won.

Comrades, you, in the future days of the republic, can say, "I helped to do all this." Yea, the sacrifices and the blood were not made and were not spilled in vain. Had these not been made, had not your hearts burned with the love of country, the picture would have been far different.

Let the story of the southern battle-field tell who yielded up his life a martyr to the cause of human rights, of human liberty, and the perpetuation of free government. Let the

southern prison-pen testify who died that slow death from starvation to preserve that for which his fathers bravely fought and died. We need never go back to the history of ancient prowess and courage and patriotism for illustrations. We have them with us henceforth and forever. To-day we shall strew with flowers the graves of thirty-six dead heroes. This community mourns the loss of half a hundred soldiers and sailors of the rebellion. Some, whose bones lie moldering where they fell; some who, having seen peace and victory, gave up their life at home, among their friends and companions; and others, dying from the bullet and disease, their bodies brought to their homes and buried. We love to remember them and their services. We love to call up their names.

Comrades and friends, shall we ever forget them? Through all the future history of the republic the ashes of the heroic dead shall be more powerful than the throne of tyrants, and the memory of our fallen ones, swelling the chorus of liberty, shall overcome the cohorts of treason, though they advance as an army with flying banners.

CEREMONIES AT HOPKINTON.

(Post No. 5.)

Decoration Day was observed by this post, assisted by the citizens of Ashaway and the vicinity, on May 29. A public meeting was held in Hopkinton Academy hall at 12 o'clock m., where, after reading the orders of Generals Logan and Rogers in relation to the observance of the day, singing by the church choir, and prayer by Rev. A. B. Burdick, a procession was formed by the members of the post and other citizens, which proceeded directly to Oak Grove Cemetery, carrying the flowers, which had been furnished by the ladies in great abundance, woven into beautiful wreaths and bouquets. The column, after making a circuit around the cemetery, halting in front of each soldier's grave, and depositing the flowers over the remains of the heroic dead, finally assembled around the grave of Edwin D. Gavitt, of Company D, Fourth Rhode Island Volunteers, killed at the battle of Newbern, North Carolina, where, after singing by the choir, the large audience was addressed by Rev. A. B. Burdick.

Soldiers and Citizens: Love and gratitude, like other kindred emotions of the soul, usually seek some suitable methods of manifestation. When our loved are still with us we may find many and varied ways of expressing our affection or our indebtedness to them; but when they have passed the mortal bounds, few only are the methods remaining to us by which we may exhibit our esteem. When we may no longer speak to them face to face, no longer minister to any want of theirs, it is still left us to approach reverently the silent sepulchers where repose the moldering bodies in which their deeds of love or deeds of heroism were performed, and decorate them with flowers and evergreens, emblemizing at once the tender fragrance of our affection and the undying endurance of our gratitude. But do any ask, "Why bring the earliest spring flowers to these tombs especially?" We answer, These are the graves of the fallen heroes of the republic! They who sleep in these tombs died for us, for our homes, our liberties, our country! This, then, is hereafter to be our national sacrament-day. To remember how manfully, how heroically they gave themselves for their country's defense are we by their sacred graves to-day; but when we remember how much more God wrought out by the battle-strokes and sufferings of our fallen heroes than even they could predict, we can but feel that in some sense they were as truly the soldiers of the Lord of Hosts as of this redeemed republic. Bring, then, the first flowers of spring, and annually decorate these graves of our fallen heroes. Let us lead hither the children, and rehearse to them the reasons and the results of their noble deeds and fire their young hearts with a kindred patriotism; and so every soldier's grave in our land shall become a Lexington, a Lundy's Lane, and Groton Heights to every true American citizen. When the traveler from other nations shall visit our shores and seek out historic places, point him to these graves of our fallen heroes, and tell him that these graves, dotting the length and breadth of our country, have made our whole country historic. Thus shall our national grief mingle with the tears of the thousands of orphans, widows, and mothers, whose sad wailings sweep the expanse of our land, and form the deep minor tones of all our national jubilations.

At the close of this address the column re-formed and marched to the open space in front of the Ashaway Bank, where they were dismissed.

The post now divided into squads, one detachment going to the old Meeting-house Burying-ground, another into North

Stonington, and still another to Rockville, visiting Centerville, Locustville, and Woodville on their way home. They were accompanied by large numbers of citizens the whole distance. At Rockville remarks were made at the graves by Rev. James R. Irish.

CEREMONIES AT NATICK.

(SEDGWICK POST No. 14.)

This post observed Decoration Day in a very appropriate manner. Notwithstanding the drizzling rain, nearly every member was present. About 2 o'clock p. m., after listening to an address in the Baptist Church by Rev. Mr. Tilton, the Grand Army marched to the cemetery some half mile northeast of the village and strewed the graves (four in number) of their departed comrades with flowers. After decorating the graves at Natick, Sedgwick Post, in a blinding rain, marched to Apponaug, was received by the Kentish Artillery, proceeded to the cemetery, and decorated the graves of the fallen brave (six in number) who lie buried there. At Apponaug, as at Natick, the contributions of flowers were liberal, and a collation prepared by the ladies of Apponaug was duly appreciated by the comrades of Post No. 14. After decorating the graves and partaking of the hospitalities of their friends at Apponaug, Sedgwick Post marched back to Natick, thoroughly wet, but satisfied that they had observed the day in an appropriate manner.

CEREMONIES AT PAWTUCKET.

[Extract from a Pawtucket journal.]

The celebration of Memorial Day in this village was almost impromptu. Relying upon Post No. 3, Grand Army of the Republic, of Central Falls, to take the lead, as they did last year, and not knowing that they did not intend to celebrate the day until a late hour on Friday, nothing was done here about it. Friday evening a few individuals, composing a committee

of arrangements consisting of Colonel R. McCloy, Colonel William F. Sayles, Lieutenant O. H. Perry, Captain Thomas Moies, William H. Van Drusen and J. M. Crawford, caused notice to be posted inviting all who would honor the fallen heroes to meet at Armory Hall at 2 p. m. on Saturday. They invited the clergy to take part, and the militia turned out of their own accord. A procession was formed at the hall, consisting of Company E, Pawtucket Light Guard, Captain Macomber; company B, Rhode Island Guards, Captain Kelley; clergy and carriages; two carriage-loads of flowers, one from the gardens and green-houses of Jacob Dunnell, esq., and the other consisting of the contributions of various persons; citizens in carriages; Tower Light Battery, Captain Dana.

The procession moved towards Central Falls, and after traversing that village to show Post No. 3, Grand Army of the Republic, that they were not indispensable, although their presence would have been desirable, it returned to the North Bend Cemetery. Here, after a few introductory remarks by William F. Sayles, esq., Rev. C. H. Spaulding delivered an address and Rev. Constantine Blodgett, D. D., made a prayer. The flowers destined for this cemetery were deposited all together, the friends and relatives of the deceased soldiers decorating the graves each of their own beloved dead. Returning through Cottage street, the procession was met at the Congregational Church by the Pawtucket Cornet Band, which had been assisting at the celebration in Providence. The band, taking the lead and discoursing most excellent and appropriate music, the procession marched next to the Mineral Spring Cemetery, where the Rev. E. D. Hall delivered an address and the Rev. George Ballou made a prayer. An abundance of flowers was left here, the friends of the dead standing ready to receive them, and then all proceeded to St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cemetery, where a most excellent address was made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McFarland, and the remainder of the flowers were deposited. By previous agreement and notice all the banks of the village were closed during the day.

CEREMONIES AT WOONSOCKET.

Early on Sunday morning, May 30, a detachment was sent out, under the supervision of Commander H. J. Whitaker, to decorate the graves of those comrades who sleep, relieved of the din and turmoil of every-day life, in the Bernon, Union Village, Baptist, and Catholic Cemeteries, which was done before the post was ordered to assemble at its headquarters. The line moved at 9 o'clock precisely to Oak Hill Cemetery, where a large concourse of people had gathered and were gathering. The programme there was as follows: Singing by the choir; prayer by Rev. R. Murry, jr.; singing by the choir; poem by E. Richardson, esq.; music by the band; oration by Rev. Mr. Eddy, of Franklin, Massachusetts; music by the band; address by Rev. Mr. Rugg, of Providence; address by Rev. E. H. Hatfield; address by Rev. Mr. Holman, sr.; address by Rev. Mr. Holman, jr.; singing by the choir; prayer by Rev. Mr. Rugg; benediction by Rev. Mr. Holman, sr. The procession re-formed, and the post marched to headquarters, where it was dismissed. The services ended at 12.30 o'clock.

The poem by Comrade Richardson was splendid, and impressively delivered. The addresses of the clergy were eloquent, spirited, and patriotic. They all approved of the day and the objects had in view in observing it as it was observed. The Universalist, Methodist, Baptist, and Episcopalian societies were represented by their clergymen or those who have supplied their pulpits. Everything passed off in the manner desired; nothing was asked that was refused, save the privilege of carrying the old regimental flags of the Third, Fourth, and Seventh Regiments. It seemed a little hard, to those who had marched and fought and starved to give those flags their luster, that they who had borne and defended them in many a bloody fight could not have the privilege of marching another day beneath their sacred folds.

DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

CEREMONIES AT CHARLESTON.

(Post No. 1.)

The remains of the Union soldiers who died in Charleston and its neighborhood, numbering about three hundred, have been gathered together and interred in a neat lot in Magnolia Cemetery. Here the ceremonies were to be performed, and the 29th of May was fixed upon as the day.

In a vacant portion of the soldiers' lot a commodious stand had been erected for the speakers and others. This was draped with the national colors and festooned with wreaths of evergreen and flowers. Over the entrance was the inscription, "We honor those who died that the nation might live."

The members of the Grand Army, each wearing a rosette, or knot of red, white, and blue ribbons on his left breast, being formed in front of the stand, Commander N. K. Reed, of Post No. 1, opened the exercises by reading the order of the commander-in-chief. Prayer was then offered by Chaplain Webster.

MAYOR PILLSBURY'S ADDRESS.

My Friends and Fellow-citizens: We have gathered at this consecrated spot, in the declining hours of this beautiful summer day, to perform a sad, but sacred duty, at the graves of our deceased Union soldiers.

It was only the other day that a scene similar to this occurred over yonder, where rest the remains of the confederate dead. I have said that scene was similar to this; but there was this difference: there the footsteps around those graves were perhaps more gentle and tender, because they were the footsteps of father, mother, wife, brother, sister, and lover, and the flowers, as they fell upon those

mounds with sweet perfume, were bathed in only such tears as affection for kindred can bestow.

On this occasion it is otherwise. Scarcely a relative of those who lie here is present to exhibit to us the tenderness of consanguineous affection for them while they lived, or the depths of grief for kindred now that they are lost and buried.

Many of the head-boards are "Unknown" even, while the others only indicate the name, the company, and regiment to which the sleeper beneath belonged. This is simply all we can know. But they are not "unknown" or unremembered everywhere. Every grave tells us there is a desolate fireside or a vacant chair somewhere, and that the eternal absence of each of these is by somebody felt and mourned.

But although most, if not all of us gathered here, are strangers to those whose memories we have met to cherish, still we are bound to this spot by a sort of mystic tie that cannot be broken. We remember the old flag under which the buried soldiers so often and so gallantly rallied. We love the government for which they not only periled, but sacrificed their lives, and, though strangers, we are in tears. * *

Ladies and gentlemen and comrades in arms of the fallen, in the arrangements which you have made for this national anniversary it seems to me that you have done all that affection and patriotism could suggest. The display of the old national banner indicates that your devotion to the old government is the same that actuated those who fell for its defense. And in the profusion of flowers here exhibited, with other decorations, it seems to me you have robbed death of some of its terrors and the grave of some of its gloom. If the vision of the friends of those who lie buried here could extend to what is occuring here to-day, methinks they would rejoice, not only that their sons and brothers fell in a glorious cause, but that their bodies repose in the midst of friends, who will forever carefully watch and guard their sacred dust.

ADDRESS OF HON. A. J. RANSIER.

Gentlemen of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow-citizens: It is with feelings of melancholy pleasure that I join, by request of your committee, in the ceremonies of this hour. * * * * * *

Those mounds before me suggest ideas and thoughts which furnish matter for the historian, and upon which the intelligent mind might dwell for hours. For me, I must content myself with a word or two, and in them, too, I am admonished to be brief, that you may do that for which you have come here. Their remains rest in peace, and far from those

who wept, and no doubt often weep in silence and in sorrow because they are gone. How suggestive, how painfully suggestive is the awful word upon yonder tablet, "Unknown." Yes, they were to us unknown, and the places where they lie are, perhaps, unknown to those most dear to them in life; but they are not unknown to fame, to history. Their deeds are emblazoned on the escutcheon of their country and remembered by a grateful people. Come not only on specific occasions to strew your flowers, but come whenever opportunity affords; bring your trowels and your spades, and keep fresh the earth and flowers over them. Remember, fellow-citizens, the cause for which they died has triumphed, and they are laid side by side as they fought, regardless of nationality, birth, or color, coming from all sections of the country, typical of the benefits and privileges now secured to every American citizen.

GENERAL GURNEY'S ADDRESS.

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: The custom which has arisen since the war of decorating the graves of those who fell in the defense of their country bespeaks and is an evidence of the highest civilization, and does honor alike to the living and the dead. We have assembled to-day in the discharge of this high and holy duty. We come to moisten with tears of affection and kind remembrance and to decorate with flowers and evergreens the graves of our honored dead. We would here recall to mind their heroic deeds and devotion to duty, and hold them up as bright examples for future generations.

We come to venerate that self-sacrificing spirit which they ever manifested in the hour of danger and peril, even in the hour of death, and offer a fitting tribute to their memory.

Here, in this beautiful "city of the dead," they rest from their labors, and their ashes mingle with our mother earth. No more are they disturbed by the sound of bugle or drum. No more will they tread the lonely beat of the sentinel, nor be wearied by the midnight march. Never again will they be equipped and mustered for war.

> "They sleep their lost sleep, they have fought their last battle,
> No sound can awake them to glory again."
> * * * * * * * * *

We remember, also, that in these same grounds lie, side by side, as it were, soldiers of both armies of the late war—the ashes of both silently and peacefully mingling with each other; the same gentle breeze fans their verdant covering,

the same rain and dew moisten the earth and give vigor and vitality alike to the roses that bloom at the head of the graves of each; the same sun casts its genial warmth and light upon them by day; the same arched heavens are above them, and its starry eyes keep watch by night. "In the grave all fallacies are detected, all ranks are leveled, and all distinctions are done away." Between these brave men there is no longer strife; but eloquently do they speak from their graves—the dead speaking to the living—in the beautiful spirit of the Gospel: "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

It has been truly said, "Dead men win battles." The integrity, patriotism, and noble daring of the soldier, as do the good deeds of all men—goodness being immortal—live forever. And as we decorate these graves with flowers and evergreens, emblems of love and immortality, in commemoration of their good deeds, let us also extend our sympathies to their loved ones in distant homes.

Be it ours, fellow-comrades and fellow-citizens, to emulate the virtues, patriotism, and devotion to duty that speak out so eloquently from the slumbers of those who inhabit this consecrated place.

When the speaking ended the ladies and gentlemen formed into two ranks, the ladies each bearing a basket of choice flowers, the gentlemen holding on their arms the wreaths, etc. In this way the procession emerged from the chapel, led by Commander Reed and Mrs. L. T. Potter, and, to the sound of solemn music, slowly marched up the winding path to the head of the line of graves, then filed to the right. As the procession passed down, each couple successively wheeled out opposite a row of graves and began the work of decoration.

The dry earth of the little mounds was hidden under a delicately-tinted embroidery of flowers, and a wreath of evergreens was placed at the head-board of each grave, presenting a picture pleasing alike to eye and soul. The graves marked "Unknown," it was noticed, were decked more elaborately, if possible, than the others.

The "strewing of flowers" concluded, the procession was re-formed and marched up by the stand, when Dr. Webster read the following lines, composed for the occasion by Major Willoughby, of Post No. 1.

TO THE PATRIOT DEAD AT MAGNOLIA.

Slumber sweetly 'neath the roses,
Comrades in the ended strife;
Faithful hearts have not forgotten
Why ye yielded up your life.

Hushed the musket's volley'd rattle,
Hushed the thunderous cannonade,
Ceased the work of torch and saber,
Ceased the devastating raid.

Still, oh sleeping brave, the banner,
Freedom's banner, floats on high,
Proud as when its image faded
From your death-enshrouded eye.

Here above their honored ashes,
Strengthened, though our tears will fall,
Pride appeases half our sorrow,
When their triumphs we recall.

Bend, oh skies, in peace above them,
Fresh, ye garlands, still remain,
Angels guard their dreamless slumbers,
Peace be with ye, gallant slain.

The exercises of the day were concluded by a short prayer from Rev. Mr. Brown, and the pronouncing of the benediction by Dr. Webster, after which the assemblage dispersed.

CEREMONIES AT BEAUFORT.

The ceremonies at Beaufort were held in accordance with the following

CIRCULAR.

The committee chosen at a public meeting held on the 21st to make arrangements for decorating the graves in the National Cemetery on the 30th inst., as per order of General John A. Logan, would hereby notify the citizens of Beaufort and vicinity that the following arrangements have been made, and it is desirable that all who feel it a privilege to honor the brave should respond with promptness. The different organizations and societies will form in procession on the public green, and be ready to march precisely at 4 o'clock p. m. They will form in the following order:

Chief marshal and aids; fire department; Olive Branch Society; Union Band Society; New Light Society; committee of arrangements; clergy and speakers; mayor and council; superintendents and teachers of schools; officers and soldiers in the late war; Sisters of Zion; Ladies' Martha and

Mary Society; the Congregational Society; Lady Workers of Charity; Zion Benevolent Society; Tabernacle Church; African Baptist Church; Methodist Church; African Methodist Church; Catholic Church; citizens.

The exercises at the cemetery will be as follows: Reading the order of the commander-in-chief, with introductory remarks by the president of the day; singing; prayer, by Rev. Mr. Owens; singing; short addresses by clergymen and others; singing; decorating the graves; singing; the benediction, by Rev. Peter White.

GEORGE NEWCOMB, *President.*

L. S. LANGLEY, *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. MORRISON, *Chief Marshal.*

DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE.

CEREMONIES AT NASHVILLE.

(Post No. 2.)

The following was the order of exercises at the National Cemetery, Nashville, Tennessee, on the 30th of May, 1869:

On arrival, the exercises commenced with the preparation of the flowers by the floral committee. At 11 a. m. the grand marshal and aids formed the procession and the graves were decorated.

At 1 p. m. the meeting was called to order, when the following exercises were heard at the stand: Introductory remarks, Judge E. A. Otis, (who presided at the stand;) prayer, Rev. Dr. Rutledge; address, Hon. D. W. C. Senter; national hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee;" address, Hon. Eugene Cary; national hymn, "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" address, Captain Silas Allen; music by the band; benediction, Chaplain J. Huntington.

Judge E. A. Otis delivered the following introductory address:

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: To me the occasion that calls us together is one full of melancholy interest. We have assembled to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the martyred heroes whose mortal remains are resting within the limits of this National Cemetery. This day is being observed throughout all the United States, whose citizens have abandoned for a time the busy associations of life to strew with flowers the graves of our fallen comrades and to enshrine in their hearts the memory of their glorious deeds. Within this inclosure are lying the silent representatives of nearly all the Northern States, from the east to the far northwest, who at the call of their country rallied under our standard and offered up their lives as a sacrifice to perpetuate the blessings of that free government which had come down to us from our fathers.

It is meet and proper that this day should be observed by all, and that the old and the young should renew their vows of allegiance and loyalty over the graves of our honored dead. We feel that the anxious eyes of friends and relatives in thousands of northern households are turned toward us to-day, and that we are acting in part as their representatives in paying this tribute of respect and remembrance.

But these ceremonies have a higher significance; they are national in their character, and an expression by the people of the United States of solemn gratitude and reverence for the memory of those who risked all and endured all in their defense. The occasion that called for this mighty sacrifice marks an epoch in the annals of our history which will be remembered so long as that history shall exist. The existence of our Government was threatened, its flag dishonored, and its power put at defiance. It seems but yesterday that the tidings were flashed across the country that Sumter had been fired on, and that war had become a stern necessity to vindicate national honor and integrity. All hearts were nerved to the contest, and men from all classes abandoned their homes and firesides, to which many never returned, and enrolled themselves in the service of their country. Throughout the ever-varying fortunes of that mighty conflict, in which national existence was the prize to be lost or won, they never for one moment faltered or wavered from the course which it had become necessary to pursue. Though success crowned their efforts, yet it was at a fearful sacrifice, and the land which indomitable courage had redeemed was marked with the graves of the fallen and the waste and desolation of battle. That grand and spontaneous uprising of the citizen-soldiery, full armed and panoplied for battle, has no parallel in the history of any age or country. The contest ended, the great work accomplished, all have quietly resumed the avocations of peace, and already the wasted fields of war begin to bloom and blossom as of old, and time will soon remove all physical traces of our great conflict. Let us hope that the passions engendered by that contest will also speedily disappear, and that those who were once arrayed against each other in battle will be united by bonds of lasting friendship. This duty is ours: to reconstruct and unite in common bonds of interest all who owe a common allegiance to our common and re-established government. This is the work of peace, to which we who survived the conflict are called upon to perform. Those who are now resting in their honored graves, the subjects of a nation's eulogy, and whose memories will be cherished as long as our country exists, have discharged their duty. Their work is ended.

To me there is a fitness in the place selected for the burial of our fallen comrades. It was due them and us that the land which their heroism and courage had helped to redeem should be their last resting-place. This was in part the scene of their labors, and here, within a short distance from the place where we are now standing, were enacted some of the most important scenes connected with the whole contest. Let us forever cherish their memory, and keep green in our hearts the recollections of their gallant deeds.

When Judge Otis had concluded, the Rev. Mr. Rutledge delivered a prayer.

The assembly then sung the hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

At the conclusion of this hymn Governor Senter delivered a short address.

He said that the occasion which called them together was more sacred than that on which the Jews were in the habit of going up to the temple to offer their gifts. We meet in the temple of liberty, to honor those who fell in her defense. We stand as citizens to decorate the graves of seventeen thousand who were sacrificed that the country might live and to build up a platform upon which every one may stand, without any distinction of race, or color, or country. [Cheers.] While we are fittingly commemorating the deaths of many who have here found graves, far away from home, other hands are, with equal love and reverence, bestrewing the graves of those we know of the sons of Tennessee buried in other places far away. Here we have representatives from every Union State, sleeping together in their lowly graves, equally honored, equally respected. While we lament their deaths, we have the comforting assurance that they are now enjoying the reward of their labors, of their sacrifices, and that we, as the fruits of these sacrifices, have a brighter future before us, a more consolidated, glorious, and vigorous national life. Their blood is not lost, for God has said that no sparrow falls unknown to Him. The grass springs up fresher and greener that they have fallen; nature herself worships at their shrine. Their glory shall last. It is given to us to guard the prerogative of perfect and equal freedom which they have bequeathed to us. Let us all stand, if not as a rampart against its enemies, at least in council to preserve intact that freedom which their blood has purchased.

The Governor was followed by Judge Cary.

JUDGE CARY'S ADDRESS.

The ceremonies which have been here performed this day have, by the action of the government, become a national custom, to be repeated, I trust, each year at every national cemetery so long as the nation shall continue to exist; for, aside from the mere deference which we here show to the dead, there is something deeper and better in it which affects the heart and life of the nation, and by establishing this day as a day of national celebration, the government recognized a truth which is alike the teaching of philosophy and of history.

In social life it is demonstrated that social gatherings and the interchange of social feeling and sentiment promote social affection and harmony of interest. Even the sound of the human voice has great control over the heart, and he that never speaks his love soon has none to speak. Stifled affections soon die out, and the thought that has no utterance, like money that is buried to be saved, is soon lost. To feel upon any subject, and to keep alive our emotions, we must think and speak and agitate and act; and love of country, like any other feeling, to live, must find expression, must be told and talked about and cultivated by public ceremony and celebration; and that patriotism that has no voice to shout the nation's praise, no activity to publicly celebrate the acts of the nation's heroes, like plants grown in the shade, bears no ripe grain to enrich the nation's granaries. National holidays and festivities, and days of national celebration and ceremony, are national necessities; they are founded in nature and philosophy, and are necessary to the prosperity and continuance of the national life, and no nation yet died, except in battle, whose holidays and days of public ceremony were sacredly kept; and had our great national holiday (the 4th of July) been faithfully celebrated each year throughout every portion of the country, the rebellion which dug the graves we have this day looked upon never could have existed. Many of the ancients understood this principle, and their numerous days of national recreation and festivity, their public sports, pastimes, and ceremonies, were worth to the nations that indulged them more than a thousand legislatures; worth more, because they reached the hearts and kept alive the patriotism of the people. * * *

With these lessons of wisdom speaking from these hallowed mounds, how proper it is that we shall strew them with the richest of nature's flowers, and that we shall assemble among them each returning year and learn anew the lessons they continually teach.

Then was sung the "Battle Hymn of the Republic:"

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

CAPTAIN ALLEN'S ADDRESS.

Fellow-citizens: The humblest mound among the thousands that you with pious hands have to-day decorated with flowers speaks with a nobler eloquence than any living orator; and all these silent ones will continue to speak with deepest meaning so long as men's hearts can be stirred by sentiments of patriotism and virtue and all the noblest qualities of our nature.

In many a lonely home in Tennessee and Kentucky, and beyond the beautiful river, aching hearts turn streaming eyes towards Nashville to-day, and from many a broken family circle grateful prayers are going up to Heaven for us who are honoring the graves of those who, a few short years ago, left their homes full of life and hope and health, to find a final resting-place upon this grassy plain.

Is this a time for tears? Let us pause and study a question of so deep an import. Who could refrain from weeping at the sight of eighteen thousand graves, to think of all these brave young lives gone out and quenched in darkness before their sun had reached its noon? Here in dreamless sleep they lie, and every noble heart that beat only for its country is still and cold, every eye that lighted a household with joy and beauty is dull and sightless, and in a hundred thousand houses there is mourning and desolation. What a waste of precious human life was it, the sacrifice of these thousands so suddenly called from the pleasant light of day to darkness and eternal sleep!

Fellow-citizens, judge not so. Shed no tears for those who so soon have finished life's whole work, and, having performed manhood's noblest duties, have entered upon this peaceful rest.

He has already lived too long in whose bosom selfishness has supplanted virtue and patriotism, and he never dies too soon who falls in defense of his country. And if human life is given for the accomplishment of great ends, what men have ever better fulfilled their mission.

For themselves they have secured glory, honor, and immortality, and for their country, abiding peace and a name among the nations that shall never be taken away. For what is any nation's heritage of history but the memory of the deeds of its sages, patriots, and heroes? Men like these have inscribed the names of the great nations of antiquity upon monuments more durable than brass or granite, and handed them down for the instruction and admiration of all future ages.

Here lie side by side in death, as they stood and fought in

life, the white and black heroes of the war. Here was offered an opportunity to colored men, of which they availed themselves with joy and alacrity, and in the pride and glory of this occasion they are entitled to share. No men or race of men were worthy of being free who were not willing to lay down life for the defense of their country and families, and upon many a bloody field the colored men proved their right to rank with men and patriots.

Our noble dead have not sacrificed their lives in vain. They have set in motion a grand impulse of the human mind toward justice, and right, and freedom, which will go on conquering and to conquer, until the prejudices of race and section shall die; until national animosities shall cease; until all men shall find in the happiness of others their own,

> "Till the war-drum throbs no longer
> And the banners all are furled,
> In the parliament of man,
> The federation of the world."

I have the authority of Him whose name is above every other name for saying, that "Greater love than this hath no man, that he would give his life for his friend." Happy is the nation who is thus loved of her children, who succors the weak, who lifts up the manhood of the poor, whose laws are founded in justice, and all her statutes in righteousness. God shall give her rulers wisdom to prosper them in all their undertakings. The God of Battles shall go forth with her armies in the conflict, to lead them to certain victory, and she shall never die.

The assemblage then sung "John Brown" and the doxology, after which they departed for the city.

CEREMONIES AT MEMPHIS.

(Post No.—.)

The president of the day, Judge Harry S. Lee, called the assembly to order, and the chaplain of the occasion, Rev. A. L. Rankin, offered up prayer. The band then played in fine style "This is the Day of the Lord," after which President Lee delivered the following address:

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The cycle of another year has rolled around, and we are again gathered in the "silent city of the dead," where repose the remains of our fallen

comrades, for the purpose of commingling our tears over their graves; commemorating the heroism, self-sacrificing devotion, and virtues of those who here sleep the sleep that knows no waking; testifying our fealty to the cause for which their blood was poured out as a sacred libation; to show to the world that the republic is not ungrateful to the memory of those who have perished in its defense, and to give all the aid and influence in our power to making the nation's receptacles for the nation's dead places sacred in the hearts of the people, and toward which their footsteps shall annually turn for the purpose of evincing, by appropriate ceremonies, the veneration and affection in which their memories are and for all times shall be held. In the presence of this mighty host, whose *manes* have been gathered by the tender care of the national government from the thousand battle-fields whereon they fell and deposited in this beautiful cemetery, that, rescued from nameless graves, in which they otherwise would have reposed, their last resting-place may be guarded with the nation's care, and beautified and adorned through the nation's love and munificence and at the hands of a grateful people, the heart may well tremble and the mind shrink at the task of paying, through the poor, weak mediumship of language, the tribute meet and fitting to the memory of the gallant dead and to the occasion that has called us together. * * * *

Many of those who lie here entombed I have known when the life-current coursed vigorously through their veins and their hearts beat high with hope and ambition—ambition that they might so serve their country's cause as to win the guerdon of their country's praise; hope that the deadly strife would soon be over and they permitted to return to the loved ones at home. But God willed it otherwise, and they were among the number called to make up the nation's sacrifice, and now sleep here, far from those whose hearts yearned to greet them on their return. To some who rest here it was my province to give the voice of command. All, all who lie beneath these mounds were my comrades. With the knowledge of their patriotism, valor, and devotion to their country's cause, gained by such association with them, I can, in the fullest measure that the heart is capable of cherishing those sentiments, love, respect, and revere their memory; but should I attempt to testify to their services and sacrifices, as I comprehend and appreciate them, my thoughts would struggle in vain for utterance and language would fail to perform its office.

At the conclusion of Judge Lee's speech the band gave

"The Star-spangled Banner," when Judge Pierce came forward and delivered the following

ORATION.

Ladies and Gentlemen: No words of mine can be needed to impress upon your minds the interesting significance of this day's ceremonies. The occasion itself is eloquent. The days of our years are crowded with great events, and Clio, the muse of history, is for the time being the "chiefest of the tuneful nine." But even our daily familiarity with scenes and circumstances which we feel assured must pass into the future as a part of the history of the time does not blind the reflecting mind to their significance or to the lessons they teach. And to-day the solemn stillness of this rural city of the dead, the mounds of crumbling earth rising before us in rank and file, shoulder to shoulder, as once marched the forms that are now turning to crumbling earth beneath them, the drooping folds of a mighty nation's banner, pathetic in its muffled rustling, the hushed murmurs and tender tones of the voice, the sympathetic look and the sorrow that flows from eye to eye, all speak in tones clearer than mine could hope to be, in that universal language which pervades all nature, and interprets itself to every true and loving heart, of that succession of events which here culminate in a national cemetery, of those long sunny days of the past, when in the field of the nation's prosperity a human harvest was slowly ripening for the reaping of that dread reaper, with sickle keen, whose unerring stroke swept through the field with fatal precision, of the altars by affection reared beside thousands of fireside-hearths, where loving hearts bled and broke in sympathy with the fallen husband, or father, or brother, pouring out his life-blood on the battle-field, and of the cry of a mighty nation in her anguish, mourning for her lost, her martyred heroes.

All this has passed in panorama before your vision as you came hither to-day, as you entered within yonder gates, saying softly to yourself,

"Be still! be still! for all around
On either side is holy ground."

All these scenes are to-day cast as if by magic upon the retina of the mind, at each and all of our national cemeteries, as a sympathetic people comes together, moved by a common impulse, to honor those whose acts and deeds form the center of all these historic pictures. Their loss was and is a national one.

"And lo! a nation bendeth down in tears."

Gathered as we are on this anniversary day, again to do honor to the nation's dead, by decorating with flowers and garlands this spot, which a year ago we dedicated to their memory, it is fit and appropriate that we reflect upon the services of our lost heroes, and study their characters, and talk to each other of their virtues. We shall in no better way do honor to the fallen than by reviewing in brief the honors which they achieved for themselves. These graves are nothing, their contents are nothing to the departed soldier, nor are they aught to us, save as mementos and representatives of those departed ones, whose cast-off mortal bodies lie here, while in another world they themselves continue the life commenced and develop the character acquired here.

Let me speak, therefore, of the American soldier—of him who fought and fell in the late war, and whose earthly body lies buried here before us. Not in the spirit of proud panegyric, in glowing language to rehearse his deeds and exalt his valor and courage, nor to indulge in any of the empty platitudes with which it is so easy to please the ear. The deeds of the American army in the late war will speak for themselves. Their highest, proudest boast—one which might suffice for any army—is that the foes they met and conquered were themselves Americans; they were of the same lineage and country; they had the same past history and national achievements to inspire their efforts and awaken emulation, and many of their leaders had been trained in the same military school, and had side by side with them in past days marched to victory. With such a foe to encounter, the conflict must of necessity be Titanic, and success must be a sufficient voucher of skill and valor. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," no less truly because the poet did not indite his sentiment in precisely these words. Not that a civil war is more glorious in its character than any other or any the less to be deprecated, nor that a fratricidal struggle is to be commended or emulated, for these our lost heroes engaged in such a struggle only from necessity and duty.

> "They fought, but not from love of strife;
> They struck, but to defend."

And as it was only in defense of a mother that they could lift their hands against brothers, so, in her defense, no fraternal tie, however dear, could interfere with duty; and, at the news that their country's flag was in danger from fraternal hands, a million stalwart arms were raised to ward off the matricidal blow, and protect the banner which to them symbolized the nation's life.

Though low in stature, and humbly rising from this southern plain, each one of these graves before us to-day towers before the nation like a mountain, to which, like the Switzer to his majestic Alps, every American father may bring his son, and here explain to him why America is free.

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Every soldier whose earthly life is exacted in earnest of his devotion to his country, no matter what may be his other traits of character, is a martyr, and there can be no degrees in martyrdom. So let us treat them all in our memorial exercises, and so shall good angels smile upon the charity which covereth a multitude of errors and the impartiality which honors without discrimination all who fell in the cause of their country. And so may we, if perchance we, too, may be called in future years to give up all we possess in this life, and even this life itself, for America's good, as these have done, not only have the example of these for our guidance and imitation to teach and convince us that it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country, but may also trust our characters and our reputations, with all our faults and shortcomings, most fully to the kind judgment of our surviving countrymen, convinced by the testimony of such occasions as this that republics are not ungrateful.

"Hail Columbia" was played by the band, after which William Craig, esq., read an appropriate patriotic poem. Pleyel's German hymn was then played. Dr. Shaw then delivered the following address:

Here, in this city of the dead, where underneath our feet there is only moldering dust which once formed the frail tenement of souls now disembodied and sitting serenely above us in perfect equality and fraternity in the presence of their Great Commander, where titles and ranks and epaulettes and stars and eagles give no elevation and confer no distinction, where the pale king who,

> "With equal hand strikes wide the door
> Of palace of the rich and hovel of the poor,"

has thus secured to all an eternal equality of rank and honor—here in this presence of the mortal dust and the immortal spirit, it seems to me eminently fit and proper that we should give worthy recognition to the virtues and heroism of the common soldiers—I mean the men who carried the musket, the cartridge-box, the haversack, and the knapsack; who made weary marches through dust and mud, through heat and cold, amid rain and snow, in search of the enemies of

their country, and, when battle was ordered, shouldered the additional burden of three days' cooked rations and forty rounds of ammunition, pushed their way fearlessly to the front, not choosing or being able to choose safe and sheltered positions when others could execute what they might order, but marching boldly into the very jaws of death, cheerfully offered their noble lives a sacrifice to save their beloved country. Theirs was the grandest inspiration that ever filled the souls of men. * * * *

Our soldiers were no blind machines, urged and driven to do an unknown work. When they marched, they knew whither they were going. When they moved on flank or front, they knew the purpose of their movement. They often comprehended the situation as clearly as their commanding officers, who had a wider range and better opportunities for observation. Witness what took place at Mission Ridge, when our troops attacked the center of the enemy's position. They were ordered to charge certain points and carry a few batteries. When they had done this they saw that victory was within their reach, and, without waiting for orders, with exhultant shouts they spontaneously rushed onward, and converted the enemy's falling back into a panic and a rout. The soldiers themselves took command and finished the victory, and took care to make it so positive and complete, that no studied and glossed reports were necessary to demonstrate that it was something more than one of those drawn battles of which some of our generals had had so many, with such questionable results for their country's welfare and their own reputation.

The superior intellect and intelligence of our soldiery added vastly to the morals of the army. The men knew what they were fighting for, and they had such an interest and such terrible earnestness that they would accept of nothing less than complete success. If they met with temporary reverses, they comprehended the significance and importance of them, and did not suffer themselves to be discouraged by false and exaggerated estimates. To command such an army was easy, because it assisted to command itself. When a difficult work was to be accomplished, for which some extraordinary skill or knowledge was required, it was only necessary to announce what was desired, and mechanics, engineers, and skilled artisans were found by scores to assist and perfect the plans and operations of the generals. How many an adjutant general was complimented for the neatness and accuracy of his reports, which were wholly supervised and prepared by some smooth-faced detailed private. How many an incompetent quartermaster was saved from hopeless entanglement in his accounts

by the intelligence and skill of his unknown clerk, who was distinguished only by the discriptive rolls of his company. The elegant correspondence of some officers in high rank owed its excellence entirely to some lucky detail. Some of our generals were sensible enough to appreciate and respect the excellence and superiority of the men they commanded. None showed this more frequently or in a higher degree than General Grant. He took pains to make known how much he was indebted to the intelligence and skill of his soldiers in achieving his successes. He was careful to say that he had never wanted a difficult thing done but that he found some one in the ranks able and ready to do it. He has always accepted the honors and compliments paid to him as so many honors and compliments paid to his army. It is greatly to his credit that he never neglected the wants of his soldiers, or failed to protect them in their rights and secure them from imposition and wrong.

As there were numerous deeds of bravery and heroism performed by private soldiers which have never been chronicled or related, so there were, also, noble acts of chivalry which had no recognition or reward except what their own nobleness conferred upon those who achieved them. Let me relate one, and *ab uno disce omnes*, from this imagine how many occurred.

After the occupation of Jackson, Mississippi, the second time, and Joe. Johnston had retreated across Pearl River, General Sherman's army was ordered to fall back on Black River, where we were to go into camp and rest during the hot season, after the fatigues and victories of Vicksburg and Jackson. We were ordered to leave none of the sick or wounded behind. As surgeon of a division, I had the charge of removing something more than a hundred wounded men, among whom there were ten with wounds so severe, and who had undergone such formidable surgical operations, that they had to be borne on litters the whole distance, thirty miles. I had details from all the regiments to which the wounded men belonged to carry the litters. These details were changed every night. The second day we marched fifteen miles, under the hottest July sun of a Mississippi summer, and by a route where the dearth of water was more tormenting than the sun's oppressive heat. I had cared for my sick and wounded, had seen and examined my new details, and instructed them in their hard duty for the morrow, and, thoroughly exhausted, had lain down about 11 o'clock to get what rest I could before moving at 2, so as to keep in advance of the column. I had scarcely dozed, when I was aroused by the sergeant from the Forty-sixth Ohio, who had been in charge of the litter-bearers

from his regiment, and had just been relieved by a fresh detail. What do you suppose he wanted? Extra rations, or an order allowance of whisky after the dreadful fatigues of the day? No, nothing of the sort. "Doctor," said he, "we have been looking at this new detail sent to take our place, and we do not think they look stout enough, and we are afraid they will give out themselves, and our wounded comrades suffer also by their breaking down; so I have come to you to ask your permission to send these men back to the regiment and allow us to keep our places to-morrow." I gave him the permission as well as I could for my emotion, and lay down and wept with joy that human nature was so noble. Here were twelve obscure and unknown men doing a deed as chivalrous as that which immortalized the dying Sidney at Zutphen, when he took the cup of water from his lips and passed it to a wishful wounded soldier, saying: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." But Sidney was the flower of chivalry, and said his words in the ears and wrought his deeds before the eyes of all Christendom. His name, his words, and his deeds are embalmed in poetry and history, and will live through all the ages, while I even have forgotten the names of that noble sergeant and his comrades. I reported them to the general and their colonel, but they went staggering under their loved and weary burden, unconscious that they were doing a deed which entitled them to rank with Sidney, Bayard, and Raleigh, those knights *sans peur et sans reproche*—without fear as well as without reproach.

To know the common soldiers well and thoroughly it was necessary to come in contact with them under different relations from those necessarily existing between officers and soldiers. They must have been seen when free from the deference and restraint imposed by the presence of those whose commands they were bound to obey. One must have visited them in their tents at all hours of the day and night. He must have seen them in the hospital, and sat by their cots when sick and wounded. Then he could hear their simple and unrestrained expressions of earnest patriotism, could witness the resignation and willingness with which they endured hardship, fatigue, and suffering, and looked forward cheerfully to the surrender of their young lives to save their country. He should have listened to their humble and earnest prayers offered up for their own forgiveness and the salvation of their country—prayers led by no chaplains, who were too often playing the sycophant at headquarters, too anxious for their own comfort and ease, and looking too eagerly for the coming of the paymaster. One should have seen them when the postmaster made his rounds, and wit-

nessed them retiring to read the letters from home, and assembling in squads eagerly to devour the contents of the newspapers and learn the movements, successes, or reverses of other armies, from which they might deduce the probable duration of the war and compute how far off was that glorious result which they always had full faith would be reached at last. Watching all these things, and looking beneath the rough and reckless exterior, he would always find the genuine gold of manhood, and be forced to estimate human nature not by the insignia of rank or any external belongings. *

Enough has been shown to demonstrate that our country is perfectly safe in the hands of her citizen soldiery. We need no numerous and expensive standing armies. We need no soldiers who make soldiering and war a trade or profession. It is enough for the country to be in danger, and utter her cries for help. The men who own the country will come from every mountain, come from every hill and valley, and there will be only the delay of finding generals who are fit, or teaching those who are unfit to lead them. Our soldiers, when they fight for their country, know and understand that they are doing their own work. The soil they defend is their own. The government they protect is their own handiwork. They made it, they can unmake it, and they can preserve it. This feeling makes our soldiers strong and invincible. They forget the accident which subordinates them for a time to secure necessary unity and discipline, and go to the battle as Pyrrhus's ambassador described the Romans, "a nation of kings." Thus liberty and equality prove themselves to be the strongest forces in government. Thus shall our form of government be perpetual, for it is built upon a rock. Everlasting truth lies underneath it. God and humanity give it support and sympathy, because God sees in it obedience to his law, and humanity beholds in it her only hope and only salvation, *una spes, unaque salus.*

This was followed by "America" from the band. The concluding prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Bliss, was then offered up. The band played the "Light Guard Quickstep," and the celebration was concluded.

DEPARTMENT OF VERMONT.

CEREMONIES AT DERBY CENTER.

(Post No. 3.)

Saturday was appropriately observed at Derby Center in decorating the soldiers' monument with befitting exercises, under the direction of this post.

At 1.30 o'clock the procession formed, under the direction of L. H. Bisbee, commander of the post, and J. T. Allen, marshal, and marched to the monument in the following order: The Newport Cornet Band; members of the post; ladies; citizens, on foot and in carriages.

Arriving at the monument, each of the soldiers and many others in the procession deposited their offering of flowers or evergreen on the base of the monument. A brief and appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. George H. Bailey, chaplain of the post; an apostrophe to the departed heroes, delivered by Major Josiah Grout, jr., of St. Albans; a poem read by D. K. Simonds, esq., of Newport; an oration by Hon. B. H. Steele, of St. Johnsbury, and benediction by the chaplain. Mr. Bisbee remarked that the day annually set apart as "Decoration Day" was the 30th of May, but, that day occurring this year on Sunday, these more public services were held on Saturday, suggested the propriety of friends placing their simple offering of flowers upon the graves of the fallen soldiers on the Sabbath, wherever such graves could be found within the county, and urged all to do so.

APOSTROPHE BY MAJOR GROUT.

This day, though comparatively a novelty in the catalogue of commemorative occasions in this country, is yet one replete with the deepest interest and saddened by the keenest sorrow of any that can be observed by those who mourn the dead of

the late war. Any day, whether set apart by common consent or the order of the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, for decorating the graves of our fallen heroes, to the people of this country will ever have an interest as deep, though not without a sorrow as lasting, as the principle of their lives. Its interest and sorrow will become sacred as the extent of mourning in the land is more fully realized; such sacredness will be as extensive as loyalty and as enduring as the unyielding patriotism and intelligence of our people. * * * * * *

Departed heroes! ye who loved yourselves less and your country more, who gave your noble lives to perpetuate the Union, who exchanged your earthly joys, pleasures, and friends for the unknown future, hoping thereby to preserve inviolate the institutions of your fathers; ye who hesitated not to embrace the fierce lock of deadly combat, abiding the expected horrors of bloodshed and death; who accepted the dangers of war, that others might enjoy the calms of peace; who stood the ready bulwark and defense of your country through its darkest days of storm and danger; ye, comparatively a few, who challenged death for the happiness of many, we would send you this day the greeting of our affectionate remembrance. We remember when Sumter surrendered, when the flag of our national sovereignty was trailed in the dust, when the country was wild with excitement, how your faces glowed with patriotic enthusiasm; how you left the plow, the shop, the mart, the school, and the office; how you rallied from the hills and the valleys of your country and went forth to do battle, as did your sires of the Revolution. We remember you upon the march, at the bivouac, in camp, in hospital, and in the field; in health, in sickness, and in death. We remember the hurrying to and fro in hot haste, the quickened step, the quivering lip, the moistened eye, the preparation, the final leave-taking, and departure for new scenes of stern trials; the occasional letter, the return upon furlough, the brief stay, the faithful return to duty; yes, we remember you through all the tragic scenes of war. More than this, we remember, as one by one, sometimes by tens or more, the news of your summons to eternity reached your homes, how all were bowed with grief and filled with anguish. Your forefathers gave their lives to establish a great nation and you gave yours to preserve it; as they have been remembered, so will you be remembered.

The nation, with its returning prosperity, disenthralled and mighty in the glory of its freedom, with the flag floating unchallenged from Maine to the gulf over every fort and arsenal, from one great ocean to the other, looks to you as

benefactors. We would remember you with a lasting generous gratitude; we would remember you as a sacrifice worthy the cause for which you died; we would remember you as you were in life and as you are in death. A thought of remembrance we will bestow upon the memory of him who came from his western home, a plain, unassuming man, asking the prayers of his neighbors to assist him in the untried responsibilities of the important place to which he had been called, who dared be just, and in the justice of his doings elevated a race from the degradation of slavery to the glorious sunlight of liberty—who, after a little more than four years' faithful service at the head of the nation, was returned to that home a mighty conqueror, to sleep the sleep of death.

We will remember the man with an affection that shall never cease! Yea, we will remember him as we do those who fell in the heat of a battle, pierced with bullets and torn by shot and shell.

ORATION OF HON. B. H. STEELE.

Soldiers of the Grand Army and Fellow-citizens: I am glad to pass this day here in Derby. It is a pleasure to see the faces I have always known. It is, too, a fond but sad pleasure to unite in the exercises of this day, at a place where I recall the fallen soldiers with personal interest as well as honor for their public service.

. It is very fitting that these memorial exercises should occur at this hopeful season of the year. While we mourn the dead, we are able to see all about us in the fields and forests, which have just burst from their shroud of snow and are warming with the foliage of another summer, the symbols of the resurrection and the promise of a new life. This confident hope of a new and better future extends from those we mourn to the country for which they fell.

Already it is eight years since the open rebellion of slavery against the free spirit of the republic. * * *

Like a criminal, slavery had hesitated at the violation of no law which opposed its progress, and like a criminal it had claimed and received the favor of even every insignificant form of the law which would aid it to escape from merited prosecution. But in order to make war upon the laws and the Constitution, slavery voluntarily withdrew from beneath their protecting shield, under which it had long coiled in apparent security. Then for the first time was its naked hideousness fully exposed to the gaze of the American people. Then for the first time was it open to direct attack. No longer could the slaveholder plead his constitutional right to compel an-

other man to work for him without pay, to divorce husband and wife without the consent of either and without process of law, and to sell children. These chivalrous exercises, if he indulged in them longer, he voluntarily undertook to enjoy outside the Constitution and not under it. He thus withdrew himself from the only breastwork which for years had sheltered the guilt of slavery from the indignation of a people pledged to freedom. From that instant the American flag had a new significance. It became the banner of equal liberty, the symbol of strength, but only of strength to protect and not to oppress. Not every politician, not every general perceived the change, but the grand mass of the army and the people understood and felt that as slavery had withdrawn itself from the protection of the law, with every advance of a federal battalion "John Brown's soul was marching on." The "Glory hallelujah," of the soldiers' song meant more than Union, more than empire, more than order. It meant liberty, equality, justice. And when at last the dreadful struggle of four long years was ended by the victory of the federal arms, every slave in the republic stood forth a free man, and with the incense of the thanksgiving of an emancipated race was wafted heavenward the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, the last great martyr of liberty, to stand there as he stood here, at the head of the noblest wing of the grand army of the republic. How far does this war in which fell your sons and your comrades, and to which you contributed your service or your support, surpass in moral grandeur and generosity the wars of other days? Others fought for empire, these for union; others to gain power, these to give it; others to win for themselves the privileges of freemen, these to bestow them upon the weak. * * * *

But great as they were in achievement, not less was their greatness in sacrifice. Five thousand one hundred and twenty-four of our young men, officers and soldiers, met their death in the service. This is a larger ratio of death than is shown upon the federal muster-roll of any other State in the Union except Kansas, the new Vermont of the West, a State whose infant settlement was a herculean victorious struggle for life and independence with Missouri, like that of the Green Mountain boys of our early times with New York. Besides the loss of Vermont by death she lost from the service eight thousand six hundred men by wounds, disease, and other forms of casualty, making a total of more than one-third her entire quota of troops. Very many of those who lived to be discharged brought with them to their homes the seeds of death, and are now in their graves, not less martyrs of liberty than if slain upon the field of battle. These

terrible losses from the youth, the vigor, and the promise of our little State may well call us together once a year from our mountains and valleys to bow in public mourning. Here, in Derby, this substantial monument which the town, in fitting appreciation of honorable service and patriotic sacrifice, has raised to perpetuate and to honor the memory of their sons who fell, bears lasting record of the death of more than fifty young men.

I see here the comrades in arms of those who are fallen, the grateful survivors of the hazards of war, hazards which they volunteered to meet. Some of them will always wear with them the evidence of their narrow escape from the fate of those whom they to-day lament. What memories does this day bring you of intimacies with fallen soldiers, the touch of whose elbow you are to feel never again! How rise before you the memory of long, wistful story-telling days and evenings of your life with them in camp and winter quarters; the long looked-for but at last sudden order to advance, the hurried preparation, the rapid and wearisome march, the smoke and thunder of the sudden engagement, the watchful nights, now in the rifle-pit or behind the earthworks and then in the open field, the rounds, the sickness in the hospital away from the magnetic touch of a mother's hand, and finally the muffled drum, the slow march, the reversed arms, and the parting salute of the soldier's funeral! What recollections have you of plans and fond dreams of life and business together after the war, all broken in death!

These sad, sweet memories of those you loved, you, their relatives, friends, and comrades, can never lose. They are the memories which only brighten as age creeps upon us. You could not forget them if you would. Cherish them; tell them to your children and your children's children, that they too may know the price of liberty and be ready to defend what you have secured. And when in old age, after having seen all the vicissitudes of life, you come again, as to-day, around the soldier's grave with your offerings of garlands of pure flowers to the honored memory of your friends and comrades, may your trembling hands be supported by a new generation worthy the rich legacy of American freedom.

CEREMONIES AT BRATTLEBORO'.

(Sedgwick Post No. 8.)

On Saturday, May 29, at 2 o'clock, the procession took up its line of march to the village cemetery. During the march

a national salute was fired by a section of battery stationed on the hill overlooking the village.

Music by the band; reading of General Order No. 21, by Lieutenant Colonel N. C. Sawyer, post commander; prayer by Rev. James Eastwood; music by the band; oration by Rev. N. Mighill.

Soldiers of the Armies of the Republic, Ladies, and Gentlemen: It is but a few days since the intelligence flashed over the land that the Pacific railway is completed. By this grand feat of engineering our continent is spanned with iron. A new era of intercommunication, a new era of traffic and commerce, finds the date of its beginning in this month of May, 1869. Our view westward is no longer limited by the rocky barrier which has risen to obstruct it hitherto. As the tourist now takes his way into the distant regions of the setting sun,

> "Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
> One of the mountains; each a mighty voice."

The Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which through ages have owned no alliance, now advance the crests of their billows to pay tribute to each other. We see the Eastern and Western States of our common country brought into closer contact, and sharing equally in the inestimable gifts which Providence has bestowed upon us. Looking beyond our own borders, we behold China, India, and the islands of the sea hastening to bear their merchandise to our shores, and carry to their own the seeds of a higher civilization than they at present enjoy.

It is natural and proper that we should exult in this proof of our prosperity and welcome the accession of national greatness which it surely foretokens. * * * *

I am aware that in some quarters it is the style to speak of those who caused the late war as misguided, and to deem an occasion like the present one on which the dead should receive equal honor, whether they fought for or against the government. I would not be vindictive, but I have neither the hand nor the heart to pluck a leaf of the laurel which belongs to him who tried to save his country, and place it upon the brow of him who tried to destroy his country. How can we, even at this solemn hour, fronting the equality of the grave and the solemnity of the future world, so stultify the instincts of the loyal citizen and the faithfulness of the loyal soldier as to intimate that the difference between the wearer of the blue uniform and the wearer of the gray may be lightly regarded? Our brave soldiers who met the rebels by the Potomac, the James, and the Tennessee did

not discover that rebellion is other than a desperate and cruel wrong. It is not well to fan anew the flame of civil dissension. It is well to hear the voice of Christian charity. But that peace is too dearly purchased which results from loss of principle, and charity cannot set aside the demands of truth. It is of the utmost importance that the southern rebellion should be looked upon to-day in its historical character, as a deadly attempt to overthrow the best government of the world, and rear a new one with slavery for a corner-stone. The champions of a proud oligarchy and a hateful social wrong drew upon the nation the horrible mischiefs of civil war. Hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed, millions of money were spent, not to enlarge the nation or to build waste places, or to help the poor and the suffering, but to save the government from its enemies, enemies whom it had protected and blessed all their days. We will not confound loyalty and treason anywhere, least of all at the graves of the loyal dead. They cannot speak for themselves nor for us. We must speak for ourselves and for them. We assert distinctly, therefore, that we owe our liberties under God to the soldiers of the republic. The credit cannot be wrested from them. They went out at the call, leaving homes that were dear. They jeopardized their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. They languished in hospitals and starved in prisons. They died, tens and hundreds of thousands, for dear fatherland. * * *

The year opens in beauty. Every bird and bough, every plant and shrub, gives its token. For those who have closed their eyes to all this for us we gather the fairest things animated by this new life as a votive offering. The buds and blossoms shall spell upon their graves the immortal sentiment, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" It is sweet to die for one's native land.

CEREMONIES AT BRANDON.

(Ford Post No. 18.)

A beautiful monument, the design of Major Robert A. Hutchins, was made by Mr. Kelly, and on Saturday was wound with wreaths of the choicest flowers of the season.

On the base of the monument was the inscription,

"To the memory of our fallen comrades who lie buried where they fell."

On Sunday the procession was formed at the town hall, un-

der the charge of Commandant E. J. Omsbee, captain Company G, Twelfth Vermont Regiment, assisted by Captain J. V. Parker, Company B, Seventh Vermont Regiment, and First Lieutenant C. W. Carr, Company F, Sixth Vermont Regiment, in the following order:

Commandant Captain Omsbee: music; returned soldiers, each having a bouquet in his hand, and in the center of the line of soldiers was the monument, covered with wreaths and bouquets, draped with the flag, mounted on a large wagon, drawn by four black horses, and guarded by a squad of twenty armed soldiers, under the command of Captain William Cronan, Company B, Seventh Vermont Regiment; chaplain Kittridge Haven, of Shoreham, and the orator, Colonel C. H. Joyce, of Rutland; choir; citizens of town and of the neighboring towns.

On the arrival at the cemetery the monument was placed on a triangular lot, almost in front of the gate. A hymn, "Lord Hear our Prayer," was sung by the choir. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Kittridge Haven, after which an address was delivered by Charles H. Joyce, of Rutland. After the address the soldiers and citizens dispersed to decorate the graves of those whose bodies lie buried in the cemetery and the monuments erected to the memory of those who never returned, but whose memory we still cherish.

There lie buried in our cemetery eleven soldiers, in the Catholic Burying-ground four, and one at Forestdale.

Brandon sent out two hundred and seventy-five men.

DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA.

CEREMONIES AT RICHMOND.

(Post No. 1.)

The graves of the soldiers buried in the National Cemetery on the Williamsburg road were not neglected by the Union ladies of Richmond. At an early hour the carriages were in motion towards the graveyard. The Seventeenth Infantry, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Hayman, soon after arrived. They encamped in the inclosure, and, the parade being dismissed, the soldiers joined in doing honor to their dead comrades.

The vast concourse assembled at the tap of the drum around the flag-staff in the center of the grounds, the mound having been handsomely decorated, when, after prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hemingway, the hymn was sung,

"Love unchanging for the dead."

It was then announced that Captain D. W. Bohanan had prepared an address for the occasion, and the Rev. Mr. Manly read it from the manuscript. The address was as follows:

It has been said of the music of Ossian, the blind bard of Scotland, parodoxical as it may seem, that though "pleasant," it is "mournful to the soul." The same idea will correctly characterize the circumstances of our meeting to-day. It is to perform a pleasant but melancholy duty, to decorate with flowers the last resting-place of those of our comrades who, in our recent lamentable contest, offered up their lives a willing sacrifice on their country's altar. This is our second annual observance of these memorial exercises; and at each annual recurrence let us endeavor to outvie, in these outward demonstrations, those preceding, thereby showing how undying is the respect due to valor, how lasting is our affectionate remembrance of those whose bodies now repose in these quiet but sacred graves. * * *

Not far from this consecrated place, in clear view from this

elevated position, there rests another branch or corps of the grand army of the dead. They, too, have fought their last fight and gone to that quiet realm where war is unknown and blessed peace forever reigns. I refer to those who were our enemies in war, and fell fighting under a different banner from ours, and while we deprecate the cause in which they were engaged, yet we know that they were brave men and good soldiers; and as those traits of character appeal to and are appreciated by brave men, I am sure you will award them full credit for those exalted qualities.

True bravery and nobility are inseparable. The idea of the one necessarily involves the other. That our gallant soldiers were brave it is not necessary for me state; that our enemies were, admits of no doubt; and now that war is over and victory our portion, let us not forget the magnanimity which belongs to a chivalrous people, and exercise it so as to demonstrate to the world that we merit the name, and that we appreciate a brave but fallen foe, though foe no longer. * *

Comrades, it is more than probable that ere the wheels of time shall have revolved again, and another anniversary of these memorial exercises recurs, some that have aided in the preparation for, and participated in, these solemn ceremonies will have gone the way of all the earth, and as year after year shall pass our band here will become numerically smaller, and in a few years we will all be inhabitants of another sphere.

Yet, while we do live, let me again repeat, may we never forget our dead comrades. If anything must be forgotten, any duty neglected, let *this* duty remain to be handed down from sire to son, to point those who are to come after us to the place we venerate and ever hold sacred; and when the last of us shall have gone to join the hosts of the mighty dead, may coming generations catch the inspiration of our example, and may the hand of affection, guided by the mind of grateful recollections, continue to place flowers by the side of these graves, and may the memory of those here buried be kindly cherished by a grateful people, until the trump of the archangel shall summon both the living and dead to the final gathering of the entire creation before the Great Disposer of human events, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the Almighty.

The exercises over, the ladies completed their task of decorating the graves.

There are in all six thousand three hundred and thirty-two graves in this cemetery, the greater number of which are marked with that saddest legend of war, "Unknown."

CEREMONIES AT YORKTOWN.

(Posts Nos. 3 and 5.)

Promptly at 6 o'clock the steamer Eolus left Norfolk with the members and friends of the Grand Army of the Republic post located here, and, touching at the Portsmouth wharf, added the members of the post of that city and their friends, making in all a party of about two hundred and fifty persons.

The cemetery grounds reached, the column was formed around the large green mound at the foot of the flag-staff, and after the reading of the general orders for the day, and an appropriate prayer by Rev. Mr. Hicks, his honor Judge B. B. Foster was introduced, and pronounced the following oration:

Friends and Comrades: There are few legends of antiquity that so stir the heart of the young scholar as that of Curtius. In the center of the imperial city and through its forum a vast and unsightly chasm suddenly opened, crumbling and widening until it threatened to engulf the temples and palaces of Rome. Vain was every effort to stay its increasing horror. The tired swarms of laborers returned at morning from their brief slumbers to find their toil of yesterday wasted and the gulf still wider and deeper than they had left it. Despairing, and dreading the vengeance of the offended deities, of whose wrath they saw in this the visitation, the magnates of the city consult the soothsayers. The response is given them that the chasm will never be filled, and its growth never stayed, until what Rome holds of most value shall be cast into it. On an appointed day the multitudes gather around the quaking edge of the gulf, bearing gold and pearls and gems and the fruits of the earth as offerings. Suddenly among them appears a young knight, clad in full armor. "These, O Romans," he cries, "are not fitting gifts! Youth and valor are your strength, your hope, your most priceless possession!" He leaps to his saddle and plunges into the abyss. Its frightful jaws close over him. Its ravages are stayed, and no trace is left upon the flowering sward. * * * * * * *

Is the nation forgetting the brave men who rescued it? Is the war becoming an old story, trite and stale? Are the slaughtered comrades beneath the sod and the shattered comrades who still linger dropping from their places in the gratitude of the people, who owe to them all they now prize and

enjoy? Are they to remain only as examples of the ingratitude of republics? I sometimes fear so.

I was recently for a day or two in Washington. Throngs of eager aspirants crowded the streets and the public halls. Blatant voices clamored for the recognition of their "claims." Calumny and mendacity and malignity and jealousy were rife. It would be vain to rehearse the shameful scenes to which the most casual and unconcerned visitor was witness in that wretched and pitiful scramble for place. Daily, as I watched the chief avenue of the superb city, I saw sitting upon the pavement a poor wreck of a once stalwart man, his lower limbs amputated, dressed in the uniform of a corporal of cavalry, turning a tuneless hand-organ, with his tattered forage-cap lying by him to receive the scanty dole of the passer-by.

Gaudy equipages scattered the dust of the street upon him, dainty ladies drew carefully aside the folds of their rustling silks as they went by, pampered officials strutted past without a glance. Still the poor man ground away till nightfall, when he crawled to I know not what wretched abode.

"Nothing else for him to do!" nothing for this hardly-entreated brother of yours, who for your sake is so maimed and mutilated and unsightly that you shrink and shudder with dainty disgust; for this brother of yours, who for your sake bore stripes with which you were healed; nothing but, in sun-glare and storm-beat, to crouch by a filthy gutter, dreaming moodily, perhaps, of charge and siege, of the wild fury of the conflict, or the stern patience of the exhausting march and watch, and of the vain and vanished hopes which allured him with the fancy that a grateful people would remember him when all was over and his works bore the rich and ample fruits of peace; nothing but to crouch there like a homeless cur and implore miserable alms!

I have thought so again, when I have heard men who in the nation's dark and troubled days lurked in obscure corners, mindful only of their personal safety, or crooking the pliant hinges of the knee before the man in power, no matter under what flag, impugn the loyalty of those who bear their certificates of fidelity to their country in the livid lines of saber-cut or bullet-scar upon their mortal frames. * *

O, unforgotten brothers, as you lie in eternal bivouac, side by side with those against whose valor your own contended in the clash of arms, we should be unjust to you did we not accept the lesson of magnanimity and forbearance which the bravest who are the tenderest, the loving who are the daring, ever teach.

The strife is over. We come with simple rites to pledge

you our remembrance. We dare not, we could not, in such a scene and at such a time, bring with us a single bitter and wrathful feeling toward our and your conquered countrymen. If such there be lingering in our hearts, then is your victory incomplete, then is your sacrifice but partially recompensed. We garland the graves of those who were your foes, and not an angry or unkind emotion dare cross the threshold of our hearts. Standing by your graves, where the soldier in blue and the soldier in gray are blending in one common dust, we banish every ungenerous impulse, and believe that in so doing we honor you and your achievements, in so doing we appreciate the peace for which you gave your lives, a peace like that the poet saw when Orion dropped his weapon forever—

"And through the silence overhead
An angel with a trumpet said,
Forevermore, forevermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

After music by the band and glee club an address was delivered by Rev. James S. Beyer, followed by prayer and benediction by Rev. Mr. Hicks.

Judge Foster then gave the order to proceed to the decoration of the graves.

Here rest the ashes of two thousand one hundred and eighty bodies, fourteen of which are the mortal remains of the

"Men who met in volleying lines
And fought for the flag of the South."

And—

"By the flow of the inland river,
When the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the "blue."
Under the other, the "gray."

With the decoration of the graves closed the interesting exercises.

DEPARTMENT OF WEST VIRGINIA.

CEREMONIES IN HANCOCK COUNTY.

(Post No. 29.)

[From a correspondent.]

The graves of soldiers in this vicinity to the number of twenty-eight are located in seven cemeteries, situated in different parts of the county, and distant several miles apart.

It having been decided that all the graves should be visited, the comrades assembled at post headquarters at 6 a. m., where they were joined by a number of soldiers not members of the organization, each provided with a horse; proper badges, flags, &c., were distributed. The procession, under the direction of the post commander, started at 6.30 o'clock, taking the route to the cemeteries at Freeman's Hill, Three Springs, Paris, Pennsylvania, New Manchester, and New Cumberland, making in all a march of thirty-two miles.

At each of the cemeteries the procession was met by a crowd of citizens who participated in the exercises.

The Rev. Mr. Hastings joined us at Freeman's Hill, and continued with us throughout the day, making appropriate remarks at the cemetery and graves, except at New Manchester, where the Rev. Messrs. Pomeroy, Green, and Cowl assisted in the ceremonies.

In each cemetery the soldiers formed in two ranks, open order, the ladies marched through and distributed flowers to each man, (and to the credit of the ladies of our little county the flowers were abundant and gracefully presented;) after receiving which they marched to the foot of the nearest grave right in front, at open order, inward face. The comrades then countermarched right and left to the center, passing on each side of the grave, scattering flowers upon the grave while marching alternately right and left in front.

CEREMONIES AT MORGANTOWN.

(Post No. —.)

The members met at their hall at 1 o'clock p. m. Saturday, May 29. The procession was formed an hour later, in front of the hall, on Main street, and moved in the following order, headed by Protzman's Cornet Brass Band: Sergeant Shahan, bearing the tattered flag borne by him through several battles; members of the Grand Army of the Republic, bearing wreaths of flowers; the speaker of the day and the clergy; martial band; State Cadets of the University; citizens, &c.

The procession moved slowly to the Methodist Episcopal Cemetery, where repose the remains of thirteen of the nation's dead, and entered the gate under the American flag. While minute-guns were being fired the members of the Grand Army of the Republic proceeded solemnly to strew fragrant flowers upon the burial-mounds of their comrades.

A fervent, eloquent prayer was then offered up by Rev. A. Martin, after which Colonel J. R. Weaver introduced the orator of the day, Hon. W. T. Willey, who spoke as follows:

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Fellow-citizens: I do not know how I can more appropriately introduce to your consideration the principal thought which the proceedings of the day have suggested to my mind than by repeating that memorable definition of what constitutes a State, written by that most accomplished scholar, jurist, and statesman, Sir William Jones:

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement, labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities, proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride,
No: men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State."

History does not furnish a more apt and illustrious exemplification of the truth of these beautiful lines than the late war of the rebellion. When it commenced the nation was without an army, or navy, or exchequer. But the people voluntarily supplied them all. The enemy brought to the overthrow of the government such an array of power and appliances as the world had seldom seen. But the people, the men who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain, met every assault and rose equal to every emergency; and when the last weapon of the rebellion was shivered to atoms, the national credit was unimpaired, and we had an army and navy never surpassed.

We had statesmen, doubtless, of the highest intelligence and purest patriotism; but they directed the spirit and obeyed the will of the people, rather than executed the one or inspired the other. It was the masses of men filling the private ranks of our armies in the field, or toiling at home to supply the munitions of war, who constituted the real security of the state. How much of the glory of Sherman's grand march from Atlanta to the sea is due to the character of the private soldiers whom he commanded? And what has enabled Grant to rank as the first captain of the age, but the virtue and courage of the legions whom he led to victory? Not the policy of cabinets, not the wisdom of senates, not the genius of military chieftains secured our triumphs, but a virtuous and enlightened public sentiment dwelling in the hearts of the people. This it was which constituted "the state." This it was which saved the nation, wrested the Constitution from the grasp of the traitor, and, by preserving it, preserved human liberty. It was to such men as lie here, who, when the integrity of the nation was imperiled, hastened from the private walks of life, from the anvil and the loom, from the plane and the plow, from the farm and the factory, from the village and the city, to rescue the republic. No mercenary motives impelled them. They were influenced by no sordid considerations of pecuniary emolument. They were allured by no visions of personal aggrandizement. They shouldered their muskets as private citizens to serve their country as private soldiers, and, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives in its defense. These did so offer up their lives. Was not this true heroism? Was not this true patriotism? Thus they voluntarily left family and friends, home and comfort, ease and safety, for the toils of the march and the strife of battle; and finally they died that the nation might endure. Noble men! Thanks be unto God! they died not in vain. Our liberties remain unimpaired. Our country survives with increasing grandeur and glory as star after star is emblazoned on the

folds of its flag. They are dead, but their example will never die. The spirit of Thermopylæ has often reanimated the patriot. The memory of Marathon is still the inspiration of heroic achievement. The example of those who fell on Bunker Hill will animate the heart and strengthen the arm of the generations who shall live long after the monument of stone erected on that sacred spot shall have crumbled into dust; and the deeds of the brave men whose graves we decorate to-day, and of their more than three hundred thousand compatriots who fell in defense of their country, shall be the inspiration of heroes and freemen, until heroes and freemen shall be no more. * * * * *

What constitutes a State? Not living men only, but also the example of the virtuous and patriotic dead. No more shall the brave men whose ashes slumber here stand in the ranks of their country's defenders; but the moral power of their lives will survive on the pages of history, to kindle anew the sacred flame of freedom on the altars of liberty forever.

At the conclusion of Mr. Willey's remarks the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. L. Simpson, and the soldiers and citizens dispersed.

DEPARTMENT OF WISCONSIN.

CEREMONIES AT BERLIN.

(Post No. 22.)

The ceremonies at this place were held in accordance with the programme laid out in the following order:

Headquarters Post No. 22,
Berlin, Wis., *May* 24, 1869.

Special Orders
No. 5.

I. Comrades of Post No. 22, and honorably-discharged soldiers not members of the post, who desire to participate in the decoration of soldiers' graves, are requested to meet at these headquarters (Field's block) on Sunday, May 30, at 1 o'clock p. m.

II. The procession will form on Huron street, right resting on Pearl, at 1.30 o'clock, in the following order: 1st, Berlin Cornet Band; 2d, Martial Band; 3d, Post No. 22, and honorably-discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines; 4th, orators, clergymen, mayor and city council and board of education; 5th, Emmet Circle, F. B., Berlin; 6th, citizens; 7th, the Sabbath-schools.

The procession having formed, it will proceed up Huron street to the cemetery, where will be observed the following order of exercises: 1st, prayer by Rev. W. G. M. Stone; 2d, song, "America;" 3d, decoration of soldiers' graves; 4th, music by Cornet Band; 5th, oration by Colonel W. A. Bugh; 6th, addresses by Hon. G. D. Waring, Hon. J. H. Foster, Comrade Thomas C. Ryan, and the clergymen present; 7th, benediction by Rev. Ira D. Clark; after which the procession will re-form and march to the city.

III. Comrades of this post will provide themselves with flowers. The Sabbath-school scholars and citizens are requested to do so also and participate in the decoration.

By order of

A. L. TUCKER,
Commanding Post.

Griff. J. Thomas, *Post Adjutant.*

CEREMONIES AT EMBARRASS.

(Post No. 78.)

In conformity with General Orders No. 21 the post located at Embarrass, Wisconsin, convened at its hall at the hour of 9 a. m. on Memorial Day, but, owing to the cloudiness of the weather, the audience did not assemble till nearly 1 p. m. As the honored dead whose memories their comrades and friends had assembled to honor sleep beneath southern soil, the following order of ceremonies was adopted: Prayer by C. Hill, post chaplain; song, "America;" speech by Elder Wilson; song, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp;" address by Comrade Dr. E. W. Stevens; song, "Battle Cry of Freedom;" reading, by chaplain, of a poem, "I have Kissed Him and let Him go."

The forenoon exercises were closed by prayer by the Rev. Mr. Baldock.

After a bountiful repast brought in by the ladies, the choir enlivened the assembly by singing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." We listened to an interesting address by Comrade Dr. Stevens, after which the chaplain's little daughter sung "Father's a Drunkard and Mother is Dead." Another poem was read by the chaplain, and the exercises were closed by singing the "Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

CEREMONIES AT MILWAUKEE.

ORATION OF GEORGE B. GOODWIN.

On this day, associated as it is with the holiest aspirations of the soul, we have gathered around a common altar to render our individual and united tribute to our country's heroes. With this high and noble duty to perform, far from us be the pride of pomp and show. Let the low dirge bear from our several hearts incense of memory pleasant and grateful to the brave spirits that have gone from our midst; let the drooping flag, the symbol of our power, kiss the green sod of our heroic dead. Let the fresh flowers, culled by fair and willing hands, typify that new life and immortal bloom that

live in faithful memories for those who have died for liberty. No holier work can engage our hands, no graver duties impress our souls than those of the present hour. Throwing off the cares of business, brushing from our garments the dust of the workshop, and sweeping from our brain the cobwebs of our daily pursuits, we assemble with one accord, to renew in memory the virtues of the dead, to obtain wisdom from the past, and to pray for God's arm for the support of our republic in all time to come.

The forms of rhetoric, the arts of oratory, and the adornments of elegant phrases, fail to meet the demands of this hour. The responsibility is on the heart, and not on the lips. There is only left to us the eloquence of sincerity and truthfulness. Visit with us the three hundred mounds of earth within the limits of our own county, mounds heaped by sorrowful and loving hands, and read in that earth-writing but a single line of the volumes which record the price at which the republic has been preserved. There the tongue must falter and silence take the place of words. From each grave comes an electric current of thought which carries our souls in messages of memory to the hero-martyrs of liberty. Shall not such communion make us worthier citizens and better men? And may not religion herself, white-robed in charity, take the hand of the living and the dead, and say to the world that that faith is sublimely Christian that gives up life for the well-being of nations? * * * *

The pride for our nation and our heroes is sobered by thoughts of the fearful sacrifices made by our people in the great struggle; and although our great national heart throbs with the steady pulsations of a new and vigorous life, yet between each throb come to our ears the sobs and moans for our fallen braves; and, while we do all honor to their departed spirits, a thousand tongues from a thousand wounds eloquently plead to us to be true to those whose hearts are bleeding to-day for the loss of their loved ones. And, too, on this day, which is to be a national day for all time to come—a golden clasp to join the beautiful volume of our freedom—let the nation not be unmindful of our living heroes. Let them come forth to-day and minister at the altars of our dead heroes; let them be the priests of the nation and of liberty. The nation cannot afford to be ungrateful to them; the whole world owes to them a debt of gratitude which should not be reluctantly paid. How great would be the mockery that would adorn the hearse of the father while the children were starving! Upon our heroes dead and our heroes living let the nation bestow all due honors, and let the cypress and laurel intertwine lovingly to the memory of the brave deeds

of the dead and living hero soldiers of America. They the bridge by which the nation passed safely over the y ing chasm of destruction. Their scars are badges of that nobility that has the recognition of man and the sanctic the Almighty. * * * * *

It is fitting at this time that we should bestow a tho and a tear to the memory of that man who fell a victi the assassin's hand, just as the nation was rejoicing ove safe conclusion of the bloody war. Abraham Lincoln in all the instincts of his great heart, the friend of th dier. Their sufferings were his own, and with all the ge ness of a father would he listen to the many wants o way-worn soldier. His generous hand was always exte to lift up the despondent and to soothe the sorrows o afflicted. I can never think of him save as one mysteri reared up by an All-wise Providence, in that conditic life where his fine mental and moral organization caught drank in the healthy blood-throbs of the great mass of the ple, so that when he was called upon to become the hea the nation, he had in himself all the strong sense, virtue, courage that belong to the common people.

Generous to a fault, full of charity toward all, and malice toward none, he manifested in his whole public ca a Christian heroism and devoted patriotism which the w can never forget. The assaults of enemies and the fla of friends could never drive him from the high moral gr upon which he had planted himself. He lived for his cou and died that she might live.

He stood upon a rock, around whose base rolled the a waves of passion and calumny, but the waters of dis were broken into spray, which, beneath the rays of the sun of liberty, expanded over his form into the full bo promise and glory.

Let us ever cherish him in our heart of hearts, and le flowers of affection ever bloom in our souls to the mer of that great and good man—

"But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
Save with thy children; thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all,
These are thy fetters; seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies; who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?
Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws his last fetter off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?"

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In justice to all parties it is necessary to state, that the narrative portion of the proceedings contained in this volume is given strictly in the language of the reports forwarded to the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic, and therefore no editorial claim is presented by the compiler. Still he was unable to give due credit to the authors of these reports, because, in the majority of cases, they consisted of slips of newspapers or pamphlets, without the name of the narrator or even the journal publishing his narration.

In order to bring the abundance of material furnished within the limits of a single volume considerable abridgements have been unavoidable, but care has been taken that no facts, places, or persons connected with the ceremonies recorded were passed over in silence.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS AND DELEGATES

OF THE

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

FOR THE YEAR 1869.

JOHN A. LOGAN	Commander-in-Chief	Carbondale, Illinois.
LUCIUS FAIRCHILD	Sr. Vice Commander-in-Chief	Madison, Wisconsin.
JAMES R. HAWLEY	Jr. Vice Commander-in-Chief	Hartford, Conn.
WILLIAM T. COLLINS	Adjutant General	Washington, D. C.
F. A. STARRING	Inspector General	Washington, D. C.
TIMOTHY LUBEY	Quartermaster General	Washington, D. C.
N. P. CHIPMAN	Judge Advocate General	Washington, D. C.
S. P. WYLIE MITCHELL	Surgeon General	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. H. QUINT	Chaplain-in-Chief	New Bedford, Mass.
HANSON E. WEAVER	Assistant Adjutant General	Washington, D. C.
JOHN F. WOODWORTH	Aid-de-Camp	Chicago, Illinois.
CHARLES G. GOULD	Aid-de-Camp	Washington, D. C.
HORACE WELCH	Aid-de-Camp	Jefferson, Texas.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION.

Department of California	J. F. MILLER	San Francisco, Cal.
Department of Connecticut	E. W. WHITAKER	Hartford, Conn.
Department of Delaware	FRANK NOLEN	Wilmington, Del.
Department of Illinois	R. M. HOUGH	Chicago, Illinois.
Department of Indiana	W. W. DUDLEY	Centreville, Indiana.
Department of Iowa	JOSEPH B. LEAK	Davenport, Iowa.
Department of Kentuky	WILLIAM BODEN	Newport, Kentucky.
Department of Maryland	ANDREW W. DENISON	Baltimore, Md.
Department of Massachusetts	J. WALDO DENNY	Boston, Mass.
Department of Michigan	OLIVER L. SPALDING	St. John's, Mich.
Department of Minnesota	FRANK E. DAGGETT	Wabasha, Minn.
Department of Missouri	G. HARRY STONE	Washington, D. C.
Department of N. Hampshire	D. CARTER	Washington, D. C.
Department of New Jersey	JAMES F. RUSLING	Trenton, N. J.
Department of New York	R. A. BACHIA *	New York, N. Y.

*Died since election.

Department of Maine	GEORGE L. BEALE	Norway, Maine.
Department of Ohio	HARRY G. ARMSTRONG	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Department of Pennsylvania	O. C. BOSBYSHELL	Philadelphia, Pa.
Department of Potomac	SAMUEL A. DUNCAN	Washington, D. C.
Department of Rhode Island	JAMES SHAW, jr	Providence, R. I.
Department of South Carolina	R. KING SCOTT	Columbia, S. C.
Department of Tennessee	G. G. MINOR	Nashville, Tenn.
Department of Texas	E. J. DAVIS	Austin, Texas.
Department of Vermont	GEORGE J. STANNARD	Burlington, Vt.
Department of West Virginia	B. F. KELLY	Wheeling, W. Va.
Department of Wisconsin	GEORGE P. GOODWIN	Milwaukee, Wis.

ASSISTANT INSPECTORS GENERAL.

C. G. ATWOOD	Boston	Massachusetts.
H. G. HICKS	Minneapolis	Minnesota.
W. W. DOUGLASS	Providence	Rhode Island.
T. W. THOMPSON	Chicago	Illinois.
LOUIS WAGNER	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania.
H. S. MERRILL	Richmond	Virginia.
HARRISON ADREON	Baltimore	Maryland.
W. J. HANDY	Detroit	Michigan.
WILLARD WARNER	Montgomery	Alabama.
THOMAS W. OSBORNE	Tallahassee	Florida.
B. T. MORGAN	New York	New York.
H. L. BURNETT	Cincinnati	Ohio.
ENOS HOPKINS	Nashville	Tennessee.
EDWIN A. TILTON	Portsmouth	N. Hampshire.
CHARLES E. FOWLER	New Haven	Connecticut.
W. KRYZANOWSKI	Macon	Georgia.
WILLIAM S. STRYKER	Trenton	New Jersey.
FRANK A. WARTHEN	Wheeling	West Virginia.
E. J. PENNYPACKER	Wilmington	North Carolina.
J. H. MCMURDY	Denver	Colorado.
H. K. MILLWARD	Lexington	Kentucky.
JOSÉ D. SENA	Santa Fé	New Mexico.
JOHN D. EVANS	Indianapolis	Indiana.
THOMAS H. CRAIG	San Francisco	California.
JOHN J. BAIN	Burlington	Vermont.
FRANK ARNIN	Hamburg	South Carolina.
J. M. CHIVINGTON	Nebraska City	Nebraska.
E. D. HALEY	Gardiner	Maine.
GEORGE M. LOCKWOOD	Washington	Dist Columbia.
JOSEPH W. CLIFT	Savannah	Georgia.
W. F. MORSE	Washington	Dist. Columbia.
J. P. TAGGART	Salt Lake City	Utah.
ROBERT S. BROWN	Washington	Dist. Columbia.
E. F. M. FAEHTZ	Washington	Dist. Columbia.

DELEGATES, 1869.

J. F. Miller	San Francisco	California.
C. M. Leary		California.
H. K. Millward	Lexington	Kentucky.
W. H. Lawson	Louisville	Kentucky.
William E. Riley	Louisville	Kentucky.
C. P. Wilcox	Covington	Kentucky.
A. W. Denison	Baltimore	Maryland.
E. Y. Goldsborough	Baltimore	Maryland.
J. W. Denny	Boston	Massachusetts.
A. H. Quint	New Bedford	Massachusetts.
O. Moulton	Boston	Massachusetts.
N. W. Blackmar		Massachusetts.
C. B. Kenfield		Massachusetts.
S. Hovey, jr	Boston	Massachusetts.
William Humphreys	Lansing	Michigan.
J. H. Fee		Michigan.
W. O. Throop	Detroit	Michigan.
G. T. Carter		N. Hampshire.
D. J. Vaughan	Portsmouth	N. Hampshire.
William Ward	Newark	New Jersey.
R. H. Lee	Camden	New Jersey.
S. J. Hopkins		New Jersey.
J. H. Stone	Camden	New Jersey.
R. A. Bachia (dead)	New York	New York.
E. B. Lansing	Brooklyn	New York.
J. C. Robinson	Binghamton	New York.
H. A. Barnum	Syracuse	New York.
George F. Hopper	New York	New York.
G. Fred. Porter	Elmira	New York.
T. C. Clobridge		New York.
James L. Farley	Brooklyn	New York.
James Forbes	New York	New York.
Charles A. Graham	New York	New York.
B. Van Buren	New York	New York.
J. Warren Keifer	Springfield	Ohio.
H. G. Burnett	Cincinnati	Ohio.
A. T. Wycoff	Cincinnati	Ohio.
W. H. Baldwin	Cincinnati	Ohio.
W. J. Winter	Springfield	Ohio.
J. G. Longstroth	Cincinnati	Ohio.
J. A. Chase		Ohio.
James Blair		Ohio.
E. F. Taylor		Ohio.
H. G. Armstrong	Cincinnati	Ohio.
H. C. Young	Cincinnati	Ohio.
A. M. Aten	Cincinnati	Ohio.
George Collier	Dayton	Ohio.

T. W. Hefferman	Cincinnati	Ohio.
O. C. Bosbyshell	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania.
J. T. Hartranft	Harrisburg	Pennsylvania.
A. L. Pearson	Pittsburg	Pennsylvania.
C. D. Miller		Pennsylvania.
E. M. Hoffman		Pennsylvania.
C. Albright	Mauch Chunk	Pennsylvania.
T. A. Rowley		Pennsylvania.
B. D. Evans		Pennsylvania.
A. R. Calhoun	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania.
H. G. Thomas	West Chester	Pennsylvania.
S. A. Duncan	Washington	Dist. Columbia.
G. W. Wells	Washington	Dist. Columbia.
E. F. M. Faehtz	Washington	Dist. Columbia.
A. H. G. Richardson	Washington	Dist. Columbia.
Timothy Lubey	Washington	Dist. Columbia.
T. McKinley	Gallatin	Tennessee.
G. G. Minor	Nashville	Tennessee.
J. S. Mullins	Nashville	Tennessee.
Thomas S. Allen	Madison	Wisconsin.
L. Fairchild	Madison	Wisconsin.
Thomas O. Osborn	Chicago	Illinois.
Hasbrook Davis	Chicago	Illinois.
R. M. Hough	Chicago	Illinois.
S. N. Munn	Chicago	Illinois.
R. N. Hayden		Illinois.
J. Tillson	Quincy	Illinois.
F. A. Starring	Chicago	Illinois.
S. A. Knapp		Illinois.
O. M. Wilson	Indianapolis	Indiana.
James Ostrander	Vinconnes	Indiana.
James Turnock	South Bend	Indiana.
A. H. Brooks	Davenport	Iowa.
W. S. Moorehouse	Atchison	Kansas.
H. G. Stone	St. Louis	Missouri.
S. A. Macallister	Wilmington	Delaware.
H. A. Shorey	Bath	Maine.
W. W. Henry	Burlington	Vermont.
George Biglow	Burlington	Vermont.
G. S. Redfield	Ludlow	Vermont.
J. M. Poland	Montpelier	Vermont.
H. R. Morely	Hartford	Connecticut.
N. B. Gilbert	Chester	Connecticut.
William H. Mallory	Hartford	Connecticut.
Richard Busteed	Montgomery	Alabama.

DEPARTMENT OF MAINE, 1869.

George L. Beale	Grand Commander	Norway.
Daniel White	Senior V. G. Commander	Bangor.

J. S. P. HAIN	Junior V. G. Commander	Lewiston.
CHARLES P. MATTOCKS	Assistant Adjutant General	Portland.
H. A. SHOREY	Ass't Quartermaster General	Bath.
B. H. BEALE	Assistant Inspector General	Bangor.
GEORGE E. BRICKETT	Assistant Surgeon General	Augusta.
URIAH BALKHAM	Chaplain	Lewiston.
ISAAC S. FANNEE	Aid-de-Camp	Lewiston.
J. F. MILLER	Aid-de-Camp	Portland.
JOS. NOBLE	Aid-de-Camp	Augusta.
SAMUEL L. MILLER	Aid-de-Camp	Waldoboro.
F. E. SHAW	Aid-de-Camp	Paris.
E. F. SANGER	Aid-de-Camp	Bangor.
W. H. FOGG	Aid-de-Camp	Bath.
F. W. GUPTILL	Aid-de-Camp	Saco.
J. F. QUIMBY	Council of Administration	Westbrook.
E. MOORE	Council of Administration	Portland.
O. R. SMALL	Council of Administration	Lisbon.
CHARLES W. TILDEN	Council of Administration	Castine.
E. D. HALEY	Council of Administration	Gardiner.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1869.

DANIEL J. VAUGHAN	Grand Commander	Portsmouth.
JAMES E. LARKIN	Senior V. G. Commander	Concord.
S. W. BABBITT	Junior V. G. Commander	Keene.
J. ALBERT SANBORN	Assistant Adjutant General	Portsmouth.
J. W. CROSBY	Assistant Inspector General	Milford.
L. E. WALLACE	Ass't Quartermaster General	Manchester.
S. C. WHITTIER	Assistant Surgeon General	Great Falls.
REUBEN DODGE	Chaplain	Manchester.
CHARLES SCOTT	Council of Administration	Peterboro.
A. H. BIXBY	Council of Administration	Francistown.
J. B. COOPER	Council of Administration	Newport.
T. W. CHALLIS	Council of Administration	Manchester.
JOHN W. PARSONS	Council of Administration	Portsmouth

DEPARTMENT OF VERMONT, 1869.

GEORGE P. FOSTER	Grand Commander	Walcott.
W. W. HENRY	Senior V. G. Commander	Burlington.
G. S. REDFIELD	Junior V. G. Commander	Ludlow.
THEODORE S. PECK	Assistant Adjutant General	Burlington.

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DEPARTMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1869.

FRANCIS A. OSBORN	Grand Commander	Boston.
JOSIAH PICKETT	Senior V. G. Commander	Worcester.
HORACE C. LEE	Junior V. G. Commander	Springfield.
THOMAS SHERWIN, jr	Assistant Adjutant General	Boston.

W. S. Greenough	Ass't Quartermaster General	Boston.
Samuel A. Green	Assistant Surgeon General	Boston.
O. Moulton	Assistant Inspector General	Boston.
W. G. Scandlin	Chaplain	Grafton.
A. H. Ward	Aid-de-Camp	Worcester.
Charles B. Fox	Aid-de-Camp	Dorchester.
L. W. Osgood	Aid-de-Camp	Boston.
E. O. Shepherd	Aid-de-Camp	Boston.
W. O. Fiske	Aid-de-Camp	Lowell.
A. B. R. Sprague	Council of Administration	Worcester.
William S. Cobb	Council of Administration	New Bedford.
Henry Sibley	Council of Administration	Charlestown.
George H. Pierson	Council of Administration	Salem.
Luke Lyman	Council of Administration	Northampton.
S. Hovey, jr	Acting Ass't Adj. General	Boston.

DEPARTMENT OF RHODE ISLAND, 1869.

Horatio Rogers	Grand Commander	Providence.
Charles R. Brayton	Senior V. G. Commander	Providence.
L. C. Towetellett	Junior V. G. Commander	Woonsocket.
E. C. Pomeroy	Assistant Adjutant General	Providence.
H. E. Bacon	Assistant Inspector General	Providence.
William H. Reynolds	Ass't Quartermaster General	Providence.
H. W. King	Assistant Surgeon General	Providence.
E. O. Bartlett	Chaplain	Providence.
Charles Morgan	Council of Administration	Providence.
E. C. Pomeroy	Council of Administration	Providence.
E. P. Adams	Council of Administration	Natick.
F. J. Lippett	Council of Administration	Providence.
William Johnson	Council of Administration	Providence.
E. L. Hunt	Assistant Adjutant General	Providence.

DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTICUT, 1869.

Theodore Ellis	Grand Commander	Hartford.
William H. Mallory	Senior V. G. Commander	Bridgeport.
John E. Ward	Junior V. G. Commander	Norwich.
Henry E. Taintor	Assistant Adjutant General	Hartford.
Charles E. Fowler	Assistant Inspector General	New Haven.
L. A. Dickenson	Ass't Quartermaster General	Hartford.
C. C. Clark	Assistant Surgeon General	Middletown.
H. Clay Trumbull	Chaplain	Hartford.
L. N. Middlebrook	Council of Administration	
John C. Broatch	Council of Administration	Middletown.
William E. Hyde	Council of Administration	West Killingly.
E. Perry Packer	Council of Administration	South Coventry.
A. S. Geer	Council of Administration	New Haven.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK, 1869.

DANIEL E. SICKLES	Grand Commander	New York.
E. B. LANSING	Senior V. G. Commander	Auburn.
W. KRYZANOWSKI	Junior V. G. Commander	New York.
JAMES L. FARLEY	Assistant Adjutant General	Brooklyn.
GEORGE F. HOPPER	Ass't Quartermaster General	New York.
JOHN HOWE	Assistant Surgeon General	New York.
H. E. TREMAINE	Ass't Judge Adv. General	New York.
T. J. MORGAN	Chaplain	Rochester.
JOHN PALMER	Council of Administration	Albany.
W. S. YOUNG	Council of Administration	Fulton.
JOHN P. SHORT	Council of Administration	Brooklyn.
GEORGE D. WEEKS	Council of Administration	Brooklyn.
WILLIAM H. CORSA	Council of Administration	New York.
H. A. BARNUM	Council of Administration	Syracuse.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW JERSEY, 1869.

WILLIAM WARD	Grand Commander	Newark.
R. H. LEE	Senior V. G. Commander	Camden.
SAMUEL J. HOPKINS	Junior V. G. Commander	Morristown.
E. W. DAVIS	Assistant Adjutant General	Newark.
RICHARD HOPWOOD	Ass't Quartermaster General	Newark.
J. L. MULFORD	Assistant Inspector General	New Brunswick.
R. B. YARD	Chaplain	Newark.
A. N. DOUGHERTY	Assistant Surgeon General	Newark.
HENRY M. DALRYMPLE	Aid-de-Camp	Morristown.
JOHN DANFORTH	Aid-de-Camp	Elizabeth.
JAMES STRYKER	Aid-de-Camp	Trenton.
W. W. MORRIS	Aid-de-Camp	Newark.
JAMES F. RUSLING	Council of Administration	Trenton.
M. T. DWYER	Council of Administration	Newark.
E. S. HOFFMAN	Council of Administration	Morristown.
WILLIAM WILSON	Council of Administration	Camden.
J. H. ANDERSON	Council of Administration	New Brunswick.

DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1869.

O. C. BOSBYSHELL	Grand Commander	Pottsville.
ROBERT L. BODINE	Senior V. G. Commander	Philadelphia.
E. A. MONTOOTH	Junior V. G. Commander	Pittsburg.
ROBERT B. BEATH	Assistant Adjutant General	Pottsville.
O. M. K. STORRIE	Assistant Inspector General	Philadelphia.
WILLIAM J. MACKEY	Ass't Quartermaster General	Philadelphia.
S. B. WYLIE MITCHELL	Assistant Surgeon General	Philadelphia.
JAMES S. EVANS	Chaplain	West Chester.
C. K. CAMPBELL	Council of Administration	Pittston.
GEORGE W. GRANT	Council of Administration	Reading.

B. F. Seligman	Council of Administration	St. Clair.
Charles M. Prevost	Council of Administration	Philadelphia.
William D. Connelly	Council of Administration	Philadelphia.

DEPARTMENT OF DELAWARE, 1869.

Daniel Woodall	Provisional Commander	Wilmington.
Samuel A. Macallister	Assistant Adjutant General	Wilmington.
John Wainwright	Ass't Quartermaster General	Wilmington.
Daniel H. Kent	Assistant Inspector General	Wilmington.

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DEPARTMENT OF MARYLAND, 1869.

A. W. Denison	Grand Commander	Baltimore.
E. Y. Goldsborough	Senior V. G. Commander	Frederick.
E. T. Daneker	Junior V. G. Commander	Baltimore.
Charles H. Richardson	Assistant Adjutant General	Baltimore.
Charles H. Richardson	Ass't Quartermaster General	Baltimore.
J. B. Chamberlain	Assistant Surgeon General	Baltimore.
George W. Scott	Chaplain	Baltimore.
M. W. Offley	Aid-de-Camp	Baltimore.
J. L. Hoffman	Council of Administration	Baltimore.
A. Ward Handy	Council of Administration	Baltimore.
H. F. Meyer	Council of Administration	Baltimore.
J. L. Henninghausen	Council of Administration	Baltimore.
William Stahl	Council of Administration	Baltimore.

DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA, 1869.

P. A. Davis	Provisional Commander	Richmond.
Daniel Stephens	Assistant Adjutant General	Richmond.
Robert Caruthers	Ass't Quartermaster General	Richmond.
S. B. Kenny	Assistant Inspector General	Portsmouth.
P. B. Stilson	Ass't Judge Adv. General	Richmond.
D. W. Bonhonnon	Aid-de-Camp	Richmond.
J. N. Batterson	Aid-de-Camp	Richmond.
B. C. Cook	Council of Administration	Richmond.
J. N. Croft	Council of Administration	Richmond.
P. C. Asserson	Council of Administration	Richmond.
R. N. Hobson	Council of Administration	Richmond.
Ellis Spears	Council of Administration	Richmond.

DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1869.

Allen Rutherford	Provisional Commander	Wilmington.
Benjamin Durfee	Assistant Adjutant General	Wilmington.
S. H. Manning	Ass't Quartermaster General	Wilmington.

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DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, 1869.

C. J. STOHLBRAND	Provisional Commander	Columbia.
JOHN O. LADD	Assistant Adjutant General	Columbia
N. G. PARKER	Ass't Quartermaster General	Columbia.
N. A. REED	Aid-de-Camp	Columbia.
H. E. HAYNE	Aid-de-Camp	Columbia.
M. ALLEN	Aid-de-Camp	Columbia.
W. A. CARE	Aid-de-Camp	Columbia.

DEPARTMENT OF GEORGIA, 1869.

J. E. BRYANT	Provisional Commander	Augusta.
J. W. BARNEY	Assistant Adjutant General	Atlanta.
D. PORTER	Assistant Adjutant General	Augusta.

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DEPARTMENT OF FLORIDA, 1869.

C. M. HAMILTON	Provisional Commander	Jacksonville.

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DEPARTMENT OF ALABAMA, 1869.

C. CADLE, jr	Provisional Commander	Selma.
GEORGE H. PATRICK	Assistant Adjutant General	Montgomery.
H. C. ARTHUR	Ass't Quartermaster General	Montgomery.
GEORGE A. HARMONT	Aid-de-Camp	Montgomery.

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DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS, 1869.

E. J. DAVIS	Provisional Commander	Austin.
A. J. BENNETT	Assistant Adjutant General	Austin.
H. C. HUNT	Assistant Inspector General	Austin.
W. D. PRICE	Ass't Quartermaster General	Austin.
T. McRAE	Chaplain	Austin.
L. G. BROWN	Council of Administration	Austin.
A. H. LONGLEY	Council of Administration	Austin.
F. A. VAUGHAN	Council of Administration	Austin.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI, 1869.

ROBERT J. ROMBAUER	Grand Commander	St. Louis.
J. W. McCAREY	Senior V. G. Commander	Linn Creek.
WILLIAM A. PILE	Junior V. G. Commander	St. Louis.
CHARLES V. SODEN	Assistant Adjutant General	St. Louis.
PHILIP MURPHEY	Ass't Quartermaster General	St. Louis
A. ALBERT	Assistant Inspector General	St. Louis
JOS. SPIEGELHALTER	Assistant Surgeon General	St. Louis.
FRANCIS ROMER	Chaplain	St. Louis.
JOHN S. CAVENDER	Council of Administration	St. Louis.

JOHN MCFALL	Council of Administration	St. Louis.
G. FINKLENBURG	Council of Administration	St. Louis.
E. L. KING	Council of Administration	Jefferson City.
D. P. DYER	Council of Administration	Louisiana.

DEPARTMENT OF IOWA, 1869.

J. A. WILLIAMSON	Grand Commander	Des Moines.
J. C. STONE	Senior V. G. Commander	Burlington.
A. C. BLIZZARD	Junior V. G. Commander	Wilton.
A. H. BROOKS	Assistant Adjutant General	Davenport.
H. F. LEIB	Ass't Quartermaster General	Marengo.
J. W. PEARSON	Council of Administration	Davenport.
C. V. GARDNER	Council of Administration	Marengo.
G. G. BENNETT	Council of Administration	Washington.
J. M. HEDDRICK	Council of Administration	Ottumwa.
W. F. SAPP	Council of Administration	Council Bluffs.

DEPARTMENT OF ILLINOIS, 1869.

THOMAS O. OSBORN	Grand Commander	Chicago.

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DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA, 1869.

O. M. WILSON	Grand Commander	Indianapolis.
J. R. HOLLOWELL	Senior V. G. Commander	Rockville.
J. TURNOCK	Junior V. G. Commander	South Bend.
R. S. ROBERTSON	Assistant Inspector General	Fort Wayne.
M. G. MCLAIN	Assistant Adjutant General	Indianapolis.
WILLIAM M. WILES	Ass't Quartermaster General	Indianapolis.
SAMUEL DAVIS	Assistant Surgeon General	New Trenton.
N. S. SMITH	Chaplain	Fort Wayne.
H. B. OAKLEY	Council of Administration	Fort Wayne.
JAMES S. OSTRANDER	Council of Administration	Vincennes.
LEWIS HUMPHREY	Council of Administration	South Bend.
C. W. BROUSE	Council of Administration	Indianapolis.
L. ROBINSON	Council of Administration	Indianapolis.

DEPARTMENT OF OHIO, 1869.

J. WARREN KEIFER	Grand Commander	Springfield.
BENJAMIN F. COATES	Senior V. G. Commander	Portsmouth.
ROBERT M. MOORE	Junior V. G. Commander	Cincinnati.
W. J. WINTER	Assistant Adjutant General	Springfield.
A. C. DUEL	Ass't Quartermaster General	Urbana.
G. W. COLLIER	Assistant Inspector General	Tremont.
W. C. BUNTS	Ass't Judge Adv. General	Cleveland.
J. L. KILPATRICK	Assistant Surgeon General	Hamilton.
WILLIAM EARNSHAW	Chaplain	Dayton.
W. H. H. MCARTHUR	Acting Ass't Adj. General	Vienna + Roads

T. H. Goodman	Aid-de-Camp	Sandusky.
S. D. Evans	Aid-de-Camp	Cincinnati.
J. S. Clemmer	Aid-de-Camp	Salem.
W. W. McCarthy	Aid-de-Camp	McConnellsville
P. U. McGonigal	Aid-de-Camp	Chardon.
G. C. Rawlins	Aid-de-Camp	Springfield.
Ashley Brown	Council of Administration	Dayton.
S. McBeth	Council of Administration	Steubenville.
P. O'Connell	Council of Administration	Dayton.
T. W. Hefferman	Council of Administration	Cincinnati.
N. Haughton	Council of Administration	Toledo.

DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE, 1869.

F. W. Sparling	Grand Commander	Nashville.
William Gray	Assistant Adjutant General	Nashville.

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DEPARTMENT OF KENTUCKY, 1869.

C. P. Wilcox	Provisional Commander	Covington.
T. W. Wade	Assistant Adjutant General	Covington.

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DEPARTMENT OF MINNESOTA.

J. W. Sprague	Grand Commander	Winona.
John C. Hamilton	Senior V. G. Commander	Owatonna.
J. C. Morrow	Junior V. G. Commander	Faribault.
O. B. Gould	Assistant Adjutant General	Winona.
W. F. Morse	Ass't Quartermaster General	Minneapolis.
J. A. Ege	Assistant Inspector General	Minneapolis.
J. N. DeWitt	Assistant Surgeon General	Minneapolis.
J. H. McKinley	Chaplain	Winona.
O. R. Stearns	Council of Administration	Rochester.
R. C. Olin	Council of Administration	Owatonna.
H. A. Castle	Council of Administration	St. Paul.
S. H. King	Council of Administration	Minneapolis.
F. E. Daggett	Council of Administration	Wabasha.

DEPARTMENT OF WISCONSIN, 1869.

Thomas S. Allen	Grand Commander	Madison.
Edward Furguson	Senior V. G. Commander	Milwaukee.
N. O. Adams	Junior V. G. Commander	Sheboygan.
James M. Bull	Assistant Adjutant General	Madison.
Charles G. Mayers	Ass't Quartermaster General	Madison.
A. J. McCoy	Assistant Inspector General	Beaver Dam.
J. B. G. Baxter	Assistant Surgeon General	Sheboygan Falls
D. A. Peck	Chaplain	Waupaca.
M. H. Sessions	Council of Administration	Waupaca.

J. O. BARTLETT.....Council of Administration.....Racine.
W. J. HERSHAW.....Council of Administration.....Friendship.
H. B. HENSHAW.....Council of Administration.....Oshkosh.
J. A. WATROUS.....Council of Administration.....Bl'k River Falls.

DEPARTMENT OF MICHIGAN, 1869.

WILLIAM HUMPHREYS.....Grand Commander.....Lansing.
G. M. BIRCH.....Senior V. G. Commander.....Kalamazoo.
JOHN R. GRAHAM.....Junior V. G. Commander.....Ruchanan.
H. H. DANIELS.....Assistant Adjutant General.....Lansing.
A O. SIMONS.....Ass't Quartermaster General.....Lansing.
GEORGE B. FLEMMING.....Assistant Inspector General.....Charlotte.
A. B. RAUNEY.....Assistant Surgeon General.....Three Rivers.
L. O. SMITH.....Chaplain.....Charlotte.
SAMUEL H. ROU.....Council of Administration.....Lansing.
R. J. MCLEAN.....Council of Administration.....Ovid.
B. D. PRITCHARD.....Council of Administration.....Allegany.
J. N. MCFARLAN.....Council of Administration.....St. John's.

DEPARTMENT OF NEBRASKA, 1869.

S. A. STRICKLAND.....Provisional Commander.....Omaha.
JOHN C. COWAN.....Assistant Adjutant General.....Omaha.

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DEPARTMENT OF NEW MEXICO, 1869.

H. H. HEATH.....Provisional Commander.....Santa Fé.
WILLIAM BREEDEN.....Assistant Adjutant General.....Santa Fé.
S. B. WHEELOCK.....Ass't Quartermaster General.....Santa Fé.
H. M. DAVIS.....Aid-de-Camp.....Santa Fé.
H. R. WHITING.....Aid-de-Camp.....Santa Fé;
E. A. WHEELER.....Council of Administration.....Santa Fé.
J. L BARBEY.....Council of Administration.....Santa Fé.
D. CATNACH.....Council of Administration.....Santa Fé.
THOMAS S. TUCKER.....Council of Administration.....Santa Fé.
W. A. BREEDEN.....Council of Administration.....Santa Fé.

DEPARTMENT OF COLORADO, 1869.

T. J. BAUEROFT.....Provisional Commander.....Denver.
LOUIS DUGALL.....Assistant Adjutant General.....Denver.
A. K. TILTON.....Ass't Quartermaster General.....Denver.
J. H. MCMURDY.....Assistant Inspector General.....Georgetown.
H. LATHAM.....Aid-de-Camp.....Cheyenne City.
THOMAS HELEN.....Aid-de-Camp.....Central City.
JAMES GUNN.....Aid-de-Camp.....Georgetown.
J. E. WARTHEN.....Aid-de-Camp.....Boulder.

DEPARTMENT OF MONTANA, 1869.

.....Provisional Commander.....

DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA, 1869.

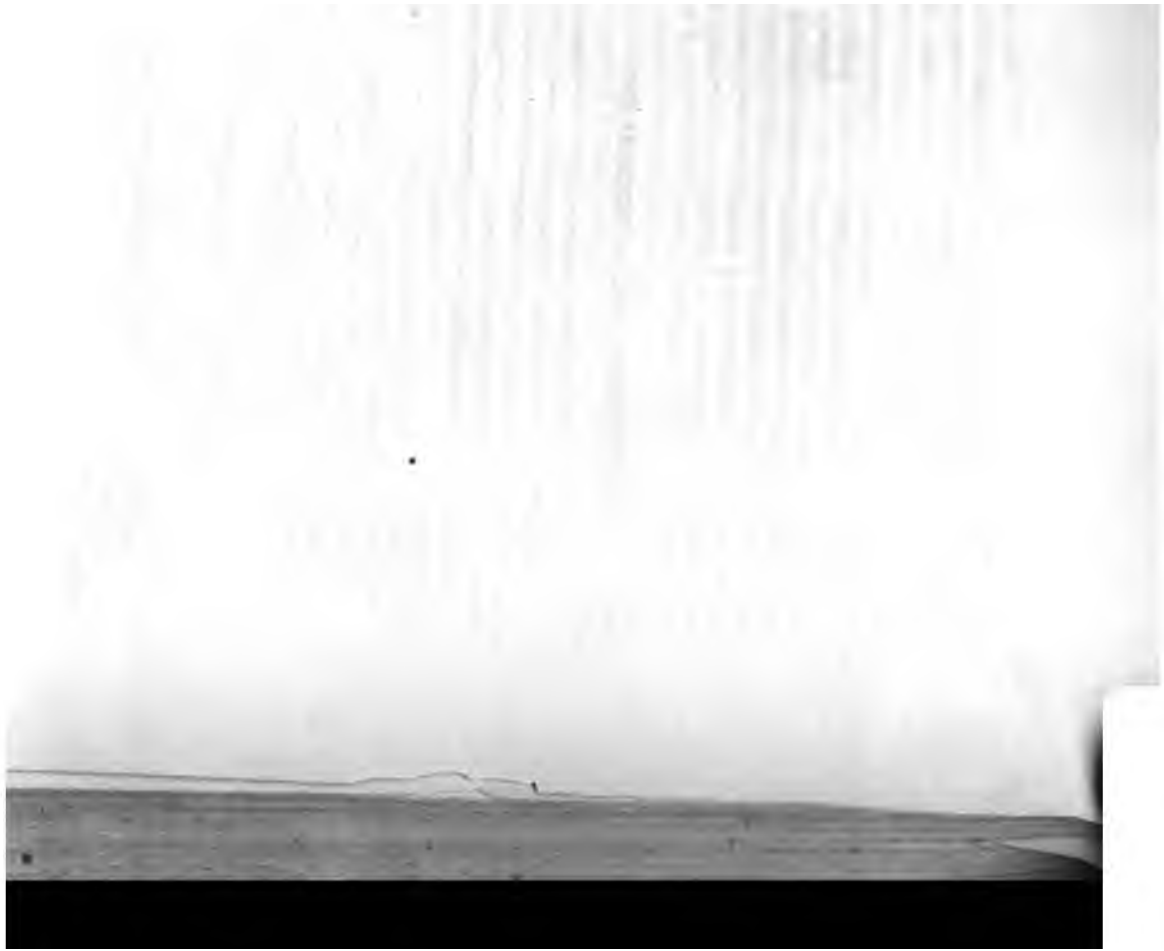
JAMES COEY	Grand Commander	San Francisco.
JAMES N. OLNEY	Senior V. G. Commander	Oakland.
WILLIAM L. CAMPBELL	Junior V. G. Commander	Sacramento.
FRANK MILLER	Assistant Inspector General	Sacramento.
WILLIAM A. ROBINSON	Assistant Adjutant General	San Francisco.
E. G. HAYNES	Assistant Adjutant General	San Francisco.
JOHN HANNA, jr	Ass't Quartermaster General	San Francisco.
WILLIAM A. ROBINSON	Ass't Quartermaster General	San Francisco.
S. F. ELLIOTT	Assistant Surgeon General	San Francisco.
A. L. STONE	Chaplain	San Francisco.
WILLIAM H. AIKEN	Council of Administration	San Francisco.
S. W. BACKUS	Council of Administration	San Francisco.
E. D. SHIRLAND	Council of Administration	Sacramento.
THOMAS E. KETCHUM	Council of Administration	Stockton.
JOHN T. GAMBLE	Council of Administration	Vallejo.

DEPARTMENT OF WEST VIRGINIA, 1869.

T. M. HARRIS	Grand Commander	Wheeling.
JOHN CARLIN	Senior V. G. Commander	Wheeling.
R. E. FINNELL	Junior V. G. Commander	Fairmount.
B. B. DOVENER	Assistant Adjutant General	Wheeling.
JAMES M. PIPES	Ass't Quartermaster General	Wheeling.
J. R. BLAIR	Assistant Surgeon General	Buckanon.
T. H. MONROE	Chaplain	Parkersburg.
H. B. JONES	Council of Administration	Fairmount.
G. W. TAGGERT	Council of Administration	Parkersburg.
C. GANDY	Council of Administration	Independence.
H. CHENY	Council of Administration	Grafton.
T. H. B. LEMLEY	Council of Administration	

DEPARTMENT OF THE POTOMAC, 1869.

SAMUEL A. DUNCAN	Grand Commander	Washington.
S. WYLIE WELLS	Senior V. G. Commander	Washington.
G. W. HATTON	Junior V. G. Commander	Washington.
TIMOTHY LUBEY	Assistant Adjutant General	Washington.
NEWTON FERREE	Assistant Inspector General	Washington.
E. F. M. FAEHTZ	Ass't Quartermaster General	Washington.
J. EDWIN MASON	Assistant Surgeon General	Washington.
BENJAMIN SWALLOW	Chaplain	Washington.
WILLIAM H. SLATER	Council of Administration	Washington.
TIMOTHY LUBEY	Council of Administration	Washington.
H. A. MYERS	Council of Administration	Washington.
A. DUDDENHAUSEN	Council of Administration	Washington.
G. H. WAUGH	Council of Administration	Washington.



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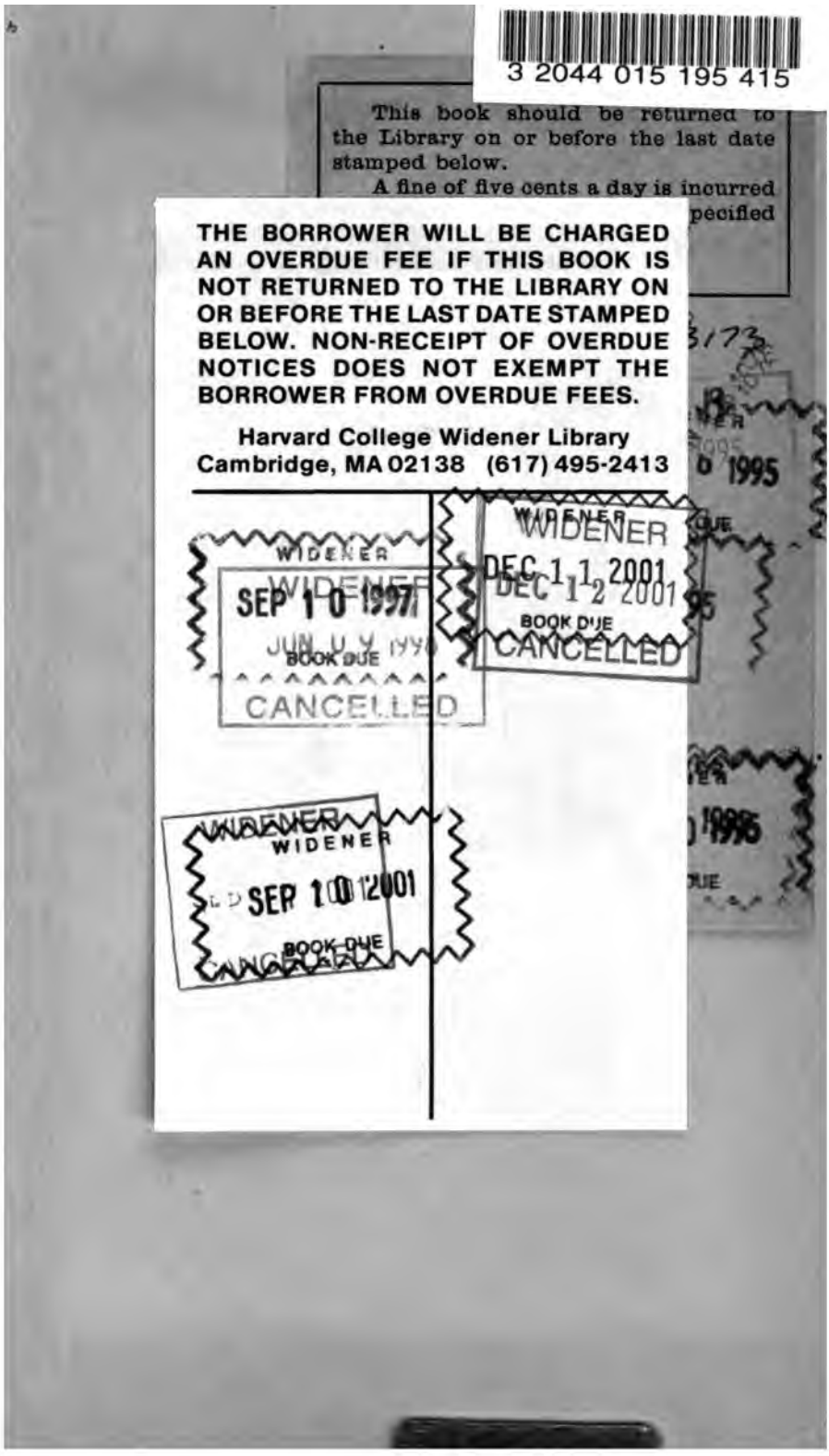
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